

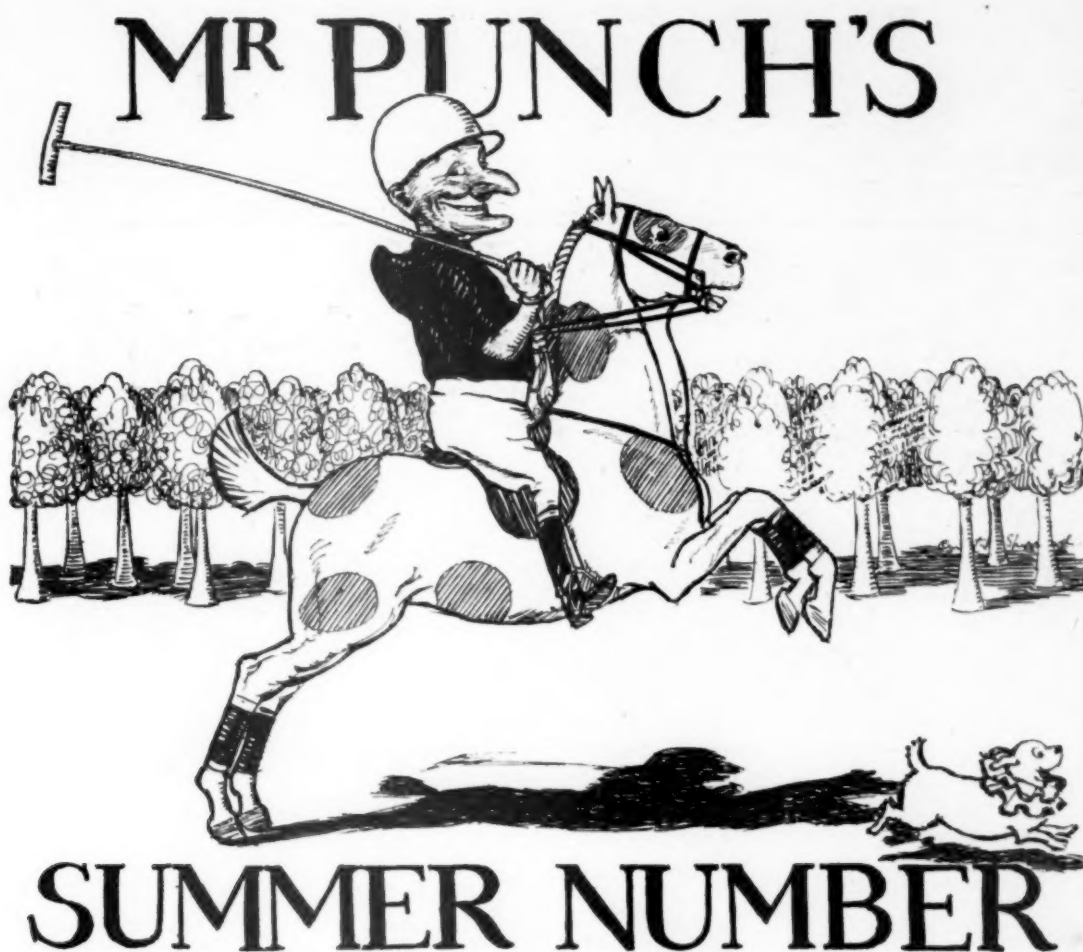
Punch



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SUMMER NUMBER

TO MR. PUNCH, WHO WILL BE EIGHTY THIS MONTH.

(Calling attention to the coloured pages of his Summer Number.)

Let others mourn their transient prime
And sigh, as HORACE sighed, *Eheu!*
But you—you lightly laugh at Time,
And Time, in turn, smiles back at you;
Elsewhere his scythe goes sweeping on,
Yet of your vigour takes no toll,
Though eighty harvest-moons have shone
Down on your polished poll.

To-day your ancient spell retrieves
The hour when first you made your bow,
And in a coloured texture weaves
Comparison of Then and Now;
Showing how Fashion shifts her pose,
What moods and modes she had and has,
From modest hoops to flaunting hose,
From minuet to jazz.

Whether you guess from form and guise
An inward change for ill or good,
Here you forbear to moralise,
Although, of course, we know you could;

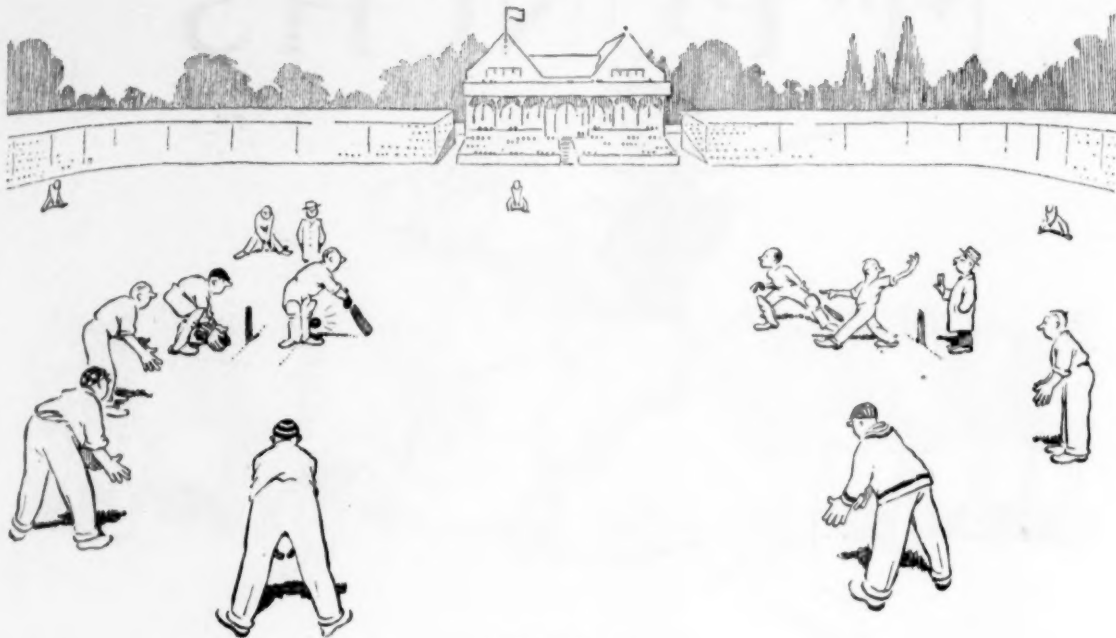
You've shown us what the Forties wore
And neo-Georgian charms exposed;
The hearts inside, for all your lore,
You've left undiagnosed.

Quietly, while as in a glass
We watch the pageant's moving show,
And other vogues appear and pass,
Yourself you come and never go;
'Tis theirs to fill the season's stage
And then retire to Limbo's dump;
Yours are the arts unstaled by age
And constant as your hump.

Eighty years on I like to think
That, changeless mid the changing scene,
Your powers will yet be in the pink,
Your graces in the evergreen;
When we who serve you now are dead,
That you'll be playing still your part,
Laurels of winter round your head
And summer in your heart.

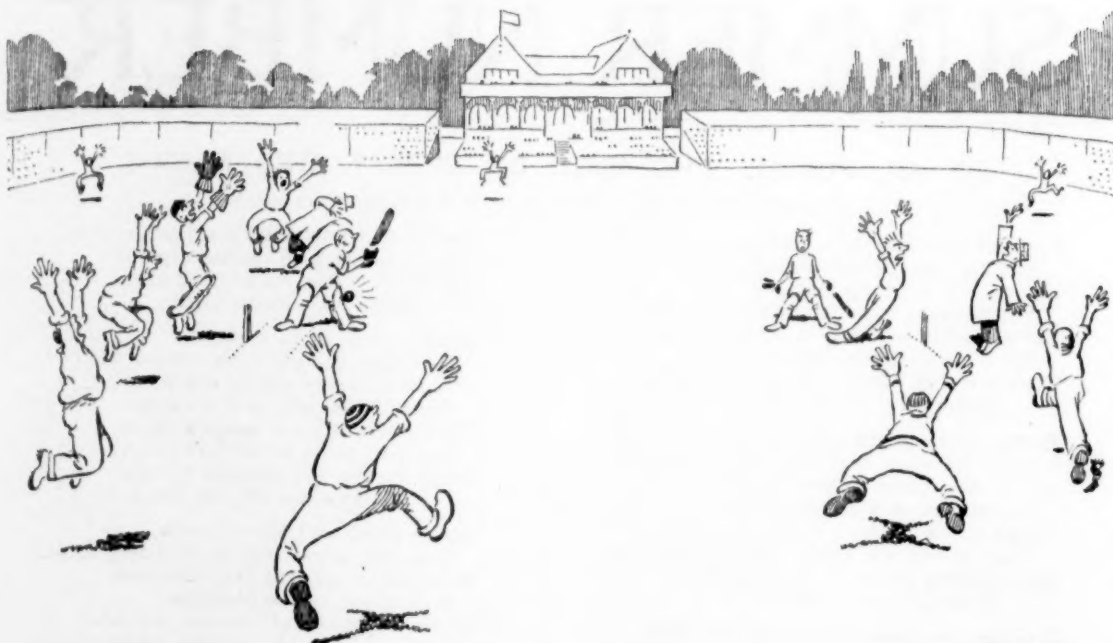
O. S.

WHAT INDIVIDUAL EFFORT WILL NOT BRING ABOUT—



"HOW'S THAT?"

COMBINED ACTION WILL SOMETIMES EFFECT.



"HOW'S THAT?"

Jungas

Punch Summer Number—1921.

A CORRECTIVE FOR GOLF NERVES.

Jongasse



ROBINSON USED TO FIND THAT THE AUDIENCE AT BIG MATCHES—



PUT HIM RIGHT OFF HIS GAME.



BUT AFTER GREENCHAT, THE NATURALIST,—



HAD—



PLAYED—



A FEW—



ROUNDS—



WITH HIM—



NOTHING COULD—



RUFFLE HIM.

THE INDEFATIGABLES.

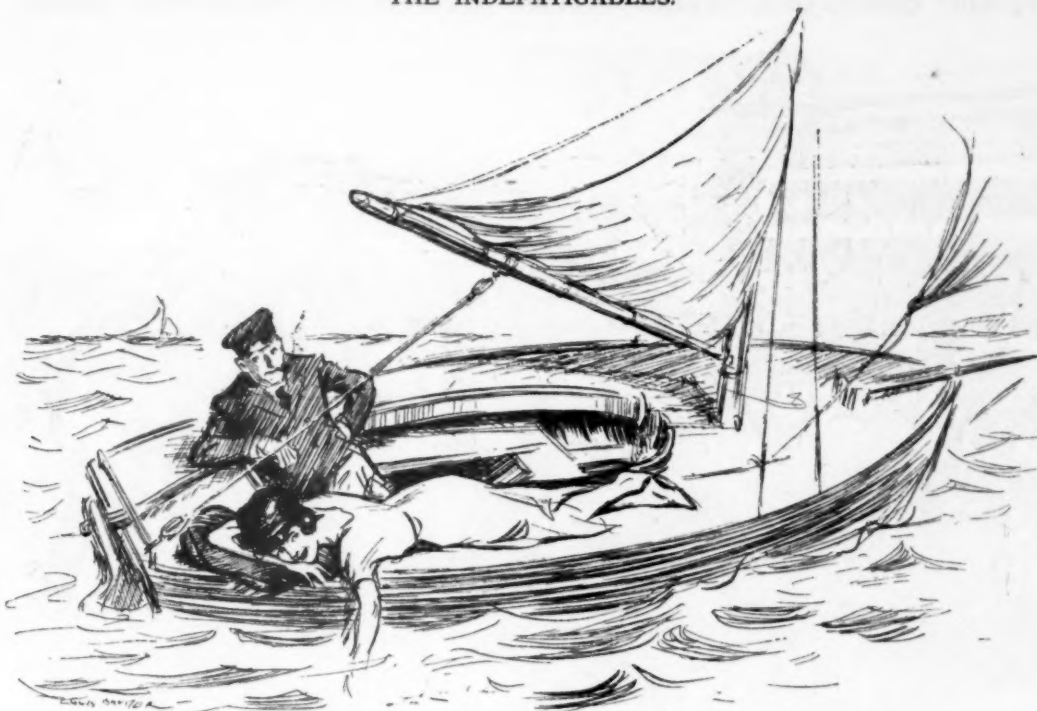


Extract from young lady's letter. "DEAREST MOTHER, THIS MUST BE A VERY BRACING PLACE. ALTHOUGH I GOLF——

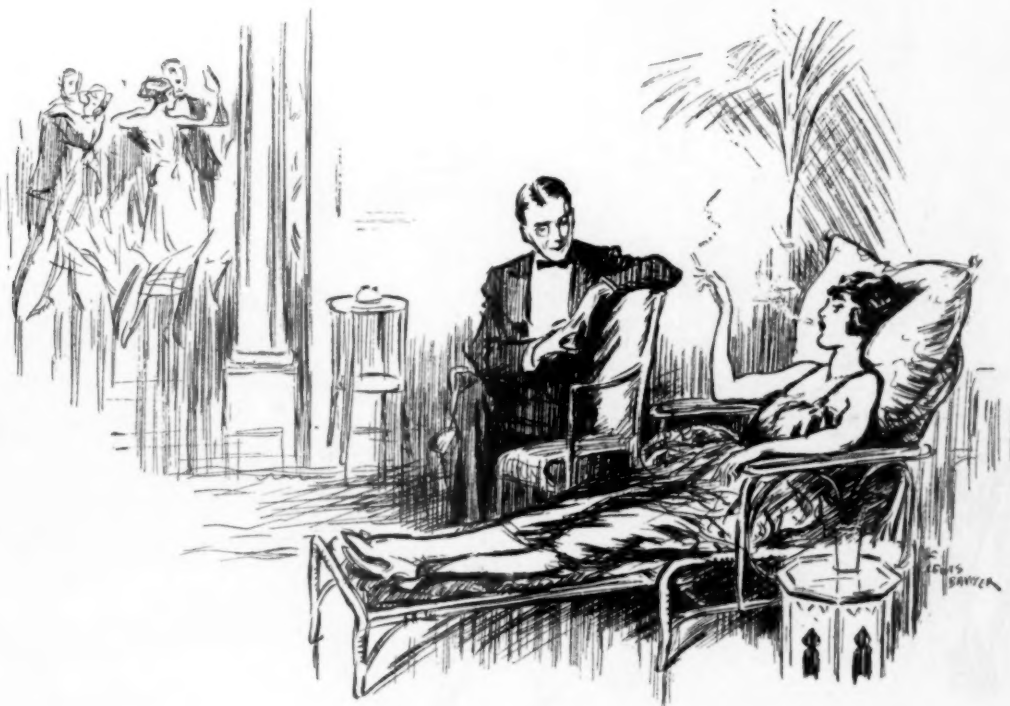


AND BATHE EVERY MORNING——

THE INDEFATIGABLES.



AND SAIL IN THE AFTERNOON—



AND DANCE ALL NIGHT—YET I NEVER SEEM TO GET TIRED."

Punch Summer Number—1921.

TO SUIT OUR TRANSATLANTIC VISITORS: SPEEDING UP THE LONDON SEASON.

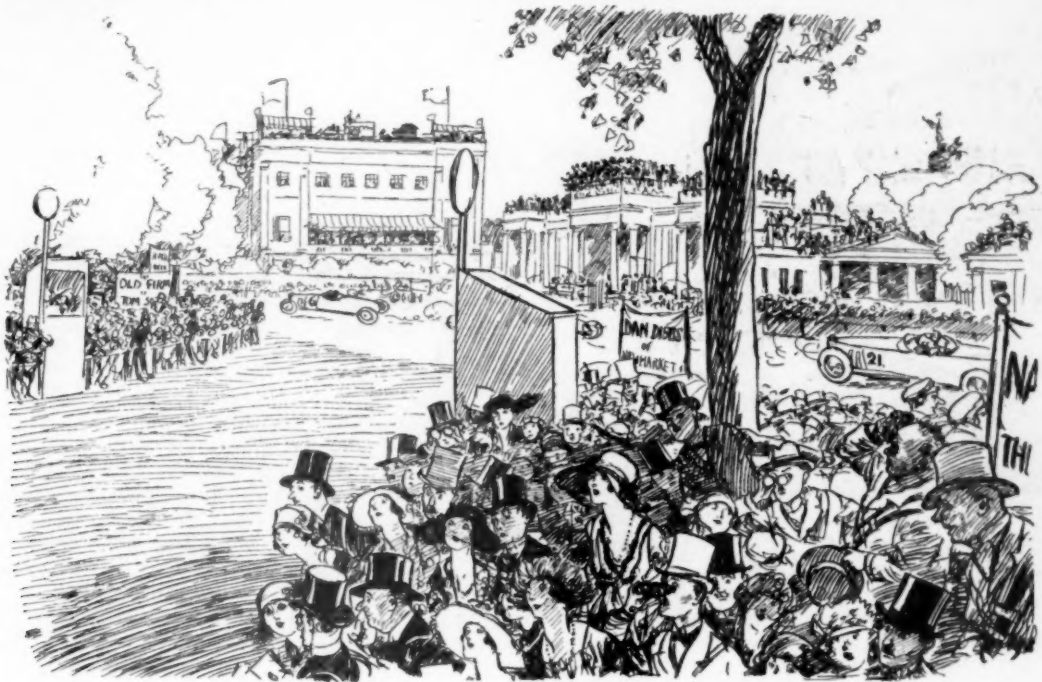


CRICKET AND POLO MATCHES MIGHT BE PLAYED SIMULTANEOUSLY.



A COVERED COURT WOULD ADD TO THE INTEREST OF BURLINGTON HOUSE.

TO SUIT OUR TRANSATLANTIC VISITORS: SPEEDING UP THE LONDON SEASON.



ASCOT AND BROOKWOOD MIGHT COMBINE IN THE PARK.



AND A REGATTA AT WESTMINSTER WOULD SAVE THE JOURNEY TO HENLEY.



"NOTHING DOIN' 'ERE, GEORGE. WE OUGHTER GIVE 'EM A NOVELTY. AH, I'VE GOT AN IDEA."



"AND IT'S A GOOD 'UN—EH, GEORGE?"



Seaside House Agent (to applicant for furnished house). "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE GOT CHILDREN?"



A SUGGESTION TO THE NEW POOR, WHOSE CHANCES OF SEEING THE REAL THING ARE REMOTE.



MISS CLARITY BELLAIRE, THE CELEBRATED CINEMA STAR, REFUSES TO BATHE THIS MORNING AS SHE CONSIDERS THERE ARE TOO FEW PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS TO DO JUSTICE TO HER NEW BATHING-SUIT.



Uncle Charles. "CAN I USE THE TENT TO UNDRRESS?"
Niece. "NO; WE ARE USING THAT. BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF BOULDERS ABOUT."



Extract from letter of Lady Diana. "I HAD DEAR PHARAOH (MY PET CROCODILE) BROUGHT IN HIS BOX TO MY TENT. WHEN I TOOK HIM IN TO BATHE THE DEAR THING CREATED QUITE A SENSATION."



"I SUPPOSE IT'S DRAUVILLE AND SCOTLAND THIS SUMMER AS USUAL?"

"WELL, THIS YEAR WE RATHER THOUGHT OF THE SERPENTINE AND RICHMOND."



A COUNTRY WALK WITH UNCLE JIM.



A COUNTRY WALK WITH UNCLE JIM.



EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE.



THE DANCING LESSON.
1841.



1921.

EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE.



MISS PRISCILLA BROWNE BEGAN HER DAY WITH A
LITTLE GENTLE EXERCISE,



SO DOES HER GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER.



AFTER WHICH SHE WOULD ENJOY A MODEST BATHE,



HER GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER ALSO BATHES.

EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE.



OF AN AFTERNOON SHE WOULD TAKE A PROMENADE
WITH AN ELIGIBLE YOUNG MAN,



WHILE HER GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER GOES OFF WITH
ANYTHING THAT BLOWS ALONG.



SHE FINISHED THE DAY BY STEPPING A QUADRILLE
AT THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS.



AND HER GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER FOX-TROTS IN
THE HOTEL LOUNGE.

EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE.



TWO STILES.
1841.

EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE.



TWO STILES.
1921.

EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE.



THE PARADE.

EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE.



THE PARADE.

EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE.



MISS ANGELINA REMOVES HER SHOES AND STOCKINGS.



MISS BETTY KEEPS HERS ON.

IN THE DAYS OF EARLY-VICTORIA.

Miss Lavender drew a scarf over her shoulders, took up her fancy basket with the gardening seissors inside it, and was ready to stroll into the garden and receive her seventeenth proposal from poor Mr. Dorsett.

It was mid-July. Miss Lavender's birthday month should rather have been September—a pleasant mild September well adorned with late roses and purple Michaelmas daisies.

Every July for the last sixteen years Miss Lavender's birthday dinner-party had had the same sequel. During the little interval between dinner and whist Mr. Dorsett would stroll to the French window commanding the lawn and remark with the ease of long practice, "Well, Miss Lavender, and how does your garden grow? May I beg the privilege of a rose from my favourite tree by the sun-dial?"

Miss Lavender would smile a sort of compassionate acquiescence and go forth in her stately flounces under the chaperoning gaze of Miss Frisby, her companion, Mr. Pollecut, her legal adviser, Mr. Mallandaine, the rector, and Mrs. Mallandaine. She would skirt the lawn with Mr. Dorsett, pause at the sun-dial for ten minutes, and return, gently complacent, to her friends, who had seen all there was to be seen and knew exactly what had happened. Foolish Mr. Dorsett, would he never take "No" for an answer?

Ten years ago she had given him her daguerreotype, but this had seemed so like encouragement that she worried about it, and nine years ago had asked



"TEN YEARS AGO SHE HAD GIVEN HIM HER DAGUERREOTYPE."

for it back. Since then there had been no varying of the usual procedure.

The sun-dial stood at the end of the lawn and beside it Mr. Dorsett's tea-rose tree. On both sides of the lawn ran flower-borders. Miss Lavender and Mr. Dorsett would walk up beside the right-hand border, and, as one group

of flowers after another led her to the fateful spot, she would show increasing signs of the discomposure natural to a person of sensibility in such a situation.

At the sun-dial she would provide Mr. Dorsett with his tea-rose and make



"TRY IT, MY DEAR FELLOW."

as if to walk on. He would detain her with the words, "Was it not at this very spot last year?"—and make his offer in due form.

Miss Lavender in the early years had replied with some expression of suitable amazement. Now she usually began, "My poor dear friend!" But the answer was always the same, and always would be.

Then, Mr. Dorsett gently but ever so firmly rejected, they would return by the other flower-border. Miss Lavender would cover the slight awkwardness of the situation by commenting upon the wonderful colour effects in the phlox clusters and distinguishing the different bird-notes. Then, regretful, complacent, stately, she would lead the way into the drawing-room, where the company awaited them with glances of commiseration for Mr. Dorsett and of admiring disapproval for the cruel fair one.

And so to cards.

Mr. Dorsett had come this evening in company with Mr. Pollecut. Miss Lavender saw them from her window upstairs as they came up the front drive. Mr. Pollecut's loud voice was audible, discoursing only too probably upon the pleasures of the table. "Try it, my dear fellow, try it," he was saying as they entered, with his somewhat ungentlemanlike guffaw.

She hoped that poor Mr. Dorsett would not try it, for she had heard, through Miss Frisby, of his dyspeptic

tendencies and had, through Mrs. Mallandaine, suggested treatment.

She walked with Mr. Dorsett across the velvety grass beside the flower border. As far as the clove carnations Miss Lavender was able to be her usual self. When they reached the pæonies she moved her gardening basket from one hand to the other, displaying a little ladylike agitation. At the Sweet Williams she turned her face away. With the verberna she sighed regretfully. By the mignonette she coloured slightly, and with good reason, for here was the sun-dial and the tea-rose tree.

She hastily cut the rose for Mr. Dorsett and made as if to go on.

Mr. Dorsett followed. They went on. They went further on.

Nothing could have been more terrible.

Miss Lavender clutched her basket tightly with trembling fingers. Pale and dignified, she swept slowly on.

Mr. Dorsett commented upon the wonderful colouring of the phlox clusters and distinguished the different bird notes.

They approached the drawing-room windows and the waiting company. Miss Lavender stopped to admire a patch of lupins.

Then she dropped her hand on Mr. Dorsett's arm. "Frederick!" she faltered.

They were married. Miss Lavender could never have lived through such another ordeal.

But she could not imagine why Mr.



"FREDERICK!" SHE FALTERED."

Pollecut (even allowing for the deplorable fact that he took rather too much champagne at the wedding breakfast) should claim to have made the match. The statement was surely as untrue as it was indelicate and presumptuous.

Mr. Dorsett only laughed. Gentlemen are so strange.

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Owner. "WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE LITTLE TUB IS, SHE'S GOT PLENTY OF HEAD-ROOM—WHAT?"

Friend. "Y-E-E-ES."



First Yachtsman. "ALL MY FAULT, SIR. I ADMIT IT'S A FOUL."

Second ditto. "FOUL INDEED! I CALL IT A COMPLETE DAMNED POULTRY FARM."



The Colonel. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON A RESPECTABLE GOLF-COURSE IN THAT COSTUME?"

Nautical One. "WELL, YOU SEE, I'VE GOT A YACHT."

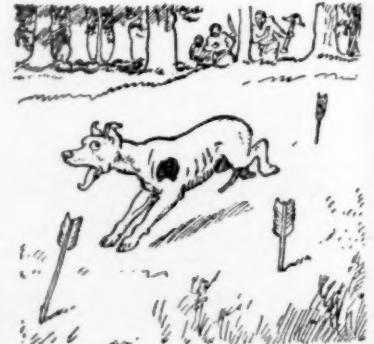
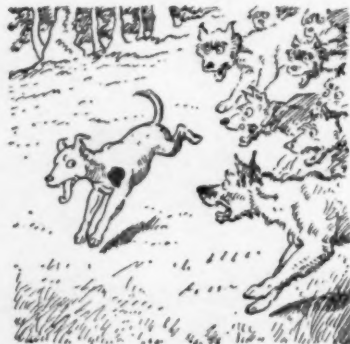
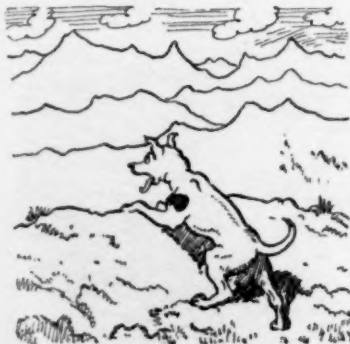
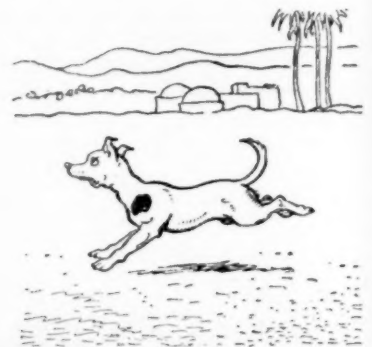
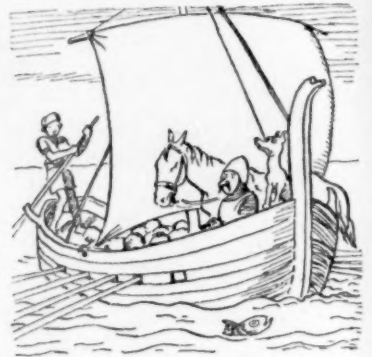
The Colonel. "THEN WHY AREN'T YOU ON BOARD HER?"

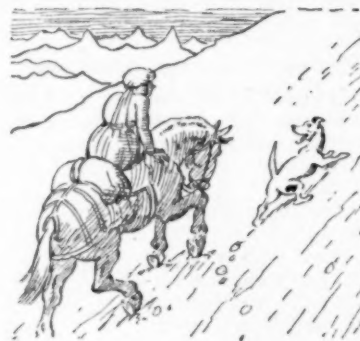
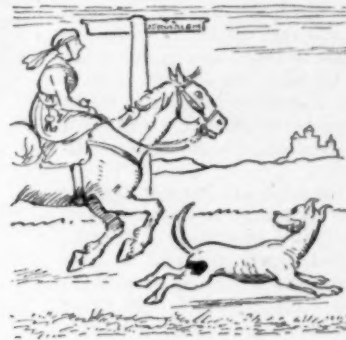
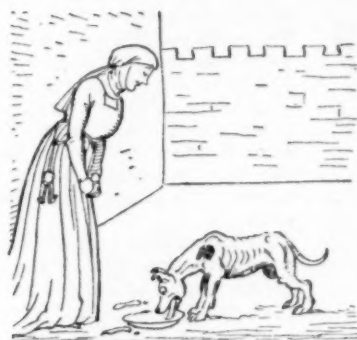
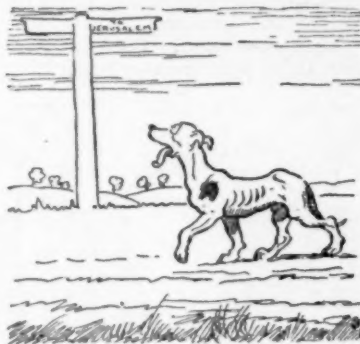
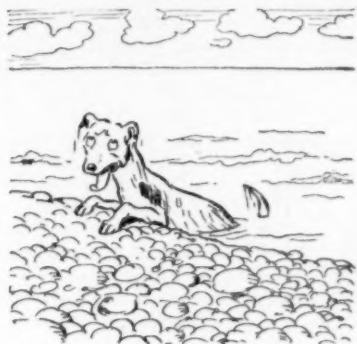
Nautical One. "WELL, YOU SEE, SHE'S—ER—SUNK."



Fisherman. "YOU'LL BE FEELIN' BETTER, SIR, WHEN THE FISH BEGIN TO BITE."

Pleasure-seeker (faintly). "I TRUST I SHALL HAVE PASSED AWAY BY THEN."





FIDELITY: A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

TWO DOWN; OR, A DEADLY PLAYER.

OUR PRIZE STORYETTE.

ONCE upon a time—in fact last August—there was a beautiful lady, and she was staying at the Pol Roger Hotel, in Cornwall. Though a mere child, as women go, she was already a widow. Her late husband had perished in the strangest circumstances on the cricket-field, through playing back to a fast full-pitch from his wife, in a mixed match at Bun Magna. That had happened only two years before, and for all her courageous easiness of manner she had never wholly forgotten the incident. It was noticed, on the rare occasions when she could be induced to play cricket at all, that she seemed to have lost all zest for bowling. When she did bowl she never sent down a full-pitch; seldom even a half-volley.

Yet with her innocent gaiety and natural exuberance she captivated everybody. Though slightly built she had a large heart, and it seemed as if there was a place in it for all men; and from the charming impartiality with which she played her artless tricks upon all the young men in turn it was impossible (for a long time) to accuse her of any silly prejudice or unfair discrimination.

Her name was Désirée, and she got



"DÉSIRÉE."

the accents all wrong, so that you might have thoughtlessly assumed that she was an adventuress. Yet people felt when they were with her that they were in the presence of A Good Woman.

Sir Jeremy Strink, Bart., was also staying at the hotel with his two sons, Antony and Geoffrey.

They were twins. They had always been twins from the very first.



"THEY WERE AS LIKE AS TWO PEAS."

It would be idle to deny that they were clear-eyed, clean-living young Englishmen. It was even whispered that they were straight-limbed.

And they were as like as two peas.

They used to wear exactly similar clothes—white ducks and college blazers; but Geoffrey wore a red tie and Antony wore a green tie. And, when they were in evening-dress, on Geoffrey's spotless shirt there sparkled a single diamond front-stud, while Antony wore two.

Otherwise you could not tell which was which. Sometimes it was thought that Antony was which, and sometimes the rumour ran round the gay throng of guests in the hotel lounge that it was Geoffrey. One day, as a protest against the Government, they both wore red ties, causing terrible

confusion. For they were as like as two pins.

All their lives these two men had vied with each other in generous but incisive rivalry. When at school they had invariably dead-heated first in the Quarter-Mile, the Mile, and the Obstacle Race. Even in the Three-legged Race they came in first together. All-round men, they had tied first in the competition for the King's Gold Medal for Latin Prose, and the medal had been equally divided between them, the obverse going to Geoffrey, the reverse to Antony.

While at Oxford both had gained the coveted "Blue" for Throwing the Hammer, and together for two successive years had won the event for their University. The first year they threw the hammer exactly the same distance with their final throws; the second year they threw it in exactly the same spot.

So had all the rivalries of their young lives concluded. But now at last they had entered upon a competition in which the prize could not be divided, in which a dead-heat was not practicable or indeed desirable; for they were fighting for the love of a good woman.

Désirée was a brilliant golfeuse (though she had an incurable slice), and on the romantic Pol Roger links both of them were constantly pro-



"EVEN IN THE THREE-LEGGED RACE THEY CAME IN FIRST TOGETHER."

posing to her. Geoffrey invariably proposed to her on the beach while they were looking for the ball which she invariably sliced into the sea at the eighth tee. Antony used to propose at the short eleventh, until a local rule was passed forbidding the practice at that hole.

Neither prospered in his suit. If the resemblance of the two boys was disconcerting to the general public, what must it have been to the woman who was being wooed by both of them, even though, as Mr. Justice Riddleby remarked, with the heartless cynicism of his profession, she had many opportunities of securing a very close view of their ties? For a long time her almost ascetic impartiality was maintained, but after the first week it became apparent to the few guests who had the bad taste to discuss the matter that she had given her young heart to one of the twins.

But which?

With the reverent chivalry of good birth and breeding most of the guests declined to canvass the problem, and the hotel sweep-stake, which young Jimmy Pumphlett promoted, yielded only the paltry sum of seventeen pounds (five-shilling shares).

Désirée herself took seven shares. As she quaintly said, they were as like as two bees, and she loved them both equally well. How could she decide? At the same time she used to tell Geoffrey that she always felt he was the more spiritual of the two.

To Antony she said simply that he seemed to her to be the more spiritual of the two.

One day Geoffrey departed from his usual routine and proposed to her at the Precipice Hole, causing a good deal of congestion on the crowded course. Désirée was in pensive mood, very sweet and womanly.

"You are the eldest, are you not?" she said.

"Elder," he corrected gently. "But why do you ask?"

"I have a reason for asking," she said significantly. Geoffrey marvelled at the inscrutability of the girl.

"I cannot tell you," he said. "We are twins."

"Yes, but—" she faltered. "I suppose one of you was born first? I

mean—" She broke off in charming confusion.

"It is true," he said. "But how did you guess?"

"Women sense these things," she murmured. "But surely you know which of you it was?"

"Alas, no."

Désirée uttered a hoarse cry of irritation. "Do you mean to say you remember *nothing at all about it*?"

"Nothing," he moaned, hanging his head. "I have always been an unob-servant man."

For a moment it seemed as if Désirée was going to throw her putter at him, a childish trick of hers, but the wave of irritation quickly passed.

"Does *nobody* know?" she cooed.



"ONE DAY GEOFFREY PROPOSED TO HER AT THE PRECIPICE HOLE."

"One man—my father. When he dies one of us will succeed to the title and the estates—"

"Heavens!" she murmured; "I never realised—"

—"but he has always refused to tell us which. He wants us both to make a place for ourselves in the world without relying upon the succession. But what has this to do with our love?"

"Alas!" she cried. "The fact is, I am a member of the Labour Party. I could not marry a man who might become a baronet at any moment."

The sincerity of the woman blazed from her great eyes.

The next day she played golf with Sir Jeremy Strink. Her slice was dreadful. She left the tee-box at the tenth a shapeless mass. But her approaching was brilliant and there was something about her mashie-play which warmed the old man's heart.

"Bad luck, Miss Trinkett," he said at the twelfth, as she sliced her drive into the sea.

The simple words seemed to encourage the girl; her shyness melted away. Side by side they moved to the thirteenth tee.

"Let me carry your clubs," he said gallantly.

"Thank you, Jeremy," she said.

A wave of emotion passed over the old man, nearly swamping him, but by a great effort he emerged.

"Your two boys are very much alike," she went on thoughtfully. They are as like—as like as two beans. But I always thought Tony was the eldest—"

"Oh, *did* you?" said Sir Jeremy rather shortly.

"Well, but *isn't* he?" she said, looking him in the eyes. "The fact is, I have made a bet about it."

"Oh *have* you?" said Sir Jeremy, driving recklessly into a ploughed field. He was a man of few words.

"Tell me—*do*," she pleaded. "I think you *might*." And I am bound to say she looked him in the eyes again with her own eyes.

"What is created more wicked than an eye?" inquired the author of Ecclesiasticus. The eyes of Désirée were of a dark purple, with small round spots of light green, the eyes of a vampire, the eyes of a

snake, the eyes of a very strong magnet. They drew him to her.

Sir Jeremy wavered. Fate hung in the balance. Up in the sky a lark sang, as if oblivious of the conflict proceeding on the thirteenth tee; under the ground a mole made small grunting noises, calling to its mate; out at sea the great steamers went by on their perilous way to distant lands—to Africa, to India, to Australia, to America; behind the tee two couples came up from the twelfth green with every intention of driving off as soon as possible; on the twelfth green Mr. Justice Riddleby, noting the congestion, dawdled over his seventh putt; away beyond him two long gaunt men lashed at the dandelions impatiently with their mashies, waiting to approach; far away two huge gaunt men leaned angrily upon their brassies, waiting to brass; in the distance, as far as the eye could see, it could see interminable vistas of tall gaunt men leaning heavily on golf-clubs with an aspect of patient resignation or speechless fury; back in the club-house Jimmy Pum-

phlett decided not to play a round after all. The world stood still.

Sir Jeremy Strink went on wavering. As he gazed into those eyes the whole of his past life passed rapidly before him; as he gazed into those eyes he seemed to see into her very soul; he also saw, clearly reflected, the image of his own face, the image of an elderly man with grey whiskers who ought to know better . . .

The struggle was over. He tore his eyes away from hers, causing intense pain to both of them.

Then he said, "One of my sons is older than the other. I think you have a right to know that. But no one will know which it is till I am dead." And he replaced his driver in the bag in a determined way.

"Oh!" said the girl, making a huge tee. As she spoke she bit her lips with chagrin; on the Pol Roger course there is no rule against this.

"You must try not to slice here," said Sir Jeremy kindly, edging away from the tee-box.

Would that he had edged a little further! Taking a graceful swing, Désirée drove the ball—a repainted Red-spot Star—with the full force of her comely shoulders into the diaphragm of the Baronet so that he died.

"Dead leaves, worm-casts, snow and ice may be scraped aside with the club," she said, playing her second.

That evening it was whispered in the lounge that she was an adventuress.

A few days later the will was read.



"DÉSIRÉE DROVE THE BALL INTO THE DIAPHRAGM OF THE BARONET SO THAT HE DIED."

It declared that Geoffrey Strink was the elder of the two and the heir to the title. Désirée was not surprised.

"I always felt you were the more spiritual of the two," she said, under the impression that she was speaking to the new baronet.

Unfortunately she was speaking to Tony at the time, for both the brothers were of course wearing black ties. And the ties were identical.

That night Tony had a shameful inspiration. Stealing up early to dress for



"AFTER DINNER TONY TOOK DÉSIRÉE OUT ON THE MOONLIT CLIFFS AND PROPOSED."

dinner, he arrayed himself in Geoffrey's shirt with the single diamond stud. Geoffrey, coming up late, was compelled to wear the shirt with two.

After dinner Tony took Désirée out on the moonlit cliffs and proposed. He was accepted.

When they came back Geoffrey took her out to the electrically-lit conservatory and proposed. He was refused.

At the short eleventh they were dormy eight.

The short eleventh tee is at the top of a high plateau. The green is at the bottom of it.

"Who is that on the green?" said Désirée, making a monstrous tee.

"It looks like Geoffrey," her partner replied; "you can't go yet."

"Oh, yes, I can," said the adventuress, and she went.

It was a beautiful shot. The ball—a repainted Red-spot Star—rose up very high in the air and remained motionless for some time near a small cloud. Then it fell down.

All unwitting, Sir Geoffrey Strink was manipulating his aluminium putter. Anxiously he addressed the ball. The ball made no reply. It could not warn him of that wicked, swift white Red-spot Star swooping noiseless as the hawk swoops in the hill-country of Turkestan with folded pinions upon the Common Mag-tit. A true Englishman, he was absorbed in the game. At that moment the Red-spot Star fell suddenly upon his head so that he died, even as his father before him.

Tony was rather short-sighted. "Where did that one go?" he inquired.



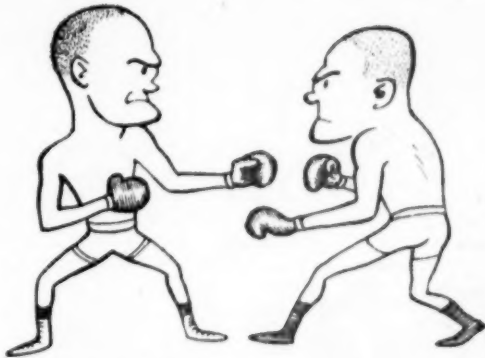
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"Very useful, Sir Antony," she said.

Since his marriage Sir Antony Strink has given up golf altogether. Désirée does not play much. But in the little cabinet where she keeps her little romantic treasures so dear to women, the old letters, the photographs, the faded flowers, there is one relic which she takes out at times from its lavender bed and fingers with especial tenderness, for she is absurdly sentimental. It is a repainted Red-spot Star. A. P. H.

Punch Summer Number—1921.



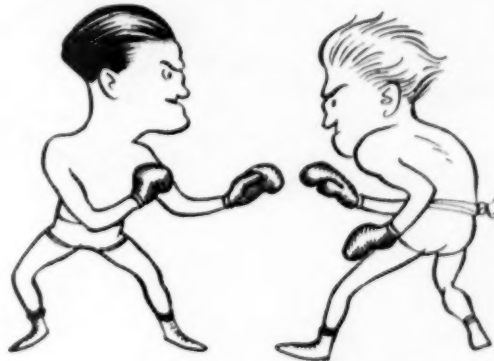
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AND THE MUSICIAN BY THE LENGTH OF IT.



BUT NOW THE MUSICIAN IS GROWING IT SHORTER--



AND THE BOXER IS GROWING IT LONGER.



WILL THE MOVEMENT DEVELOP LIKE THIS?



J.M. BATEMAN. 21

AND LIKE THIS?

HAIR AND ART.

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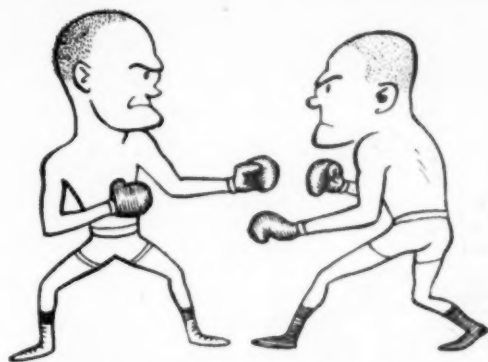


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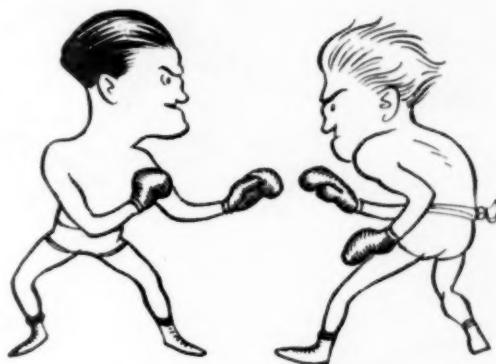
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J.M. BATEMAN. 21

AND LIKE THIS?

EXPOSURES IN CAMERÂ.



EXPOSURES IN CAMERA.





The Escort. "WHO'S THAT FELLOW THAT SEEMS TO KNOW YOU?"

The Lady. "ONLY A SECOND COUSIN ONCE REMOVED."

The Escort. "UM! WELL, HE LOOKS AS IF HE WANTED REMOVING AGAIN."



Voice (off). "CUC-KOO! CUC-KOO!! CUC-KOO!!! CUC-KOO!!!!" (*ad lib.*).
Fed-up Sportsman. "OR RIGHT—OR RIGHT! 'OO'S ARGUIN' ABOUT IT?"



Young Hopeful. "CAN YOU SWIM, AUNTIE?"

Auntie. "NO, DEAR."

Young Hopeful. "OH, THAT'S SCHUMMY! I WANT TO PRACTISE DIFFERENT WAYS OF LIFE-SAVING."



Bowler. "I'M WARNIN' YER. IF YER STANDS SO MUCH IN FRONT AN' I 'ITS YER, YER AHT-SEE?"

Batsman. "GARN—NEVER MIND ME; YOU 'IT THE BAT. YOU AIN'T DONE IT YET."



"WILL BEAUTIFUL LADY IN BLACK HAT TO WHOM ADMIRER OFFERED SEAT IN HAMPSTEAD TUBE MEET HIM UNDER CLOCK AT CHARING CROSS STATION, FRIDAY, 6.30 P.M.?"



A CRICKET INCIDENT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I am writing to ask your opinion on an incident which happened in a local cricket match in which I recently participated. I should mention that I was elected captain of my club (Little Hittingdon) owing to my willingness to carry the club bag to and from the ground every Saturday.

On the occasion in question we were playing the neighbouring village of Mowingham. We were in. Nine wickets had fallen for as many (or as few) runs. My score stood at 0, and my partner had knocked up a similar total when the incident occurred. I ask for your kindest and closest attention, please.

Our opponents' demon bowler, a brawny blacksmith, bowled a good old English ball, straight and swift. During its course between the wickets it met the batsman's (a) ankle and (b) bat.

Realising that a catch at the wicket appeared probable, the batsman, with great presence of mind and absence of technical knowledge, rehit the ball with the back of his bat and started to run, hoping to assure his side of a double-figure total. Believe me or believe me

not, the ball travelled straight to the wickets, removed the off-bail and lodged in the hands of the wicket-keeper, who, seeing that the batsman had left his ground, uprooted the off stump and, having drawn a deep breath, made the following whole-hearted appeal: "How 's that for l.b.w., attempting-to-run-after-hitting-ball-twice, bowled, caught and run out?"

Meanwhile the batsman, having again realised his precarious position, had swung his bat round in a vain attempt to frustrate the wicket-keeper's intention. His bat did not manage to reach the ball on this third occasion, but he succeeded in removing the leg-bail, at which long-off (who has a good voice) cried, "How 's that for hit-wicket and obstructing the field?" The umpire standing at leg (a farmer, who had been gazing at the sky, hoping for signs of a change in the weather) said he was sorry but he was afraid he was not following the game at the moment. The umpire at the bowler's end being also appealed to said that he had been endeavouring to cry "No ball" (as, in his opinion, the bowler had thrown the ball after overstepping the bowling

crease), but had been prevented from doing so in time owing to an impediment in his speech. He also regretted he had omitted to call "Over" after the previous ball had been bowled. I fear he must have lost his head in finally giving his decision of "caught and bowled."

I should perhaps add that I, in my capacity of captain and with memories of the late Dr. E. M. GRACE in my mind, had, anticipating disaster, declared the innings closed the moment the ball had left the bowler's hand, but, owing to an unfortunate cold, my voice had not been heard.

I am sorry to have trespassed on your time, Sir, but as the printers of the local paper are delaying publication pending correct information relating to the dismissal of the last man out, and as it occurs to me that a similar incident might be repeated in the next Test Match, your ruling would not only be of local but possibly of Imperial importance.

Believe me, Sir, if you can see your way to do so,

Yours, etc.,

G. WASHINGTON JONES.

CHARIVARIA.

"It is essential that everybody should practise the most rigid economy with water," says an official of the Metropolitan Water Board. We have told the man who puts the stuff in our whisky before he sells it to us, but he will do it.

Albania has asked the Council of the League of Nations to define her boundaries. At present the long-fields have a heavy time, as every hit is run out.

Complaint was recently made to the Carnarvonshire Education Committee that the elementary schools were closed "when circuses and Members of Parliament came round." It is high time the youngsters were taught to discriminate between the two.

Stromboli, says a news item, has broken out again. There is too much temperament about some of these Italian musicians.

A large number of snakes have reached London from the New York Zoo. Now that the country is settling down to Prohibition, Americans can no longer bear to see them.

France has passed a law under which damages can be recovered from the publishers of inaccurate time-tables. In this country the vital question of whether the train should attempt to comply with the provisions of the time-table, or the time-table should model itself upon the actual movements of the trains, still remains unsettled.

A contemporary denies the report of an earthquake shock in Lanarkshire. The theory is that it was merely the swish of the miners going back to work.

A woman last week asked the Tottenham police court magistrate how she could stop her husband from continually laughing. We know the very tax-collector who could do the trick.

"Let us have this game every year," said Mr. HARVEY, the United States Ambassador, at a dinner given in honour of the American Polo team. On behalf of British polo we cordially dissent.

"There is a feeling in the Government," says Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "that too much money is being spent." We

think a little more tact should be used or things like that might get round to Carmelite House.

The average Russian, according to the *Krasnaya Gazetta*, has a fine sense of touch. So for that matter has our own CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

With reference to the suggested abolition of the old distinction between Gentlemen and Players, a contemporary says that the *pros* and *cons* must be carefully heard. We don't know about the *cons*, but we understand that the

The Ministry of Agriculture announces that bees are not allowed to enter Palestine without a certificate of health. Several bees, travelling un-conducted, who either disregarded or were ignorant of this regulation, have had the mortification of being turned back at the frontier.

One of the outer walls of an almost completed house in Warwickshire collapsed last week. It is thought that it must have leaned forward a little too far in an effort to nudge a bricklayer who had not noticed the approach of the foreman.

Mr. G. B. SHAW has published a book in which he denounces Darwinism. But we are quite sure that DARWIN never intended his theory to be applied to Mr. SHAW.

In a lecture at Vienna Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE complained that the Occident had lost touch with Nature. Occidents will happen in the best-regulated worlds.

Eight British Socialists, led by Mr. H. M. HYNDMAN, went to Prague for the Workmen's Olympic Games. We hope to hear that they have been pulling their weight in the tug-of-peace.

A sailorless ship has been added to the British Navy. We understand that the inventor has been asked to see what he can do about a Kenworthyless House of Commons.

According to an American newspaper an expedition is about to leave for Baffin's Land in search of the eggs of the blue goose. This is the sort of thing to make any goose look blue.

Careful stalking, we read, is necessary with fruit intended for cooking or preserving purposes. It is thrilling to watch an experienced stalker creeping up-wind to a herd of strawberries.

A man was recently described at a police court as having been found "hopelessly drunk in the gutter with twenty-eight pounds in his pocket." It looks like an oversight on the part of the publican.

"MEETIN AT WINDSOR.
(From our Racing Correspondent.)"
Daily Paper.

A race meeting without a "g" is surely an unusual event.



She (enthusiastic). "Oh, Reggie! This is BY AUGUSTUS JOHN."

He (bored stiff). "AUGUSTUS JOHN who?"

pros are quite satisfied with the existing arrangement.

It is computed that ten million people in this country are afflicted with defective teeth. In view of the depression in the dental industry it is hoped that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will summon the dentists' delegates and representative sufferers from toothache to meet him in conference.

Durham cinema proprietors have been prohibited from exhibiting films in which knives are drawn. A famous American movie actor who was recently filmed in the act of drawing his knife on a plate of beans is said to be taking action.



MORE RURAL DECONTROL.

Chanticleer. "THIS IS THE LIMIT!"

The Pup. "IS IT? YOU WAIT TILL THE LIMIT'S REMOVED."

[“Next year in all probability the speed limit, as far as private motor-cars are concerned, will be abolished.”—*The Times*.]



A GREAT FILLY.

Son of the House. "I SAY, IS THAT AN EVENING PAPER? I WANT TO SEE WHO WON THE JULY STAKES."
Granny (who has had a shilling on the winner). "I DID."

WHAT is the secret of it? How is it they make such a difference—those three dots?

Because they *do*. You cannot pretend that you think that three dots is the same as one dot.

I mean—consider.

You know that passage in your novel where Marion discovers that Henry has been unfaithful. She finds two "RETAIN THIS PORTION" portions of two upper-circle tickets for the Putney Empire for May 17th last year, and she knows perfectly well that she was staying with her mother that night. (She keeps a diary, you recollect.)

She finds these things in Henry's dress-waistcoat, just as she is wondering whether it had better go to the cleaners again or that poor old devil who sells the geraniums—two tiny crumpled insignificant pieces of paper. But meaning so much. And she says to herself:—

So that was where he was . . .

It is effective, isn't it? Even without the italics:—

So that was where he was . . .

Well, if it isn't, you can put it like this, and save labour:—

So that was where he was.

But it isn't the same thing, is it? Printed like that it looks quite an ordinary remark. But printed the other way it is a really pregnant observation; each of the words seems to mean twice as much as it did before. Just the addition of those two dots seems to bring out the whole pathos of poor old Marion's situation. When you wrote:—

So that was where he was.

(as you did in your first draft, you remember) it seemed somehow flat and lifeless. But as soon as you added those two dots (in the second draft, you remember), like that,

the entire passage took on a new character. One became intrigued about the tickets; one *wondered* about them . . . The simple phrase became poignant, if not actually vivid; the sincerity of the author was at once apparent. One seemed to see that poor girl, with the folded waistcoat in her hand, thinking, wondering . . .

Well, why is it?

My cricket friends tell me that it is

the old story of cumulative effect. They say that two blobs is always far more than twice as bad as one blob. That is to say that if you go in and make

you can still hold up your head. But if you go in and make

you are a marked man. What would happen if you went in and made

they simply dare not consider, so cumulative is the effect. Fortunately this is not possible except in the kind of cricket which literary gentlemen play in Sussex villages, where each side has five innings. I am bound to say that I know an Editor who has made

in nearly every village in Sussex, but he is exceptional. And it does not worry him at all. He is just as happy as if he had just made

So there must be more in it than that. Otherwise your sentence would be nine times more effective if you had it printed like this:—

So that was where he was

or this:—

So that was where he was

But it isn't. If anything it is rather less vivid.

It is a fascinating problem, is it not?

If I am ever rich enough to buy an inn I am going to call it "The Full Stop and Query." What a beautiful sign that would make!

THE
•
AND
?

No gentleman of taste could possibly pass by an inn like that. The science of punctuation is still in its infancy, and my inn will be the centre of that little band of young and audacious writers who refuse to be fettered by the obsolete traditions of the past in this as in other matters. So far, I confess, they have not achieved very much. It is extraordinary that at this date thinking men and women should still be condemned to the constant use of that vulgar and inartistic symbol, the semicolon. Just look at it—

It is extraordinary that at this date the only states of mind known to the science should be Admiration and Enquiry; that there should be no stop to express indignation, hatred, perplexity or boredom. What are our young men doing? I myself have invented one or two new stops, but so far as I know they have never been used very largely, even in the best *vers libre*. For instance, there is

That expresses intense irritation.

And there is

That expresses profound disquietude, indigestion and incipient Liberalism.

And then, of course, there is

That is formed by putting five semicolons in a row, and it denotes irreligion, chagrin, jealousy and narrow-mindedness. To denote mental instability you add one more semicolon.

But for all their youth and audacity our modernists have only produced this

And the odd thing is that it is exactly, bafflingly right. No other formation is quite so satisfactory, neither

nor even the in many ways attractive variation

So that was where he was



Beginner (by way of completing extensive outfit). "LET ME SEE, THERE WAS SOME OTHER CLUB THEY TOLD ME TO GET? AH, YES, YOU'D BETTER LET ME HAVE A RIBBED-FACED STYMIE."

But there is just one other formation which a few of our writers might legitimately employ on suitable occasions, standing as it does for one of the most enduring institutions in our national life, the respected ornament of every street, and signifying that wise and generous use of other people's property which is the secret of successful authorship. I mean

So that was where he was

No, it won't do ; ; ; ; ;

The other is inevitably, mysteriously right. I cannot attempt to explain the mystery — Yet at the back of my mind there is a sort of hazy elusive memory; if I could grasp it I feel that it might give us the key. Where has

one seen that mystic symbol before? Like the Belt of Orion . . .

Ha! I remember now.

Three Stars . . . (Advt.) A. P. H.

How to Brighten Legal Proceedings.

"There were unusual and astounding facts in a licensing prosecution at — Sessions on Saturday.

Each defendant was fined £1.

The — String Band rendered a delightful programme of music during the afternoon. Teas and refreshments were served.

Altogether it was a delightful afternoon."

Local Paper.

From a wedding-description:—

"During the singing of the register Miss — sang 'With Thee the unsheltered moor I tread.'"—Local Paper.

What the register sang is not recorded.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

It was the very thing I wanted. I had meditated on it in the night-watches and sought the realisation of my dreams in the light of day, but hitherto without success. And now, without a moment's warning, it had come into my life. I trembled to think how easily I might have passed the window without looking in; the hoarse cry of a news-boy announcing the winner of the two-thirty race, the declaration of a new war, the adoption of a special hat for Cabinet Ministers, or some such triviality might have turned my head to the left instead of to the right.

Eagerly I pressed my face to the glass and studied the graceful outlines from this side and that. The window-dresser, a man of soul, had ticketed it "Smartness and Ease—Cut and Comfort," and I felt that he *understood*. It was, indeed, the shoe of shoes.

Proudly I entered the shop. My wife always says I am not to be trusted to buy anything by myself. Very well, this time I would surprise her.

The manager welcomed me with a bow, the formality of which was relieved by his genial smile, and motioned forward a charming young lady gowned in black velvet and very beautifully shod. She also smiled; I smiled; the manager smiled again; it was like a cosy family party.

"I want," I said, "a pair of those shoes you have in the window."

"Ah," said the manager, much gratified, "you mean the 'Noblesse' shoe, Sir, no doubt."

Perfect. Even such a name as the "Paragon" or the "Upperten" could not have robbed it of its beauty; but here was a suggestion of the simple dignity of days gone by.

The graceful girl indicated a seat, and I was about to take it when a horrible thought occurred to me. Before going away for a few days my wife had left me a store of clean socks, but that morning I had perversely routed out a particular pair of brown silk for which I have a great affection, but which Elinor had not darned. Almost immediately it would be necessary for me to remove one of my shoes; I suddenly remembered that one of my socks had a large hole in the toe. But *which*? I burst into a cold perspiration as I tried to remember whether it was the right or the left.

"If you will be seated, Sir," said the girl, taking up the thing they measure your feet with.

"Certainly," I replied. "Thank you." It was necessary to gain time. I was *nearly* certain it was the left foot.

"By the way," I said, stopping a

short distance from the fatal chair, "are they handsewn?"

"Specially sewn in our own works, Sir," she replied.

I was furtively counting the buttons on the high boots she was wearing; if they came out even, I decided, I would chance the right foot; if odd, the left.

"Four, five—I beg your pardon," I went on. "You have very large feet—works, I mean?"

"Very large," she answered with some surprise and moved the chair invitingly. I took out my handkerchief and blew my nose gently. She politely turned a little aside and I finished counting; there were ten buttons.

"Well, if I may trouble you," I said, taking my seat and thrusting out my right foot. She knelt down, but as her hand touched the lace of my shoe I was seized with panic.

"Do forgive me," I cried, springing up. "The fact is, I am liable to sudden cramp in the foot—frightfully awkward—an old wound, you know."

I limped desperately about the shop. The girl was murmuring some conventional phrase of sympathy and I was wondering whether they would believe me if I said that only fresh air could cure these attacks, when the manager, who had been watching us from a little railed-off place, came forward.

"Oh, Miss Rodney," he said suavely, "I had forgotten the time. It is after half-past two and the bank closes at three. Please run round with this cheque at once; you will be just in time. I will fit this gentleman myself."

"My dear Sir," I began, as the door closed behind her.

There was a tear in the honest fellow's eye as he led me back to the chair.

"Not a word, Sir," he begged. "If I were to remove my shoes you would see that my socks have no heels at all. I am married myself."

SENSATIONS.

ONCE my life was a thing of pain; Worn, down-trodden, I knew the strain Of labour amid the city's slush; But now for me is the wind's cool rush And woods and hedgerows darting by As in voluptuous curves I fly, Swinging along like a swallow's flight, Swooping and swaying, swift and light. Cool, flower-scented and clear, the air Sweeps from a sky that is blue and fair;

Below, the ribbon-white road slips past And I above it ride free at last.

* * * * *
Such, I imagine, the feelings are Of a boot attached to a bridal ear.

CONVERSATION WITHOUT WORDS.

"These literary giants passed the whole evening smoking in profound silence, which was broken only by the request to 'pass the tobacco.' When near midnight EMERSON rose to go Carlyle grasped him by the hand and said, 'Mon, we've had a fine time! It has been the happiest evening I have ever spent.'"]

THE above, taken from an advertisement of tobacco, is an example of how an historic incident suffers from abbreviation. It is true that, with the exception of the first greetings—"Some weather!" from EMERSON and "Your umbrella's dreepin' on the new oilcloth" from CARLYLE—no spoken words other than those quoted above passed their lips, but the omission to record the sentiments which were expressed by looks—and between literary giants a look is often as well understood as speech—produces a quite erroneous idea of the interview.

What actually occurred after the two were seated at 8.55 was as follows:—

9.5.—*Emerson*. This is a dreary spot. (*Aloud*) Pass the tobacco.

Carlyle. Aweel, it was your ain daft idea.

9.30.—*Carlyle* (*as the clock strikes*). It'll be a weary time till midnight. (*Aloud*) Pass the tobacco.

10.5.—*Emerson*. I wish I hadn't come. (*Aloud*) Pass the tobacco.

Carlyle (*passing it with a jerk*). I wish ye hadna.

10.30.—*Emerson* (*thoughtfully*). A strange dryness of the throat is caused by continuous smoking.

Carlyle. Dinna smoke sae conteenuously then.

11.0.—*Emerson*. I wonder if Scotch whisky mixes well with soda-water?

Carlyle (*aloud and very distinctly*). Pass the tobacco.

Emerson (*with sudden ferocity*). You have a coarse, common, unintelligent type of features.

Carlyle. And ye hae— But ye are my guest.

11.30.—*Emerson*. Only half-an-hour more.

Carlyle (*smiling for the first time that evening*). Ay, ay, laddie. (*Aloud*) Pass the tobacco.

11.59.—*Emerson* (*aloud*). Pass the tobacco.

Carlyle. It's too late for anither pipe. (*Aloud, grasping EMERSON'S hand*) Mon, we've had a fine time! It has been the pleasantest evening I have ever spent.

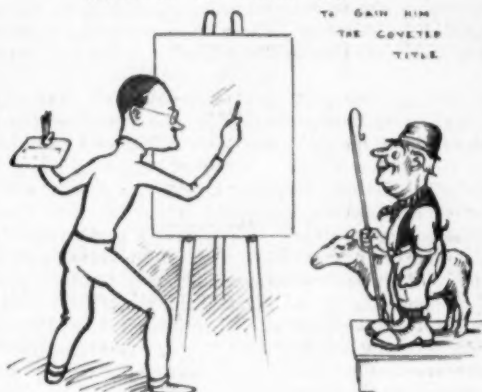
The house then shook to the bang of the door as EMERSON passed out.

From a book-sale catalogue:—

"Plutarch's wives, 5; and 6 others."

No wonder PLUTARCH was such an authority on the "double life."

A WELL KNOWN COMPETITOR WHO IS
RELYING ON HIS COUNTRY SUBJECTS
TO GAIN HIM
THE COVETED
TITLE.



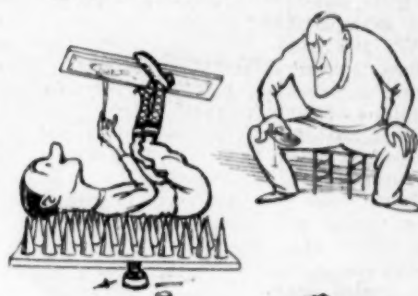
ANOTHER - LEFT HANDED ASPIRANT
WITH COMPLETE FAITH IN HIS
MASTERY OF GOLPING
LORE.



SPARTAN & UNCONVENTIONAL ARE THE
METHODS ADOPTED BY THIS
ARTIST & HIS TRAINER.



A DETERMINED
CANDIDATE WHO
DEMOLISHES FORTY
INDIAN RUBBERS
DAILY IN HIS
STRENUOUS
TRAINING.



AN OVERSEAS
COMPETITOR WHO
DECLARES HE
WILL WIN.



THIS
WELL KNOWN
CROSS HATCHER IS
HERE BEEN PRACTISING
HIS FAVOURITE METHOD
OF ATTACK.

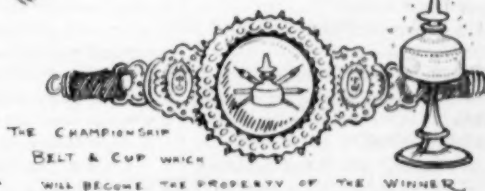
A FAMOUS
COMPETITOR
WHO FINDS A
BATH IN INDIAN
INK TWICE DAILY
MOST STRENGTHENING.



THE ONLY
LADY ENTERED
FOR THE TITLE,
SHE IS
TRAINING
BY POST.

A FORCEFUL
ENTRANT WHO
LOOKS TO RABBITS AS A
MEANS OF DEVELOPING
HIS POWERS.

ANOTHER
WHO FOR MANY
YEARS HAS
PINNED HIS
FAITH ON
PARROTS.



THE CHAMPIONSHIP
BELT & CUP WHICH
WILL BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE WINNER.

J.P. BAYHAM, 1921.

THE BLACK-AND-WHITE CHAMPIONSHIP.

A FEW SNAPSHOTS FROM THE VARIOUS TRAINING-CAMPS, WHERE GREAT ACTIVITY PREVAILS.

DROUGHT.

THERE were only two letters. One was from the Water Board people, and contained a leaflet on waste, illustrated by photographic studies of turned-on water-taps. We began with a picture of "water just dripping," and went on through a series of six, to "water leaking through one-half of an inch aperture"—a regular crescendo of thrills. I think I liked the three-eighths of an inch position best. There was something irresistibly *naïf* about the set of the tap-handle.

The other letter was from Enderby. "There is no water in the stream," he wrote. "The fish are sticking halfway out of it, and you can almost hear them pant. I have done nothing at all."

I replied to the Water Board: "I like your little series; you ought to have it filmed. We are just getting our wastepaper-basket done in six rather jolly positions, from empty to three-quarters full and when it is done we shall certainly send you a copy."

Then I began to answer Enderby. "In our Sussex by the sea," I said, "we have of course

"No waters to delight
Our broad and brookless
vales,
Only the dewpond on the
height,
Unfed that never fails."

The local Water Board, however, have just—

At this point they came in and told me that a flock of starlings were eating all the cherries in the main cherry-tree, and that we ought to have them picked at once.

"Can we do it with a ladder?" I said.

They told me that the branches were very long and thin and the cherries were all on the ends of the branches. An idea occurred to me.

"What are the children doing?" I asked.

"Priscilla is in the Champion bear's house, and Richard is playing cricket on the lawn."

"Alone?" I asked.

"Yes, practising overhand bowling, he says."

Nobody except Priscilla knows what a Champion bear is; but the Champion bear's house I built myself. It is a small hole between two weigela bushes, roofed-in about the height of four feet with ivy and fir boughs. It is not

really very easy for anybody but Priscilla to get inside it. It contains a small bench and a small chair, and on the bench there is usually a heap of what you would ignorantly suppose to be red rose-petals, but Priscilla says are slices of bread-and-butter covered with plum-jam.

"Now, boys," cried the little Champion bear" (so says Priscilla), "we'll all go to the house and have a fine treat." But Richard prefers to practise overhand bowling on the lawn. Priscilla is not very much use at cricket, anyway, for, though she has grasped the æsthetic beauty of the game, she hardly realises the correct allotment of functions. When she is asked to bowl she runs away with the ball and throws it under a hedge, and when she bats and a very very slow ball is sent along the ground

it. I can't believe they do it with a fishing-rod, which is a wasteful and tiring method; wasteful because it strips most of the leaves and unripe cherries off the boughs, and more tiring on the whole than throwing a fly because of the difficulty of keeping one's balance on the step-ladder. But it is a very effective method for all that, and the few starlings who stayed at the top of the tree were visibly and audibly annoyed.

"You can each eat one cherry for every thirty you pick up and put in the basket," I said to the children.

Cherries fell everywhere, on to my face and on to their faces, and on to Priscilla's frock, and on to Richard's blouse, I think he calls it. Ripe cherries explode by percussion. I doubt whether white is a suitable wear for young children. Thrashing wildly and gazing

up into the green I heard shrieks of excitement from below and the monotonous chant of counting. Richard did the counting, because he goes to school. He not only carries baskets of cherries to the house of his aunt in the French tongue, but can tell you what nine times seven are in two or three shots, almost as quickly as those people on the Treasury Bench. Priscilla's counting is not quite so accurate, because she is carried away by the mere beauty of words and skips from thirty to ninety without a blush.

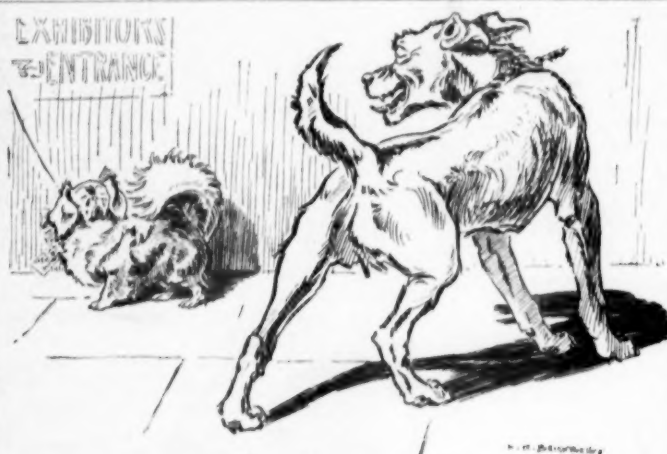
When I had reached out a little too far after a very distant bough and come down more suddenly than I had meant to, but fortunately not on to the children or into the basket, I was very hot and tired.

"How many have you got?" I asked.

"Twenty hundred and seventy," said Richard. Looking at his face and Priscilla's, I could quite believe it. I ate some myself and felt a little better. After that I went in and started a fresh letter to Enderby.

"Sorry you are having such poor sport," I wrote. "We have not much water here, but I had a thousand and thirty-five brace this afternoon. Not bad, I think, for a single rod." Then I took the Water Board's circular and went up to the bath-room. Turning the tap on carefully, so that the water leaked through three-eighths of an inch aperture, I deliberately permitted it to run until I had enough for a cold bath.

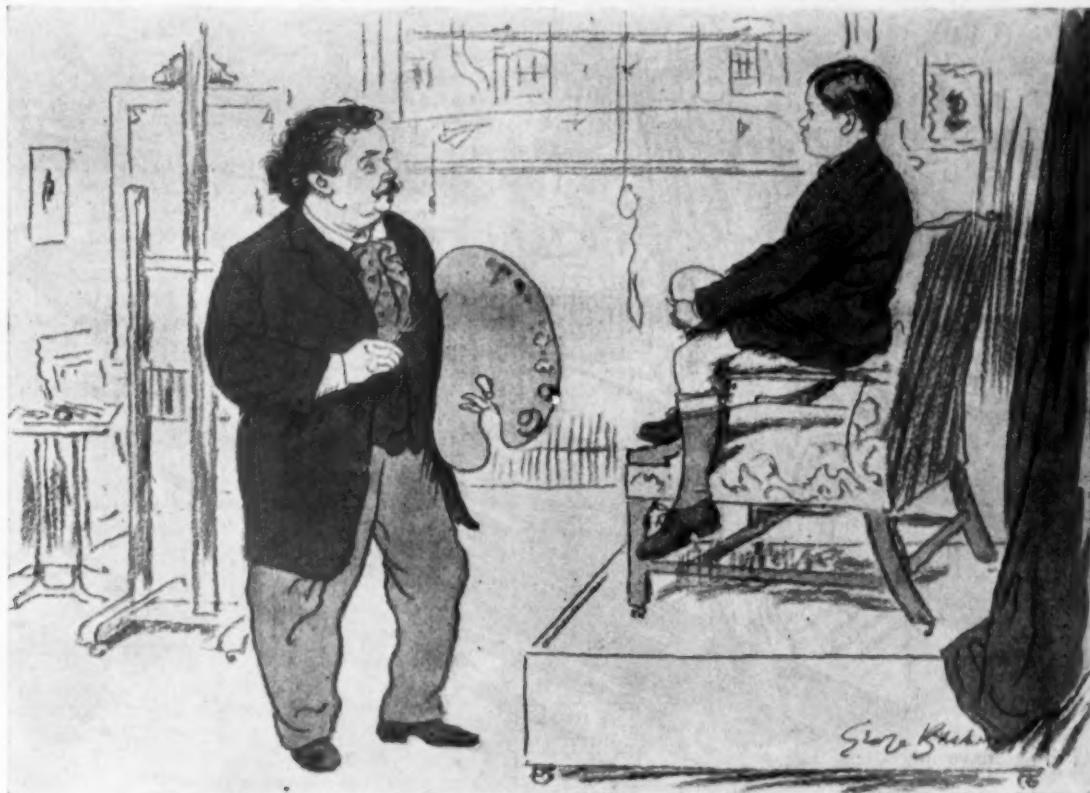
EVOR.



The Dog with no Pedigree. "YAB—GARN; I SEEN YOUR SORT STICKIN' ON FLX-PAPERS."

to her, she touches the ball in a lady-like manner with the bat held lightly in the left hand, then, grasping it firmly, she lifts it and brings it down hard on the top of the wickets. She knows, you see, the spectacular points of the game—swift motion, flying bails—but not the subtle theory of defence and attack. Richard prefers another partner. "Now, mother, let's have some of your bright bowls," one hears him say. Or else it is me; and all byes have to be run out, you must remember, even on the hottest afternoon. Failing either of us he imitates Gregory dourly alone, while the Champion bear eats plum-jam. So there is a regrettable break in the coalition.

"I want the children," I said, "and a step-ladder and a basket." Then I went and fitted up a twelve-foot rod. I don't know how they pick cherries in places where cherries are grown for the trade. Probably they do it with a pair of scissors on the end of a long pole, and a basket hanging just below



Portrait Painter (to young sitter). "AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?"
Young Sitter. "WELL, I THOUGHT OF BEING A RETIRED MERCHANT."

IN PRAISE OF WALKING.

WALKING is not only a delightful exercise but a useful accomplishment. Every child should be taught to walk. The learning of the perambulatory art is a necessary preliminary to a knowledge of running; and it is impossible to say how many valuable lives have been saved, in the jungle, in Piccadilly Circus and elsewhere, by knowing how to run.

Let me strongly recommend a walking holiday. The walker should "travel light," carrying merely a small rucksack containing pyjamas, shaving tackle, toothbrush, toothpaste, brush and comb, brilliantine, slippers, hand-mirror and nail-scissors. A change of handkerchiefs, socks and underclothes is not necessary; the walker washes these in a wayside brook, and for this purpose a bar of yellow soap, a simple rubbing-board, a flat-iron and a few yards of clothes-line should be packed away in odd corners.

A folding waterproof ground-sheet and a couple of quite light blankets are all one should need to add to the comforts

of sleeping in a ditch. No other luggage should be carried, excepting of course the indispensable pocket-torch, a camera (do not burden yourself with films, which can be bought *en route*) and a box of cigars. This last I strongly recommend, as the cigars purchased in remote villages are not conducive to sprightly pedestrianism.

Needless to say, the sportsman will take his gun, his golf-clubs, his bathing-tent or his saddle and bridle, as on a long tramp many opportunities occur of indulging in one's favourite pastime.

The route to be taken I leave to you. Go where you like. All I am concerned about is to induce as many people as possible to travel on foot next month, so that there may be a chance of moderate comfort for me on the Cornish express.

A PICTURE FOR THE NATION.

FOR the last ten years visitors to the Tate Gallery (which was never so interesting as it is at this moment), having been accustomed to see that early masterpiece of MILLAIS, "The Carpenter's Shop," dominating the pre-

Raphaelite walls, may naturally have come to look upon it as a permanency. But all the while the picture has in reality been only on loan, and its owners have now decided to sell it. The Tate Gallery has the opportunity of acquiring it at a fixed sum within a definite time. If the sum cannot be raised this beautiful work leaves England for ever.

MILLAIS, one of the greatest English artists, never again touched the tenderness and simplicity of the mood in which "The Carpenter's Shop" was painted, and the Tate Gallery, which has a statue of MILLAIS at its doors and is dedicated to British art, is the picture's true home. Readers of *Punch* are reminded that every little helps, and that donations towards securing "The Carpenter's Shop" for the nation for ever should be sent quickly to the Hon. Treasurer of the National Art Collections Fund, at Hertford House, Manchester Square, W. 1.

"Owing to the difficulty of exactly locating Calvin's tomb, the Geneva Consistory have abandoned the proposal to exhume his remains."—*Times*.

It seems a good reason.



Rowing Man. "CHARMING GIRL, YOUR COUSIN. SUCH ETON EYES; SUCH LEANDER CHEEKS."

THE KINGDOM OF NUPE.

[For the existence of this kingdom the author relies on the high authority of Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, but is solely responsible for the pronunciation of its name and the description of its manners and customs.]

I've just been arranging my holiday plans,
But, alas! *res angusta* decisively bans
Any flights to the "land of the mountain and flood,"
In spite of the passionate call of the blood;
And the state of my balance no prospect affords
Of excursions to Alps or to Lakes or to Fjords;
So, always content to be Fantasy's dupe,
My passage I've booked for the Kingdom of Nupe.

There the papers are closely restricted to fact
And flagrant offenders are publicly thwacked;
There motor-horns sound a melodious note,
Not like a sick ogre who's clearing his throat;
And anyone preaching the doctrines of FREUD
Is collared, imprisoned and promptly destroyed;
And girls are prevented from looping the loop
In the highly considerate Kingdom of Nupe.

There the old do not linger too long on the stage
And the young do not wage a vendetta on age;
But the two generations keep intimate touch,
For neither expects of the other too much;
While, to further the general peace and goodwill,
All the Bores are obliged to reside on Bores' Hill,
Where they form a completely innocuous group
In the bland and benevolent Kingdom of Nupe.

No curious inquirer your privacy probes;
And there aren't any gloomy professional Jobs,
Or professional Tapleys, or Bishops who find
In farcical sermons a cure for mankind.
No pinchbeck Napoleons are found in this clime,
For megalomania's accounted a crime;
And magistrates down on such criminals swoop
Like a thousand of bricks, in the Kingdom of Nupe.

If you ask me to show you this realm on the map,
I answer, it lies in the zone of Good Hap;
It's an island, of course, fringed with perilous foam;
Each house has a large lapis-lazuli dome
With orioles playing around on the stoep;
And I sail there o' nights in a sumptuous sloop
With Joy at the helm and Delight on the poop,
For in dreams I'm a King—of the Kingdom of Nupe.

S.O.S. and S.O.F.

The stricken sailor, when the sea o'er-rolls
His sinking vessel, signals "Save Our Souls;"
On land the Labour leader in tight places
Sends out the epic signal, "Save Our Faces."

"At Nottingham the Colonials were too strong for their opponents. McCarthy batted brilliantly for his 345, before he was l.b.w. by Herdsbuff. McCartney batted four times, and gave a magnificent display of cricket."—*Irish Paper*.

But, in spite of being allowed four "lives"—what *was* "Herdsbuff" doing?—the Australian crack seems to have been overshadowed by his new Irish colleague.



THE TEN-MILLION-POUND SEAT.

JOHN BULL. "THANK HEAVEN, THAT'S OVER. A VERY TEDIOUS AND COSTLY SHOW; AND I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER LIKE IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 27th.—Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON declined to disclose the exact amount of butter held by the Government, on the ground that "liquidation is in progress" (owing to the hot weather?). A little parcel of eight thousand tons coming from the Antipodes was, however, mentioned. In reply to a similar inquiry the Government holdings of sugar were revealed at about three hundred thousand tons. These figures will be a rude shock to the critics who declare that the present Administration "can't do anything for toffee."

The protest made by certain hon. Members against the alleged extravagance of the Post-Office in paying their under-fifteen boy-messengers 21s. 3d. a week excited the violent oburgations of Mr. JACK JONES, who declared that "the boys of hon. Members get more in pocket-money." I understand that Smith minor, whose finances are in the embarrassed condition customary at this period of the term, has been speculating on the possibility of inducing the Member for Silvertown to adopt him.

Mr. DEVLIN's contribution to the movement for peace in Ireland was to inquire the cost to the State of the Royal visit to Belfast.

"Another instance of squandermania" was his description of it. Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD had not got the exact figure, but was confident that it was negligible "compared with the beneficent result."

Tuesday, June 28th.—After the trouncing that he got from the Lord CHANCELLOR over the Matrimonial Causes Bill earlier in the Session it was plucky of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to come up smiling and challenge his youthful opponent on an almost identical terrain. This was furnished by a measure for enabling a man to marry his deceased brother's widow, which had already been passed by the Commons. Lord NEWTON supported it on the grounds of logic and common-

sense. Nothing would convince him—not even the PRIMATE's eloquence—that if it is right for a man to marry two sisters it is wrong for a woman to marry two brothers.

Nevertheless the gallant ARCHBISHOP attempted this forlorn hope. In his opinion there was no demand for the

papers that the coal dispute had been settled. The Commons were naturally keen to know the terms of the settlement, and particularly the amount of the lubricant with which the taxpayers were to be called upon to grease the wheels of the peace-chariot. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was unable to anticipate

the PRIME MINISTER's statement, but clearly indicated that a grant would be required, and that the House would be asked to give its general approval that very night. Then, with the disarming smile that is his most useful weapon as Leader, he suggested that the debate on the Third Reading of the Insurance Bill should be as brief as possible.

Soon after seven o'clock Mr. LLOYD GEORGE arrived. He at once gave the outlines of the agreement, drawing special attention to the arrangement for sharing surplus profits between owners and miners. As for some

time, however, there will be practically no profits the House would be called upon to vote a sum not exceeding ten millions to break the fall in wages.

Mr. ASQUITH advised the House to postpone criticism until a more convenient season, but Mr. CLYNES was at first disposed to take up a querulous tone about the Government's conduct of the dispute, and was sharply warned by the PRIME MINISTER that that was a game that two could play at.

Like "the quiet Mr. Brown" who "found he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault," the Labour Leader was surprised that what he regarded as "the merest commonplace" should have aroused indignation. However, he changed his tone, and concluded his speech with a hopeful forecast of what the new agreement

might mean for industry generally, and for trade union leaders in particular.

Wednesday, June 29th.—The Irish Peers met with no direct success in their attempt to press the Government to produce their long-promised Land Purchase Bill. But they drew from



P.C. CHAMBERLAIN. "NOW THEN—MOVE ON, PLEASE! CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S SOMEONE WANTING TO GET AT THAT HOLE?"

Mr. CLYNES. DR. MACNAMARA. MR. CHAMBERLAIN. MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Bill, which was "eugenically unsound." Moreover, the promoters of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Act had specially declared that they meditated no further assaults on the Tables of Kindred and Affinity. Then, for the second time this Session, the Law came down heavily on the Prophet. Lord BIRKENHEAD was amazed that his Grace



THE JUNE OUTPUT.

COLONEL JOSIAH WEDGWOOD REPORTS PROGRESS.

should have dished up again the arguments that had failed fourteen years ago, and unkindly reminded him of the complete falsification of all the gloomy predictions that he had uttered on the former occasion.

Having learned from the evening



Burglar. "ER—D' YE MIND IF I 'PHONE THE MISSIS TO SAY I SHAN'T BE 'OME TO BREAKFAST?"

the LORD CHANCELLOR a speech upon the Irish situation differing *toto calo*—in manner, if not in matter—from his previous jeremiad. It fact it put such a gloss upon his former observations that Lord SALISBURY was quite dazzled.

Mr. HURD again drew attention to the various criticisms of the official "cost of living," and urged the Government to compound with its "discreditors." Dr. MACNAMARA gently replied that as one party said the figures were too high, and the other too low, there was probably not much amiss with them.

When, in answer to a challenge from Colonel GUINNESS, Mr. PIKE PEASE

averred that "practically" he had no difficulty with the telephone, Colonel GUINNESS suggested that probably the operator was aware of his identity. Mr. PEASE did not think so. Nevertheless anyone who finds his conversations habitually cut off in the flower of their youth might try the experiment of prefacing them with "Assistant Postmaster-General speaking," and see what happens.

The guillotine fell to-night on the first section of the Safeguarding of Industries Bill. Sir ALFRED MOND was its principal defender, and, though much pelted with fragments of his old Free Trade speeches, maintained his new

position very well. His frank admission, that "the PRIME MINISTER took the advice of people who at the time thought they knew," seems to explain much recent history.

Thursday, June 30th.—Lord CRAWFORD's request that the Lords should take the remaining stages of the Unemployment Bill in one day at first fell on deaf ears. What if delay would cost the State an extra half-million, boomed Lord SELBORNE; they must have reasonable time to discuss the Bill. Quite so, said the LORD CHANCELLOR; and if their lordships were willing so far to sacrifice their convenience as to sit till eight o'clock, or even, if need be, to dine at the House, they could say all they had to say, and yet save the State that not inconsiderable sum. Lord SELBORNE was not quite pacified, and defeated the Government on an important amendment; but nevertheless the Bill went through, and by ten minutes to eight the House was up.

The CHIEF SECRETARY stated that more than six thousand persons are at present imprisoned or interned as the result of the political situation in Ireland. Of this number only thirty-eight are women. If half of what one hears about the activities of the feminine section of the I.R.A. be true there might be more chance of peace if the proportions were reversed.

My memory does not record that when Sir JAMES CAMPBELL was a member of the Irish Administration he received many bouquets from the Nationalist Members. Now that, *nolens et volens*, he has relinquished the Irish Chancellorship he has suddenly become a "white-headed boy" to Messrs. DEVLIN and O'CONNOR, who see in his supersession "a most disgraceful job." As the alleged victim walks off with a peerage and a pension, Members were not inclined to pay too much attention to the outcry of his new-found champions.

The Lords' amendment to the Unemployment Bill was rejected by the Commons, although it was supported by the Labour Party as a protest against what Mr. LAWSON happily called "rag-time legislation."

Tragedy on the Links.

"He squared his account with the fates by lying dead at the seventh."—*Daily Paper*.

"The Imperial Conference resumed its sittings this morning—Mr. Lloyd George presiding. All the Dominion Premiers were in attendance, and Lord Curzon, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Montagu, and Mrs. Balfour represented Great Britain."—*Scotch Paper*.

Mr. Punch tenders his respectful congratulations to Mr. BALFOUR.



THE POLO HABIT SPREADS TO THOSE OF RIPER YEARS.

SONG OF A RETROGRADE.

You know the green lane running over the hill
From Coldharbour Gorse down to Caldicote Mill?
They call it the Pavement, and under the green,
If you dig pretty deep, there are flags to be seen;
But the worms and the moles and the wind and the rain
Have made the hard pavement a grassy green lane.

Now there's only one way that a sensible wight
Would travel the world, if he could and he might;
MACADAM'S hard turnpikes are pleasant for wheels
And the rubber-shod comfort of automobiles;
You get some good thrills in a low-flying 'plane,
But the wise fellow foots it along a green lane.

In England of old, ere the turnpikes were made,
The happy green lane carried most of her trade;

The packhorses' hooves made it muddy, no doubt,
But no charabanker's flung bottle and shout
Gave aural or mental or physical pain
To folk who fared footing it down a green lane.

Then here is the toast of this retrograde bard:—
Confound all who like their road-surfaces hard!
Confusion to civilisation's advance
And utter confusion to pavés of France!
Peace, sanity, freedom, delight shall remain
With him who fares footing it down a green lane.

"At — Church on Friday the Vicar, on examining the offertory box, found that the church had been abstracted."—*Local Paper.*

It is supposed that when the thief annexed the church and overlooked the offertory-box he was suffering from a mis-fit of abstraction.



Small Visitor. "WHERE ARE THEY GOING TO?"

Hostess. "TO THE RACES, DEAR."

Small Visitor. "WON'T THE HORSES BE TOO TIRED TO RUN RACES?"

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

WE were talking—having finished with the new Test Team captain, the Coal peace, CARPENTIER and so forth—about the duties of a good citizen, and the conspicuous ease with which they are now being avoided.

"Why do you say 'now'?" someone asked.

"Because since the War so much pride has disappeared," said our leading Jeremiah. "Everything is shirked by unconscious workmen."

"I wish," murmured the doctor, "someone would write a book saying what England before the War was really like. The way people talk you'd think it was sheer Paradise, but I seem to remember a lot of unsatisfactory things even then."

"The worst of being a good citizen," said the artist, "is that you get solanded. Any man who goes out of his way to be public-spirited runs horrible risks. That's why there are so few of us."

"Us"? What do you mean by 'us'?" a scornful voice inquired.

"The public-spirited people," the artist rejoined in surprised tones. "Those rare souls who put the good of the community before self-indulgence. I happen to be one of them, and I am

suffering accordingly. If there were the faintest indication that you would like to hear the story I would tell it. I might even tell it if there were none."

We composed ourselves to listen.

"Every one," he said, "must have noticed that taxi-drivers just now are a new set of men, who know very little about London. Once upon a time there was a strict examination in topography at Scotland Yard, and if a would-be driver couldn't give the direct route from, say, the Brixton Bon Marché to the Golders Green Empire he was put back a week or so for further study of the map. There was an excellent mechanic that I was interested in who was ploughed three times. But all that care seems to have gone by the board, and now we have taxi-drivers who know nothing."

Everyone leaned forward to cite personal experiences that proved this, but the artist contrived to hold the floor.

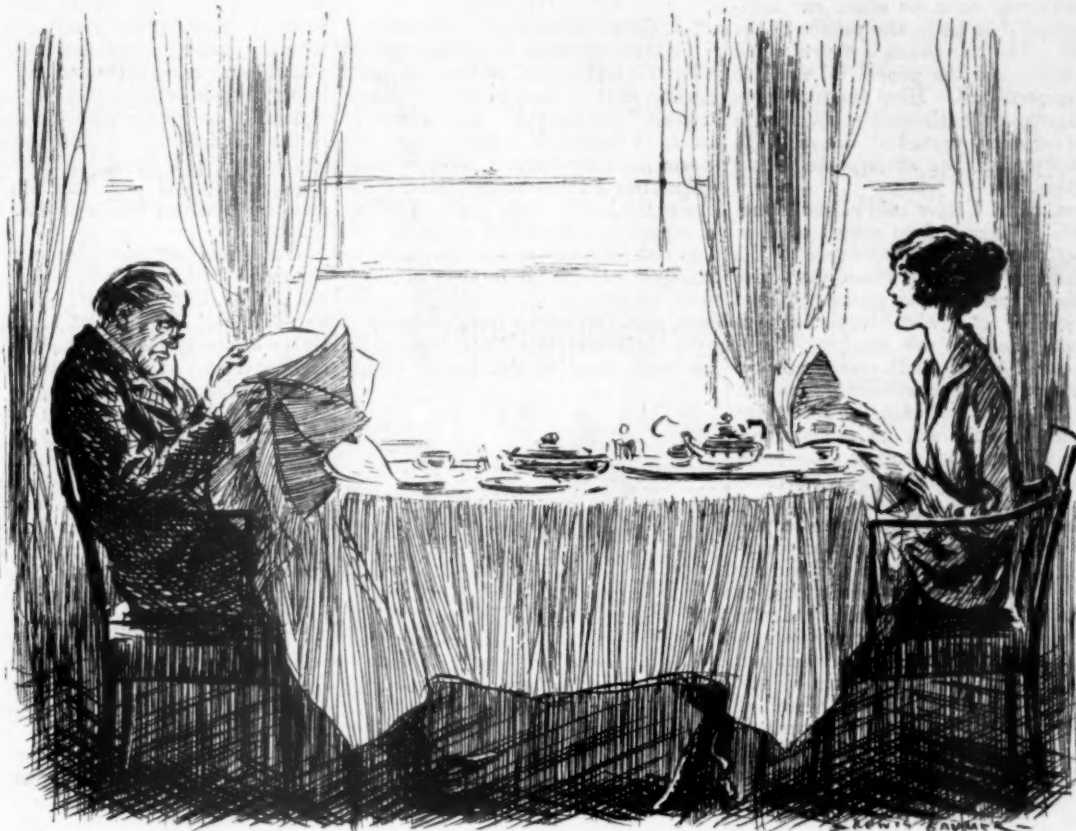
"I was driven by one the other day," he went on, "who was so grossly indirect in the route he followed that I felt I must do a thing I hate doing—I felt that I must put my foot down. I was a silly ass, of course. Sensible people don't interfere; they grin and bear it, or they don't grin but bear it. Every now and then, however, one feels that

one must take a line. It's like writing to the papers, and calling yourself *Pro Bono Publico*. The desire to do that comes on most men once, I suppose; but that's a very easy imitation of responsible citizenship compared with what was demanded of me.

"To make a short story long, I sat in the cab summoning up pluck enough to give the man something less than his fare and a lecture on his incompetence. I would remind him of the police regulation which compels a taxi to take the shortest route, and I would then give him my card and tell him to take out a summons for the full fare. I had never given a card in this way before and I rather liked the idea of it. But at the same time, being a shocking coward, I shrank from the whole thing. It only shows what an absolutely artificial exotic this public spirit is and how it has to be cultivated.

"Well, I got out of the cab with my card and the money all ready; but when I had a good look at the man I weakened again. Yet I had to go on. It was a matter of pride, and pride, I take it, is four-fifths of most courage.

"You don't know your London," I said. "Your duty is to go by the shortest and most direct route, and you've come the longest."



Pessimist's Wife. "CHEER UP, DEAR. THE COAL STRIKE'S OVER."

Pessimist. "I KNOW. BUT THAT ONLY BRINGS THE NEXT ONE NEARER."

"His expression, which had begun with surprise, changed to dark hostility.

"Who's come by the longest way?" he asked, and I was forced into the contemptible position of having to reply that he had. It was going to be an ordinary 'You're another' squabble.

"How?" he then asked, pushing his face into mine and glaring with an awful malignity.

"It was just this kind of question that I wanted to avoid. My idea had been to give him the money and the card swiftly and decisively and leave him to ponder on his folly and let the lesson sink in. I would have given a fiver for the comfort of a policeman, but there was none in sight.

"I braced myself again and went through with it. 'Never mind how,' I said. 'You've driven me so far out of the right course that I'm not going to pay more than this, and if you think you're entitled to any more you must summons me;' and I thrust the coin and the card into his hand, leapt up the steps and banged my door.

"When I got inside I sat down in the hall and felt my heart beating like an hydraulic ram. Every second I expected to hear a double knock on the door. Indeed, I shouldn't have been surprised if it had been kicked open.

"But nothing happened, and after a while I crept upstairs, a physical and nervous wreck. Still, I had the knowledge that I had done my duty. I had been a citizen. I don't say I glowed, but I was conscious of rectitude. And now I've lost all that feeling."

"Why?" we asked.

"Because," he said, "I daren't take a cab any more. I'm so terrified that the driver might turn out to be that one that I creep about on foot or straphang. It's like *Captain Hook* and the crocodile. I came here this evening in an omnibus, in which I was one of five men clinging to the ceiling. No, no more public spirit. Finished."

"Poor old chap!" said our leading cynic. "And he's missed the *réclame* he'd have got from the case if the driver had summonsed him!" E. V. L.

SOMETHING LIKE A TOUR.

(Special interview with Dame Melle Bulba.)

OUR representative was most fortunate in catching Dame Melle Bulba at her beautiful bungalow on the summit of the Malvern Beacon just before her departure on a tour in the South Pacific with her husband, Sir Camberley Bulbo, the famous baritone singer.

Questioned about her tour, Dame Bulba said, "We sail straight from Southampton on the *Woolloomoolloo* for New Guinea, landing at Port Moresby and thence proceeding at once into the depths of the interior. The New Guinea audiences are really wonderful; their avidity and voracity for the best music is quite astonishing and only equalled by that of the Solomon Islanders, whose anthropophagous amateurs are unsurpassed for their enthusiasm.

After visiting all the principal chiefs in New Guinea, the Solomons, and Tasmania—the home of the great school of tropical dancing—we proceed by aero-

plane to Honolulu, giving our concert at whatever time we effect our land-fall, even if it be in the middle of the night. The war-conch is blown round the town and the people all flock to the concert-hall. Here the audiences are hardly less enthusiastic, but, as they have for many years been converted to vegetarianism, the atmosphere is less exciting.

And what I have said of the Honoluluans is equally true *ceteris paribus*, *mutatis mutandis* and *vice versa* of the Canadians, amongst whom we arrive at Vancouver, thence proceeding east in a special train, which we never leave except when we are singing. There are dining-rooms, bath-rooms and an ample supply of pemmican, moccasins, hobolinks, all "on board," so that there is never a dull hour on the journey. From Winnipeg we propose to make an excursion on sledges to the far North, at the invitation of a number of leading Indian chiefs, who are anxious to present me with a silver-mounted tomahawk; and we may possibly extend our tour, if the weather is propitious, to Greenland's icy mountains for the sake of their hymnal associations.

"I confess," Dame Bulba went on, "that height always appeals to me, and one day I hope to sing 'Land of Hope and Glory' from the summit of Mount Everest. I am sure it would impress and possibly tranquillise the truculent tribesmen of Tibet."

For the rest Dame Bulba declared that she intended to give her voice a complete rest on the voyage out. It was not only a good thing for the voice itself, but it avoided setting up complications with the Hertzian waves and so dislocating the whole wireless system, to say nothing of attracting albatrosses, condors, cachalots, bat-fish, porbeagles, millimicrofarads and other "mystical monsters marine" who get entangled in the ship's screw and delay its speed. Dame Bulba added that she was singing a lot of nice songs, including a number of new ones by Toscha Frotoloni, but expressed her deep regret that so few people were writing good songs nowadays.

A New Adhesive.

"After all," said the leading Nationalist [in Belfast] to me, "the question of peace is clamouring for solution."

Westminster Gazette.

Overheard at Wimbledon on Saturday, June 25th: "Well, anyhow we've won the Lawn Tennis Champagneship."

"Gentleman, of cleanly habits, wishes use of bathroom in private house for warm bath once weekly."—*Irish Paper.*
The sybarite!

AT THE PLAY.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCREAM."

I GATHERED from the title given by "The Co-Optimists" to their pleasant medley that it was to be like SHAKESPEARE, only funnier. But I was in error. I caught, it is true, some faint gleam from the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque, but it threw no light on the foibles of the Bard. I was right, however, in expecting a good deal of fun, though I do not pretend to have been quite so susceptible to the atmosphere of merriment as most of the first-night audience, who seemed to have come to it with the elements of intoxication (in the best sense of the word) already



MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

MR. DAVY BURNABY AND MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

"concealed about their persons," so that the mere mention of such names as DE COURVILLE or GROSSMITH or LAURIL-LARD (without any particular humour in the context) moved them to paroxysms of impotent mirth.

Still it was impossible to resist the gaiety and gusto with which the company entered into the spirit of the game. At their best they came near to reminding us of the original "Follies"; but the book was uneven. Indeed one was always feeling that the performers were better than their parts; that Messrs. BURNABY and CHILDS, funny as they were, could have said and done much funnier things if, as joint-authors, they had thought of them. Perhaps the best scene was that in which Mr. CHILDS set out to render "I'll sing thee

Songs of Araby," and was brutally interrupted by the whole cast, who came on the stage and even penetrated into the stalls in voluble search for a shilling that one of them had lost. The imperturbable courage which the singer showed in persisting with his song up to the last and highest note (the others having by this time retired baffled from their quest) was explained when he collected the lost shilling from under his foot.

This scene was, of course, easy fruit compared with the two burlesques, "A Pill of Divorcement" and "Fool-Dog Gerald." Here a little more subtlety was demanded, and not very liberally supplied. The one was rather thin and the other rather obscure.

Of the men all were good, and Messrs. CLIFF and CHILDS very good. If Mr. BURNABY's humour did not always fulfil its promise, that was not the fault of his facial expression, which was of the most killing. Mr. MELVILLE GIDEON, playing his own music, which was admirably suited to its light purpose and excellent in one or two travesties, stood the limelight well.

Of the ladies Miss BETTY CHESTER and Miss PHYLLIS MONKMAN were easily the best, the former doing very clever things with her head and the latter with her legs.

I venture to think it was a mistake to revive the serio song. It was surely waste of good material to turn on Miss BETTY CHESTER, who was not meant for such uses, to give a perfectly serious rendering of "I must go down to the sea again." If, as I found it impossible to believe, she really felt herself under any moral compulsion to revisit the deep, this was not the time or place to say so.

Apart from these gratuitous exhibitions of solemnity I have to thank everybody for an entertainment which more than justified the spirit of co-optimism in which it was conceived.

O. S.

Our Stylists.

"Not to have seen Mr. — is a treat which should not be missed."—*Local Paper.*

"WEARING APPAREL."

Garden Roller, stone, two cwt., delivered free."—*Local Paper.*

Usually worn with lawn trimmings.

"Admiral Sah Cheng-ping is in hospital receiving medical treatment. It is imperative that he shall have change of air by proceeding to the seaside to recuperate his death."

North China Daily News.

We trust that, as in the leading case of "MARK TWAIN," this report is grossly exaggerated.



Lady (to Outfield). "SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT I COULD SEE SO MUCH BETTER IF YOU SAT DOWN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IRELAND should be grateful to Dr. ALEXANDER IRVINE for his latest book, *The Souls of Poor Folk* (COLLINS); after the reek of burning castles and ruined villages it comes like the scent of hay across a battlefield. It is true that the conditions it describes are those of a time long gone by, but the type of Ulster peasant remains, and that fact should hearten us in our hopes for the future of a country that can preserve it. The old people, *Jamie* and *Anna*, the young ones whom we know collectively as "the children," *Willie Withero*, the stonebreaker, and the visitors who drop in for a "crack," form a company which we could ill spare. We love them for their sturdy independence, their cheery skill in making the best of a sorry lot, their occasional sharp speech—as of men who have "supped on razors"—and, not least, for the infinite tenderness that binds each member to the rest. Perhaps it is this note of tenderness that gives the book its greatest charm. Dr. IRVINE has grasped a fact which sometimes escapes both politicians and philanthropists; he sees that the souls of poor folk and rich are made after the same fashion. The abstract discussion on the degree of happiness possible to a peasant or a philosopher left me cold, but the thrilling episode of the stolen potatoes, with its heroic sequel, had a very different effect. And in its last chapter the book touches a very high level of beauty. The story of the emptying nest, the creeping of age upon the parents and their final brief parting, is one that few, I think, will read without a tightening of the throat.

In *Dark Side Out* I have to thank Miss ELEANOR ACLAND for combining
A very pretty taste in clouds with leanings towards a silver lining.
Never did theme so grim inspire a pen so innocently gay,
As though the heart of *Wuthering Heights* were painted
by KATE GREENAWAY.
In *Bowhead Mill* with *Betty Groves* we set the supper, and anon
Enter the tyrant of the piece, the patriarch *William Atkinson*;
Comes *Joseph*, well in time for grace, while *Lanty* stays out late, to dally,
Heedless of patriarchal ire, with *Linda*, loved by half the valley.
Thenceforth how dextrously deployed the motif of the Prodigal Son,
Till children's children make amends for evil wrought and good undone.
SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, just one word: why not allow the picture-lover
To cherish as a frontispiece that pleasant drawing on the cover?

Mrs. HORACE TREMLETT has the gift of slickness in a very marked degree. She has a way of crowding in her characters and hurrying along the action of her story; and if the quickness of the hand does occasionally make me suspect that she must be deceiving the eye I find it a very pleasant deception. *Fanny the Fibber* (HUTCHINSON) makes her appearance as a small girl-clerk, hungry and out of

work. With one deft desperate lie she plants herself upon the household of her late employer, and from that moment her affairs entwine themselves with those of all sorts of other folk, generally to *Fanny's* benefit and the other people's consternation. It is on *Fanny's* most innocent account that *Harvey Warren*, her late employer, and his kind wife *Ursula*, are separated. She tries to assist the elopement of a diplomat's wife with a not quite willing lover, and succeeds in stopping it. She also plays an honest part in helping to float a fraudulent company. If her habit of fibbing meets with too little punishment, a mere lack of frankness in *Harvey* is so heavily visited that the most righteous reader ought to be satisfied. *Fanny* herself is the real reason of the success of the book; natural and sincere, in spite of her fibbing, she is a most lovable little creature; and if Mrs. HORACE TREMLETT likes to tell us more about her another day I shall be very glad to hear it.

People who read the title of *Kipling's Sussex* (SIMPKIN) need not murmur to themselves:—

"What do they know of Sussex
Who only Burwash know?"

for Mr. R. THURSTON HOPKINS has a fairly catholic pen.

I am not certain that he has made up his mind whether Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING wrote about Sussex because the county was interesting, or whether Sussex is interesting because Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING wrote about it. A believer in the latter theory would perhaps have made a more homogeneous book than this, which, though it contains a number of rather scrappy references to *Rewards and Fairies* and other famous tales, is largely made up of gossip, of local legends and of quotations from all sorts of authors on a triangle of country of which the points are roughly Lewes, Worthing and Bexhill. A shepherd, to take one case, has informed Mr. HOPKINS that dew-ponds are not called dew-ponds at all, but "ship-ponds;" furthermore he describes the way in which they are made, and states that he has constructed a great many of them himself. There is also a fine disquisition in the manner, not of Mr. KIPLING, but of Mr. BELLOC, on the subject of good beer, always a theme of interest to antiquarians; and there is a vast number of verses about the Downs, more remarkable for goodwill than for poetry. Altogether, if the book does not pretend to add much to Kiplingiana (I suppose there are such things as Kiplingiana by this time), it contains many passages which will delight those of us who live in Sussex, and those (if any) who do not.

The Golden Shoe (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has the appearance of having been put together just a little too rapidly and easily to wear well. Beautiful *Cynthia Moon*, running from an obscure home, makes friends with plain *Clarence March*, orphaned grand-daughter of a very proud peer, *Lord Padbury*, who disowned her father but is desperately anxious to make amends to the child he has never seen. How *Clarence*, anxious apparently to provide for her friend after her own death, induces *Cynthia* to change names

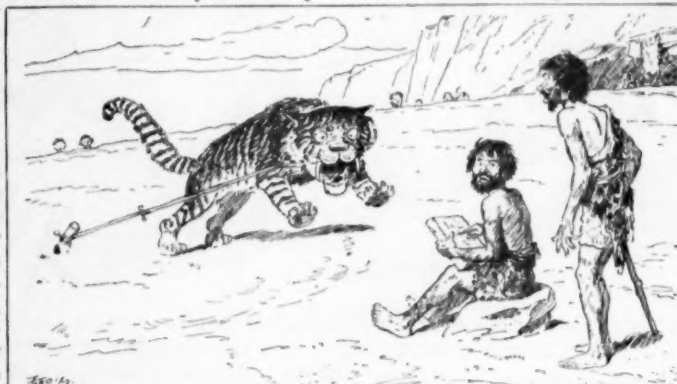
with her and solemnly swear to maintain the deception come what may; how both got work at one of the *Golden Shoe* shops, where the owner, one *Higby*, boulder and sensualist, pursues the lovely *Cynthia*—now *Clarence*; how eventually the new *Clarence*, after her friend's death, is found and translated to Padbury Quarrel in the character of grand-daughter; how the deception is discovered by the heir, the real *Clarence's* cousin, who however conveniently falls in love with her and conceals his knowledge; how the resilient *Higby*, who has also discovered the secret, is checked; and with what plausibility all this complication is contrived I must leave you to find out from Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY'S pages. I commend his book to un-exacting readers who like a pleasant sentimental tale.

I admit an incurable weakness for novels in which the result of a race decides the fortunes of the principal characters, and *Ursula Vanet* (BALE AND DANIELSSON) accordingly touches a very soft spot. I cannot however number it among the most successful of its type, because *Ursula* is not in my opinion a prize worth winning. Indeed the first part of Mr. ARTHUR MILLS'S book, in which the scene is laid chiefly at Sandhurst, is considerably more

attractive than the latter part which deals with *Ursula's* plunge into a noxious section of London Society. She possessed a weak-willed brother whose supreme merit was that he could ride superbly; and the life of this youth and of his friends at Sandhurst is excellently put before us. Mr. MILLS can describe young men, and in *Robin Darell* he has succeeded in drawing a clean-minded youth who was not a prig, a feat which has baffled more novelists than one cares to count.

I find here an atmosphere of youth which could not have been created by conscious effort.

"NEDRAM'S" hero, young *John Sagur* (HEATH CRANTON), was a scientist, a V.C., and a megalomaniac. He invented or discovered a calculus which enabled him to find "the basic wave length of the Tellurian waves." Therewith he proceeded to extract limitless power from atoms, to call it Ergon, to sell it cheap and distribute it by wireless, to knock out every competing source of energy, to buy up the whole round earth with the profits, to establish an entirely new "regime" (sic) by a "coup de monde"—a "regime" of one-man world-government. Incidentally he freed mankind from lawyer-politicians, tyrannical trade unionists and greedy capitalists; married a Chinese wife; organised a new universal religion, code of laws and educational schedule, and a housing scheme for the workers carried through by the aid of helicopters and Chinese coolies, "with two squash racket courts and six billiard-rooms per five hundred workers." Then, and not before it was time, *McDougall* the English Bolshie, whom he had done out of his job, passionately smote him hip and thigh, so that he was glad to commit euthanasia. One does not demand that Utopias should be feasible, but one prefers them to be a little less like *Tarzan and the Apes*.



Artist of the Palaeolithic Age (making a drawing of a sabre-toothed tiger). "LOOK HERE, YOUNG FELLOW, YOU WOULD OBLIGE ME VERY MUCH IF YOU WOULD GO AND KNOCK THAT STAKE IN A BIT TIGHTER. IT'S GETTING LOOSE AND I'VE STILL GOT A LOT OF STRIPES TO DO."

CHARIVARIA.

BILL BRENNAN, a New York message informs us, is anxious to meet DEMPSEY. For the sake of those near and dear to him we can only hope that he merely wants to ask the champion something. *

Near Marseilles one man has shot another after an argument about DEMPSEY and CARPENTIER. These foreigners take sport seriously. *

It is now announced that the marriage between Mr. WILLIAM H. LEEDS and Princess XENIA OF GREECE will take place in Paris, instead of London. Apparently there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. "TEX" RICKARD has offered to stage it in Jersey City. *

In fairness to the Selection Committee of the M.C.C. the fact should be appreciated that in their herculean task of forming the English team they are struggling with a kind of Hydra. As soon as they cut off its tail it develops another appendix. *

From a contemporary we learn that one of the Australian team is an undertaker in private life. We often wonder what these public cricketers do for relaxation. *

An ornithological lecturer remarked the other day that the only really wingless birds are found in Australasia. He seems to have overlooked the Soho chicken. *

Reports from the Glasgow district indicate that the water famine is proceeding satisfactorily. *

The National Federation of Sea Anglers will hold a festival at Hastings in October. The historic ceremonies of Crowning the Arch Story-Teller and Bringing Home the Sacred Whopper will be revived. *

At a Welshpool church bazaar boxers trained by the Vicar gave an exhibition. The effect on the attendance at church services promises to be good. The parish has undertaken to come quietly. *

The Hungarians, we read, have no hobbies. Except, of course, that little pastime of chasing EX-KING KARL from the throne. *

"Twenty years ago," said a witness at North London police court, "I decided that my wife should not have the last word." We presume the poor fellow is still talking. *

A five-year-old Aberdonian last week swallowed a pound Treasury note. Artificial respiration had to be applied to the boy's father. *

A Manchester boy scout has set out on a walk to London with a message for the LORD MAYOR. We warn Mr. KELLAWAY that this sort of thing is likely to spread. *

The coolness that has sprung up between Moscow and Angora is attributed by *The Morning Post* to conflicting social aims. Both of them are saying that if they had known what the new people were like they wouldn't have called. *

Mr. ALDER, of Fleet, has a swarm of bees trained to stop work when he



Sceptic. "IF YOU HAVE SUCH AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR BALDNESS, WHY DON'T YOU USE IT?"

Subtle Barber. "AH, SIR, I SACRIFICE MY APPEARANCE TO BRING 'OME TO CLIENTS THE 'ORROR OF 'AIRLESSNESS."

sounds his gong. It looks as if Mr. ALDER got this idea from the Bricklayers' Union. *

Things appear to be settling down. Only thirty-five thousand divorce suits are pending in Paris. *

One of the objects of Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON's cruise in the *Quest* will be to search the Pacific for the missing island of Tuanaki, which has not been heard of for ninety years or so. It is feared that it may be suffering from loss of memory. *

The Anglo-American Congress of Historians are of the opinion that English history text-books are warped by prejudice. There is some talk of history being abolished. *

The secretary of a guarantee com-

pany states that married men are more honest than others. It is, of course, a question of policy with them. *

Two professional conjurers are now employed in the Ford works of America. This supports the contention of some people that these cars are not produced naturally. *

A well-known composer has written a part-song without words, to be sung on a summer night on the water. Try it in your bath. *

It is understood that the Dutch gentleman who came to Henley and took the Diamonds to Holland was acting in the interests of the lapidary industry of Amsterdam. *

An incident of the Diamonds was the striking of a boom by the ultimate winner. So far this boom has not been reflected in the Kafir market. *

The Mexican War Department has been informed of a new revolution preparing for July 15th. The promoters have been notified that it will not be allowed to take place unless they guarantee that it will not incommode the traffic. *

The Dutch War Minister, General POP, has resigned. This evidently is the distinguished soldier whose ancestor gave his name to the famous gun. *

An evening paper reminds us that there are still some months to run before the LORD CHANCELLOR can win his alleged wager that he will be a teetotaler for a year. We question the wisdom of adding this constant private anxiety to the cares of high office. *

Professor PICKHARD states that Londoners will soon be able to travel by air to America in ten hours. We note that it will not be compulsory. *

"New York," said Dr. N. MURRAY BUTLER, speaking in London, "was bought from the Indians for a bottle of whisky." And now New York would give anything to have that bottle back. *

Scripture Rewritten.

After the DEMPSEY-CARPENTIER fight: "It was a sort of Daniel and Goliath battle, in which the stronger and bigger man always appeared to hold the mastery."—*Scotch Paper*.

"He [Carpentier] has been fighting, except for five years during the war, when he refused to put on a glove in anything like a serious way, ever since he was a boy."—*Daily Paper*. "Except" is good. Mere war, of course, is not fighting.

AN END OF INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THOUGH in the things that really count—
Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Golf and Polo—
Where England's greatness had its fount,
We've not contrived to lay the foe low;
Whether our giants failed to win
Through fever in the nerves (neuritis),
Or ugly fortune did us in,
Sending our HOBBS appendicitis;

Yet, on the self-same stricken plain
(The one at Lord's) that saw us roasted,
Cambridge has proved we still retain
Some of the skill our ancients boasted;
Has shown that when, with straight-held blade,
A Briton meets his local brother,
We have not yet (thank Heaven) mislaid
The knack of downing one another.

With this for solace, let us fall
To serious work, intent to rival
The Earth, if not at games of ball,
At least in speeding trade's revival;
But first, because the strain was sore,
So many feats we tried and missed 'em,
We need a month of sea (or more)
To readjust our shattered system. O. S.

AUNT EMILY ASSISTS AT "THAMAR."

THE only drawback to our pleasure at the unexpected appearance of Great-Aunt Emily and her canary on our doorstep was the fact that we were going to the Russian Ballet that evening.

We had a ticket to spare, as George couldn't come after all, and here was Aunt Emily instead. It looked providential, but it wasn't. At least—well, you know what I mean.

Great-Aunt Emily had spent most of her life in Cherry Malden Vicarage, and when she came to our large and wicked city was always treated to strictly appropriate entertainment. Two domestic pretty plays with happy endings and no triangles, an easy lecture and a nice concert would usually meet the case. She rarely stayed more than a week, wisely avoiding over-excitement, and this time was to stay only two nights, to break the journey to Bournemouth.

Allegra, a lover of the beautiful, simply had to go to the Russian Ballet that night—with those splendid tickets and everything—so that was that.

"I don't quite know how you'll like it, Auntie," she said, remorsefully determined; "but we have lovely seats."

"She'll be all right," I said. "Anybody'd think we were taking her to the *Grand Guignol*."

This was an aside, as usual too loud.

"The *Grand Guignol*," repeated Aunt Emily with interest. "French! But you needn't hesitate, my dears, to take me there. I heard a very pretty little French playlet given at Marjorie's school entertainment the other day, and there was nothing in it to which one could have taken the least exception. As long as this play is not too French. I know just enough of the language not to understand a—a double meaning, which is an additional safeguard."

"No, dear," said Allegra resolutely, "it isn't French; but—well, I don't think you'd like to see a play about a poor girl being tortured to death by lunatics in a locked room, would you?"

Aunt Emily's round blue eyes grew rounder, and then, of course, she said it.

"There are enough troubles in our everyday life, I should have thought, without going to the theatre to look for them."

In our relief we forbore to ask Aunt Emily how often she had been tortured by lunatics in a locked room.

* * * * *
Carnaval gave her pleasure until she fell asleep over it. "There's nothing like the crinoline for comfort and elegance, after all," she said approvingly. "And the gentlemen are very light on their feet. But"—this was after her nap—"they gave us short measure, surely."

So far so good, but—*Thamar*?

Great-Aunt Emily watched her silently as she writhed forward, looking like some strange orchid, to begin her daily frolic.

The young traveller entered with cheerful alacrity, summoned by her waving scarf. If they had guide-books in those days they should not have starred *Thamar's* place, replete (as you shall see) with every inconvenience to the guest. But possibly she was in with *Baadekovitch*.

There seemed no question of his resting after his journey. Introduced at once into what boarding-house keepers call "young musical society," he was practically forced into a series of strenuous dances, during which he could scarcely be distinguished from his fellow-dancers, *Novak*, *Jazvinski* (the well-named) and the rest, until you discovered that he alone wore scarlet boots. After this it was comparatively easy to follow his progress, if such it could be called.

At the height of the merriment he palled upon *Thamar*—all in a minute, like that—and she took out her little pocket-knife and executed him amid general approval. You couldn't surprise those people.

They knew what to do. They opened a cupboard—it must have decided *Thamar* to take the house—containing a bright green waterfall. Into this, as into a waste-paper basket, they shot the stranger with the scarlet boots.

At least it was well "off with the old." That was the only point on which *Thamar* might be (very doubtfully) commended as she rested while you might count seven and then started semaphoring at the window for "the new."

The curtain fell. We turned apologetically to Aunt Emily. No doubt she had petitioned to be removed in the midst of these barbarous goings-on, when we were too spell-bound to pay any attention.

There was the trace of a dimple in her cheek and a reminiscent gleam in her eye.

"You wouldn't believe it, my dears," she said, "but when I was a young girl I was just like that!"

Prepared for the Worst.

From a Chinese patient's letter to his doctor:—

"I send you herewith two empty medicine bottles and hope you will give me any one of the two kinds of medicine which you think will be suitable for my decease."

"There is no foundation in the rumour that 'The Little Girl in Red' is to replace 'The Topsy Princess.'"—*Sunday Paper*.
But surely it is time the latter was removed.

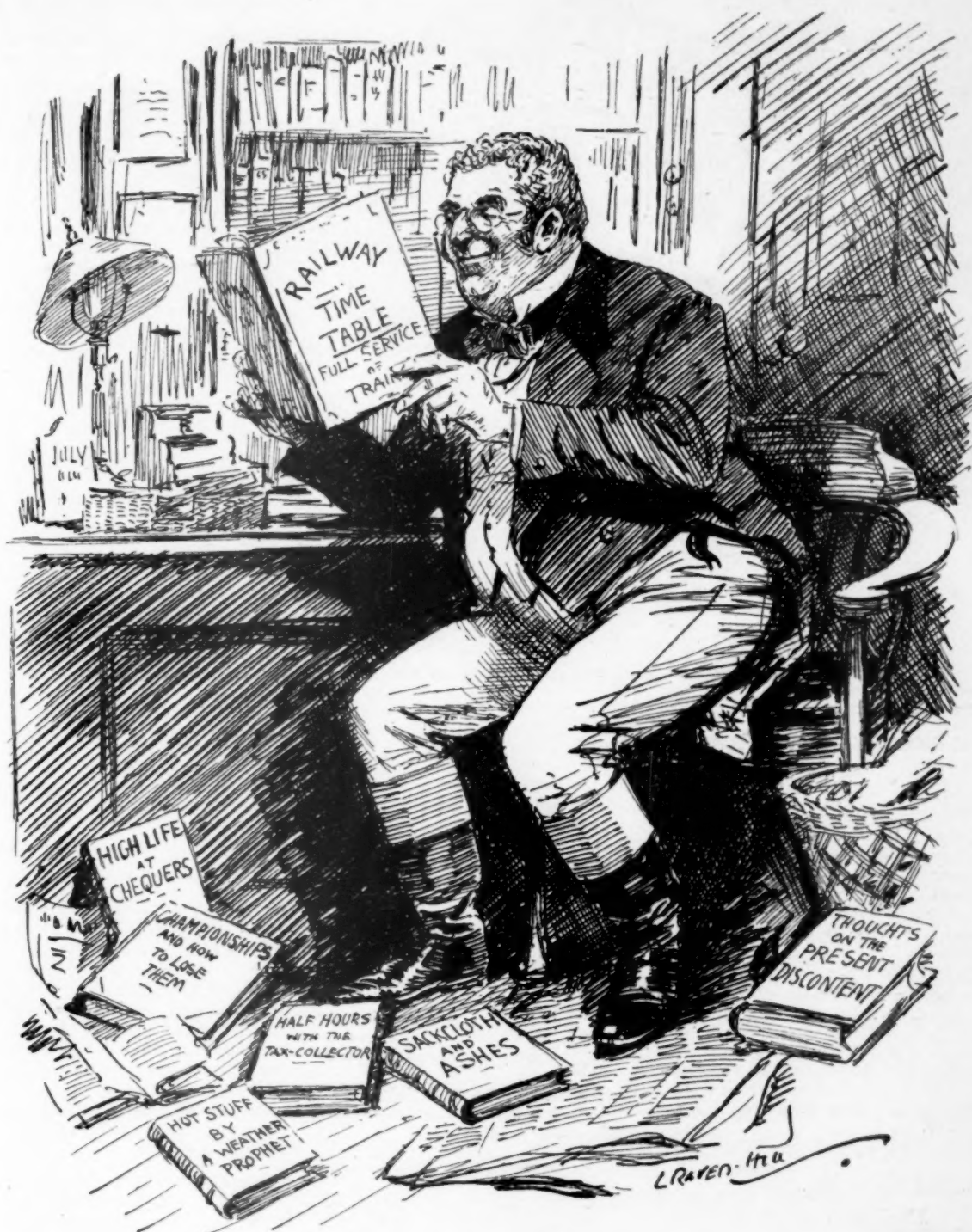
"The growing strength of a movement in the Independent Liberal Party to remove Mrs. Asquith from the leadership is to be noted."
Daily Paper.

It is said that Mr. ASQUITH may be offered the job.

From a theatre-notice:—

"Miss Muriel —, glaintingly and avugarly beautiful as Mimi, gave a brilliant performance that revealed her—rather unwantedly—a comedian."—*Provincial Paper*.

The critic seems a little difficult to please, but we like his taste in adverbs.



AS WE WERE.

JOHN BULL. "THIS IS THE BRIGHTEST BOOK I'VE READ FOR MONTHS."



Bernard Partridge.

Villager. "THERE GOES OUR CURATE. NICE QUIET GENTLEMAN 'E WAS TILL 'E TOOK UP WITH A MOTOR-BIKE; BUT NOW 'E DON'T 'ALF BUSH 'IS SERMONS."

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING TOPICAL.

*The Flats, Grub Street, E.C.,
August 21st, 1919.*

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a set of verses entitled "In a Miner Key," dealing with one of the more humorous aspects, if such may be said to exist, of the present coal strike. I should be glad if you would let me know in due course whether you could use them in *The Peepshow*.

Yours faithfully, HUDIBRAS BROWN.
The Editor, *The Peepshow*.

*The Peepshow, Fleet Street, E.C.,
August 24th, 1919.*

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Many thanks for "In a Miner Key," which I am retaining and hope to use as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely, ANGUS McDUGAL,
Ass. Editor.
Hudibras Brown, Esq.

*The Flats, Grub Street, E.C.,
November 13th, 1920.*

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you may remember that in your letter of 24.8.19 you accepted for publication in *The Peepshow*, "as soon as possible," some

of my verses dealing more or less humorously with coal strikes, entitled, "In a Miner Key." These appear to have been overlooked during the strike last year, but no doubt you will use them during the present upheaval.

Yours faithfully, HUDIBRAS BROWN.
The Editor, *The Peepshow*.

*The Peepshow, Fleet Street, E.C.,
November 15th, 1920.*

DEAR MR. BROWN,—It was unfortunate in one way that last year's coal strike came to an end just as we had arranged to print your verses, "In a Miner Key." Under the circumstances we were compelled to hold them over, but shall certainly use them during the present dispute.

Yours sincerely, ANGUS McDUGAL,
Ass. Editor.

Hudibras Brown, Esq.

*The Flats, Grub Street, E.C.,
March 1st, 1921.*

DEAR SIR,—May I call your attention to the fact that in your letter dated 24.8.19 you accepted for publication some verses of mine called "In a Miner Key"?

As you were unable to find room for them during the coal strikes of 1919

and 1920, I take it you are saving them for the strike which is now threatened. If not, or if the manuscript has fallen to pieces or become moth-eaten, perhaps you would be kind enough to advise me.

Yours faithfully, HUDIBRAS BROWN.
The Editor, *The Peepshow*.

*The Peepshow, Fleet Street, E.C.,
March 5th, 1921.*

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Thank you for your letter. I am sorry about the coal strike verses, but these, after being set up in type, were crowded out of the paper until it was too late. By all the tokens, however, we shall need them again soon. Payment for them is being put through in any case.

Yours sincerely, ANGUS McDUGAL,
Ass. Editor.

Hudibras Brown, Esq.

*The Flats, Grub Street, E.C.,
July 5th, 1921.*

DEAR SIR,—As the coal strike is now at an end and my verses, "In a Miner Key," have neither been used (see your letter of 24.8.19) nor paid for (ditto 5.3.21), perhaps you will return the remains for decent interment, or, if not

too far gone, for use during the NEXT coal-strike.

Yours faithfully, HUDIBRAS BROWN.
The Editor, *The Peepshow*.

The Peepshow, Fleet Street, E.C.
July 9th, 1921.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—The Editor has asked me to return to you the enclosed verses ("In a Miner Key"), as they are not quite suitable for *The Peepshow*. He would be glad, however, to see more of your work, especially short topical verses.

Yours sincerely, ANGUS McDUGAL,
Ass. Editor.
Hudibras Brown, Esq.

A WOFUL BALLAD OF FAILURE.

"Personally, I do not like either Mr. Gosse or Sir Sidney Colvin."

"C. K. S." in *The Sphere*.]

ALAS, alack, for SIDNEY C. !
Alack, alas, for EDMUND G. !
On both must History's verdict be
That SHORTER didn't like them.

'Twas EDMUND bade us first descry
(Ere WILLIAM ARCHER yet was nigh)
The Scandinavian brows so high,
But SHORTER doesn't like him.

Sir SIDNEY's word is law upon
The Art of Painting here and yon,
From CIMABUE down to JOHN,
But SHORTER doesn't like him.

In vain does EDMUND stroke and smite,
Place everyone who dares to write,
And make the Sabbath erudite,
For SHORTER doesn't like him.

In vain does SIDNEY do his best
To see the world is R. L. S.'d;
He praises KEATS with futile zest,
For SHORTER doesn't like him.

In vain poor EDMUND's enterprise
In baring Putney to the skies,
And linking up with T. J. WISE,
For SHORTER doesn't like him.

In vain the French Académie
Associated SIDNEY C. ;
In vain his Oxford Hon. Litt.D.,
For SHORTER doesn't like him.

When EDMUND came to seventy years
His friends shed sympathetic tears
And had him sculpted mid hearty cheers,
But SHORTER doesn't like him.

Alas, alack, this graceless state !
Nor can they change their bitter fate ;
"Too late," the knell tolls out, "too late ;

SHORTER will never like them."

E. V. L.

Shocking Case of Juvenile Depravity.

"There were tight bridesmaids, four grown-ups and four children."—*Provincial Paper*.



Wife. "DID YOU NOTICE THE CHINCHILLA COAT ON THE WOMAN SITTING IN FRONT OF US THIS MORNING?"

Husband. "ER—NO. AFRAID I WAS DOZING MOST OF THE TIME."

Wife. "UM. A LOT OF GOOD THE SERVICE DID YOU."

Asking for Trouble.

"At St. Mary's —, Captain — to Violent Vera, daughter of —."—*Calcutta Paper*.

"The — Fire Brigade worked from 3 p.m. until midnight, obtaining water by damming the brook."—*Liverpool Paper*.

A method frequently tried during the drought, but rarely so successful.

From a wedding description :—

"The Bridal March to 'Lohengrin' walked up the aisle of the church."—*Cheshire Paper*.
German music is again making great strides in this country.

"We hope to give a Garden Party on Wednesday, July 13th. We invite all (over sixteen years of age) in the parish to come. It will be gin at 7."—*Parish Magazine*.

Another sad example of the cocktail habit which is being exposed in *The Times*. No wonder children under sixteen were not invited.

"THE KING'S PRIZES.—The yearling Red Poll heifer Royal Polly scores a win in the Southdown sheep classes."—*Morning Paper*.
We hate to criticise the judges; but is not this carrying loyalty a little too far?

TULLIUS.

I DON'T know what made me pick up *Via Latina*. It was a very long time since I had read the book, rather longer than I cared to remember. But I had always been under the impression (I daresay you had too) that the hero of the story was Balbus. That is wrong. Balbus is a mere shadow or foil. What is more, when he was sixty-three years old, he was struck by lightning and died. That happens on page 143. Tullius lived on. Tullius is the hero of *Via Latina*, and he is very like the heroes of the most modern kind of novel which you can get from the libraries to-day. A vast mass of apparently irrelevant statements and thoughts are poured upon the reader; but they are not really irrelevant; they are the subjective impressions of Tullius as they stream through his ordinary and his subliminal consciousness.

I may have got some of those last few words wrong. I don't care if I have. Anyhow I am sure that Tullius was full of curious complexes, which *Via Latina* reveals. He was a mixture of strange impulses, good and bad. He was an unjust judge; he was ungrateful; yet "we owe everything to Tullius, by whom our very life has been preserved." He is "the excellent Tullius" (twice); yet he "neglected his children." He "loved to walk by day." He was a celebrated painter. But he was a soldier too. "We used to praise the conduct of the brave centurion, Tullius." That of course was during the war. The papers of the time were enthusiastic about him at first. "What," they asked, "prevents us from carrying on the war much more successfully, Tullius being now (jam) our leader (197, 5a)?" "Tullius is guilty; let him not avoid punishment." Exposed, no doubt, by one of those fellows on the Staff.

"Our men will build for you, O Tullius (13), a great house, that your friends may dwell in it." One knows that kind of house. "There was no doubt that Tullius had formerly been rich, but was now very poor." He and his brother contemplated "a great crime." Letting the west wing, I should imagine. "He replied to those who accused him with indignation."

After that, I think, he dabbled in stocks: "Tullius besought me to go to the city with him." But, alas, he had little luck. "It requires (i.e. it is the part of) a very wise man to effect this task: for effecting (186) which Tullius has too-littleability." And so it goes on.

Carried away at last by the pathos and romance of it all, I began to feel that Tullius was too vast a figure for mere prose. What he needed was song:

flower-like flaming words that should brand themselves on the imagination of the reader and make Tullius live for ever in our hearts and on our lips. So I wrote

THE SAGA OF TULLIUS.

I.

The sailor is-praising the waves;
The keen and cruel lord
Overcomes the timid slaves
(With) violence and a sword.

II.

The stag escapes by running;
The wretched Tullius fears
The constancy and the cunning
Of vigorous charioteers.

III.

The pleasant scent of the flowers
Attracts the beautiful queen;
The butterfly lives (for) few hours,
The leader is keen.

IV.

Tullius washes his daughter;
Sharp frost destroys the pine;
Many poets drink water,
Many (drink) wine.

V.

The boy is not trained to obey.
Dost thou, O Tullius,
(Being) ignorant of the way,
Point out the way to us?

VI.

Why, O most cruel of men,
Did you bind with so heavy a chain
The innocent Balbus? Ten
(Of the) soldiers were slain.

VII.

Having driven away the cattle
There is no doubt that the kings
Will draw up their line of battle.
Praise (pl.) best (things).

VIII.

The Germans, who were delaying
So long as the Gauls were slow,
Are within a little of paying
All the (quantum) money they owe.

IX.

Tullius will soon be present;
There are some who think he errs:
Toil is not always pleasant
To artificers.

X.

Scythians inhabit cold regions;
Philosophers love toil, hate ease:
Tullius has led two legions
Across the Euphrates.

It is a wonderful close, I think. One seems to see him, baffling, mysterious as ever, a prey to so many dark emotions, pass out—across the great river—towards the sun. EVOE.

THE DIAGNOSIS.

THE life tragedy of most of us is that we are engaged in uncongenial occupations. Our days are devoted to dry goods or machines, while all the time our hearts are in the grocery profession. Or we find ourselves engaged in billiard-marking when our natural abilities point to the business of inserting those accidental pips in bottles of chemical lime-juice.

But Phyllis and I long ago decided that this tragedy should not occur in

the case of our Bertram. "Train up a child in the way he wants to go" was to be our motto, and we have done our best to live up to it.

At first there seemed little doubt that Bertram would be most at home in a calling that demanded persistent vocal endeavour. I was myself in favour of making a cricket barracker of him, but Phyllis rather fancied a life of simple usefulness as an operatic baritone, and we were still arguing the matter when, his teething ended, Bertram ceased to show any marked natural gifts for either.

It was then that we turned to other means of discovering his particular bent. We had his bumps told at an age when he was almost too young to exhibit any. We had already had his palms read before they were distinguishable from his knuckles. And we subscribed to a weekly paper which makes a feature of such topics as how to tell a man's character from the way he wears his bib, the colour of his eyes or the configuration of his big toe.

But in spite of our parental zeal Bertram had attained the mature age of three and a bit, and still the career for which he was best suited had not been decided upon. We were really at our wits' ends.

"I can't think whom he takes after," I said. "He doesn't seem to know what he wants."

"He doesn't take after any of my family," Phyllis declared in reply. "We all wanted to be bloodthirsty pirates at a very early age."

I had often wondered what made her brother take up the business of a surgeon.

However, in the end this brother of hers came in very handy. For quite recently we had read a scientific suggestion that an analysis of a person's blood might be useful as a guide to the selection of a trade.

After a great deal of persuasion Phyllis's brother agreed to probe one of Bertram's veins. He extracted the requisite small amount of fluid from the boy's chubby arm and in due course gave us the result of the analysis.

"A perfectly healthy child," he announced.

"Of course he is," said Phyllis indignantly. "But what about his profession?"

"There is no marked inclination for any kind of work," said the doctor.

It was a bitter blow, but Phyllis rallied from it almost at once.

"Oh, well," she declared cheerfully, "at any rate it settles the other problem of whom he takes after."

And as she turned away towards the nursery my trained musical ear told me she was humming softly, "Just like his poor dear father."

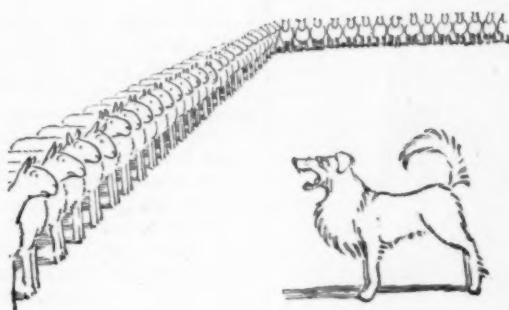
JOCK THE SHEEP-DOG.



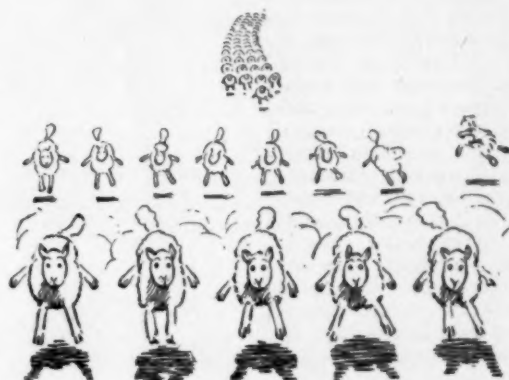
JOCK THE SHEEP-DOG—



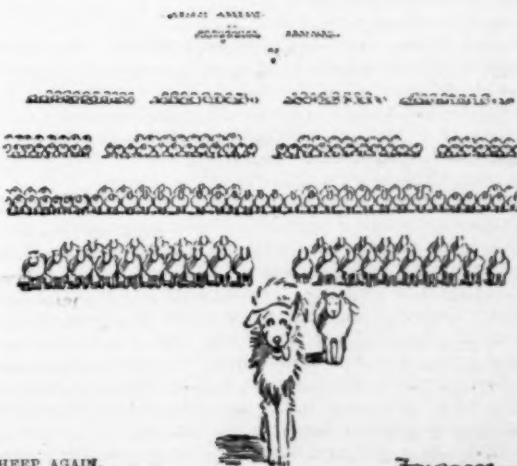
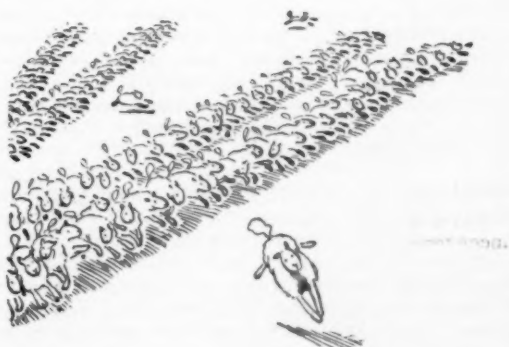
— WAS A BATTALION MASCOT DURING THE WAR.



NOW HE—



IS BACK—



WITH THE SHEEP AGAIN.

Jorgensen

HEBER AND SHEBA.

THEY came with a certain suddenness into our life. My first sight of them was when Phyllis produced a small cardboard box, its lid punched irregularly with holes. It was some time before I could make out what animals were concealed in a sort of grass nest inside. Then one of them protruded a long and inquiring nose, tipped with pink, and I saw Heber for the first time—or possibly Sheba. I did not know them so well then as I do now.

"Heavens!" I said in some alarm. "They are white mice."

Phyllis disclaimed having had anything to do with their arrival. Clive had bought them at the new menagerie shop down the High Street, and generously given them to her. His father does not permit him to keep white mice, but he has never actually forbidden me to do so. Where Clive really displayed ability of a high order was in persuading Phyllis to buy a cage for the animals next morning. It was a good cage, containing a bed-sitting-room, a morning or breakfast room, pleasantly airy and commanding an excellent view of the outside world through wire bars; also a revolving wheel. It cost three-and-sixpence. The boy who can induce Phyllis to spend three-and-sixpence on a cage for unwanted animals should go far when mature.

It was Heber who ventured first into the revolving wheel—the treadmill that adjoins the morning-room. He acquired the art of working it with surprising rapidity. In the course of a day or two he was already quite a decent handicap player; to-day I should be inclined to class him almost fit to have a shot for the championship. His style is quite good. He keeps the head well back, which is a point of the highest importance, often neglected by promising amateurs. This allows of the forefeet working freely and at a good height. Sheba, though I shrink from criticising lady-players too severely, has never acquired the right stroke. I doubt whether she will ever become better than second class. Her stance is wrong; she is fatally apt to get across the wheel, and her footwork is very faulty. Frequently I have seen her let the wheel get out of hand, so to speak, and carry her over backwards—a fault that some players find very difficult to cure. Then she falls on her

nose, gets annoyed, and generally retires to the bed-sitting-room in the sulks. In some ways she reminds me of Phyllis when I used to try to teach her golf.

Heber, however, is a stout little fellow and, as mice go, a good husband. I think he is sincerely anxious that Sheba should improve. Probably in his mind's eye he sees possibilities of the Mixed Doubles. There, I must say, I think he is wrong, but there is no harm in being sanguine. Frequently you may see him leave the wheel, when he has been clearly at the top of his form, and run into the bed-sitting-room to see if he can get Sheba out for a little practice

Then of course there are recriminations. Sheba complains that, if he had not been so much occupied with thinking of his own cleverness, he might have seen she was getting tired.

I honestly think Heber tries to keep the peace. I can see him twisting his whiskers with one hand while he listens, and doing his best to maintain a judicial spirit. Is he not perhaps inclined to be selfish, to think a good deal of his own performance, to neglect signs of weakness on the part of his consort?

Sometimes he shrugs his shoulders and leaves the wheel, whereupon Sheba does a little practice by herself, but in a lethargic manner. She is not really

interested in the sport of the thing; it is obvious she is one of those ladies who only take exercise under doctor's orders. More often it is Sheba who leaves the wheel and goes back to her sofa in the bed-sitting-room. Then you should see the energy with which he makes the mill revolve, working off his irritation.

Years hence I can see Heber recalling the great days of the past, taking perhaps one of his grandsons on his knee after a little practice on the new court.

"Ah, my boy," he will say, "you should have seen me in the good old days. Honestly, looking back now, I doubt if I was ever in better form than when your poor grandmother and I were newly married." He sighs for a moment, reminiscently. "We used to have our little tiffs sometimes—chiefly my fault, I suspect" (Heber was always the gentleman). Probably he will improve the occasion here by adding a few words of excellent advice on the conduct of married life. And then—

"I remember one morning, after she really had been rather stupid (or so I thought at the time), I did the record of that date—275 to the minute. That was the year before I went in for the Amateur Championship, young fellow."

"And you won it, grandpapa, didn't you?" puts in the young fellow, knowing pretty well which side of his cheese has the rind on.

And Heber, caressing his whiskers as in the old days, will admit with modest pride that for two years there was no mouse who could come within fifteen of him at his best.

"All the same, my lad," he concludes, "it was the Mixed I really wanted to win. If only your poor dear grandmother could have been got to take any real interest in games!"



Punctilious Golfer (returning to expostulate). "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT YOU OUGHT NOT TO HAVE DRIVEN BEFORE I'D LEFT THE GREEN."

The Delinquent. "I'M AWFULLY SORRY, BUT IN THE DISTANCE I MISTOOK YOU FOR THE FLAG-POLE."

together. She protests that really she is too tired; he pedals so much too hard for her; it makes her giddy to be carried round backwards. I hear them squeaking together in there for some time. It ends by Heber saying, "Come along; be a mouse."

A last protesting squeak and they emerge together and get into the wheel, rather clumsily on the part of Sheba. It must be confessed she is not particularly good at games. For the first few moments she is all abroad—facing the wrong way as often as not. By degrees they manage to get going side by side, but hardly has Heber got the machine really moving when she begins to flag, clings on a moment too long, and is carried round backwards, falling on her nose at the bottom of the cage.

MY LUCK.

"Luck?" said I; "I suppose I am lucky in a sort of way. Never told you about that forty pounds I found, did I?"

"Did you do that? And still growl about your luck being out? Some people would grumble at being hanged. Why, a bit of luck like that would last me for life."

"I know," I said; "but somehow my luck's never what you might call twenty-four carat. There's always something mixed in to take the shine out or spoil the colour."

"Twenty-four carat! Some people—"

"Quite so," I said; "but listen. I was a steward on a liner at the time. The last of the passengers we had brought home had landed, and we were starting to clear up after them as usual. I was sweeping out the saloon when my broom routed out of a corner a bit of paper screwed up into a ball, evidently thrown away. Something in the touch of it attracted my attention, though as a rule I don't take any more notice of scraps of paper than a German does. So I picked this bit up and found to my surprise that the ball consisted of two twenty-pound notes. I felt I was in luck's way for once."

"Well, as you know, we stewards have a reputation for honesty—"

"Hadn't heard the rumour. Still, go ahead."

"Anyway, I'm always scrupulously honest where Bank of England notes are concerned, or anything which has a number or a special mark. So it wasn't the possession of the forty pounds which made me feel I was in luck's way, but the thought of the reward, which was pretty certain to be something substantial. I gave the notes to the Chief Steward, remarking that no doubt one of the passengers would be returning for them presently."

"Half-an-hour later the prophecy was fulfilled. An elderly man who had been—I think he was still—a ship's captain (mercantile) came plunging down the companion-way three steps at a time; got to the bottom before he was half-way down. Arrived there, he asked for the Chief Steward."

"'Yon is the Chief,' I said, nodding in his direction."

"'Chief,' said the late passenger, 'I've lost two twenty-pound notes. Haven't seen 'em by any chance?'"

"'Sure you lost 'em aboard?' asked the Chief."

"'Not absolutely, and that's the truth. I may have dropped them somewhere ashore, but I came back to see on spec.'"



"No, my 'usband can't get no work. But it ain't 'is fault. I see on a placard the other day, 'England All Out.'"

"'H'm. D' you know the numbers?'"
 "The man glanced skew-ways at the Chief in a way that made him look shrewd."

"'D' you mean you've got 'em?' he exclaimed."

"'Can't say till I know the numbers. D' you know them?'"

"'Well,' said the other, 'by a bit of luck I do.'"

"He pulled a scrap of paper from his waistcoat pocket. The Chief looked at it."

"'Right-o!' he said. 'Here you are.'"

"'You have got them!' exclaimed the old boy, and the smile that blossomed on his face was quite worth looking at."

"'Open a bottle of fizz,' said he."

"The Chief got a percentage on fizz. It was opened."

"Someone else came down the stairs."

"'Hullo,' exclaimed the genial one, 'here's the Skipper. Open another.'"

"So another was opened and more percentage was credited to the Chief. Presently—"

"'This is the man that found it,' said the Chief, pointing at me with his thumb."

"'Is it?' said the owner of the notes. 'Open another.' And he slapped me on the back."

"Now that's how it always is with me. That slap was my net profit over the deal. I had signed the pledge only the previous week. Still, I did find the forty pounds."



Tired Mother. "REALLY, JOHN, IF YOU DON'T COME HOME AT ONCE I SHALL ASK THAT POLICEMAN OVER THERE IF HE WANTS A LITTLE BOY."

John (threateningly). "WILL YOU? THEN I SHALL ASK HIM IF HE WANTS A MOTHER."

GUARANTEED NEWS.

THE movement in favour of demanding that the honesty of advertisements be guaranteed is, of course, most excellent, though one can see it adding to the burdens of a trying profession. Picture the Editor of *The Times*, surrounded by a band of satellites, engaged in satisfying himself that Boffin's Wearproof Trousers do last six months, as per ad.

But suppose that this movement goes a step further. May not our modern advertisers insist that their cautious and accurate statements be balanced by an equal accuracy in the news and leader columns?

Imagine, if you can, the Great X—I dare not indicate more precisely the identity of a Newspaper Proprietor so averse from all kinds of publicity—summoned before a tribunal consisting of Mr. Barkridge, Mr. Selver and Lord Sunlightgloom.

Mr. Barkridge (in the Chair). You are charged with having at divers times in sundry papers made statements calculated to bring your sober advertising columns into disrepute. If the news columns awaken incredulity in a reader he approaches the important part of

the paper in a sceptical spirit. The first charge against you is that in your Sunday paper, *The Weekly Whirl*, a correspondent described by you as "well-informed" stated that the PRIME MINISTER contemplated an alliance with Mr. BOTTOMLEY and would fight the next election as joint leader of the John Bullites. Mr. BOTTOMLEY has emphatically contradicted this statement. What have you to say?

X. Of course, gentlemen, Sunday paper readers always demand something spicy.

Lord Sunlightgloom (sternly). That explanation won't wash.

Mr. B. In addition the sporting editor of your organ, *The Daily Stunt*, said that he had absolute authority for the statement that PARKIN would captain the English team in the Third Test Match. Can you explain this?

X. You do not seem to understand, gentlemen, that in the conduct of a great newspaper it is sometimes necessary to use the art of intelligent anticipation.

Mr. Selver. A pity you can't Americanise your papers. In God's own country we always have God's own truth.

Lord S. We must cleanse the Press from this vice of inaccuracy. Too often truth is hidden beneath what I may call the suds of falsehood.

Mr. B. You practically admit your offences. Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?

X. Gentlemen, I have an enormous circulation.

Mr. B. That only aggravates your offence.

X. I won the War.

Mr. S. If you made this Peace I guess it's not much to swank about.

Lord S. All the soaps of Araby would not cleanse that inky hand.

Mr. B. You are convicted on your own admission of departing from the lofty standards of accuracy set up by the advertisers of England. The sentence of this Court is that, if this offence is repeated, you shall be deprived of all advertisements for three months; and may Heaven have mercy on your circulation if and when the most trustworthy elements of your papers are withdrawn!

Journalistic Candour.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS—AND NOW."
Mr. G. R. Sims to Write for 'Daily News,'
Daily Paper.



THE PROMISE OF RAIN ON A PARCHED LAND.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 4th.—Admiral SUETER, being a new-comer to the House of Commons, does not yet understand the circumlocutory methods of the Treasury Bench. More than three years having elapsed since the last air-raid, he thought it not unreasonable to inquire when the sufferers might expect to receive compensation. Mr. BALDWIN referred him to previous answers given in March and June. "I was not here on those dates," objected the gallant sailor, still hoping for a plain answer to a plain question. But all he got was an intimation that he would find the answers "very interesting."

Six months ago, after much discussion and an eleventh-hour dispute between the two Houses, Parliament passed the Corn Production Act, which guaranteed prices to the farmer, secured the labourer a minimum wage and reserved to the State a certain control over agriculture. Now the Government, owing to the financial stringency, have decided to repeal it; and this afternoon it was Sir A. G. BOSCAWEN's painful duty to make a meal of all the pretty speeches which he delivered in support of the original Act.

Seldom has an Administration presented its enemies with such a first-class chance of discrediting it; and one can imagine what a DISRAELI or a CHAMBERLAIN or a RANDOLPH CHURCHILL would have made of it. But the present Opposition is all tails and no head, and, though the tails lashed themselves into fury, there was little bite in the attack. Mr. W. R. SMITH, who, as an official both of the Boot Operatives and Rural Labourers' unions, should know, if anybody, how the agricultural shoe pinches, effectively contrasted the Government's present action with the PRIME MINISTER's promises to the labourers. Mr. ACLAND compared the Coalition's zigzag course to the flight of a snipe, and might have added that neither is easily brought down.

Tuesday, July 5th.—Accord-

ing to Sir KEITH FRASER the G.O.C. at the Curragh and the G.O.C., Midland District, Ireland, are one and the same

Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS was able authoritatively to deny the existence of this military Mr. Tools.



IN AGRICULTURAL WONDERLAND.

"You are ageing," Sir ARTHUR, the GENERAL said, "And your hair's not as black as I knew it; And yet you incessantly stand on your head—Do you think, at your age, you should do it?"

"My youth," replied GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN to SEELY, "Was Tory, as HANSARD will show you; But now, if my movements seem head-under-heely, Please note that my label is 'Co-U.'"

person, who as the result "is continually the water companies to charge more for the liquid they can't supply."

It was stated that the coal-stoppage involved a loss of seventy million working-days to the miners, a direct expenditure by the State of at least twenty millions sterling and probably much more, and an indirect loss to the community of a sum conservatively estimated at two hundred millions. Yet the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER refused to be downhearted and declined to endorse an hon. Member's prophecy of a heavy deficit in the Budget. Indeed, in announcing a new issue of Five-and-a-half-per-cent. Treasury Bonds he expressed a confident hope of its success. But Mr. JACK JONES was probably not singular in wanting to know "from where does the right hon. gentleman expect to get the money."

England having gone "dry" (very much against her will), the MINISTER OF HEALTH brought in a Bill to enable the water companies to charge more for the liquid they can't supply.

The Corn Production Acts (Repeal) Bill obtained a Second Reading by 278 votes to 112, but not until the Government's agricultural acrobatics had exposed them to many further attacks. They talked of safeguarding industries, said Sir D. MACLEAN, but surely it was more urgent to defend the people's food than their microscopes. The labourer's case found an ardent advocate in General SEELY. Incidentally spying Major O'NEILL, he congratulated the House upon having a second Speaker in its midst; thus, in more creditable circumstances, repeating the observation of PITT to DUNDAS: "Not see the Speaker, Hal? Why, I see two!"

Wednesday, July 6th.—It is the doubtful privilege of the House of Commons always to contain Members who put the interests of other countries before their own, and invariably give an Englishman abroad the detriment of the doubt. The fact that Col. WEDGWOOD and Lieutenant Commander KENWORTHY



THE OPPOSITION KNOT-O'-NINE-TAILS.

- (1) MR. G. LAMBERT; (2) MR. ASQUITH; (3) MR. CLYNES; (4) GENERAL SEELY; (5) MR. BOTTOMLEY; (6) MR. NEIL MACLEAN; (7) MR. DEVLIN; (8) LORD H. BENTINCK; (9) LORD R. CECIL.

have served their country with more or less distinction has not altered their native characteristics. Learning that certain Russians in Constantinople had been arrested they at once jumped to the conclusion that the British Commander-in-Chief there had been guilty of a piece of high-handed tyranny to a number of innocent people.

They were not appeased by Mr. HARMSWORTH's explanation that the innocents were suspected of being mixed up in a plot to produce a revolution, starting with the murder of Sir C. HARBINGTON himself. Perhaps they think that he should have postponed action until he really was murdered. At any rate they tried to move the adjournment in order to call further attention to this "definite matter of urgent public importance," and seemed much aggrieved when the SPEAKER declined to accept the motion.

It was pleasant to hear from the MINISTER OF HEALTH that more than eleven hundred of his officials are entitled to a month's holiday every year. It was less pleasant to learn that a Department so properly careful of its own well-being is ready to sanction the payment of some thousands of public money in grants for houses "constructed of green unseasoned woods." The tenants of these delectable dwellings will probably discover, with *Amiens in As You Like It*, that "under the greenwood tree" there is "no enemy but winter and rough weather."

Amid all their differences, real or rumoured, there is one point on which H.M. Ministers are absolutely unanimous, and that is their aversion from an Autumn Session. They are probably right in believing that it is shared by the great majority of the House, otherwise Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would hardly have dared to propose such a drastic method of expediting the Railways Bill. First, the poor thing is to be cut in half, then it is to be sat on by two Committees, and finally the mangled remains are to be thrown for three days to the House. For the sarcastic comments of the Opposition he had doubtless reckoned in advance; but I think he was surprised by the vituperative virulence of Mr. RONALD McNEILL, Mr. ORMSBY GORE and Lord WINTERTON.

They had the satisfaction of "drawing" the PRIME MINISTER, who, re-

calling his own salad days, warned his young friends that they would find such speeches very embarrassing when they reached the Treasury Bench, and advised them not to be too lavish with their adjectives.

Thursday, July 7th.—For the second time within ten years (Earl LOREBURN having provided the first example) the Lords witnessed the quaint ceremony consequent upon the LORD CHANCELLOR receiving a step in the peerage. Even



Customer. "BUT THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS. HALF-A-CROWN FOR A TINY CHOP LIKE THIS?"

Waiter. "IT IS THE VERY 'IGH EXPENSES, YES. RENT, VON SHILLING; INCOME-TAX, NINEPENCE; RATES, SEEKPENCE; AND DER MEAT, TREEPENCE."

FREGOLI could not give many points to Lord BIRKENHEAD as a quick-change artist. At one moment he was on the Woolsack in his ordinary robes; at the next, after a lightning visit to the Moses Room, he was walking up the floor in the scarlet cloak of a Viscount, and paying his homage (the Woolsack being vacant) to the empty Throne, uncovered for the occasion. Another brief interval and he was back again in wig and gown to receive Lord CURZON on his elevation to a Marquessate.

Questioned about General SMUTS' visit to Dublin, the PRIME MINISTER professed a sublime detachment. He

"understood" that the South African PREMIER had gone on the invitation of Mr. DE VALERA. Had he seen General SMUTS before he went? Certainly; he was constantly seeing him. After that the inquirers gave it up.

The debate on the coal-stoppage found Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in much less placid mood. A statement by Lord ROBERT CECIL that the trouble with miners had been exacerbated by the PRIME MINISTER's attack upon Labour brought him to his feet with an angry denial. It was not Labour, but the Labour Party, that he had attacked. What he had said in March was that "in this new army it is the corporals who lead;" and during the last day or two his statement had been endorsed by no less an authority than Mr. HODGES. A challenge to Lord ROBERT to justify his accusation or to withdraw it met with no response.

The temperature of the debate remained rather high during the speech of Mr. HARTSHORN, who accused the owners already of not carrying out the peace-terms; but it came down to normal under the cooling logic of Sir ROBERT HORNE.

A Self-made Man.

"Built in sections to his own design, Mr. James —, architect, who recently visited America, is importing a complete bungalow."

New Zealand Paper.

"General Smuts is to be the guest of the Lord Mayor during his stay in Dublin."—*Evening Paper.*
And we trust he found it the cup which cheers.

"The western block of the old Artillery Barracks at Dorchester has been destroyed by fire; 200 men of the 4th Dorsets Defence Corps rushed out of the exits just in time. Though they were unable to save their kits, the regimental cat was

rescued."—*Daily Paper.*

So the regiment may look forward to fresh kits some day.

"Cook (good plain), would like mid-day dinner."—*Scotsman.*

A rare exception to the present fashion of late dinner in the kitchen.

From the advertisement of a new work of reference:—

"One thing stands between this country and the recovery of Prosperity, and that thing is Education."—*Daily Paper.*

This goes even further than the famous mayor who said that for his part he "didn't see much 'arm in eddication."



Lady (to girl behind who is explaining the plot to friend). "WOULD YOU MIND WAITING TILL THIS SCENE IS OVER, PLEASE? THEY'RE MAKING SUCH A NOISE ON THE STAGE I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING."

THE FARMERS' BIG NOISE.

"A HOWL of execration has gone up from the farmers of the country because of the Government's action in repealing Part I. of the Agriculture Act," says a writer in *The Daily News*.

Although at first sight the statement may appear to be an exaggeration it is perfectly true. We fail to understand why the newspapers did not make more of it. Even in London it was noticed. Surely you remember lifting your head from your pillow one sultry night and murmuring, "What was that?" A distant crackling sort of noise, like a klaxon horn chatting with a breaking window. Ah, you do? Well, that was it.

In Devon and Somerset it was most noticeable, though a cidery burr gave it a mellower note. On the other hand, in Yorkshire it was very vociferous. Visitors to Scarborough trembled in their beds, in the belief that they were passing through the worst storm they had ever experienced, and on the next morning they went forth in their thousands to pick up the thunderbolts. The outlook for the 12th is very gloomy.

Nowhere, not even excepting Rutland and the Island of Skye, was the reverberation more terrible than in Wales. Anyone who knows anything about Welsh wails is probably aware that the local howl, with that unforgettable *hull* in it, differs vastly from the English and Scottish varieties. When the farmers of Wales, squat sturdy little men with blue chins and sombre eyes and hair all over their

arms, make up their minds to howl they *do* howl. Tourists among the Welsh mountains this season will be well advised to padlock themselves together and throw away the key, to wear steel helmets and, in view of the loosening up of the surface rocks, to beware the awful avalanche. It is feared that Welsh rabbit will be very scarce in the London market for many months to come.

FAIRY LORE.

FAIRIES learn to dance before they learn to walk;
Fairies learn to sing before they learn to talk;
Fairies learn their counting from the cuckoo's call;
They do not learn geography at all.

Fairies go a-riding with witches on their brooms
And steal away the rainbows to brighten up their rooms;
Fairies like a sky-dance better than a feast;
They have a birthday once a week at least.

Fairies think the rain as pretty as the sun;
Fairies think that trespass-boards are only made for fun;
Fairies think that peppermint's the nicest thing they know;

I always take a packet when I go.

R. F.

Suggested Motto for Dempsey.

Carpenti dempsi pugnorum præmia Gallo.

A PLEA FOR ME.

I HAVE been overlooked, and it is very humiliating.

It has happened twice too.

The first time was when the Census was taken. Everyone else had a paper and was proudly filling it up, but I had no paper. Since, from the point of view of the Number of the People, everybody is of equal importance, I knew that no slight was intended; I knew that the KING really wanted to know that I existed on that night; but all the same—such sensitive plants are we—I felt a little hurt. A little out in the cold too, for there was the whole nation, everywhere else, writing down its name and age and place of birth, and so forth, while I, with every desire to do so, and plenty of ink and a good pen, was idle. It was a still night and I could almost hear their nibs scratching. But I was under no misapprehension as to the reason; I knew it was because my flat is among offices and had escaped notice as a dwelling-place.

But, although I knew, I was not the less disturbed, because it is a serious matter when a Census is incorrect. The whole purpose and idea of a Census fade away when there are errors; and if my name was omitted there would be an error. The Census would be wrong and all the money spent on taking it would be wasted. No one would get any benefit out of it but that ingenious advertiser, the writer of powerful articles illustrated every Sunday by even more powerful photographs. The rest of the world might be deceived when the figures were published; but I should not. All others would read with mixed feelings but absolute belief that, on June 26th, 1921, the population of Great Britain was, say, forty-nine million, three hundred and fifty-four thousand, two hundred and forty-one. But I should know that that was nonsense. The real figures would be one more.

Thus all that Sunday evening I mused, and again on Monday, but on Tuesday morning the Census-paper arrived, and I leave you to guess with what joy I filled it up, strictly according to the model on the other side. I laid it on the hall table, to be all ready when called for, and was happy again. But that contented feeling is no more; for the Census-paper is still on the hall-table. More than a fortnight has passed and no one has come for it, although every one that I ask tells me that his paper was collected long since. Can it be that I have been overlooked again? That is the question which gnaws at my vitals; and this time I see no comforting explanation. This time I seem genuinely to have been forgotten.

I would post the paper if it had any address to post it to. But there is none. Mr. S. P. VIVIAN, who signs some threatening stuff about penalties, does not give the name of his office. And, *à propos* of those penalties, what about compensating me? If I had declined to fill up the paper or had destroyed it, Mr. VIVIAN would have demanded ten pounds blood-money. Logically, if I go to all the trouble of filling up the paper and then it is not called for, and therefore wasted, I ought to be entitled to blood-money from Mr. VIVIAN. It is a very serious thing to omit me from the Census. As I have said before, it makes the Census foolish; more than foolish, futile. But that is not all—that is only part of the injustice. The most serious thing about it all is that, if this paper is not called for, I shall cease. Now it is very humiliating to be overlooked, but it is more than humiliating to be annihilated; and, strictly speaking, if this paper is not collected, I shall no longer be. The KING will have lost a subject; the country will have lost an inhabitant.

I simply hate not existing. E. V. L.

THE PERILS OF SPEECH.

(By our own Pet Phobologist.)

EXTREMELY valuable service has been rendered to the community by "VOICE TRAINER," who in *The Daily News* of the 6th inst. emphasizes the paramount need of varying the pitch of the voice in speaking. As he justly observes, many persons suffer from hoarseness and vocal fatigue simply through speaking continuously on the same note. But, as I pointed many years ago in the *Proceedings of the Phobological Society* (1894, Vol. XXXIX., p. 672), the trouble does not end with hoarseness and fatigue; it not infrequently leads on to *Apococytosis*, *Autistic Borbulism*, or even *Choriambic Banausia* and *Apolaustic Apeirokalia*.

The cause of these disorders is extremely simple. To speak *always* on the same pitch exercises the vocal organs—amongst which I include not only the vocal cords, the *uvula*, the tongue and lips, but the *larynx*, the *pharynx*, the *epiglottis* *Spooneri* and the *Codex Ornithorhyncei*—at just the same tension, giving them *just the same movements to do over and over again*. Repetition and reiteration are often useful, nay even necessary, but when carried to excess without a healthy metabolism they engender monotony and, what is worse, induce chronic bombination in the Eustachian tube. As the Greek poet remarks, "Change is the sweetest of all things;" and none of us can forget the awful warning addressed

in one of the most soul-shaking of GILBERT's lyrics:—

"But though at first amused

Yet after seven long years

That Hebrew child grew awful riled
And busted into tears."

To relieve the vocal cords from this pressure it is not necessary to surprise your class (if you are a professor, lecturer, or schoolmaster), your employees (if you are a master or employer of labour) or the members of your family (if you are a grandfather, father, uncle or brother) by suddenly leaping from the lowest to the highest note on the gamut, and *vice-versa*. Such disjunct melody induces a malady if anything worse than the original disease. It is only necessary to raise the pitch of the voice by a few semitones or lower it to the same extent beyond the usual pitch. Excessive shrillness is to be deprecated. It may carry us to altitudes in which the note, like the squeak of the bat (*Vespertilio Pipistrellus*), is inaudible to the normal tympanum. Contrariwise an addiction to abysmal profundity is hardly less to be deplored. (There are some people who cannot detect the deep note given out by a thrashing-machine.) On the whole, however, the most agreeable deviation is that on the downward grade. It makes for mellowness, which is always a sedative of neurotic disturbance. One can listen longer to the bay of the bloodhound than to the shriek of the cockatoo. But the art of sinking, as of drinking, should always be practised with moderation. And, as I recently remarked at the Pan-Alectryonic Congress, immoderation in the consumption of cock-tails is likely to be punished more severely than immoderation in simpler beverages. Whatever our walk in life, we should drink, and sink and think wisely rather than too well.

To sum up, an alarmist attitude is the last thing in the world that I should ever dream of assuming. None the less it is my duty to insist on the risks attendant on a monotonous utterance. By lowering the vitality of the speaker it renders him more susceptible to the ravages of cerebral elephantiasis, gigantocrania, Thanetophidian megalomania and a variety of other complaints too terrible and polysyllabic to mention in this brief and elementary article. I can only repeat the advice, which I have so often given in my lectures and articles (see especially *Proceedings of the Phobistical Association*, Vols. XC.—CIV., *passim*), that wherever any of the symptoms of these maladies manifest themselves, whether in the Court or the camp, in an open boat or in the desert, the only thing to do is at once to go to bed, keep warm, avoid cock-tails, and send for the family doctor.

LITTLE BIRDS IN THEIR NESTS.

I AM the last man on earth to disparage the country. On the slightest provocation—or, if necessary, on no provocation at all—I am wont to rush down to the rural home of my sister Cecilia. John, who is Cecilia's husband, will gladly support me in that statement. In fact he frequently makes it himself, together with sundry rude comments as to his "having married the whole family," or "keeping up a home for the undeserving poor." Not that I take offence. I still visit them whenever I can.

It must be clear from these facts that, far from disliking the country in any way, it actually takes a good deal to keep me away from it. I am second to nobody in my love of—er, flowers and birds and those little fellows that turn into butterflies or frogs or something. And trees and that sort of thing; I like them all.

But—and I say this with all the feeling of which I am capable—there are limits. And at this moment all my love of the country, its peace and beauty, is submerged.

Have I your ear? Very well.

"For goodness' sake," wrote my sister Cecilia, "don't coop yourself up in town this beautiful weather. Catch the first train you can on Friday and come down here for the week-end. The garden is simply lovely and, what with the flowers and the birds, it might just be heaven. John says bring your clubs in case you feel like golf."

I chuckled over the picture of a heaven where John and I brought our clubs, and decided not to wait for a second invitation.

I arrived at Cecilia's place late on the Friday evening. After I had washed and had a meal we strolled into the garden "to look at the sky." It seemed to me much the same as the sky I had left in London, but I was feeling too contented to open up any discussion on the point. It was, in fact, a very beautiful and peaceful night.

About midnight we retired to bed.

"What do you say to a round in the morning?" asked John as we said our good-nights.

"Rather," I agreed; "as early as you like."

"Right," said John. "Breakfast at half-past eight."

Perhaps I was over-tired, or the night was too warm, or I missed the homely sound of the motor-buses. Anyway, I simply could not sleep. I commanded a flock of sheep and counted them while they jumped over hurdles until the poor beasts must have been



GIANTS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

(A fancy snapshot.)

AN OLD MASTER FACES GREGORY.

fit to drop. At last I grew tired of it too and let them go. I went for a walk round the room; I smoked a cigarette; I tried eight or nine arrangements of my pillows; all to no purpose. The sky began to grow light. Finally, about three o'clock, I decided desperately that sleep had deserted me for ever.

Shortly after this I must have fallen asleep.

At ten minutes to four a sudden rustle awakened me. I sat up. The rustle came again, from the window-sill. I looked and saw a small bird making his toilet.

"Shoo!" I said fiercely.

He cocked an eye into the room and chirruped.

"Grrr!" I said.

He hopped nimbly into the creeper

and chortled.* Then he skittered about among the leaves. I rushed under the bedclothes with a groan and the vile bird gurgled with joy. He went on making horrible throaty noises at regular three-second intervals, interspersed with periods of wild hurrooing and rustling of leaves for the next four or five hours. Sometimes an occasional cock would crow or a distant cow would low mournfully. The sun grew bright and hot, but I stayed under the bedclothes, swearing feebly, and only coming up when necessary for air.

At eight-thirty precisely I walked in to breakfast.

"Good morning, Alan," said Cecilia brightly; "did you sleep well?"

"No," I said, "I did *not* sleep well. An



Excited Urchin. "WILL YE BOIL 'IM, OR FRY 'IM, MISTER?"

infernal bird has been shushing himself about all night long in the creeper outside my window."

"That's a water-wagtail," explained Cecilia cheerfully; "he always comes. His nest is quite near the house."

"Walter Wagtail, is he?" I retorted; "well, you can tell Walter from me that if I catch him he won't have much to wag his tail about."

"What do you mean?" demanded Cecilia; "he's a dear. He sings beautifully too."

"Sings!" I repeated bitterly, "sings! We're speaking of different birds. This fool wasn't singing at all. He was gurgling."

"I tell you he sings beautifully," she said.

"And I tell you he sat on my window-sill from half-past three to a quarter-past eight and the only song he made was a ridiculous senseless screech. 'Pirrapachuke.'" (I gave a colourable imitation of the bird's efforts.) "That's the noise he made."

"Pirrapachuke," echoed Cecilia scornfully; "no bird on earth ever made a noise like that."

There was a rustle of wings at the window.

"There he is," I shouted, and picked

up the toast-rack. The bird cocked an eye at me.

"Pirrapachuke!" he said, and flew away.

"No," I said after breakfast, "I am not going to play golf. I am going to crawl into a hammock in the garden and try to sleep."

I collected some cushions and went out. Shortly after I had settled myself comfortably a cuckoo began to call. Why does a cuckoo call? Does it mean anything, or is it just exercising its throat? Does it like doing it, or can't it help it? I don't know. But for a maddening, soul-destroying, insane cacophony, commend me to the cuckoo. I do know that this one cucked and ooded monotonously and regularly until half-past twelve. Then it knocked off, presumably for lunch. I began to doze. At twelve forty-five a voice called me back. I looked up and found Cecilia beside me.

"You lazy old thing," she said; "you've been to sleep. Did you hear the cuckoo calling?"

A gush of words came to my lips and I swallowed them with difficulty.

"Pirrapachuke!" I gulped fiercely and turned my back on her.

As I said before, I love the country. But I love it less than usual for the moment.

More Cannibalism.

Extract from a school magazine:—

"So far the — Fishing Club has done very well this season. It has already caught about 24 trout—the total weight being over 10 lbs. This is extraordinarily good, especially as they were nearly all taken with a fly. We have also a few honorary members in the Club. We ate them all for breakfast the next morning."

From an outside broker's circular:—

"We are not merely Stockbrokers for the purpose of Buying and Selling Stocks—anyone can do this. We are Specialists in Investments, and as far as humanly possible, our methods ensure unnecessary loss of Capital." We are prepared to believe this.

"At Stamford Bridge E. D. Mountain (Cambridge) beat B. G. D. Rudd (Oxford and S.A.) in the half-mile somewhat unexpectedly by 1 min. 56 4-5 sec."—*Sunday Paper*.

The margin is certainly greater than we should have expected. It seems probable that Mr. RUDD did not hear the pistol.

"An important statue of a high official of ancient Egypt has been acquired by the British Museum."—*Daily Paper*.

Let us hope the Egyptian authorities will now negotiate for some of ours.



Highland Farmer (to his neighbour, after watching two Acts of "Charlie's Aunt" at the village hall). "EH, MAN, IT IS A PEETY THEY COULDNA' FIND A WOMAN TO PLAY THE AUNT'S PART."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. SHAW'S "Metabiological Pentateuch," *Back to Methuselah* (CONSTABLE), was no doubt meant to be a baffling and exasperating book, and the author, knowing full well and stating with exactitude just how stupid we others are, cannot be surprised if we miss the point of his over-elaborate prophetic legend of our race extending its life-term to three hundred years by a conscious effort of Creative Evolution. This he offers us, with a sincerity that cannot be ignored, as the new scientific religion to replace the exploded Unnatural, or Circumstantial, Selection. The ineptitude of that decayed theory he claims by the way to have spotted from the first. Of the five phases of the argument here thrown into dramatic form, "In the Beginning," a discussion between ADAM, EVE, the Serpent and CAIN, seems immeasurably the finest and sanest—the opening, with the discovery of the dead faun, having a very real and poignant beauty. In "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas," an interminable conversation in which a premier and an ex-premier are engaged, develops the theory of the need of a longer-lived race to create and conduct a hearable civilization. "The Thing Happens," "The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman" and "As Far as Thought can Reach" are dated 2170 A.D., 3000 A.D. and 31,920 A.D. respectively. The human race has finally turned oviparous, the young emerging from the shell at a stage of development corresponding to that of our youths and maidens of eighteen. However nothing seems to come of it. I have never before failed to find delight (duly seasoned with the tart sauce of a faint and wholesome exasperation) in a new Shavian testament, but I can make little of the theory or the humour of his long-lived race. I fall back

for comfort on a preface as full of sprightly egotism and irreverent cock-shies as usual, and on the moving, witty and original First Act of "In the Beginning."

I was making excellent headway with *A Courageous Marriage* (HUTCHINSON) when suddenly, without by your leave or with your leave, Miss MARGUERITE BRYANT turned what promised to be a very competent novel of episode into a wholly incompetent tract on psychology. You see, *Theodora Dane* was left orphaned and penniless in London lodgings, and when Mr. Choate, the family lawyer, suggested a nominal marriage with his wealthy client, *Stephen Herron*, as the only alternative to domestic service, she naturally "expressed her entire readiness to undertake the position." For this piece of complaisance she was to have six hundred pounds a year and her freedom while her husband lived, and Moor End and the remainder of his wealth when he died. And she was to understand that, though he was not mad or deformed or given to drink, he had his own reasons for wishing to keep her as far as possible out of his house and wholly out of his confidence. As long as *Stephen* and *Theodora* were content to remain the puppets of circumstance I got a considerable amount of interest out of watching Miss BRYANT pull the wires, but it came as something of a shock to be implicitly asked—as I was in the last ten chapters—to feel concern for their obviously non-existent souls, and allow spiritualism, in its least convincing aspect, to act rather as a solvent than a solution for what plot there was. However *Dr. Royce*, the hierophant of the Divine Essence, who sits and smokes while his eyes rest "with divine compassion" on the possessed *Stephen*, is a distinct addition to the gaiety of nations, and I am glad to have met him.

Miss MARY CHOLMONDELEY writes with ease and charm and a real appreciation of character. The clever drawing of a particular type in her book, *Red Pottage*, the first appearance of which the elders among us remember with gratitude, made the novelist's reputation. In her new volume of short stories, *The Romance of His Life* (MURRAY), the interest is centred in character, rather to the neglect of the plots, the improbability of which is apt to interfere with the reader's enjoyment. "The Darle Cottage" is a story of the future, and the link between the old world and the new is supplied in the person of a soldier who, wounded in the head at Ypres, survived in a state of suspended consciousness during fifty years, to regain his wits at the end of them. The new world—as arranged by Miss CHOLMONDELEY—into which the veteran awoke is a pleasant place enough, and full of incident. "Her Murderer" is the study of a premonition and its fulfilment, complicated by the affairs of a pair of lovers, one of whom tells the story with a quite unbecoming levity. In "The Goldfish" Miss CHOLMONDELEY permits herself an excursion into the morbid. It is a relief to turn to "The Romance of His Life," an amusing farce in which a party of undergraduates propose to reform the moral character of an otiose Don by means of a trick which was neither new nor respectable, but almost too effective. Miss CHOLMONDELEY can write so pleasantly of pleasant things that one wishes she would do without the other kind.

There is a fine profusion of coral reefs and copra, natives and devil-devils in *Shadow and Sunlight* (JONATHAN CAPE) that quite fulfilled my expectations of Pacific Island local colour; but the story itself is not of the type that one usually finds in such an environment. James Blunt, pagan, Matherson, earnest missionary, and even Eva Dixon, a cousin who has a "call" to come out and keep house for Blunt, are likely enough characters to find there, but the fact that the interest of the story centres in the mental attitudes of these people rather than in their actions makes it different from the stories of love and lagoons to which we are accustomed. It is indeed one of those tales of conscience which are more often told as taking place in a cathedral city or manufacturing town, and I think it quite clever of Mr. E. L. GRANT WATSON to have realized that consciences are apt to function even East of Suez. I think he is mistaken in supposing that a woman of Eva's high-minded and deeply religious character would have sullied the purity of her love for Blunt while the possibility of Christian marriage lay only a day's journey away; but if he is right and I am wrong—and after all Mr. GRANT WATSON apparently is better able than I am to judge of the disintegrating effect of life on Pacific Islands—then Eva's agony of repentance and its effect on her lover, to whom such scruples were moonshine, are finely true to life and

humanity. Their story ends in tragedy, or rather Mr. GRANT WATSON allows death to end a situation which has become too difficult for his lovers and, I suspect, for himself, and is making the reader, who expects fiction to be a better arranged affair than life is, sigh a little impatiently. This is a book which seems to promise a better one when its author shall have learned to offer some solution of his problem as well as to state it.

I am not the reader to insist that all his heroines shall be paragons of simple virtue, but I confess to having felt mildly horrified on discovering that *Cynthia Amory's* secret trouble arose from the guilty knowledge that under the serpentine influence of the villain she had acquired the knack of pinching her friends' jewellery and with the proceeds (obtained by help of the butler, a reformed burglar) had enabled her mother to live extravagantly and re-marry with success. These episodes are preliminary to the story told in *Under Desert Stars* (HUTCHINSON), where we meet

Miss Amory, thoroughly ashamed of her malpractices, on the way to marry Sir Berkeley Roden in Cairo. Sir B. however has in the meanwhile heard from the villain of his future bride's little weakness and has "hopped it," leaving the way clear for the Right Man. Then the villain arrives on the scene more villainous than ever—he is one of your smooth steely villains—and tries to make *Cynthia* do a little more pinching for him. She refuses, and as a result is obliged to "fess up" to her friends, including the Right Man. They all agree that a little thing like that could never be allowed to tell against a really nice girl like

Miss Amory, and the rest of the story is devoted to killing off the villain and making the Right Man do the Right Thing. The publishers tell me that over one million copies of Miss KATHLYN RHODES' novels have been sold. This should give a better idea of their quality than my assurance that none of them has been sold to me.

With a vivid recollection of my state of palpitation while reading *Stealthy Terror*, I may have expected more thrills from *The Dark Geraldine* (LANE) than Mr. JOHN FERGUSON or any other writer in this vein can provide. But if my hope of a super-shocker has not been realised I can still give my word that there is here enough mystery, danger and excitement to satisfy anyone not voraciously greedy. Add to this that Mr. FERGUSON in at least two respects possesses qualities which are usually inconspicuous among those who devote themselves to work of this kind: his literary style is excellent and he contrives to develop character. The scene is laid in Scotland, and loses nothing in humour from being put into the mouth of a young and cautious Scottish lawyer. It is a first-rate yarn, warranted to afford a brief anodyne for the troubles that have made England what she is to-day.



Chief Warden (to escaping prisoner who has made a miscalculation). "AHA! THOUGHT YOU COULD GET OUT THIS WAY? WELL, I'M THE CHIEF WARDEN AND THIS IS MY ROOM."

Prisoner (who has spent several years tunnelling). "I'M SORRY TO INTRUDE ON YOU LIKE THIS, SIR, BUT I ONLY WANTED TO KNOW IF I COULD HAVE AN EXTRA BLANKET. THE WEATHER IS TURNING RATHER COLD."

CHARIVARIA.

JUST as we go to Press we learn that there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. C. B. COCHRAN had purchased the exclusive Cinema rights in the M.C.C. Selection Committee.

Professor EINSTEIN says American women are the prettiest in the world. We never cared much for the Professor's other theory, but we like this one still less.

It looks as if Russia will be the next country to settle down. Certainly TROTSKY isn't being assassinated nearly so often as he used to be.

The Bolsheviks suggest creating a decoration for LENIN for the way he has dealt with the Capitalistic question. We recommend the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Direct barge service between London and Switzerland *via* the Rhine is to be inaugurated. This explains the case of the bargee who was arrested for jodelling in Deptford Creek a couple of nights ago.

"The latest reduction in price," says a trade journal, "will bring the motor-car well within reach of the man in the street." But not if he sees it coming.

"What," asks a weekly paper, "is the lesson to be learned from the fact that the ant can drag a piece of wood fifty times its own weight?" This is an easy one. It indicates, of course, that the ants have no trade union yet.

The Emir of KATSINA is said to have told the KING that, if he saw more of English racing, he could pick every winner. Many a bright young fellow sets out with that idea, and when he is old he is thankful to get a job as tipster on a sporting paper.

According to a reiterated "agony" in *The Times*, England's troubles will continue until the Bishops open JOANNA SOUTHCOOT's Box of Sealed Writings. It is to be hoped that this will be attended to before the remaining Test matches.

One preventive of sunstroke, we read,

is a piece of red paper inside the hat. At last we see a use for *The Daily Herald*.

In reference to the paragraph in our last issue, stating that one of the Australian team is an undertaker, it has been explained that they thought he might be useful for taking away the ashes.

Fewer persons are being admitted to workhouses now than before the War. Still the Government is doing its best.

A Berlin Court has decided that kissing in public is not a crime. Other methods of showing affection, such as chewing the beloved one's ear or slapping her playfully with a plate of

An Okehampton schoolboy aged fourteen years is six feet three inches in height. His parents hope he will grow out of it.

A Washington statistical expert estimates that the average human being of seventy years of age has spent sixteen years of his life at work. This raises the old question of whether a plumber is a human being or not.

A South American doctor says he knows a horse that dearly loves a joke. We think this horse must be something like the ones we have been backing recently.

A correspondent in a weekly paper inquires the best way to restore a valuable oil painting. The correct course is to take it back to the owner and apologise.

There is a dearth of really good comedies, a theatrical writer asserts. This looks like a deliberate attempt to ignore the trials of German war criminals.

"HUTCHINSON's point of view," says a golf expert, "is that, as the ribbed club has been banned, so also must the scored and hand-punched face." On that point we should consider DEMPSEY a more competent authority.



Disconsolate Golfer. "HOPELESS! ABSOLUTELY OFF MY GAME! THREE FOR A HOLE I DID IN ONE YESTERDAY."

soup, must not be practised in public except by the High-Well-Born.

A Stone Age kitchen has been discovered in Norfolk. Valuable light is said to be thrown upon the culinary customs of the period by the discovery, in close juxtaposition, of a stone truncheon and a fossil rabbit-pie.

"There were no big gooseberries this year," observes a contemporary. Another absentee is the giant Winston story.

In view of the threatened shortage of straw, due to the drought, the Ministry of Agriculture strongly condemns the consumption of American iced drinks, unless taken through macaroni or a similar substitute.

Under an old French law coiners were first boiled alive and then hanged. It sounds a most impressive ceremony.

The engine of a goods train recently jumped the platform at Nimes and made for the door marked "Way In." If it had chosen the one marked "Way Out" we should not have referred to the incident.

Antiquity, like measles, has been made a notifiable disease in Palestine, says the local *Weekly News*. Music-hall comedians travelling their Kipper joke in the vicinity will have to leave it in quarantine.

The Turks assert that the Greeks are guilty of atrocities. We cannot say what truth there is in this statement, but certainly the Turks ought to know an atrocity when they see it.

"Riot of Colour at Kew," said a newspaper headline the other day. The trouble was started by a newly-arrived tropical plant asking if English summers are always as cold as this.

THE ART OF RAIN-MAKING.

How oft at fifty in the shade
Our little poets, starved for topics,
Have pointed out, by Fancy's aid,
The joy of fizzling in the Tropics,
And snorted at our English summer,
Insisting that they knew of nothing rummer.

Like aspens in an autumn gale
They have been known to sit and shiver
Under a storm of wintry hail
Lashing the marge of lake or river,
And fling the contumelious rhyme at
The strange behaviour of our so-called climate.

But now their crusted lips recant
The scorn they made of July blizzards,
Or else are dumb and only pant,
So faint they feel inside their gizzards;
And oh! how dearly they would relish
The icy rain they used to deem so hellish.

We need a magic to renew
The parchéd fount of inspiration,
Correct the blazing cloudless blue
And save its song-birds for the nation;
The weather-experts know of none,
But I can tell you how it might be done.

Like this: I prophesy the drought
Continues through the week ensuing;
And long before these lines are out
The humorous Fates, for my undoing,
To make a silly ass of me,
Will commandeer a deluge. You just see!

* * * * *

P.S. This Thursday, 3 P.M.,

Scarce the above remarks were ended
When on my face—each drop a gem—
A little shower from Heaven descended;
Already my prophetic spell
Seems to be working (thank you) pretty well.

O. S.

A DEFENCE OF COCKTAILS.

THERE is no dead season now, but the tradition survives in the London Press and so there are dead-season topics. But, instead of setting London a serious subject—like "Is Free Love a Failure?"—to discuss and pass the time, a Press debate is invited about the evils of the cocktail. The cocktail public is a comparatively small exclusive body. Still it exists and has a right to be suppressed. A public-spirited correspondent who has interviewed the only real cocktail-mixer in London (the others he was told are mere gardeners) gives this account of the mystery and of the expert's views about the attack on cocktails.

Frederick is a wild-eyed enthusiast, with hair like forked lightning, and long muscular hands which rattle his metal mixers as a corner-man rattles his bones. He smiled a proud glad smile when I said that I supposed his place would soon be shut up.

"Don't you listen to the doctors," he said. "If cocktails aren't safe, what is safe? Milk? Why, it breeds consumption, Sir. Water? Why, the doctors would make you boil it twice. Tea? Very bad for the delicate stomach, Sir. No, cocktails are a medicine, take it from me. And what will you take from me this morning, Sir—the Strike Breaker, the Little Marble, the Blue Cavalier, the Cloud in the Dawn?"

And so Frederick went on with his pretty names that give him so great a pull over the purveyors of all other liquid refreshment. I chose the Creole's Dream. I told him at once what it was made of. There was anchovy, a little old curry, some blue-black ink, some washing-powder, a little quinine, a piece of Edinburgh rock, some ice and a saccharine tablet. Frederick denied every one of the ingredients, but contended that my guesses had just proved that it was medicine. Would I try the Good-night Kiss? I did. It had bath-brick and petrol and a little gin, but otherwise was much the same. Clearly there is no cocktail danger.

"What is really in it?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," said Frederick, lowering his voice; "it's just a little mixture."

His innocent theory is that he can diagnose a man's mental and physical condition and know exactly what sort of horrible things to mix up for him. He confided that men had spent as much as fifteen pounds at his bar at a sitting, not, as I supposed, in a dogged quest to try to find something that tasted decent, but because they liked his cocktails. How could a man spend fifteen pounds? Surely he would cease to be in a condition to drink at all long before he had got through that sum?

"No," said Frederick quietly, "I did not put the kick in till he came to the last doses. He told me he only had fifteen pounds."

Frederick had written letters to the newspapers protesting against the attacks, but they had not put them in. He supposed he had tried the wrong mixture on them. What was the right mixture, he asked, for the—? He mentioned a popular paper. I hinted that the Good-night Kiss, if he could translate it into prose, would be the very thing; so he set to work with sixteen kinds of ink, all of different colours, three pens, a bottle for mixing and a green pen-wiper on a little stick. He thought he could prove anything with a mixture like that.

HEAT WAVE HINTS.

THOSE who are fond of ice during very warm weather should make sure that it is pure. A good plan for removing germs is to boil it.

* * *

When touring in Scotland never ask for a glass of water. Order two whiskies, so as to establish pleasant relations, and then work up gradually to the glass of water.

* * *

To keep butter from running, close the larder door.

* * *

A good way to keep quite cool is to ask your fishmonger to allow you to sleep on the ice-block in his shop. Should he refuse, wait until his back is turned, dash into the shop, throw yourself on the ice-block and make a noise like a stale codfish.

* * *

An extra loose-fitting suit may be worn over your ordinary suit to keep the heat out.

* * *

If all other methods fail to make you cool take a taxi to Madame Tussaud's and ask the gentleman in the Chamber of Horrors to let you have a couple of cold shudders down the back.

A Conscientious Historian.

Extract from school-boy's letter:—

"We won the match on Saturday. J. Jones made 50 runs off his own bat: at least it wasn't his bat, it was F. Thomson's."



THE BEST BRICK-LAID SCHEMES . . .

SIR ALFRED MOND. "STOP WORK!"

[The MINISTER OF HEALTH has fixed a limit to the Government's Housing Schemes.]



"BRING ME TWO EGGS."

"ON TOAST, SIR?"

"NO—ON ICE."

SLAVES OF THE RING.

SCENE.—*The Lawn, Sandwood Racecourse. TIME.—The Present.*

Lady Betty Portcullis. We've just been christening a racehorse.

Glossop. Did you break a bottle of champagne over it?

Miss Dido Duvelyn. No, but we may do yet. It belongs to Lord Sparklestone, the profiteer. We met him, a few minutes ago, lamenting loudly that his best two-year-old, for which he paid some absolutely preposterous price, "as a leg," as he put it, "from the 'ard ground." Betty asked him what its name was, and he said it hadn't one yet. So I suggested that, as it "has a leg," he should call it *Sir Willoughby Patterne*.

Lady B. P. He didn't know in the least what she meant.

Miss D. D. But he seemed taken with the name and made me write it on the back of his card.

G. I doubt if a large proportion of racegoers are familiar with *The Egoist*.

Miss D. D. Anyhow, even for a sound horse it would be a very appropriate name, because there's nothing more egoistical than a racehorse. I hate racehorses.

Lady B. P. I loathe racing.

G. And yet you both patronize it.

Miss D. D. After all, one owes something to one's dressmaker.

G. You don't mean that you expect to take her bill out of the bookmakers?

Miss D. D. Oh, no; but *Eclair* expects her clients to be more or less mannequins as well.

Lady B. P. And in a household governed by the strictest sporting principles one is looked upon as a lost soul if one doesn't show up on a racecourse fairly regularly, if only as an example to others. For the sake of peace and quietness one puts up with being bored to tears, but I do wish something could be done to make racing less drearily monotonous. Every racehorse is exactly like every other racehorse, every jockey exactly like every other jockey and every race exactly like the last.

G. Perhaps a little of the gymkhana element would be a relief. The Ascot Cup, for instance, as an egg-and-spoon race.

Lady B. P. It would be something if the human side were made more interesting. At present ninety-nine per cent. of the horses seem to belong to people whom the newspapers can only describe as "well-known owners of

racehorses." They seem to be quite unknown in any other connection. Of course there are a few exceptions, such as our friend Lord Sparklestone, "the prominent industrial magnate;" but have you realised that scarcely one of our leading public men has a horse to his name?

G. Lord Sparklestone assures me that he has vainly urged his brilliant and versatile friend, Lord Possumtree, to extend his patronage to the Turf.

Lady B. P. But don't you think Lord Curzon, for instance, is cut out for a racehorse-owner? I'm sure his steeds would arch their necks more proudly and step more majestically than any others. And fancy Sir ERIC GEDDES leading in his *Superhorse*, a popular winner. Or imagine a ding-dong finish between Lord NORTHCLIFFE's *Carmelite* and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's *Chequers*.

G. That would be a race fit for heroes to bet on. When one comes to think of it, it certainly is strange that our expert propagandists have neglected the simplest and surest way to lasting popularity.

Miss D. D. In striving after a reputation for statesmanship they don't realise that it is much more useful nowadays to be spoken of as "a good old

sport." If LLOYD GEORGE or his stage-managers really understood human nature or their job they would know that, by having his colours carried by a few selling-platers, though he might never win a race, he would capture the Labour vote.

G. The same applies with even greater force to the Labour leaders. They preach Socialism and shut their eyes and ears to the fact that the religion of the British proletariat is horse-racing. Some of the capitalists, like Lord Sparklestone, have more discernment; they are well aware that, in the sight of the proletariat, support of the Turf atones for anything, and that more grace is acquired by the purchase of a costly string of thoroughbreds than by the restoration of a cathedral. These are the high-priests, where you and I in our glad-rags are acolytes, suffering untold weariness of mind and body at such festivals as this. That's why it cuts me to the core, on the days when I am off duty, to be plainly regarded as an eccentric by the newsboys because I am not gasping for the result of the two-thirty race at Limpfield.

Miss D. D. What is to be made of a country where the worst sin a capitalist can commit is to scratch a horse on which the multitude has put its shirt? What chance have reformers while Labour looks to Capital to give it a run for its money? The extraordinary thing is that the capitalists don't seem to realise that in the control of the Turf they have an effective counter to the strike-weapon. If racing were to be suspended automatically for the duration of every strike there would soon be an end of industrial disputes.

G. Not before a howl had gone up from the Press about depriving the working-man of his daily bet. It wouldn't be in quite those words, but it would be from the heart, because the shilling punter keeps the wolf from the doors of a good many newspaper offices.

Miss D. D. Perhaps, after all, the capitalists really do know their own power, and deliberately keep on racing in order that strike-funds may go to bookmakers instead of to the provision dealers. I should call that taking a cynical advantage of the weakness of a people; and anyhow it's intolerable that we should have to undergo this boredom just to lend the light of our presence to the national vice.

Lady B. P. My father calls it the inborn British love of a good horse.

G. With all respect, I am inclined to think that Lord Cullisport is a better judge of horses than of Britons. I very much doubt if the average betting Briton would know a good horse if he saw one, even on a racecourse. And



J. H. DOWD. 21.

Officer (to sailor who has rescued him from drowning). "THANK YOU, SMITH. TOMORROW I WILL THANK YOU BEFORE ALL THE CREW AT DIVISIONS."

Sailor. "DON'T DO THAT, SIR. THEY'LL 'AVE KILL ME."

that is where nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand betting Britons never set foot.

Lady B. P. There goes the saddling-bell for the big race.

G. It summons the people to worship—by proxy. Come along, vestals.

How to Cope with the Heat.

"Furnished Studio to be Let in Chelsea; 2½ guineas weekly; residential use of bath."
Daily Paper.

"Wanted, by strong healthy woman, Daily Employment; experienced in all housework; children and washing no inducement."
Provincial Paper.

Very likely, but was it wise to say so?

"THE KING IN JERSEY."

"At the States Chamber the King was received by a body of halberdiers, each one of whom holds land from the Dutch on condition that he presents himself for service, armed with his halbert, when called upon by the Duke."—Daily Paper.

We understand the Dutch have also taken Holland.

"Mrs. Lloyd George will give a garden party at 10, Downing Street, next Tuesday, to all members of the House of Commons who support the Coalition and their wives."

Daily Paper.

And now it is up to some "Wee Free" hostess to entertain those Members who support their wives but not the Coalition.

IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

XIII.—THE TWO SHEPHERDS.

AFTER all this hot weather a little more pastoral song, I think, would be nice. So I have tried to imagine a sort of idyllic meeting between Mr. THOMAS HARDY, the doyen of English letters, and Mr. ALFRED NOYES, who has come back to visit us this year, wearing so many laurels, from the U.S.A. It takes place, I suppose, somewhere in Dorset, and, grazing or lying under trees near by, must be imagined a quantity of sheep, half of them wearing expressions of romantic joy, and half of them betraying in their sad yet dignified mien a sense of universal tragedy.

Mr. Alfred Noyes (he is the one with the Arabian zither).

Shade is here and hedgerows trailing.

Mr. Thomas Hardy (with the bass viol).

Rest methinks were not amiss.

[They sit down.

Mr. Alfred Noyes (brightly). I have a song to sing O.

Mr. Thomas Hardy (rather gloomily). Sing me your song O.

Mr. Alfred Noyes. I call it *Sailing*. It runs like this:—

Cloud upon cloud the golden galleons glittering over the waves and doubling,

Stroke upon stroke in a lilac haze and line upon line,
Swept the seas till they reached the shore at last of the sweet untroubling

Bubbling meadows of Arcady, faint with asphodel, blue with pine.

DRAKE (Ho, DRAKE!) and his conquering name,

NELSON and Trafalgar!

Down through the woods Eurydice came

To Orpheus, star unto star.

Satin of sails on a silky sky,

Dewdrunk since the world began,

We'll make with DRAKE to the Dear Bye-Bye

And the dreams of old Japan.

D'you like my song?

Mr. Thomas Hardy. Not much. It seems to me

Sad interblend of flounce with flummery.

Let me sing something to you of my own,

Rayed with Eternity and Time's deep moan,

A little satire of obliterate life

Such as outlooks in Wessex:—

The False Wife.

The ghost of the man who had killed his new-got bride

On their wedding-eve and had wived the gibbet-tree,

Crept, as his wont was, close to her grave's side,

In the moon's apogee.

She had said, "I loved another prior to you,

Whom I met at a watering-place on the Southern coast."

So he drew his rusting sabre and stabbed her through,

And now he was ghost to her ghost.

But to-night he found her not. And to his unsight

It seemed that this was perhaps a bitterer pain

Than when he had found her false, a new-wed wight,

That she should be false again.

For he knew, not knowing, yet sure that the spectre jade

Who had tricked him so in her blooth with a woman's guile,

Far off from the charnel vault and the tomb had wayed

To a different domicile.

Down the eweleaze she had fared and passed the door

Of the Old Green Man to the hollow that was beyond,

To house with the ghost of her former paramour

Who had fallen, for spite, in a pond.

Mr. Alfred Noyes. It seems to me your song is much too sad.

Mr. Thomas Hardy. Life is like that. Ghast, weariful and bad.

Mr. Alfred Noyes. Well, let's try something then in unison
To make things cheerful—something with a run.

Mr. Thomas Hardy. Illuding through the woof of tears,

Mr. Alfred Noyes. (Robin Hood's in Sherwood, Sherwood)

Mr. Thomas Hardy. A Nescience unfriends the years

Mr. Alfred Noyes. (And Friar Tuck's in Sherwood).

Mr. Thomas Hardy. Perfectly rotten!

Mr. Alfred Noyes. Well, let's try once more.

Mr. Thomas Hardy. And keep together.

Mr. Alfred Noyes. And please mind the score.

Both together. Through the shady glens of Ida buds of
amaranth are peeping,

And a pirate fleet's a-sailing on the sunny purple main,
But Corporal Henry Tullidge lies in Mellstock churchyard
sleeping,

Out of pain,

Out of pain.

Oh, it's good to lie at Mellstock when the moon is on the
tombstones

(Falling silver on the tombstones)

Falling silver on the tomb of Corporal Tullidge,

Who'll never go a-vlirting, nor a-vighting

With BONEY again.

Mr. Thomas Hardy. That's much better. Come on.

Both together. Golden on the mountains is the morning in-
cense-laden

And gilliflowers are blowing in a garden many-hued;

There's another grave at Mellstock—'tis the earth-nook
of a maiden

The Corporal wooed,

The Corporal wooed.

Oh, it's good to be at Mellstock when the moon is on the
tombstones

(Falling silver on the tombstones),

On the tomb of Corporal Tullidge and his maiden

Who wur dancing of a reel upon his deathday

With Varmer Jude.

[They are left singing.]

Another Headache for the Historian.

"The House of Commons at question time yesterday must have been one of the stuffiest places in all London."

Daily Express, July 12.

"Members of Parliament had no reason to complain of the temperature of the House of Commons yesterday. In the afternoon it was one of the coolest places in London."—Daily Mirror, same day.

"When Mr. Owen Ramsey Nares was fined £1 at Marylebone for driving a motor car at 29 miles an hour, it was stated that there were nine previous convictions against him for drifting at an excessive speed."—Provincial Paper.

He seems to have been caught by that tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to misfortune.

On the KING's visit to Jersey:—

"Mr. Athelstan Riley, seigneur de la Trinité, presented two wild bucks on a silver salver in accordance with the terms of his tenure."

Daily Paper.

Lusty fellows, these old Norman seigneurs.

"Mr. —'s great article set millions thinking last Sunday. Millions more will be hinking to-morrow."—Advt. in Daily Paper.

It is stated that at least two of the millions have challenged the truth of this prophecy by sending the following brief telegram to the gifted author: "We don't hink."

**THE RATIONALIST.**

SHOWING WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF THE AUTHORITIES HAD NOT TAKEN CARE THAT DURING THE HEAT-WAVE THERE SHOULD BE NO WATER IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE AGITATED CHEMIST.

[It is rumoured that Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE is writing another series of *Sherlock Holmes* stories for *The Strand*.]

Holmes leaned back in his chair and pressed the soles of his feet together.

"As I have frequently pointed out," he remarked, "it is the expected that happens."

A taxi-cab had pulled up outside our door and I caught the sound of voices, apparently in altercation.

"It is a retired Colonel of Bengal cavalry," said Holmes in reply to my look of inquiry. "He lives at Twickenham, with no attendants save a professional boxer, a *baboo*, a *khitmutgar* and five *chupatties*. He is coming to consult me about the disappearance of—"

At that moment our landlady tapped at the door and ushered in a tall man dressed in a suit of old-fashioned cut.

"Mr. Holmes?" he said, peering shortsightedly at my companion, who nodded and smiled genially. "And this, no doubt," he added, "is your friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, before whom I may speak without reserve? Good."

"Pray take a seat," said Holmes pleasantly.

"You must be tired; it is a long way from Kensington," he added, glancing at a rhododendron in our visitor's buttonhole.

The stranger bowed and took the chair Holmes had indicated.

"My name," he said, "is Mutford—Saul Mutford. I am a member of the Pharmaceutical Society and I keep a chemist's shop in Bracelet Lane, off the Strand. I am a bachelor and live in a couple of rooms over my shop. My trade has declined of late years and I am unable to afford an assistant."

He paused and drew the back of his hand across his lips. Holmes filled a tumbler with '75 brandy.

"Drink this," he said kindly. "It will steady your nerves."

The glass rattled against the man's teeth as he swallowed the draught and I loosened my hypodermic in its sheath, but he controlled himself and went on:

"You will forgive my agitation, gentlemen, when you hear my story."

Holmes took a powerful lens from his pocket and carefully examined the

man's forehead, on which great drops of sweat had appeared.

"Take your time, Mr. Mutford," he said kindly. "Presently you will feel able to tell us all about the loss of the heavy gold repeater, English lever, escape movement, jewelled in three holes, which you have carried in the lower left-hand pocket of your waistcoat for twenty-seven years."

"But I have not lost my watch," said the chemist, evidently surprised at the rapidity of my friend's deductions.

"It is not, however, in the pocket I have mentioned," said Holmes, a trifle irritably.

"No. The lining has worn through and I now carry my silver hunter in my trousers pocket."

Holmes filled his pipe deliberately

that someone had got into the shop, but a careful search revealed nothing. Every night since then the noises have been repeated, and the thing is getting on my nerves. I consulted the police, and Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard is now taking up the case; but I felt that I must come to you and beg you to help me."

Holmes leaned forward, keenly interested.

"Can you remember," he asked, "the day on which you first heard the noises?"

"It was on a Friday," replied Mutford; "the thirteenth of last month."

Holmes chuckled and fired his revolver two or three times into the coal-box, a sure sign that he was pleased with himself.

Rising he took down a thick manuscript book and turned the leaves quickly.

"Mr. Mutford," he said, "did you ever hear of the 'Thirteen Beans'?"

"Never."

"I thought so. That is their cleverness; they and their agents are everywhere, yet no one except myself has ever heard of them. Briefly, they are an association of persons whose object it is to abolish the use of drugs, and as a first step to that end they have been quietly getting rid of chemists. They first endeavour to drive them mad by various means; if that

fails they murder them. They are vegetarians and they invariably initiate and conclude each crime on the thirteenth of the month."

"Good heavens!" cried our unhappy guest; "to-day is the thirteenth."

"Exactly," replied Holmes; "and with the information which you have placed in my hands I hope that to-night we shall be able to lay their leaders by the heels. Watson, if you will kindly call a taxi and slip your revolver into your pocket."

We drove rapidly to Mutford's shop, and by Holmes's direction concealed ourselves in the small back room. For an hour we waited there in the dark, and I confess that my heart beat painfully when the door of the shop, which Holmes had left unlocked, was pushed open and a single knock sounded on the inner door. Holmes said "Come in," at the same time flashing an electric torch on the burly figure that entered.

"Lestrade!" he cried in amazement.



Motorist. "THIS INFERNAL VILLAGE IS SIMPLY INFESTED WITH PEDESTRIANS."

from the Persian slipper in which he kept his tobacco, lit it and half-closed his eyes.

"Let us have your story in your own words," he said; "and pray omit no detail, however trivial it may appear to you."

"I believe, Mr. Holmes," began Mutford, "that you have been studying the new theories of spiritualism."

"I have devoted some attention to the matter," replied Holmes.

"Well, to come to my story, Sir," went on the chemist, "I am not, I think, an imaginative man, but I freely admit, Mr. Holmes, that I am terrified by something I cannot put a name to.

One evening a few weeks ago I was sitting in my back room reading a new book on the uric acid question. The shop was closed. Suddenly I became aware of a creaking noise, punctuated by what sounded very like squeaks, that seemed to come from some distance away. It at once occurred to me

"Why, Mr. Holmes," said the detective, "you here? I just looked in to tell Mr. Mutford that we have solved the little mystery that has been worrying him."

"I am afraid that I have forestalled you," chuckled Holmes. "However, let us hear your version; but I beg that you will be brief, for if I am not mistaken we are about to receive a less amusing visitor."

"We shall see," replied Lestrade. "I had a good look round here while you were out, Mr. Mutford," he went on, "and had the wainscot taken down. And I have got the culprits literally in a trap."

Laughing with an almost offensive heartiness he held up a large cage, in which, squeaking violently, were a number of terrified mice.

"Watson," said Holmes thoughtfully as we drove back to our rooms, "I am not the man I was before I had that fatal accident."

THE S.P.C.F.

LATELY I have noticed with regret a slackening off on the part of those most worthy people who have been agitating for the abolition of homework for young scholars.

May I here ask them not to relax their efforts? The need for carrying their policy to a successful conclusion was never greater than it is to-day.

Remember, I am not arguing from the point of view of the scholars. They are a hardy race, inured to modern education. I am thinking of their parents, including myself.

What is a gnomon? I know what you're going to say—that it's a large-sized dwarf that lives in the mountains and wears a red cap.

I thought that, too. But it isn't. It's a funny-shaped thing made out of squares and angles. What it's used for I haven't the remotest idea. It may be a puzzle; it may be a ground-plan for a refrigerating station. I don't know, or care.

But my daughter, aged twelve, came to me last night, trusting fondly in the parental wisdom, to ask me what a gnomon was. My mistake was fatal. I am hopelessly discredited in her eyes.

Again, why does Southampton have four tides a day? Is that a fair question to put to any man who has come home after a tiring day in the City? How should I know? I thought that a couple of tides every day was the usual allowance. But Southampton is a growing seaport and ambitious. Apparently it insists on having more tides than other places have.

I made a shocking mess of my an-



Child (whose theatrical experiences have hitherto been confined to pantomime). "MUMMY, I DO HOPE ABRAHAM LINCOLN WON'T BE A GIRL."

swer. The best I could do was to read out the time of high-tide at London Bridge, a piece of information which can be gleaned from any properly constructed pocket-diary. But Southampton's greed was beyond me.

Again, I was nearly floored over the word "lamprey." I was about to answer off-hand that it was a knight's horse, dressed in armour and with spikes here and there to annoy the opposition horse, when my daughter added that somebody in her history-book had died from eating a dish of them.

Of course I saw it at once, being fairly quick in the uptake. So I escaped by explaining how easily toadstools could be mistaken for mushrooms, with fatal consequences.

As for those crazy problems about

A, B and C doing work which their Union would never allow, they have caused me many sleepless nights. Of course I've worked a lot of the questions out, though my answers don't agree with the ones at the back of the book. But then everybody is entitled to his own opinion.

Altogether I am looking hopefully forward to the Holidays, when my daughter's curiosity will be confined to problems of lawn-tennis and swimming, in both of which exercises my achievements have been favourably noted by experts.

But, pending the autumnal resumption of school, I am trying to lay the foundations, on broad and effective lines, of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fathers.



THE GREAT FUR PROBLEM.

HOW TO KEEP COOL AND YET SHOW THAT YOU COULD AFFORD TO KEEP HOT.

TO AN INFANT GOAT.

NAY, wherefore bleatest, my Beelzebub?
 Dost think that I would chase thee with a club
 Or at thy head discharge injurious stones?
 Why probe with terror's simulated tones
 A bosom all unwilling to indict
 The artless pranks in which the young delight?
 Nay, though of late thou didst me grievous hurt
 By eating portions of a new-boiled shirt
 That Jane had set to air upon the lawn,
 I hold it not against thee, gentle faun.
 The gardener's apron and a bed of stocks
 Are also missing, and a pair of socks
 That lately hung in beauty on the line;
 Their present whereabouts I can divine.
 Yet do I not upbraid thee, for I know
 It was not SIN but Nature made thee so;
 A lovely antic, an ethereal sprite
 With an insatiable appetite,
 And able to digest with equal ease
 A seedling cabbage or a silk chemise.
 I grant thou art a trespasser, in fact
 Have more than once observed thee in the act
 Of eating through the privet hedge that bounds
 Mine and my neighbour Jones's private grounds,
 Or landing neatly on the onion bed
 Vid the washhouse and the potting-shed.

Yet thee I blame not, seeing thou dost do
 Only what natal instinct moves thee to,
 But Jones I blame who bought thee "for a song"
 (I trow he'll sing another tune ere long!)
 To be, with sundry rabbits, dogs and cats,
 A playmate for his own destructive brats.
 And in this note-book, proved beyond a doubt,
 Thine every depredation is set out,
 For which some lawyer (at the usual fee)
 Will call a just account 'twixt Jones and me.
 Meanwhile eat on, thou little hairy thing!
 Take here a nibble, there a healthy fling;
 Try these pyjamas, made of pure Shantung,
 The very thing for nourishing the young!
 Yon private sprouts just peeping into view—
 I will not grudge them; Jones is well-to-do.
 I fain would hear thy small but agile hoof
 Dislodge the balance of the washhouse roof
 As, perilously dexterous, thou dost crawl
 To where my cherished peach-tree tops the wall.
 Browse if thou wilt on amaranth and rose—
 Devour my undies, gnaw the garden hose—
 One bard at least will never lay a ban
 Upon the sacred *protégé* of Pan.
 Mine be to feast a strong æsthetic sense
 On lissom beauty wed to innocence,
 A mobile phantasy of grace and joy;
 Jones's to pay for what thou dost destroy.

ALGOL.

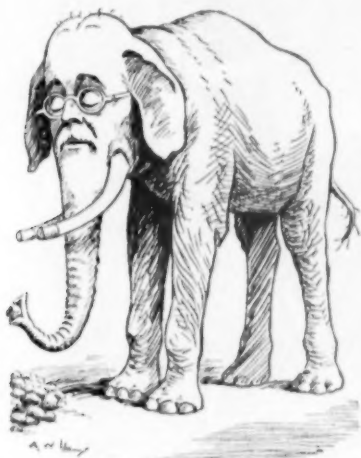


A CAPITAL SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

PRESIDENT HARDING BREAKS A BOTTLE OF LIME-JUICE AT THE LAUNCHING OF
U.S.S. "PACIFICATOR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 11th.—Mr. BALFOUR resembles that sagacious animal, the elephant, in the facility with which he turns from great things to small. The last time he addressed the House it was to report the progress of the League of



"That sagacious animal, the elephant."
MR. BALFOUR.

Nations; this afternoon he was equally full of information regarding the experiments of the Fuel Research Station at Greenwich.

In spite of the weather the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE manages to retain his native coolness. An answer of his on the Safeguarding of Industries Bill evoked from Captain WEDGWOOD BENN an excited inquiry as to whether the MINISTER OF HEALTH had not recently stated exactly the reverse. "I missed that," said Mr. BALDWIN.

Sympathetic cheers greeted the PRIME MINISTER's reference to the "enormous burden" of work which prevented him from giving more time to his Parliamentary duties. It was certainly with the air of a weary Titan that he delivered a long statement about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and President HARDING's proposals for a Disarmament Conference at Washington. The matter was perfect—not a false or faltering step on a path sown with pitfalls—but the manner was singularly lacking in enthusiasm.

The House was cheered by the announcement that Mr. DE VALERA was coming to London to ingeminate peace, and by the hope of the CHIEF SECRETARY that it would not now be necessary to protect Irish lighthouses against Sinn Fein raiders. Even the sanguinary

riots with which Belfast attempted to discount the impending truce did not cause much depression, and there was a happy burst of laughter when Mr. DEVLIN's heated endeavour to put all the blame upon the Orangemen was cut short by the CLERK announcing the "Clinical Thermometers Bill."

Sir J. D. REES was so much affected by the Irish atmosphere that he accused the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT of perpetrating a first-class "bull." During an informal debate on London Traffic he begged the right hon. gentleman to abstain from such regulations as that "no 'bus shall stop in any street until it has got into the next one."

The Water Undertakings Bill received a Second Reading, although Sir DONALD MACLEAN (momentarily forgetting the Safeguarding of Industries Bill) declared that "no more drastic and revolutionary proposal had yet been laid before the House," and Lord ROBERT CECIL could not think of a parallel atrocity since the days of CHARLES I. But Sir A. MOND's warning that, if the Bill were not passed, many of the companies would have to go into liquidation of a kind that would mean no water at any price carried the day.

Speaking on the London Electricity Bill Sir HERBERT NIELD remarked that if the Editor of *Punch* could have listened to the debate there would have been "a very interesting chapter" in his next issue. The hypothesis supposes too much; he couldn't possibly have kept awake.

Tuesday, July 12th.—The continued hot weather is having a revolutionary effect upon Parliamentary costumes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN turned up to-day with the tallest of white hats and a cummerbund in place of a waistcoat. The representatives of vested interests on the Ministerial Benches were visibly perturbed at this apparition. Lady ASTOR too had exchanged the demure little toque which she has hitherto invariably worn when performing her legislative duties for a big shady hat embroidered with flowers.

I suppose the Italian skies under which we are now sweltering must be responsible for the sudden outbreak of Latin quotations in both Houses. I was quite startled when Mr. BALDWIN, rising after a long-winded speaker, plunged into Horatian reminiscence with "*Eusticus expectat*."

The attempt of a daily newspaper to put an end to the drought by a horribly realistic reproduction of an air-raid found a severe critic in Mr. JACK JONES. Judging by his oratorical methods I should have thought the hon. Member for Silvertown would have been the

last to object to "the use of high explosives for advertising purposes."

Mr. PERCY showed, I thought, a good deal of pluck in introducing a Bill for the amalgamation of the two branches of the legal profession, and it was rather rude of Members to raise such a buzz of conversation while he was attempting to explain its provisions. I am sure that the lawyers among them would have enjoyed hearing that one of the principal arguments for the Bill was that the PRIME MINISTER "with all his legal knowledge" was debarred in present circumstances from accepting a judgeship.

Wednesday, July 13.—Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY accused the jam-makers of importing Dutch strawberries and boycotting the home-grown variety. Unless the MINISTER OF HEALTH interfered to stop this infamous traffic there was a danger, I gathered, that the British



SILVERTOWN FIREWORKS.
MR. JACK JONES.

school-boy might inadvertently consume fruit grown by the EX-KAISER at Doorn, and thus the process of "peaceful penetration" would begin all over again.

Mr. SPEAKER has already done much to speed up the Question-hour and to limit the activities of those who would exploit it to their own advertisement. He sharply rebuked Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY for having, uninvited, put a question standing in the name of Colonel NALL. The culprit was genuinely surprised, and explained that he thought he was doing the proper owner a favour by towing his derelict into port. I infer that he has never heard the expression *Non tali auxilio*.

This being one of the appointed days



Footman (who has been told to take a glass of champagne to the new chauffeur). "THE CHAUFFEUR THANKS YOU VERY MUCH, SIR, BUT HE DRINKS NOTHING LATER THAN 1911."

for the Safeguarding of Industries Bill Mr. BALDWIN resumed his thankless task of endeavouring to reconcile the apparent contradictions of a measure for whose construction, as he again pointed out, he was in no way responsible, and compared with which, according to Mr. HOPKINSON, Lord HALDANE's commentary on EINSTEIN's theory was positively "lucid."

There are more optimists in this country than you might suppose. Mr. KELLAWAY stated that, though twenty-three thousand persons had surrendered their telephones, there were more than double that number who were clamouring for an installation.

Thursday, July 14th.—The Irish truce has extended to Westminster. There were only half-a-dozen Questions relating to Ireland on the Order Paper, and of these only two were asked.

Service traditions, according to Captain GUEST, account for the inclusion of a sword in the R.A.F. uniform. He admitted that he could not furnish an example of the *arme blanche* being used in aerial combat, but thought that the suggested substitute of a "joystick" would be unsuitable for ceremonial purposes.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN defended a large increase in the remuneration of the

principal officials at the Treasury on the ground that their salaries had not been altered for a hundred years. Mr. MACQUISTEN's pointed inquiry as to



THE MACQUERIST.
MR. MACQUISTEN.

whether the country was not much more economically administered during that period went unanswered.

But no one can say that the Government are not keen about retrenchment. One by one all the expansive—and expensive—policies announced in November, 1918, are being curtailed or abandoned. The latest to go is the gigantic housing scheme. Only about two-thirds of the half-million houses at one time projected have been begun, but that is considered sufficient for the day, and Sir A. MOND announced that no more subsidies would be paid after the present commitments were satisfied.

An immediate economy has resulted from the Government's change of policy. Dr. ADDISON in a long and argumentative letter to the PRIME MINISTER (containing passages much cheered by the "Wee Frees") has explained why he can no longer be officer of his. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE having left early to talk to Mr. DE VALERA, the situation lost something in piquancy.

"Stillness broods over the chapel . . . the sound of a football seems an intrusion."
Daily Paper.

One might almost call it sacrilege.

"The train from York due at 11.14 was very late—and crowded."—*North-Country Paper.*
We really don't see what it had to crow about.



VERY DRY FLY.

Sportsman (who has rashly taken some fishing without a personal inspection). "NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY THE AGENT SAID IT COULD ALL BE FISHED WITHOUT WADING."

THE CONVIVIAL CARROT.

(With acknowledgments to "The Spectator").

A NEWSPAPER announces that a certain scientist, "who has been especially persistent in his efforts to isolate and examine vitamins, has been treating carrots with alcohol."

A cry of protest has arisen against the professor's hospitality taking this particular form, and a society for the promotion of total abstinence among edible roots is about to be formed.

We are unable to identify ourselves with the new movement. We agree that over-indulgence in alcohol is bad, whether for man, woman, child, animal, vegetable or mineral, but until it is shown that the learned gentleman plied his carrot friends with liquor to such an extent as to make them intoxicated, we shall continue to believe that the bounds of moderation were not in this instance exceeded. We see no objection, whether on moral or on sanitary grounds, to a man taking a carrot into his club or to a respectable bar, and treating it whenever he feels so inclined. There is no objection even on legal

grounds, for it should be remembered that the No-treating Order was withdrawn some time ago.

We do not overlook the danger of moderation developing into intemperance. Let us admit quite frankly that the carrot which to-day imbibes a reasonable quantity of alcoholic refreshment and shows no trace of its indulgence beyond a slightly heightened complexion may, if wanting in restraint, on some future occasion commit the fault of taking too much and roll home with unsteady gait, a Bacchanalian song upon its smiling lips. But even so we do not apprehend such consequences as sometimes result from similar conduct on the part of a human being. We do not suppose for one moment that a carrot in such a state would, for instance, beat its own wife or interfere with a police-constable while in pursuance of his duty, for the carrot is of all creatures notoriously quiescent and inoffensive. Whatever sort of stew it may find itself in, it may be relied upon to observe strict passivity.

We would commend the scientist's hospitality. A man whose unassuming nature allows him to include carrots

among his boon companions is to be encouraged. And if he be rewarded for his generosity by getting a few vitamins out of his little vegetable friends we have no hesitation in asserting that he richly deserves them.

FILM FAUNA.

[French soldiers in the habit of bathing in a pool near the Petit Trianon at Versailles found it occupied, on July 9th, by several crocodiles employed for a cinema scene.]

SHOULD you meet a Giant Sloth
In the main street of Arbroath;
Or behold a herd of Yaks
Grazing near the Cambridge
"Backs";

Or encounter a Gorilla
In a peaceful Brixton villa;
Or observe an Albatross
Perched on Banbury its Cross;
Or a savage Cassowary
In the heart of Inveraray—
Don't be rattled by the sight;
They are real things all right,
Commandeered to form a scene
By the Rulers of the Screen.

"FOR SALE—1 No. 7 Ideal Cook (new).
Going at a bargain."—*Newfoundland Paper.*
We should like to make a bid for her.

HOPING THIS MAY MEET THE EYE...

A WEEK OR SO ago I was present at a public dinner in an historic London building. I need not go into particulars. Enough to say that the Chairman was a brave and chivalrous European monarch whose character shines with the noblest lustre and that the claims of literature occupied our attention. There was a brilliant company and there was some impressive oratory. But what I chiefly have in mind is the circumstance that I left a silver match-box on the table and, although efforts have been made to recover it, the person who picked it up still retains it.

It is this that I cannot forget, and not only because the match-box bears my initials, and a glance at the printed plan of the seats would have revealed the owner's full name; nor yet because for other reasons than its usefulness and unique character I dislike to lose it; but because the whole business of theft is so perplexing, and theft seems to be steadily on the increase.

Every day I hear of new losses: the papers are full of police-court charges of larceny; the confusion between *meum* and *tuum* is constant. England must have deteriorated very much, for I remember a history book at school which stated that, during the reign of ALFRED THE GREAT (I think it was), the country was so honest that you could hang your jewels on a bush and no one would take them. Yet to-day a silver match-box, with the owner's initials on it, cannot be left with any safety in his place at dinner with his name-card beside it; and at such a dinner too, with a Bayard in the chair, in the venerable edifice sacred to the Chief Magistrate of London.

One of the peculiarities of the evening was the presence of several policemen, who stood behind the head table, impassive and detached. They looked very odd, in their helmets, among all the illustrious diners. I wondered what they were there for, and assumed it was in pursuance of an old City custom. But if it was to strike dismay into the hearts of intending purloiners I perceive that they too failed.

And what is the Church about?

If I had left a Treasury note on the table I should say no more about it. Whoever put that quietly in his pocket would draw no public remonstrance from me, even if I did not much admire him. But this little match-box—it beats me how anyone can have the want of honesty to keep it.

Why do people steal? I can understand big hauls; but why do they pilfer? What is the mental condition of the person who thinks it so clever to have my matchbox in his possession? I should like to examine his bumps, but I don't know who he is. If—which seems most improbable—he is a reader of "Punch's book" (for so the cook of a friend of mine always refers to *The London Charivari*) perhaps he will do me the kindness of perusing the following epistle and replying to it:—

DEAR SIR,—I wish you would be so good as to give me an idea of the satisfaction that you derive from keeping something which so obviously belongs to another. I don't set myself up as a model of the virtues, but theft is among the offences that have never appealed to me, and I want to know more about it. I want to know what fun there is



Oldest Inhabitant. "OUR PASSION HE AXED FOR RAIN, AN' WE GOT UN TOO. NOT BAD FOR A LITTLE PLACE LIKE THIS."

in it—because most things are done for fun ultimately, however distorted one's sense of fun may be.

The ordinary advantage that comes from theft—to sell quickly and make a little money—does not enter into the present case, because the match-box would not fetch a third of the sum which has been offered as a reward for its return.

And the pleasure of showing about a curiosity cannot be yours, except under very risky conditions, because I have had this match-box for several years and a great many people have seen it. Besides, there are those tell-tale initials. But perhaps you have already scraped them out?

I should like to have been inside your brain while you were scraping them out.

If "to know all is to forgive all," should I forgive you? Won't you let me have the chance?

I am, Yours faithfully, E. V. L.

[I am sad about your match-box, but sadder still about my cigarette-case, which I lost at the same dinner.—ED.]

BUSINESS DRAMA.

MY DEAR POPPLETON,—It is good of you to offer to "let me in on the ground floor" (as you felicitously phrase it) of your New National Play-producing Syndicate. Unfortunately the expression "to let in" possesses a double meaning in business circles, and, as I am only too well acquainted with its more sinister significance, you, as a business man, will not be surprised if you do not find a cheque enclosed with this letter. Nevertheless my advice and good wishes are at your service.

You say in your very attractive advance prospectus that what is wrong with modern British drama is its failure to interpret the national spirit. I fancy that has been said before, but all the same it looks very nice in a prospectus and does you credit. I hope and believe

therefore that you will have the courage of your convictions and refuse to produce plays which do not recognise and deal faithfully with that commercial temperament which NAPOLEON has been said to have epitomised as characteristic of our nation.

Hitherto, save in rare instances, our stage shopkeepers and business men generally cannot be said to have been satisfactorily representative of, or complimentary to, the commercial spirit of this country. It has not been their fault; they have been handicapped by the trying amount of love-making and other dramatic diversions which invariably intrude upon

their office-hours. I feel sure that nowhere, save on the stage, are wives and daughters and aunts and fiancées permitted to walk in and out of business offices and waste the time of their male friends and relations. Everyone who visits an office or a shop in real life knows that it teems with bustling energy directed conscientiously to commercial ends. On the stage, however, if an office or a shop teems with anything, it teems with female relatives or chorus girls. And yet we wonder why our boys and girls go into business with the idea of having a good time.

To attain your artistic ends, Poppleton, you will have to vanquish the "love interest" bogey. It has been the Drama's Old Man of the Sea quite long enough anyway. In order to provide the inordinate amount of love interest which the average manager seems to think the public wants, the playwright is forced to draw his characters either from the leisured classes or from those fortunate types of business-men (such as stock-brokers or American million-



OLD AND NEW MANNERS.

Customer. "OBLIGE ME BY HAVING THESE THINGS PUT INTO MY CAR, PLEASE. I HAVE TO GIVE AN ORDER IN ANOTHER DEPARTMENT."
Assistant. "RAIGHT-HOI!"

aires) who can afford to be constantly interrupted during their day's work in order to assist in the manufacture of domestic complications. I do not think you need fear the box-office. It is my belief that the public would willingly forgo the exquisite thrill of the final stage embrace for the sake of seeing a stage business-man doing a bit of real work.

And further, if you are out for sheer brutal realism, a faithful representation of a steam laundry (owned by the villain) destroying the poor but honest hero's one and only shirt, or a scene in which the hard stern Lancashire father dies of heart failure in a telephone call-box after endeavouring for ten minutes to get through to his solicitors, would relegate ISEN, BRIEUX, STRINDBERG and the rest to the backmost seats of Victorian romanticism. As things are the Utopian perfection of the stage telephone system is an insult to realistic art and a dangerous source of public irritation. The stage typist who types a four-folio letter in about three minutes, and the stage office-boy who answers the bell immediately it is rung, are bad enough, but they are nothing compared with the stage telephone.

I do not deny that our dramatists are fairly adept in depicting business life under conditions of sudden crisis,

such as financial panics, strikes, robberies, bank failures and so forth; but they fail entirely to find inspiration in every-day commercial routine. Consequently their business-men, when not dealing with panics, strikes, etc., in their stern strong manner, have to fill in their time concocting unbusinesslike frauds with rascally lawyers or writing incriminating personal letters, which they drop about the office for their wives or aunts or daughters to pick up.

Even the supernumeraries do not strike one as being a credit to any Corresponding College. The stage clerk's business is principally to come into the room when he is not wanted at all. He usually carries some papers in his hand, which he puts into a tray and exits right. In about ten minutes he comes back with more papers, which he puts into another tray. Then he pokes the fire or opens the window and exits left with the former papers. There may be a certain amount of atmosphere about this sort of thing, but it is not the atmosphere in which commercial giants can be reared, and its effect upon those of our women-folk whose duties keep them in the seclusion and ignorance of their suburban homes is to cause them to wonder what it is that makes their husbands come home so tired. Wonder, in such instances, is apt to breed

suspicion and domestic distress, and it is your affair, my dear Poppleton, to see that the stage loses no time in showing us our busy workers as they really are.

Your sincere PANTAGRUEL.

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT THIRST.

SOME three months ago a Departmental Committee was appointed by the Minister of Refreshment to hold an inquiry with the view of ascertaining whether it was possible to establish a Standard Drink for Golfers. The Committee was composed of two stockbrokers, two writers to the signet, two public schoolmasters and a plutocratic peer; but as secrecy was indispensable the names were withheld from publication. Evidence was taken, experiments conducted and in general the investigations were carried out with the utmost thoroughness. But we regret to learn that, in consequence of the protracted drought, the Committee has been dissolved without being able to arrive at any positive recommendations. The stockbrokers were strongly in favour of champagne; the schoolmasters favoured tea or ginger-beer; the writers to the signet were loyal to their national beverage. Still the Report which has now been published



Steward. "CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, SIR?"

Passenger (faintly). "YOU MIGHT PRESENT MY COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHIEF ENGINEER AND ASK HIM IF THERE IS ANY HOPE OF THE BOILERS BLOWING UP."

contains a great deal of valuable information. For example it was conclusively proved that a beverage suitable for firm putting was not equally helpful for long driving or strenuous niblick play. Matches played between selected teams refreshed, on the one side, with milk and soda, and, on the other, with unlimited sloe gin, cocktails and old brandy, ended in the decisive defeat of the latter. But perhaps the most interesting outcome of the inquiry has been the set of aphorisms, hints and warnings compiled by the literary sub-committee, a few of which may here be quoted:—

Too much use of old Glenlivet
Makes one cut the needless divot.
When the wind is high, oh, very,
Then abstain from old brown sherry.
Hock and seltzer cooled with ice
Counteract the deadly "slice."
He who drinks sloe-gin in pots
Sockets many mashie shots.
When 'tis ninety in the shade
Stick to simple lemonade.
When 'tis forty (Fahrenheit)
Port may be imbibed at sight.
He who drinks red Indian tea
Seldom does a hole in three;
Those refreshed by China's brew
Oft negotiate a two.
Suraum corda summed the creed
Of the old heroic breed;
Now the cocktail's friends applaud a
Version which concludes with *cauda*.

ANOTHER GREAT FIGHT.

["Like human beings," says a popular botanical note, "flowers have their likes and dislikes and vent their displeasure in no uncertain manner upon their victims."]

I AM qualified completely for a casualty list

With a thorn in every finger and a dozen in the wrist;
Several scars on my proboscis will be permanent, I fear,
And a goodly fragment's missing from the tip of either ear,
While my corrugated countenance forbids me to ignore
That Roderick the Rambler doesn't love me any more.

Was it something too aggressive in my manner of attack
(When, on Phyllis's injunction, I began to tie him back)
Made him look on my endeavours with so murderous an air,
Made him lacerate my cuticle and clutch me by the hair,
Made him generally give me every reason to deplore
That Roderick the Rambler doesn't love me any more?

Not his to boast beforehand his ability to win,
But he cut me on the forehead and he hooked me on the chin;

He fainted with a sucker and he landed with his left,
And his jabbing in the clinches was exceptionally deft;
In short, the points were limitless that he contrived to score
When Roderick the Rambler ceased to love me any more.

For the future I am leaving horticultural employ
To those who deem that danger is a hobby to enjoy;
Something harmless (like a tiger) I am now resolved to keep;
Half-a-sovereign buys the mower and the roller's going cheap;
For my pleasure is a burden and the rockery a bore
Now that Roderick the Rambler doesn't love me any more.

Our Cautious Critics.

"The offering for to-night is 'Romeo and Juliet.' This play is said to have had the approval of the London public and the provinces so that it ought to please."—*North China Star*.

Commercial Boastfulness.

"The greatest Hosiery Sale ever known. No less than three pairs sold."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

These advertisers should make more sure of their facts. Our village draper distinctly remembers selling as many as four pairs in a single afternoon.



THE OLD GIRLS' MATCH.

Small Girl (in the School Team). "I KNEW THERE'D BE TROUBLE WHEN FATHER WAS ASKED TO UMPIRE. HE'S SO KEEN HE'S ALREADY NO-BALLED MOTHER TWICE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LONE Reef, Palm Island, Rum Cay, the Dry Tortugas, Cartagena, Porto-Bello; for the epicure of pirate legend do not these names fall like music on the ear? When one adds that the lost treasure-ship was called the *Nombre de Dios* you perhaps think you know what to expect in Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S *Satan: a Story of the Sea King's Country* (HUTCHINSON); and yet it is long odds that you will be surprised. Mr. STACPOOLE is a cunning artificer, and he has chosen to treat the perennially alluring theme of sunken treasure in relation to familiar life. If *Satan* Tyler, master and owner of the *Sarah*, appears in the right line of succession from our old friends, Captain Morgan, Bartholomew Portugues, Francis l'Ollonais, Captain Sawkins and the rest—not forgetting Captain Flint and Captain John Silver—he is none the less (like his namesake) a gentleman, though with a difference. The roaring buccaneer has become the gipsy of the sea; keeping within a few points or so of the law; acquisitive, wily, chivalrous withal; even "dependable if you took hold of him by his handle and not by his cutting edge." Bobby Ratcliffe, who sailed with *Satan* for a lark, luckily grasped the handle. Mr. STACPOOLE, in a fine lively piece of work, has skilfully fused character and incident, and achieved the delightful feat of presenting them in vivid dialogue of the vernacular. He knows all about the sea and ships and things, so that it is a pleasure to cruise with his people. Such a phrase as "the smell of the early morning sea, sharp as the smell of a new-drawn sword," instantly swings the reader afloat. I warn him here and now that the inquisitive public will demand the subsequent history of *Jude* and Ratcliffe.

MESSRS. HEINEMANN say of *The Shadow of Fear* (In black type on a wrapper of red)

That Miss NINA TOYE wrote it to make you feel queer
And "glance back" as you go up to bed.
There's a Priory (they say) on the fringe of a fen,
And there dwell in this setting propitious
Three women, a *Presence* (unnamed) and two men,
And the thrill they produce is "delicious."

Now I can't say my nerves went entirely untasked
For I found their society beastly—
Freda Elston, the widow, who (no questions asked)
Weds the bacteriologist, *Eastleigh*;
Her retainers, *The Richards*, two vessels of vice,
And *Anne Wilmer*, her cousin (by OUIDA),
Who lends *Eastleigh* a hand with his rabbits and mice
While *The Presence* is talking to *Freda*.

Well, we drown a small child in a scum-mantled pool,
And we hear diabolical laughter,
Until finally *Richards*, *The Presence's* tool,
Is found hanged from a cobwebby rafter;
And the best I can say of *The Shadow of Fear*
Is, it's really too vague to be vicious,
And it might have been worse had it tried to be clear—
But I'm dashed if I call it "delicious."

The only people whom I cannot imagine as being entertained by *Rachel* and her *Relations* (HUTCHINSON) are those who like what publishers call a "strong love interest," and those who are constitutionally unable to understand relationships. I am fairly well up in them myself, but even I had once or twice a strong suspicion that, among all *Rachel's* cousins of varying degrees, Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD

had got herself hopelessly entangled. I generously acknowledge that a little consideration in every case convinced me that Miss SILBERRAD was right, but it also convinced me that she ought to have printed as a frontispiece the family tree of the *Sharrons*, with their ramifications of *Ropers* and *Carrutherses* and so on, which she must have drawn up for her own guidance. *Rachel's* is just exactly the sort of story that no one ought to try to tell in a review, for that would spoil the pleasure of reading the book, and reading it is going to give a great deal of pleasure to a great many people. I might perhaps be allowed to say that *Rachel* is one of the nicest, cleverest, most level-headed girls that I have met in books for a long time; that if the love interest isn't strong it plays just about as much part in her story as it does in most people's, and quite satisfactorily, and that *Rachel's* attempts to prove her relationship to her relations, and all the shifts and stratagems she finds necessary, even though the author seems to get a little tired and allows her a short cut at the end, make up a most interesting tale. Miss UNA SILBERRAD has always known how to be nice, in the nicest sense of the word, without being namby-pamby, and she has made good use of her knowledge once more here.

Mr. J. O. P. BLAND is so resolute in the courage of his convictions that he is not afraid, in his political study, *China, Japan and Korea* (HEINEMANN), to express them twice or even three times over in the hope of passing them on. It is of course desirable that our Foreign Office and, I suppose, our public opinion should have convictions of some sort or another on affairs in the Far East, where, as in so many other places, things have got themselves into a rather deplorable muddle in the last few years, and it would certainly only be reasonable in anyone to accept ready-made the ideas of such an authority as the writer; but all the same there will be persons who find his solution of China's troubles a good deal too reactionary for their liking. He is quite sure that it was all a mistake for her to try to be a republic, and that her only hope rests in a speedy return to a more or less benevolent autocracy, with English and American control of her finances, since at present Japan is buying her piecemeal from officials who represent no one but themselves. Corruption, famine, foreign ascendancies, brigand armies, windy talk—these all loom large in his picture of China as he has found her on returning after some years away, but with it all an Eastern soul unmoved and serene above the passing tumult. The book has perhaps just a thought too much the air of propaganda, but, where the political discussion allows, some fascinating descriptions intrude; and all his readers will join with the author and publishers in thanks to Mr. B. T. PRIDEAUX for the use of his beautiful photographs.

It is more than possible that in the not very distant future Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL's novels of country

society will be read and referred to as giving an accurate picture of an extinct class. He has already dealt with a rectory, a manor and an abbey, devoting a book to each. This time he is more prodigal and presents to us under one cover *The Hall and the Grange* (COLLINS). Here we have a tale of difficulties: the general difficulty of living as a squire after the War, and the particular difficulty that this squire found, being poor and proud, in living on terms of agreement with his younger brother, who was rich and ambitious. Perhaps their quarrel is insisted upon to the point of tediousness, but Mr. MARSHALL may say, and I dare not contradict him, that squires are obstinate people and that to represent them otherwise would entail a departure from truth. A very good case, however, is made out for them here. I seem to know, and certainly I respect, Colonel Eldridge, and I have met enough of the type of his younger brother. It is a faithful study by an author whose outlook on life may be limited, but whose work always has a distinctive quality.

It is both a defect and a quality of Mr. GORDON CRAIG's various messages of appeal and denunciation concerning the art of the theatre that he thinks in visions. He writes not of the theatre we know or even of the theatre as he in his occasional beautiful productions has made it, but of a wholly ideal stage, on which a race of masked demigods, not men, shall move in a setting of immortal beauty. That is, he writes with passion as an artist and with an artist's sense of unsatisfied aspiration, his reach always immeasurably greater than his grasp. And so he is often

difficult to understand; not easier certainly in *The Theatre Advancing* (CONSTABLE), wherein through some thirty odd studies, dialogues, disquisitions, reminiscences, taunts, complaints and queries he attempts to define the undefinable. His brilliant flashes of light would be likely to confuse rather than guide the inspired millionaire on whose munificence the School of the Theatre demanded by this gifted and exigent artist must depend. Millionaires are apt to require some flattery and most exact plans, and Mr. GORDON CRAIG cannot easily give them either. But a man, millionaire or other, must be dull indeed if he fails to realise the religious sincerity of this single-minded visionary.

By this time Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL's books are well known to those who are in any way connected with Scouts, and *What Scouts Can Do* (PEARSON) is a welcome addition to the number. Advice, instruction, yarns, adventures are all to be found in this volume, and anyone who does not discover something useful in it will be very hard to help. For my own part the chapter which most attracted me was the one called "The Art of 'Gooming'." I had not the remotest notion how to "goom," and immediately had an unquenchable desire to become a goomer. I can now, whenever opportunity offers, "goom" with the best, and for this and other benefits am duly grateful.



The rival Knights-errant (together). "Excuse me, Sir. My dragon, I think."

CHARIVARIA.

THE final report of the Telephone Committee will not be ready until 1922. But it is very possible that this is a wrong number. *

The Ministry of Pensions now occupying huts in Regent's Park is to quit shortly. This institution is not to be confused with the Zoological Gardens, which will carry on as usual. *

"Beckett wants three thousand pounds to fight Cook," says a sporting item. We fear his terms will be considered prohibitive in most domestic circles. *

"The Scotch legal mind," said the LORD CHANCELLOR in a recent speech, "is the direct heir of the Roman legal mind." The *Rescripta Usquebagharri* of Quintus Baubilus Scotus is of course the connecting link. *

We understand that a well-known Chelsea artist has very kindly consented not to do a Futurist picture of the M.C.C. Selection Committee sitting down to think out new ones. *

The announcement of the latest and final death of the MAD MULLAH ought to make him madder than ever. *

Newspaper men have now made two attempts to produce rain by explosions in the air, but without success. Can it be that the power of the Press is on the wane? *

An M.P. thinks it is rather a pity that duelling is not permitted in this country. It would certainly help to keep our minds off the present peace. *

Pork pies during this very warm weather can be positively dangerous, we are informed. We felt at the time that the authorities were a little too hasty in cancelling the Muzzling Order. *

Despite the rapidity of the Greek advance and the capture of Afium Karahissar, the Turks, we are told, have skilfully avoided serious fighting. We can only say that, if they are not going to take their wars seriously, they don't deserve to have one. *

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has been testing the telephone service by putting through calls himself. This is the bulldog spirit we always like to see in a British Minister. *

An American watch company has just made a watch measuring fifty-three inches in circumference. It is said to be just the wrist-watch for short-sighted adjutants. *

The North Sea, we are told, is so shallow in parts that St. Paul's Cathedral could not be submerged in it. We hope, therefore, that the attempt will not be made. *

At Brentford there is a special school for training bargees. We had hitherto regarded it as a gift. *

MR. PHILIP KERR, until recently one of the PRIME MINISTER'S secretaries, is reported to have joined the directorate of a newspaper. He was only a young man, too. *



MR. FANTOE, THE WELL-KNOWN PROFESSOR OF DANCING, WHO IS STAYING AT THE SEASIDE, HAS THOUGHT OUT AN ENTIRELY NEW FIGURE WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF HIS CLEVER DANCING-PARTNER.

"It will always be a mystery why the giraffe has such a long neck," declares a contemporary. But surely, as its head is such a long way from its body, the length of neck is necessary. *

We now learn that the loud explosions heard in Forfar about ten days ago were simply rockets fired into the sky by a Scotsman on his holidays which he had insured against rain. *

Just before sailing in the *Aquitania* Lord NORTHCLIFFE was photographed arm-in-arm with the Editor of *The Times*. This seems to confirm the rumour that his sympathies are with that journal in its quarrel with the Government. *

A Beaconsfield man who keeps fowls in his orchard has found a hen on an improvised nest trying to hatch apples. And yet there are people who deny that poultry have a sense of humour. *

A gardening hint advises us to drill spring cabbages now. On very hot days we first make ours answer the roll-call and then let them stand easy. *

A contemporary tells us that one of our eminent cricketers is unable to sleep a wink all night before a Test Match. Many spectators complain that on these occasions they cannot keep awake. *

It seems that but for being called up on the telephone by Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY Mr. HOWARD GRITTEN, M.P., would have been crushed by a falling ceiling the other day. We congratulate the gallant Lieutenant-Commander on his presence of mind. *

Men carrying sunshades are reported to have been seen on Brighton promenade. In Sussex this is regarded as a sign of fine weather. *

The Press draws attention to the neglect of the newly-opened Southwark Bridge by drivers of vehicles. It is suggested that a few pedestrians should be put there as bait. *

A cinematograph film of the Underwriting Room of Lloyd's was taken the other day, and, in order that the members might not be aware that anything out of the way was happening, the operators were disguised as painters. The one disguised as Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN is said to have been a masterpiece of make-up. *

The very latest invention hailing from the States is a gun to shoot a projectile three hundred miles. Inventors would be wise to bear in mind that the world is round or they may be shooting themselves in the back before long. *

A huge sea monster with a head fifteen feet long and weighing three tons has been caught off the coast of Florida. An angler writes to say that, if he had caught it, he would have thrown it back, as he never keeps the small ones. *

A Choice of Colours.

From contemporary accounts of the Royal Garden Party:—

"... the vast sun-bleached lawn." *Times*.

"The fresh green lawn."—*Evening News*.

Notice outside Tube Station:—
"IT IS COOLER DOWN BELOW."
It sounds like the New Theology.

TO PHŒBUS BY WAY OF PROTEST.

DEAR SIR, wherever men commune together
And give their thoughts intelligible form,
Their talk is apt to turn upon the weather,
And it is commonly described as warm.

Nor can you greatly wonder, O Apollo,
If they are peeved, if they in fact dislike
This record spell of drought arranged to follow
Immediately upon a record strike.

As little lambs conducted to the slaughter
We claim the right to lift a plaintive bleat,
First having had no coal to heat our water,
And then no water for our coal to heat.

As though embedded in a boiling copper,
We melt in clouds of steam; we gasp for air;
Our raiment, like to Solomon's grasshopper,
Becomes a burden which we cannot bear.

Collars and corsets, coats and wigs and braces
We slough as being tantamount to death;
And fain would feel upon our simmering faces
Sahara's relatively tonic breath.

Yesterday's fish collapses in the larder;
Strong women swoon by myriads at the sales;
And from the job that once evoked his ardour
Even the man of bricks recoils and quails.

So, now you've had the horrors of the drought put
Frankly before you, let your fervour chill;
Give room to Pluvius (J.) whose wretched output
For months on end is practically *nil*.

Or, since for everything there is a right time,
And each would else be in the other's way,
J. P. had better function in the night-time
And you (but reasonably) all the day.

Meanwhile we recognise your good intention;
We cursed your coldness and we can't complain;
But spare us now and we will never mention
The rigours of our summer clime again. O. S.

THE FORCE OF PURE LOGIC.

"You know," said the porter, resuming his seat after carrying in a particularly large piece of luggage, "I don't like this excessive 'eat. It's not as if you was in a climate where it's continual; but when it comes all over sudden like, it's then you feels it."

"Just about lunch-time I noticed it most oppressive," said the waitress. "Kind of clammy it was, and muggy."

"Yes," said the porter, "I don't like it, that's the truth. It's excessive for the time o' year."

"Muggy and clammy," said the page.

"I think it 'as a lot to do with this industrial unrest," resumed the porter. "You can't expect a working-man to work his best in this excessive 'eat, and, if 'e isn't working, why then 'e'll want to start again less 'n ever 'e did, won't 'e? That's reason."

"Um," agreed the waitress, with closed lips.

"And don't you believe that those owners and capit'lists don't know that."

"Na-ow," very portentously, "they know that all right."

"Of course they do. They know it on'y too well. They've knowed it from their cradles up, they 'ave."

"Since they could crawl," said the page, with a nod of his head.

"And," continued the porter triumphantly, "they don't let the working-man forget it neither."

"That they don't."

"Not likely."

"Now if I 'ad the running of the country," said the porter, "knowing the things I do—"

"Ar!" from both of them as he paused.

"—knowing the things I do," he went on with emphasis, "there's some as are in good positions that wouldn't be there for long, I can tell you."

"There's lots of us as'd do things like that," said the waitress, "on'y we don't get our chanct."

"No," said the page, "they keeps us under, ground down."

"We know too much for 'em, that's what it is," said the porter. He leant forward and gave point to his remarks with a waving finger. "We're too *dangerous* for 'em."

"Ar!"

"They're frightened of us. They can't *afford* to let us speak. And what *are* we?"

The page gazed at him with open mouth but offered no suggestion.

"What I says is, What *are* we? Answer me that."

"Ar!"

"We're victims of clarse 'atred, that's what we are—you and me and Ella 'ere. We're slaves of the capit'listic machine."

"Ar!"

"But we ain't going to stay slaves. We're going to be something more 'n that. We're going to be the 'eralds of the new revolution—that's what we're going to be."

The page moved on his seat.

"I don't 'old with revolutions," said Ella. "Nasty things; people get killing each other."

"You can't make a homlet without breaking a negg," said the porter sententiously.

"That's all very well," said Ella, "but I'm not going to risk being a negg—not to-d'y, thank you."

"Me neither," said the page, on surer ground.

The porter grunted contemptuously. "What we want—" he said.

"All those strikes too," went on Ella, flinging the last of the knives she was cleaning into the basket, "they're chronic. There's my brother, 'e's out of a job 'cos someone else went and chucked theirs. You men can't settle down"—the page preened himself at this admission of his status—"it's us women that ought to take a 'and in things. Then you'd see."

"Yes, we'd see," mocked the porter. "What'd we see?"

"Something a jolly sight better 'n what you see now."

"Ar!" he said wisely; "but 'ow are you going to set about that?"

"Yes, 'ow?" said the page.

"If you arst me," began Ella, when suddenly a bell rang shrilly above their heads. "That's for you," she broke off with a glance at the indicator. "More luggage. Now let's see you do a bit of work instead of 'anging round me all the morning."

The porter beckoned to the page. "You come on and lend a 'and," he said. "I'll give you tuppence if the bloke comes down handsome."

"And 'im talking about capit'lists," reflected Ella as they disappeared up the stairs, "and being a blooming 'erald of revolutions. Lord, what a 'ope!"

From a Chief Constable's letter to a provincial firm:—

"In consequence of a report that a sound resembling the footsteps of a man had been heard, and that same appeared to come from your premises, the police made a thorough inspection of the premises, but no person was found therein . . . It is suggested that the noise had been caused by the Cat."

This must be our old friend, Puss-in-Boots.



THE END OF THE GREAT WAR (OFFICIAL).

PEACE. "HERE I AM AT LAST! AREN'T YOU PLEASED TO SEE ME?"

JOHN BULL. "I SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR FACE, BUT I LIKE THE LOOK OF YOUR WINGS. YOU MIGHT FAN ME WITH 'EM."

[The formal conclusion of the War is promised us for August 4th.]



THE PERILS OF COLLOQUIAL PHRASEOLOGY.

Kindly Person. "CARE TO HAVE A SQUINT AT THE PAPER, SIR?"

DEPARTURE OF LORD THANET.

THRILLING SCENES.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

Lord Thanet sailed on Saturday the 16th inst., from Tilbury on the *Megalomania* for his great world-pilgrimage, in the course of which he will visit the North and South Poles, ascend Mount Everest, and descend to the centre of the earth. Incidentally he will investigate the opportunities for emigration to the Solomon Islands, where, on the news of his impending visit, the inhabitants have given up their anthropophagous practices, embraced vegetarianism and taken to golf. Subsequently he will enter on a thorough examination of the questions of Church Disestablishment in Patagonia, the introduction of safety-razors amongst the Hairy Ainus, and the construction of a tunnel from the North of Australia to New Guinea. The great problem of the Tarantulation of Tasmania and the possibilities of expanding the defective cranial development of the dwarfs of the Aruwihimi Forest will form the chief part of his work during this portion of his tour. A series of impressions from Lord Thanet's pen—which originally belonged to Louis XIV.—will appear in all the Thanet Press in small pica type from time to time. Purchasers

of the issues in which they appear will be entitled to a special insurance indemnifying them against any deleterious results caused by the ecstasy of perusal.

A small staff accompanies Lord Thanet on his journey, including Mr. "Dolly" Vardon, the golf-architect of the North Boreland Club, who will lay out a number of courses in the Solomon Islands and on the lower slopes of Mount Everest.

The wonderful devotion in which Lord Thanet is held by the staffs of his newspapers, the nobility, gentry, clergy and general public is a matter of common knowledge. But the demonstrations on the day of his departure surpassed anything recorded in the entire history of the Solar System. Though a man of iron nerve Lord Thanet was deeply moved. From all corners of the globe came letters, cables and wireless messages wishing him a prosperous and prolonged tour. As he was leaving his home the oldest inhabitant of Thanet, a man of ninety-seven summers, wearing a Sandringham hat, made his way to the door and cried out in tremulous accents, "Bless you, my Lord, but do not hurry back. The world needs you even more than England."

On his arrival at Tilbury Lord Thanet

was the cynosure of a throng far larger and more enthusiastic than that which gathered round QUEEN ELIZABETH on a similar occasion, all inspired by the same passionate desire to see him off and to impress upon him the paramount need of taking a protracted rest. The crowd included not only the directors and representatives of all departments of *The Thanet Thunderer*, the *Concentrated*, *Consolidated* and *Centripetal Press*, but also the London correspondents of the leading American, Japanese, Chinese and Jugo-Slav newspapers. In spite of the great heat they were all in full Court uniform.

It was indeed a wonderful scene, some shaking Lord Thanet's hand, some kneeling or on all fours, others in floods of tears or convulsed with hysterical laughter, while the Rev. Decimus Bumbler intoned a solemn valediction through a megaphone and a number of devoted women-members of his staffs kept pressing on the central figure gifts of peacock's feathers and other honorific emblems. In particular Lord Thanet was profoundly impressed by the number of members of the general public who had assembled to speed the parting pilgrim with cries of "Go where glory waits you," "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and similar appropriate sentiments. As he went on

board up the gangway with his arm tastefully twined round the neck of his Editor-in-Chief a great shout went up which nearly rent the welkin.

On reaching his cabin Lord Thanet found awaiting him further striking evidence of the universal esteem in which he is held and the intense interest taken in his pilgrimage, in the shape of floral tributes, wreaths, poems, songs, acrostics and anagrams. He immediately studied and read them all, though the process occupied him for nearly three hours, and sent off suitable answers in every instance.

The departure of the *Megalomania* was much later than the scheduled time owing to this cause, but as she steamed majestically out of the dock, as though conscious of her precious burden, renewed cheers arose of such volume and sonority that on this occasion a distinct rent was visible in the welkin.

With splendid promptitude, Lord Thanet at once despatched a wireless message to the Royal Meteorological Society's offices, instructing them how to repair the atmospheric envelope. We have thus been mercifully spared a catastrophe of colossal dimensions. On learning the facts of the case the Council of the Royal Society at once resolved by acclamation to confer the COPLEY and the DAVY medals on Lord Thanet for his unprecedented services as the saviour of civilization.

The absence of the PRIME MINISTER and the SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS was the theme of much outspoken comment, and painful surprise was expressed that the Admiralty had not placed a battleship at the disposal of the illustrious pilgrim.

The following message to the Nation was communicated by wireless to the Press a few hours later:—

"We desire to express Our cordial satisfaction with the manifestations of loyalty displayed towards Us on this historic occasion by all Our people. They will be to Us a source of pleasure and a stimulus to effort in the arduous tour We have undertaken in the pious hope of amalgamating the Empire and preserving Our heritage from the onslaughts of incompetent, unscrupulous and pompous politicians.

"Given in our State-Room on board the *Megalomania*, July 16th, 1921.

"THANET R. & I., C.I.F., F.O.B."

"For the first time in ten years a naval order issued in Portsmouth proscribes the wearing of semi-tropical rig—white trousers and pith helmets, with puggarees."

Provincial Paper.

It seems cruel, but we suppose discipline must be maintained.



The Lady. "I KNOW WHAT 'E GITS" FOR HIS JOB—'E GITS FORTY-FIVE BOB A WEEK FOR LIFE, AN' AFTER THAT 'E GITS A PENSION."

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

(By a Plain Person).

Our leading journal has of late
Worked itself up into a state
Of quite hysterical alarm
Over the suicidal harm
Done to the young and gilded throng
By drinking cock-tails all day long.

As one of forty million souls
Or thereabouts, whom lack of coals
More than the cock-tail thirst concerns,
I find my vulgar bosom burns
Far less with sympathy than scorn
For those who bleat and wail and warn,
And by their pseudo-plaintive squeals,
Falsetto pleadings and appeals,
Attach grotesque importance to
A class at once unfit and few.

For if there are such silly fools,
So blind to hygienic rules,

As to combine champagne and port
With rot-gut of the costliest sort,
Why should we fash ourselves to save
Such wasters from an early grave?
The sooner they exterminate
Themselves, the better for the State,
Which needs plain livers and high
thinkers
And not converted cock-tail drinkers.

Depreciation.

Of a book published at 3s. 6d. net:—

"Nothing better worth half-a-crown has come one's way."—*Daily Paper.*

"At the City of London College sports recently, seven new records were put up. One of the junior boys, named Victor Ludorum, actually won the 100 yards, quarter and half mile races, and finished up by winning the high jump."—*Weekly Paper.*

Mr. and Mrs. Ludorum seem to have displayed intelligent anticipation when they christened their boy.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

"NORMALLY I should have been asleep on the verandah," said Enderby, alluding to the days of the Great Heat, "for it happened at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Working, walking and thinking were alike impossible. Conversation before seven was a torture. We usually dressed for tennis in the morning and lay about dozing until after tea; then we played a few sets. Not hard sets, you understand, but the kind that you play yourself. More like the gentle falling of jasmine blossoms withered before their time—"

"Please don't," I said.

"—withered before their time by the sun and the rough assaults of the bees than the quick rubbery sort of things that you see in those tournament games. On this particular day there was a great stillness about the house. My wife was away, and I don't know where the children had concealed themselves. All the morning I had watched a white butterfly hover across the lawn and hover back again, and wondered whether it was the same white butterfly. The terrific effort of striking a match, combined with the startling fury of the flame when the thing had been struck, made smoking a work of some hardihood. I remembered I had read the Personal Column in *The Times* three times before I began to look for the cricket reports.

"After lunch, which had meant to be cold but not quite succeeded, especially the butter, I sank back into a deck-chair to enjoy the siesta which I had earned, and two faint anxieties occurred to me. I was playing tennis at six o'clock and going out to dinner not far off at eight. For some reason or other I had dressed that morning in ordinary grey flannels, and it troubled me to think of these two changes to be made so close together later in the afternoon, the one into white, the other into black. I determined to change for tennis at once. . . .

"The next thing I remember is waking up in my bedroom arm-chair with the haunting horrible certainty that there was something I had meant to do and forgotten. I rubbed my eyes. 'Dinner with the Browns,' I murmured hazily at last and, still in a kind of half-dream, I began to fit studs and links into a white shirt. I carried out every movement as slowly as possible, and had just got down to my study feeling particularly immaculate—"

"You can't even say that in hot weather, much less feel it," I objected.

"Don't interrupt," said Enderby; "when a most alarming thing occurred. There was a loud churring sound out-

side the front-gate, which can just be seen from my study window. I peeped out and saw a large dazzling polished motor-car and a man and woman, lightly and brightly clothed, about to descend from it. You can't get a large motor-car up our drive, at least you can get it up, but if you do it sticks there always and you can't get it out again."

"Are there many there now?" I asked hopefully, feeling that the point must be coming soon.

"Quantities," said Enderby unmoved. "Well, when I perceived the terrible thing that had happened I looked, of course, at my watch, and was horrified to see that it was just four-fifteen. Maddened, no doubt, by the heat wave, some people had come to call. I had only a few moments in which to make up my mind.

"Now it was perfectly true that what might happen was that the parlour-maid, on being asked, 'Is Mrs. Enderby at home?' would reply demurely, 'No, Madam, she is out;' that the lady would rejoin, 'Oh, I am so sorry;' that the cards would be left, that the door would be closed, and that all would be well. On the other hand, the parlour-maid (and I have reasons for doubting her trustworthiness in moments of crisis) might continue: 'Mr. Enderby is at home, if you would like to see him.' I have known it happen. It might happen now. At the very thought my stiff shirt-front crackled with alarm.

"All these reflections, though they have taken some time to relate, flashed through my brain while the two visitors walked slowly up our tiny drive. And then the inspiration came. I took off my dress-coat, put on an old black one in which I work, and went straight to the front-door. Reaching it a moment after the bell had rung and assuming an air of mingled pomposity and deference—"

"Isn't that rather hard to do?" I sighed faintly.

"In moments like these," said Enderby, "the resources of a strong man's spirit are infinite. As I was going to say, I opened the door.

"'Is Mrs. Enderby at home?' asked the lady.

"'No, Madam, she is out,' I replied.

"'Oh, I am so sorry,' she said, drawing cards from her case.

"I took the card-tray from the table behind me. I received the cards. She turned to go. I shut the door. All was well.

"Full of thankfulness I went upstairs, changed from black into white and slept peacefully until five-o'clock tea."

"You had to do three changes instead of two, anyhow," I said rather acidly, "in spite of your cunning."

"Most happily not," replied Enderby. "The Browns telephoned to say that their cook had collapsed on account of the heat, and so, after a set and a-half of tennis, we had a kind of picnic supper, for which I did not change. It was a remarkable instance, I think, of presence of mind in a difficult and dangerous situation."

"But suppose that you have to go out to dinner some time with these people who called," I protested, "mightn't you be recognised as the butler then?"

"Certainly not," said Enderby with indignation; "we all knew our places much too well to stare." EVON.

A PROTEST.

IT should not be allowed—one of the pictures at the National Portrait Gallery, I mean. My most sacred conviction has been pulled up by the root.

Lend me your ears, as they used to say in the trustful times of ELIZABETH.

If there are days on which the unwary may be robbed of a shilling at the door of the National Portrait Gallery I have successfully evaded them. I am Scots.

Last Saturday, when passing the Gallery, I was arrested by the magic words, "Admission Free." To a Scot it was, I admit, a pleasure as well as a national duty to seize the opportunity and I went in.

Then the blow fell. (No, I was not invited to buy a catalogue.)

Have you ever grown a conviction, watering it with the copious tears of youth and later guarding it with the proprietary airs of middle-age? I have; and I naturally expected to have my conviction left me as a prop for my old age. But no.

Centuries ago I had the misfortune to offend my nurse. As a punishment she set me in a corner and ordered me to commit to memory JANE PORTER'S well-known hymn to The Cow. And straightway I conceived a great hatred for JANE.

I can remember with what fierce and binding oaths I undertook to draw, as soon as I should be able to manipulate a pencil, an insulting portrait of the lady, plentifully besprinkled as to the nose with warts, and lavishly supplied as to the upper lip with hair. An oath is an oath, even to oneself.

I fulfilled mine so conscientiously that until last Saturday I, and all people within talking distance of me, firmly believed that JANE was as odious as her poem. She has illustrated many an argument for me, given point to many a moral.

And now? I have seen her portrait, and she has a lovely face!

It should not be allowed.

THE CHASTENING OF THE ENTHUSIAST.

Jaugasse



"GOING FOR A WALK OVER THE HILLS?
I'LL COME WITH YOU TO CHEER YOU UP.



TELL ME IF I GO TOO FAST FOR YOU.
I CAN KEEP THIS PACE UP ALL DAY.



I DON'T MIND HOW FAR IT IS—I NEVER
GET TIRED WALKING.



NICE WARM WEATHER, ISN'T IT?



I SAY, IT IS HOT!



OH, NO, THANKS. I'M ALL RIGHT—ONLY
JUST FEELING MY GROGGY LEG RATHER—



AND MY STIFF BACK.



NEVER BEEN QUITE RIGHT SINCE I HAD
INFLUENZA SO BADLY THREE YEARS AGO—



THAT'S WHY THE DOCTOR SAID I MUST
NEVER WALK MUCH.



IT'S REALLY MY OWN FAULT—



I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU—



PERSUADE ME."

MR. PUNCH: HISTORIAN.

IF Mr. Punch is in danger of requiring a larger size in hats it is the fault of Mr. C. L. GRAVES, since it is he who is provoking the old gentleman's head to swell. For Mr. GRAVES will have it that Mr. Punch is not only a merry observer with a warm heart, but a historian too. In fact, it has become Mr. GRAVES's obsession. He began it by writing *Mr. Punch's History of the Great War*, and now he is going on with it in *Mr. Punch's History of Modern England*, of which the first two volumes (there are to be four altogether) have just

been issued by the House of CASSELL. In the face of so much evidence Mr. Punch cannot deny the charge, but he asks it to be believed that he never wanted to be a historian or indeed anything pompous and important; all he wanted was to keep his eye on those rascals his contemporaries, crack a joke wherever he could, see that the pretentious were kept in their places, and if anyone was too mean or cruel let him have it hot. But apparently it is no use to fight against one's destiny: Monsieur Jourdain, with the least intention in the world of being so, was a maker of prose, and Mr. Punch is a historian! He thought he was alone, unique, pinnacled and apart, and behold he forms fours with GARDINER and GIBBON and Bishop BURNET or, if you will, with FREEMAN, MACAULAY and CARLYLE, or MOTLEY, CLARENDON and FROUDE. Still Mr. Punch

has two advantages over these strange comrades—he has his fun and he has his pictures, and in these four volumes there are to be five hundred of them, all very much to the point.

Mr. GRAVES—whatever Mr. Punch may think of his efforts to make him an Authentic Authority—is nothing but a benefactor, and we are all in his debt for the skill and tact with which he has extracted the essence from so vast a mass of material. The present instalment of the History begins with 1841, starting with a section which Mr. GRAVES calls "The Two Nations"—borrowing the title from DISRAELI's *Sybil*—and in which, in some fine sympathetic passages, he extols the gallant campaign which Mr. Punch conducted for better wages, better housing and conditions and better treatment

generally for the poor. Passing on through every phase of life in that busy Victorian era, he finishes the present instalment of the work in the year 1874, when lawn-tennis was entering upon its conquering career. The period covered is thus thirty-three years, during which time Mr. Punch had produced sixty-six volumes. It would be impossible to praise too highly the discretion with which Mr. GRAVES has compressed these sixty-six into two, with an unflinching instinct for what is salient; nor could one over-praise the clearness and sufficiency of his own illuminating commentary. When, in the

painful task to go through this book in search of similar betrayals. Too many, I fear, would be found.

There are certain recent books—notably perhaps Mr. BUCKLE's *Life of Dizzy* and Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY's essay on QUEEN VICTORIA—to which Mr. GRAVES's volumes supply a wealth of footnotes. I remember wondering a little, when I was reading Mr. STRACHEY's fascinating work, why he had made no use of Mr. Punch's testimony, and I now marvel the more, for here are so many aids to the atmosphere that he was endeavouring to reproduce. THACKERAY's "sonnick"—in the person of

"Jeams"—on the battue of stags at Rosenau in 1845 would, for example, have been very much on the spot. It begins thus:—

"Some forty Ed of sleek and hantered deer

In Cobug (where such han-
imules abound)

Were shot, as by the nusepapers
I hear,

By HALBERT Usband of the
Brittish Crownd.

BRITANNIA'S QUEEN let fall the
purly tear;

Seeing them butcherd in their
silvn prisons;

Igspecially, when the keepers,
standing round,

Came up and cut their pretty
hinnocent whizns."

Incidentally the book also supplies an interesting study of Mr. Punch's own evolution. When he began his long career in 1841 he was a confirmed reformer. He jested comparatively little and tilted much. He looked out for heads to hit rather than sides to shake. His heart bled for the oppressed and his scorn was instant for the oppressor. For every

joke there were two crusades. As an octogenarian he is less given to seek out offences, more to promote mirth. When occasion arises he smites; but smiting is no longer his chief delight, as it was when DOUGLAS JERROLD was alive. His outlook, though not less keen, is more benign, and he smiles where once he was wont to scowl. He is more the humourist than the critic and censor. Mr. GRAVES, in commenting on the change, says that "newspapers follow the rule of individuals and tend to become more moderate as they grow older." But as no one can be allowed to admit that Mr. Punch grows older—it is only Time that hurries on—we must assume that, if he uses the lash less, it is because the world learnt its lesson from the chastisements that once he gave it.



CONFERENCE OF G.P.O. OFFICIALS TO DECIDE WHETHER "CHEERIOH" ON A POSTCARD SHALL GO FOR A PENNY OR BE CHARGED THREE-HALFPENCE.

fourth and final volume, the index is given, the number of events and movements which come within Mr. Punch's purview will be found to be astonishing.

Perhaps the principal lesson that one learns from turning over these crowded diversified pages—and there are in the two volumes nearly seven hundred of them—is that history is always repeating itself. Mr. Punch is not only a historian but a re-historian. And sometimes history is undone, as it was last year, when the great achievement of 1840, celebrated in the first volume by a reproduction of the Penny Post Medal designed by Mr. Punch in honour of ROWLAND HILL, was relegated to limbo by Mr. ILLINGWORTH and pushed even farther into obscurity, the other day, by Mr. KELLAWAY. It would be an instructive although



HOW MR. AND MRS. JONES, WHO HAVE TAKEN
A COTTAGE IN A RETIRED VILLAGE,



DID THEIR BEST TO DISCOURAGE OTHER
VISITORS.

I have nothing so big as a fault to find with the book; but I have one little regret to mention, and that is that the names of the artists are not set against the illustrations. Many of course are signed—TENNIEL's cartoons, for instance, and LEECH's—and others the initiated will recognise; but a vast number are anonymous. Possibly not all could be identified, but I am sure that many could, and the interest of the work would be increased if the authorship were made known. And there are countless verses and satirical passages quoted by Mr. GRAVES the authorship of which we should like to know about too; but that would be less easy to trace. There is a delicious mock-Shakespearean drama of *Bradshaw*, for example, in 1856, that must have come from some very accomplished pen.

Let me say in conclusion that I should like to see this *History* taken up by schools, for it is not only amusingly informative, reading without tears (although there are some scalding things in it, of which TOM HOOD's "Song of the Shirt" is the most poignant), but the angle from which the survey is made is so right and the general tendency so humane.

E. V. L.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS PUBLIC COMMITTEES.

Performing Animals (to choose Chairman and consider course of proceedings)."

Daily Paper.

It is expected that the choice will lie between the LORD PRIVY SEAL and the LYON KING OF ARMS.

ANOTHER STOPPER.

Don't say you've forgotten about Aunt Jane. You haven't? Oh, good! Well, Mollie's got a Stopper in her family too—Uncle Samson; not, perhaps, quite so maddening a Stopper as Aunt Jane, but more downright, definite and deadly. Example:—

Mollie and I and Sir ALFRED MOND are building a bungalow, and, as Sir ALFRED is the only one of the three who's got any ready money, it has become acutely necessary that one of Mollie's rich relations (my own rich relations having become strained relations long ago) should take an interest, in the City sense of the word, in the scheme. And that is why Uncle Samson is staying with us for a few days, although of course he does not realise that this is the reason, thinking, poor fellow, that we love him for himself alone; and that is also why George and Henry looked in after dinner. We were all determined to persuade Uncle Samson to be the bungalow's godfather.

At a given secret signal Mollie opened the scoring.

"We've been wondering, George," she said pensively, with the wraith of a sidelong glance at Uncle Samson, "what to call our bungalow. It's so necessary to get the name just right, isn't it?"

"Absolutely," agreed George. "The name of a bungalow ought to be a subtle summing-up of its salient characteristics and the personalities of its owners."

"'Subsidy Shack,'" I suggested bitterly.

"No, no," urged George loyally. "It's all very well to be sensitive about Sir ALFRED MOND's contribution toward the building of your modest little residence, but 'Subsidy Shack' is—is too naked. You must hide your shame a trifle. Call it 'Demi-Mond,' for instance."

"Or 'Alf-and-Alf,'" said Henry; "though personally I should much prefer 'Oso.'"

"'Oso'!" we repeated wonderingly. Even Uncle Samson, seated suddenly in the only comfortable chair, raised his heavy eyebrows in mute questioning.

"'Oso,'" reiterated Henry, flushing with pleasure at the evidence of Uncle Samson's aroused interest. "It's a composite word—the sort of thing that's all the go in advertisements. 'Oso' is formed from the first three letters of 'Ome Sweet 'Ome.'"

"If that's the principle we're going to work on," I said gloomily, "we'd much better call the bung 'Tamoi' and have done with it."

"'Tamoi' sounds awfully Indian, doesn't it, Uncle Samson?" asked Mollie brightly. But Uncle Samson's brows were down again and his face looked all buttoned-up.

"What does 'Tamoi' stand for?" asked George with all the obligingness of the back-chat artist.

"There's A Mortgage On It," I growled.

"Poor dear," consoled Mollie, flicking



HARD TO PLEASE.

Disappointed Oarsman. "WHAT! NOT A BOAT TO BE HAD? WELL, I CONGRATULATE YOU ON DOING SUCH GOOD BUSINESS,"
Proprietor. "GOOD BUSINESS, INDEED! AN' THE SUN BURNIN' ALL THE VARNISH OFF MY BOATS!"

Uncle Samson with the tail of an eye; "you do so brood on the expense, don't you?"

"No wonder," sympathised Henry; "and the worst of it is that the more one broods on expense the more expense one hatches out. Why not call the bung 'Waacht-een-Beetje'?"

Uncle Samson emitted a snort of displeasure. He thought, I fancy, that Henry was coarsely clearing his throat.

"'Waacht-een-Beetje,'" repeated Henry, somewhat softening the pronunciation, "is Dutch for 'Wait-a-Bit.' This could be construed by your friends as a hospitable invitation to come in and rest, and by tradesmen and rate-collectors as a fair warning of what they must expect."

"For myself," said George, making a final gallant effort to capture the dough-like interest of Uncle Samson, "I incline towards those short snappy names, charmingly explicit, so much in favour in exclusive villadom, such as 'Shut the Gate.'"

"Or 'No Hawkers,'" corroborated Henry.

"Or 'Beware of the Dog'"—this was my suggestion.

Mollie's cleverly executed laugh drew a grudging grin from Uncle Samson's grim lips. We all caught our breaths. The moment seemed favourable for approaching him. A grudging grin is a lot to win from Uncle Samson. Surely it indicated the eagerly anticipated moment when parting would be such sweet sorrow to him. We looked at Mollie, and Mollie, dear brave woman, went across to Uncle Samson and coquettishly seated herself on the arm of his chair.

Nobody of course expected anything but the most banal suggestions from Uncle Samson, and we had arranged a sliding-scale in accordance with our anticipations. Thus if he suggested "The Nest" it was to cost him £150 for a christening present; "The Towers," £300; but he would not be allowed to become the bung's godfather under £500 if he named the child "Liberty Hall."

Mollie was gently stroking Uncle Samson's sparsely-covered head.

"What would you suggest, Uncle Samson?" she cooed softly. "What would you call our dear little bunga-low?"

Uncle Samson shot up in the chair. Mollie with difficulty retained her equilibrium.

"'An Extravagance,'" he barked. "A Gross Extravagance to be discouraged in every possible way."

Well, there it is. The man's a Stopper. And the worst of it is that we don't know how to get rid of him. He shows no sign of going. He's that sort of a Stopper too.

A Paris journal draws attention to the following passage in *The Cincinnati Tribune* :—

"*The Three Musketeers*, the motion picture in which Douglas Fairbanks is now being featured, has been novelized by a writer named Dumas, who has admirably caught the spirit of the film."

We like the picture of this ghostly chase—the spirit of DUMAS catching the spirit of the film.

"100,000 children formed an avenue a mile and a half long so that everyone might be but a yard from the Prince. The sight of 100,000 dancing eyes touched the Prince deeply."

Daily Paper.

May we assume that the other 100,000 eyes were sitting-out?



A LITTLE LICENCE.

DORA (having twined a few vine leaves in her hair). "I DO TRUST THAT NOBODY WILL MISTAKE ME FOR A BACCHANTE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 18th.—The MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE assured the House that there is no connection between heat and hydrophobia; and several Members, who had been wondering if their aversion from plain water as a thirst-quencher had any pathological significance, were not a little comforted.

As a result, I suppose, of the hot weather a certain free-and-easiness is to be noticed in both the manners and costumes of the Treasury Bench. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dazzled all beholders with his bright-red cummerbund; Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "stumped" by a place-name in the telegram recording the latest Greek "victories," calmly gave it as "something else"; and even Mr. HARMSWORTH, most punctilious of Under Secretaries, told an earnest seeker after truth that he would be happy to give it him "in the Smoking Room."

Sir ROBERT HORNE brought up a number of new clauses to the Finance Bill. Mr. TURTON was almost ecstatic in his gratitude to the CHANCELLOR for exempting agricultural shows from entertainment-duty—until he discovered that the exemption would not apply in cases where there was any incidental music. "You cannot possibly carry on these shows without a band," he said, and formally retracted his thanks.

Tuesday, July 19th.—In an atmosphere not altogether favourable to the impartial consideration of the matter in hand Lord ASTOR resumed the discussion of the Liquor (Popular Control) Bill. The most striking statement in his speech was the remark that not a single "genuine temperance reformer" was in favour of the reformed public-house in private hands. This, if true, would help to account for the singular lack of success which temperance reformers of that sort have achieved.

At any rate it brought down upon him the thunders of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who was all against State Purchase, and who looked forward to a revival of the Merrie England of DICKENS' time, when "every traveller who

paused at an inn was made welcome, and then given good food and good drink for man and beast alike." Incidentally he remarked (thinking perchance of a certain wager) that "that sobriety which is the result of compulsion has no value at all." The majority of the Peers apparently shared his views, for the Bill was rejected without a division.

The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR is doubtless valorous, and is certainly discreet. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY was not satisfied with his denial that officers of the Military Intelligence branch were employed during the coal-dispute in censoring correspondence between the Trade Unions and

Possibly as the result of being kept up till nearly three o'clock in the morning the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER showed something less than his usual suavity when an hon. Member asked him why the Treasury watch-dog at the Ministry of Transport was paid so much larger a salary—£5,000 a year—than other important Civil Servants. He accused the questioner (one of the most assiduous of Members in his attendance at debates) of not taking "an intelligent interest" in the railway question. Otherwise, said Sir ROBERT HORNE, he would have known that the official in question had saved the country millions, and could have commanded a far higher salary in private life.

Nemesis was, however, waiting for the CHANCELLOR. In the course of the debate on the Finance Bill, Mr. KIDD, a Coalition Unionist, moved an amendment exempting co-operative societies from the new-fangled Corporation Tax. Other Coalitionists supported him. "Wee Frees" and Labourites joined in, and, when the division was taken, the Government found themselves in a minority of two—135 to 137.

In the good old days the defeat of the Government in such circumstances would have forced them to resign, and

even in later times it would certainly have led to the adjournment of the House in order that Ministers might "reconsider their position." But now apparently it means just nothing at all. To the disgust of the Opposition, which had been yelling itself hoarse with cries of "Resign," Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that the Government meant to proceed with the business in hand, and later on he formally announced that, as the loss to the revenue involved in the adverse vote was not large, they would not put the House to the trouble of rescinding it, but would accept the situation. His belief that there was nothing improper in the behaviour of the Government did not satisfy Mr. JACK JONES, who delivered a most improving sermon on Constitutionalism and How to Preserve It, his elegant prescription being, "Resign, and give decent men a chance."



Sir DONALD MACLEAN (putting down Sir ROBERT HORNE'S wicket). "How's THAT?"
Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (umpire). "WELL, HE'S ONLY JUST OUTSIDE THE CREASE, AND AS THIS IS A FRIENDLY GAME I THINK WE'LL SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT."
[Mr. JACK JONES'S remarks from short leg are suppressed.]

their branches, and asked if these officers were stationed at the Post Office merely to reassure the ladies of the staff in case of danger. But the Minister said he must have notice "of so intricate and delicate a question."

Whoever is responsible for the latest Post Office anomaly I am sure he is no lady. It refers to the "five words of simple greeting" which may be written on a picture-postcard without subjecting it to the three-halfpenny rate. According to Sir C. OMAN a card bearing the words "Love to Moyna" was surcharged, while another conveying the information, "Danish butter, 23s." went for a penny. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL will have to be careful. If all his admirers were to send "Congratulations to KELLAWAY" by this medium his official salary would hardly stand the strain of the ensuing surcharges.



OUR NEW MANHOOD.

"DOESN'T YOUR YOUNG BROTHER PLAY CHICKET?"

"NO. BUT HE'S A VERY FEARLESS TENNIS PLAYER."

Wednesday, July 20th.—It came out at Question-time that the Admiralty has set up a cotton-bleaching establishment at a cost of £100,000; that Sir J. GILMOUR has not sampled the smell arising from the Serpentine, but is confident (possibly for that reason) that it is not injurious to health; and that, according to Mr. PIKE PEASE, very few telephone subscribers complain of being charged for abortive calls.

Thanks to the guillotine the Safeguarding of Industries Bill passed its Committee stage. The most notable feature of the debate was the promptness with which Mr. BALDWIN, warned by the previous day's experience, abandoned one of his new clauses, on discovering that nobody loved it except Sir D. MACLEAN, and he only because he thought it would render the Bill unworkable.

Mr. HOPKINSON delivered a mock-serious lecture, chiefly directed at the Labour Party, on the importance of the theodolite, but for whose aid Professor EINSTEIN would have been unable to produce his now "universally rejected" theory. But when the Member for North Islington endeavoured to follow on the same line the Opposition did their best to shout him down; not

that they disapproved EINSTEIN less but that they barred NEWTON MOORE.

Thursday, July 21st.—With great gusto, considering the weather, the Lords discussed the *pros* and *cons* of an Autumn Session. Lord CREWE, like the sailor in the picture, felt "all of a tremble" at the sight of such a "job of work" as the Government proposed to put upon the Peers next month, and threatened that, unless some of it at all events was postponed until "chill October," their Lordships might take their courage in both hands and refuse to sit.

Lord CURZON admitted that an Autumn Session might be necessary to ratify the result of the Irish negotiations, which were "charged with hope," but begged their Lordships not to "down tools" prematurely. The strain upon Ministers was intense, and unless they had a good holiday the result would be "tired, jaded and incompetent men, bad legislation and feeble administration."

No official notice was taken of Mr. TREVELYAN THOMSON's complaint that at a recent State entertainment the American guests "considered the parade of expensive liquid refreshments to be quite unnecessary, in view of their

national attitude on this matter." Unofficially Mr. MACQUISTEN observed that nothing was said about their "personal" attitude, and suggested that it might have resembled that of the Scotch teetotaler who, when on a deputation, was discovered drinking champagne, and excused himself on the plea that the business was "purely local."

The reduction in the Government's housing programme was criticised good-humouredly by Mr. ASQUITH (who made much play with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's pre-election speeches), and was courageously defended by Sir A. MOND, who declared that the chief reasons for the slow progress made were high wages and low output. Labour could not eat its cake and have it too.

Dr. ADDISON earned the cheers of the Opposition by the vigour with which he accused the PRIME MINISTER of squandering in Mesopotamia money that might have provided "houses for heroes." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE replied in kind, with many personalities at his late colleague's expense.

In fact both duellists showed that it is quite easy to talk at considerable length about building without tending in the least to edification.



WHAT OUR GREENGROCERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Nature-Study Teacher. "I WONDER IF YOU COULD OBLIGE ME WITH A FEW SNAILS OFF YOUR CABBAGES? I HAVE NO TIME TO GO INTO THE COUNTRY AND I HAVE TO GIVE A LESSON ON THE HABITS OF THE GARDEN SNAIL."

ANCHORS.

In a breaker's yard by the Millwall Docks,
With its piled-up litter of sheaveless blocks,
Stranded hawsers and links of cable,
A cabin lamp and a chart-room table,
Nail-sick timbers and heaps of metal
Rusty and red as an old tin kettle,
Scraps that were ships in the years gone by,
Fluke upon stock the anchors lie.

Every sort of a make of anchor
For trawler or tugboat, tramp or tanker,
Anchors little and anchors big
For every build and for every rig;
Old wooden-stocked ones fit for the Ark,
Stockless and squat ones, ugly and stark,
Anchors heavy and anchors small,
Mushroom and grapnel and kedge and all.

Mouldy old mudhooks, there they lie!
Have they ever a dream as the days go by
Of the tug of the tides on coasts afar,
A Northern light and a Southern star,
The mud and sand of a score of seas,
And the chuckling ebb by a hundred quays,
The harbour sights and the harbour smells,
The swarming junks and the temple bells?

Roar of the surf on coral beaches,
Rose-red sunsets on landlocked reaches,
Strange gay fishes in cool lagoons,
And palm-thatched cities in tropic noons;

Song of the pine and sigh of the palm,
River and roadstead, storm and calm—
Do they dream of them all now their work is done,
And the neaps and the springs at the last are one?

And only the tides of London flow,
Restless and ceaseless, to and fro;
Only the traffic's rush and roar
Seems a breaking wave on a far-off shore;
And the wind that wanders the sheds among
The ghost of an old-time anchor song:

"Bright plates and pannikins
To sail the seas around,
And a new donkey's breakfast
For the outward-bound!"

C. F. S.

Contradictory.

"Australia is rapidly becoming more self-supporting—18,000 dozen corsets were locally made during the last 12 months."

New South Wales Paper.

Another Impending Apology.

From a parish magazine:—

"Thanks to a hot day, likewise Miss — and her ices were quickly disposed of with excellent results."

"Figures on the working of the London telephone service for the first six months of this year are stated to be certainly encouraging.

Compared with the corresponding period last year, the percentage of 'cuts-off' is said to have decreased from one in 222 calls to one in 192, while the percentage of wrong numbers improved by 3.85 to 4.1."

Evening Paper.

There is every prospect of this improvement being maintained.

AT THE PLAY.

"M' LADY."

PLAYS in which the alleged child of lowly parents turns out to be a changeling of noble origin must be very numerous; and when Mr. EDGAR WALLACE conceived the idea of reversing this popular scheme he must have been pleased with himself, little guessing the difficulties that lay before him; indeed he never really seemed to recognise them even when he arrived where they were. He just shoved through them without taking any apparent notice of things that troubled me a good deal.

Mrs. Carraway, whose acquaintance we make as an East End dealer in second-hand clothes, had once been nurse to the girl-child of an Italian Countess. Mother and daughter having died, she has a fancy to pretend that her own child is the Countess's, to adopt her, and to give her an education suitable to the imaginary altitude of her birth. The status of the child seems never to have been questioned in the locality, incurious of aliens, in which *Mrs. Carraway* established herself; and when the play opens the young *M' Lady* has just finished her course at a first-class school and is about to accept the hand of a British Baronet. The mother's motives were obscure, and I may be doing an injustice to them, but I gathered that she had played this trick for the fun of bringing up a reputed aristocrat. Well, what may have been fun to her was death to the play as a recognisable picture of life.

I have never been a mother and cannot therefore judge of the maternal instinct from personal experience. But I suspect that no decent woman—certainly no woman of such character as *Mrs. Carraway* showed herself in other respects to possess—would have so gratuitously renounced the ties of blood. Anyhow, if she did, she could hardly expect that her craving for the joys of acknowledged motherhood and her yearning for a conscious filial response to her affections would excite the sympathetic tears that Mr. WALLACE hoped to extract from us.

It is true that she alleged another motive: she wished to save the girl from being recognised as the child of a father who was a condemned criminal. But this excuse seemed a little thin, for the means that the mother had used to escape recognition herself—change of name and environment and so forth—

would have served equally well for her daughter.

The main idea, then, left me cold and sceptical, though the admirable performance of Miss HENRIETTA WATSON almost persuaded me to believe in her *Mrs. Carraway*. I seem mostly to remember seeing Miss WATSON in the recurrent rôle of a female with an edged and bitter tongue; but here she overflowed with womanhood and humanity, though she still retained her gift, but harmlessly employed, of saying a sharp home-truth. A performance that should greatly enlarge her reputation.

The other characters, with one exception, were rather commonplace. Mr. ARTHUR PRESTON, as a Socialist Park



HASELOEN.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Mrs. Carraway Miss HENRIETTA WATSON.
Theodore Fenner Mr. ARTHUR PRESTON.

orator, never looked the part, but had the air of an amorous Victorian butcher. The humours of his change of attitude towards Capitalism following on his own financial advancement were a little undistinguished. But one enjoyed the shock that he received on hearing that the word "proletariate," which had sounded so well on his lips when he had insisted on the rights of the People, meant by derivation a class that was good for nothing except to breed children.

Mr. E. DAGNALL, as a murderer who had been discharged from a criminal lunatic asylum, gave a sound performance along the traditional lines of melodrama. Miss HELEN SPENCER, as *M' Lady*, had more natural charm than the average stage flapper, but she was still rather colourless. I do not wish to set up my taste in dress against that of a dealer in old clothes, but I will take the liberty of saying that I could not

honestly endorse the tribute of admiration paid, in her mother's shop, to the frock in which *M' Lady* exhibited herself on her way to a party.

The only minor figure that attracted me was Mr. WILFRED FLETCHER's *Her-man*, an ingenuous guttersnipe whom *Mrs. Carraway* had retrieved and put into her business. The effect of the good things which the boy had to say was heightened by his innocence of ironical design; as, for instance, when he regretted his lack of the education enjoyed by his contemporaries. "When I see the others able to read the Football news and write down their own bets I feel ashamed of myself."

These isolated touches of humour did not perhaps quite compensate for a certain looseness both of plot and dialogue. There were too many hanging threads. Thus, the First Act introduced to us, in the person of *Julian Bennett*, a villain with pseudo-aristocratic airs, who tried a small intrigue, dropped a few sinister hints and then disappeared for ever. More than once, too, the dialogue, when only a little extra cleverness was needed to sustain its theme, was switched off to a totally different topic. If it is true, as I have read in some preliminary gossip, that Mr. EDGAR WALLACE composed the whole thing into a recording machine within the space of fourteen hours, this feat may explain, but cannot extenuate, the untidy quality of his work. Even so the play had its refreshing moments, and that is something to say in these days of drought, physical and intellectual. O. S.

HIGH HOLIDAYS.

REALISING that the leisure of the eminent is essentially the business of the public, we have taken enormous trouble to collect and set before our readers the following information concerning the arrangements for the approaching holidays of the great and wise. We wish to point out, however, that these plans are subject to revision, and that, though we shall continue to exert our influence to prevent popular disappointment, we can accept no responsibility in the event of circumstances necessitating modification, or even complete abandonment, of any or all of the schemes summarised below:—

For some time it has been generally known that Sir ERIC GEDDES has ap-



Doctor. "AND HOW IS OUR YOUNG PATIENT THIS MORNING?"
 Infant Prodigy. "THANK YOU, I'M EXHAUSTED AND EXACTING."

pointed the close of the present Session for the long-delayed ceremonial washing of his hands of politics. It is now announced that this operation will be sufficiently thorough to remove also the grime and grease of railways, in order that he may make a decent figure as a bearer of the White Man's burden in that place in the Sunlight that has been allotted him. His recently-formed habit of singing, "I'm for ever blowing bubbles," has been referred to his intention of making a State Progress through the Scottish Archipelago with Lord LEVERHULME, the Lord of the Isles. To this we are able to add that the islands liable to be visited are being carefully tested for their capacity to bear Sir ERIC's weight, and that he has provided himself, by way of light literature, with *Soapy Sponge's Sporting Tour*.

It is expected that the members of the Anti-Waste Party, with headquarters on Carmel, will devote the Recess to a circular tour of the Middle East, disguised as Bedouins and led by the Hon. ESOMD HARMSWORTH, with the view of considering the advisability of

removing the wastes of those regions from mandatory administration and placing them under the direct Mullahship of Mr. LOVAT FRASER.

* * *

Earl BEATTY's holiday outing will probably take the form of a trip to the United States in order to return the visit of Admiral SIMS to this country. He will be the bearer of a handsome bouquet from the British Admiralty to Mr. EDWIN DENBY, Secretary for the Navy, and he will be charged with a special message of assurance that it was the menace of an American fleet just across the Atlantic that won the battle of Jutland and consequently the War, and that the pro-Mexican elements among British politicians are to be regarded as ring-straked hybrids.

* * *

A combination of business and pleasure will characterise Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY's vacation if he carries out the intention with which he is credited of assembling his private collection of admirals and generals under canvas on the Sussex Downs for a course of

intensive training in political economy in view of a possible autumn electoral campaign. Recreation will be provided in the form of sweepstakes, Crown and Anchor and Fly Loo, and the canteen will be in charge of Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, whose expert knowledge of Sussex, politics, beer and military matters, marks him out for the post. Mr. BOTTOMLEY hopes to arrange for ex-Major Sir WILLIAM ORPEN and ex-Major AUGUSTUS JOHN to resume their rank and uniform for the time, in order that they may act as liaison officers between himself and Chelsea Hospital in case the Independent Party should need reinforcements.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's holiday must, of course, be largely dependent on circumstances, but it is anticipated that he will meet M. BRIAND at the Pan-Cymric combined Gorsedd, Eisteddfod and Cymanfa, which Sir PHILIP SASSOON hopes to hold at Llanfairlympne, and only very untoward events will prevent the PRIME MINISTER from taking a leading part, at Chequers, in the tableaux arranged by Mr. LOUIS NAPOLEON PARKER, under the direction of Sir BASIL ZAHAR-



First Tramp. "YER A BIT EARLIER DOWN THIS ROAD THAN USUAL, AIN'T YER, NOBBY?"

Second ditto. "Yus. A BLOOMIN' OFFISHUS TOFF GIVES ME A LIFT IN 'IS MOTOR-CAR, AN' 'E'S PUT ME 'BOUT A WEEK A'HEAD O' TIME."

OFF, from episodes recorded in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

* * *

The Puck-like figure of Lord NORTHCLIFFE, accompanied by that great cosmopolitan patriot, the editor of *The Times*, has already set out to "put a girdle round about the earth." In the course of his record circulation of the globe Lord NORTHCLIFFE will make it his chief care to establish the credit of Great Britain by spreading, probably by stentorphone, the reassuring news, already published by his *compagnon de voyage*, that the PRIME MINISTER is a rogue unfit to represent his country in the Councils of the Nations.

* * *

With regard to the comparatively minor notabilities, we have as yet only been able to ascertain that Dean INGE is likely to fall in with the suggestion of Mr. JACK JONES, of Silvertown, for a talking-tour in the Forest of Dean and the Black Country; that Mr. FRANK HODGES contemplates getting some fresh air and exercise as stumper to the Ruskin College Ramblers; and that Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY will spend a week or two in the company of the Australian cricketers, for the purpose of adding a study of Mr. W. W. ARMSTRONG to his series of *Eminent Victorians*.

THE ARTISTS.

"It's your birthday to-morrow," said Veronica.

Veronica was drawing giants with ears detached from their heads. Veronica's ears rarely meet the rest of the person. They are distinct accessories floating in the region of the head, but never of it.

"I'm afraid it is," I sighed.

"Would you like a lion for your birthday present?" went on Veronica.

"Well," I considered, "the food question would be a great difficulty, and I've nowhere to keep it."

Veronica raised a face pink with effort from her row of giants. "I meant a *drawed* lion," she said, "wif fur an' lots of legs to make it look pretty."

"I'd love it," I said.

The lion appeared duly on my plate the next morning. I carried him away with me and put him in the middle of the library table so as to get the best effect. He was a beautiful creature, with many legs and a splendid upright mane. His fur was wild and luxuriant. He grew on one, especially when studied sideways or upside down.

I was sitting wrapped in wonder at him when a visitor arrived, a distant relative belonging to one of the ad-

vanced schools of Futuristic art. He had brought some of his sketches with him and spread them out on the library table for my inspection. "I'm just going to send these off to Kraff, the editor of the Futurist paper, you know. He wants to reproduce some of my work," he said with modest pride. "I'll let you have a copy when it comes out."

I expressed gratitude. Personally I preferred Veronica's lion to any of them.

"You losted my lion?" said Veronica suspiciously when she came to say "Good-night."

I hunted for him desperately on the table. There were several giants but no lions. "I must have put him away in a safe place," I said cheerfully.

"He'll turn up all right," He did.

A month later the distant relative ran down to see me, bringing a copy of the Futurist paper.

"Here they are," he said, showing me the reproductions of his work. "They're all in; but there's one I simply can't remember doing. I sent them off from here, you know. I've absolutely no recollection of this one. It's rather a wonderful piece of work, but it's a complete mystery to me."

He pointed it out. Beneath it was the title, "A Storm at Sea."

It was Veronica's lion.



Beggar Woman. "MAY ALL THE BLISSSED SAINTS PROTECT YER HONOUR!"
Benevolent Old Gentleman. "NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

BOUND in green, which is the colour of Ireland and of hope, *An Enthusiast* (LONGMANS) could hardly have been more fortunate in the hour of its appearance. I have long thought that a course of SOMERVILLE-ROSS books should be prescribed for all those of us who have anything to do with our other island. Some few Irish writers have the precious gift of portraying their countrymen so that the leather-headed Briton can take in something of their elusive spirit, if he tries very hard, and Miss SOMERVILLE is one of them. She aims in this book at the strictest impartiality. Both she and her hero can see the good in both sides, which (as she points out in her preface) is perhaps the surest way of getting both sides to dislike and distrust them. *Dan Palliser* is a dreamer of dreams, and, since this is not Greece but Ireland, the dreamer, snatching at his dream, "finds only too often that he is straining a furze-bush to his bosom, and that its thorns are the sole crown he has won for the Distressful Country." Such, it seems, is the modern Hibernian version of the old Daphne myth, and *Palliser* gives the most materialistic of us some inkling of what it must mean for an idealist who loves his country and has visions of saving her (by hard work and intensive cultivation) when by degrees he finds himself regarded with deepening suspicion by both camps, each thinking him too friendly with the other. You may gather from this that the present volume is not quite the gay and careless picture of Irish life that the creators of *Flurry Knox* and *Philippa* and

the *Major* used to give us. It is a tragedy, but life in Ireland to-day could hardly be treated in a spirit of pure comedy. Yet how delightfully reminiscent of the old books, that we shall ever gratefully remember, are *Mr. Ryan* and "*Baby*" *Coyne* and one or two more of the minor characters.

In *The Heretic* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) Miss (I am pretty sure it is "Miss") J. MILLS WHITHAM sets out to restate the case for Prometheus and heaven-defying Titans generally, quite oblivious of the fact that it is Zeus and not Prometheus whose brief it takes courage to defend nowadays. Her arch rebel, *Ramon Verne*, was brought up in moorland seclusion, to save him from "the slime of theology and quakeries and idolatries." At fourteen "he had a notion of the Platonic Idea, and could quote scraps from *DIOGENES LAERTIUS*;" had "memorised the Sermon on the Mount . . . knew *PLUTARCH* and *VASARI'S Lives* fairly well, and had been through *BURTON'S Arabian Nights* at least thrice." He had also "a developed moral intuition, the only God he knew." What other substitute for Providence endowed him with a supernatural gift for manipulative surgery is not divulged; but anyhow there it is; and at his father's death it carries him to London to study bone-setting under the persecuted and intemperate *Arnold Pratt*. Here he sturdily refuses the friendly offers of his aunt—a champion of dogma and decorum and, on the whole, a very likeable woman—to help him to a less heterodox career, a refusal which entails the loss of *Violet Pickthorne*, who finally commits suicide after a brief *mariage de convenance* elsewhere. Seeing that *Ramon* "had derived his ideas of love

as a lad from *SHELLEY*," and "would make them a reality," I conjectured that *Violet* had a more intimate apprehension of Shelleyan domesticity than Miss *WHITHAM* herself, and very wisely chose to start with suicide instead of ending up with it. Altogether I was relieved to get *Ramon-Promeus* back to the moorland; but I am not without hopes that the creator of his aunt will yet do better work on the side of the gods.

When I found that *Allan*, the hero of *Intrusion* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), said "Granted" to people who said "Sorry" when they bumped into him at Piccadilly Circus Tube Station, I suspected for a while that Mrs. BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR's exhaustive study of a middle-class family was going to poke amusing fun at their assumption of culture. I looked hopefully for further touches of mockery, but, finding none, came to the conclusion that this one had been accidental, and that we were meant to take the book seriously. It is quite easy to do that. *Allan Suffield's* sister

invites a strange girl in to shelter from the rain, and the small kindness is the seed from which spring most disproportionate results; for this girl, *Roberta*, a photographer's model whose lovely face stares at you from among the advertisements on every Tube station—I think I know where Mrs. SEYMOUR got that idea—plays havoc with the happiness of the young *Suffields*. *Jan*, the eldest son, makes clandestine love to her; *Allan*, honourable if infatuated, allows himself to be tricked into marrying her, and *Roberta*, tiring of him, compromises herself deliberately with the man betrothed to her husband's young sister. I think Mrs. SEYMOUR has made *Roberta* not, perhaps, too selfish, but too heartless to carry conviction. I can believe in her beauty and even, in spite of her coldness, in her attraction, but I cannot believe in a young woman who was never tender or sorry or kind. People like *Roberta* just don't happen, and it seems a pity that she should have intruded here, for most of the characters are so much alive as to force the contrast, and that goes some way towards spoiling the effect of an interesting tale told with considerable ability.

Captain SHIPLEY THOMAS, setting out, in *The History of The A. E. F.* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), to tell the story of the American army in France division by division, has desired to deal so faithfully with his subject that he has really, in a sense, gone over the ground no fewer than three times in the one volume. He has not only written an account of every action in which American troops were engaged, first in general terms and then in detail, carrying each unit forward in turn, but finally, to make sure of doing justice all round, he has devoted a special chapter to a series of divisional summaries. All of which implies diligence and patience, at least on the part of the writer, and is no doubt useful in a record, provided the reader knows just what to expect; though whether Captain THOMAS is completely resigned to seeing his book shelved as a work of reference, honourable and dignified though that estate may be, one is not quite certain. Certain it is however that,

though his narrative is in a way most complete and is illustrated by quite unusually good maps, there is lacking through very much of it the living touch that we look for in our war histories. Somehow he never seems to get fairly to close quarters with his subject when the line is advancing and things should be most thrilling. One can only suppose that at such times he was much too busy coming to close quarters with the Hun to make much note of the details of that process, and in the result his rather stilted phrases do something less than justice to the brilliancy of the attacks that swept across the St. Mihiel salient and the difficult sector between the Meuse and the Argonne.

Even when allowance is made for the foibles of modern young women it is impossible not to think that *Barbara*, the heroine of *A Marriage of Inconvenience* (COLLINS), was a little too self-determinative at the outset of her career. To escape from her home, where she hated her father and quarrelled with her sister, she married a middle-aged bank



Teacher. "Now, THEN, TOMMY WALTERS, WHAT COMES AFTER 'G'?"
Tommy. "WHIZZ!"

manager, and was soon so terribly bored that she packed up her belongings and left him. Then in turn she became a film actress and an artist's model, and in these capacities found the usual scope for expansion. But it was not until she went for a holiday to Lyme Regis that she really found herself. There, in "mothering" a consumptive dramatist, she did some good work. So also did the dramatist; but I found it as difficult as ever to believe in the genius of a man whose stuff I had to take almost entirely on credit. Mr. HOLLOWAY HORN seems to know the various worlds into which *Barbara* plunged, and gives us a picture likely to discourage most young women from following her example. I hope that this was his motive.

The collection of stories, short and "fey," which are the joint work of ALGERNON BLACKWOOD and WILFRID WILSON, opens with the best of them, "The Wolves of God," which gives its title to the volume published by Messrs. CASSELL. This first story, elaborately set out, is a tragedy of conscience; but I should so completely spoil it for you by giving any sort of clue that I must leave it baldly at that. Another good and ingenious mystification is "Running Wolf"; and "The Valley of the Beasts" and "The Confession" run it close. It is not that they are more credible in themselves, but that they seem to me to avoid the fizzle in which the spook story that fails to function is liable to go out. Being, I find, unsusceptible to this kind of thing I can still commend the book to those that have the right kind of temperament. I have no doubt that for such it can provide authentic thrills.

"INADEQUATE SENTENCES."

It is of the first importance that sub-such penalties as will prevent any re-marine crimes should be visited with petition of the brutal German U-boat proceedings in any future war.—*Daily Paper*.

We quite agree; it is an "inadequate sentence sentence."

"For Sale, antique mahogany gentleman's wardrobe."—*Local Paper*.
This sounds better than "the property of an elderly negro."

CHARIVARIA.

A GOSSIP-WRITER points out that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has had his hair cut. We are asked to deny the rumour that this was rendered necessary because the PRIME MINISTER has ordered a smaller halo.

We hear that it is proposed to make the Græco-Turkish War an annual affair, to be played in each country alternately.

It is said that the Ford motor works are now turning out a car every six and a-half seconds. We suppose it is the painting that accounts for most of this time.

On being defeated by the Moors a Spanish General and his Staff are reported to have committed suicide. These military nations take their reverses to heart so; anyone would think they had lost a Test Match.

By giving the alarm a talking parrot has saved the lives of the inmates of a Hampshire country house which had caught fire. A suggestion that it was some hasty remarks by the parrot that set the house on fire is indignantly denied.

An Eskimo trader at Manitoba has just bartered four wives for a pound of tea and some tobacco. The question is, of course, how much tobacco?

"To drive away mosquitoes," says a well-known London physician, "mix one part oil of cassia, two parts brown oil of camphor and five parts of salad oil and smear slightly on the exposed parts." The difficulty is to get the mosquito to submit to this treatment.

A medical man suggests that everybody ought to have a post-mortem. We have decided to postpone ours till after our death.

The American Medical Summary reports a definite cure for the early morning headache. But surely what America wants to know nowadays is how to start an early morning headache.

"The salary of the chef at the Waldorf Hotel," New York, says Sir HENRY LUCY, "exceeds the salary of a Lord of the Treasury in His Majesty's Ministry." But perhaps the chef is worth it.

From Nairobi comes the report that a lion-trapper saved himself from a lion by gripping its tongue with both hands. We much prefer the more thorough, if old-fashioned, method of thrusting your hand down the lion's mouth and turning the animal inside out.

It is not improbable, says *The Daily News*, that some trees will leaf again this year. For our own part we are content to leave the matter in the able hands of the London morning Press.

A small motor-car at the low cost of one hundred pounds is already on the American market. It is claimed for it



UNFORTUNATE SITUATION OF A LADY WHO PAID A LOCAL CALL IN A CHINTZ COSTUME.

that, unless carried upside down, it cannot leak in the waistcoat pocket.

The Bournemouth Education Committee is arranging for the training of golf caddies in useful occupations. Nothing, we notice, is being done for golfers.

We understand that in connection with the revised licensing hours the question of restoring latch-keys to husbands is under consideration.

In cases where motor licences have faded through the action of sunlight the Ministry of Transport authorises the issue of duplicates free of charge. Sunlight and its effects, of course, have lately become of peculiar interest to Sir ERIC GEDDES.

"When staying away from home," says a holiday hint in an evening paper, "if the key of the bedroom door is missing, the back of a chair tilted under the handle makes an efficient substitute." In houses where we find that the chair-backs have been deliberately sawn off we make a point of sitting up all night with a revolver handy.

Mr. MACQUISTEN, M.P., has said that every successful burglar is a teetotaler. It is sad to think that many a promising cracksman has been ruined by convivial habits.

An important gold-find is reported at Meekatharra, West Australia. Scotsmen in this country are kindly requested to keep their seats for the present.

The Italian Confederation of Labour has declared itself opposed to strikes. Certain Socialists incline to the theory that the heat must have affected their Italian comrades.

The New Jersey Legislature suggests that all poison tablets should be made coffin-shaped to distinguish them from medicine. There is some talk of farmers, in the interest of small boys, trying to grow green apples to resemble little hospital cots.

A morning paper complains of the inconsiderate manners of Philistines arriving late at the Theatre. These strangers must be allowed time to adapt themselves to our ways; they are, of course, connected with the Philistine delegation to the League of Nations.

The fares on the steamboats plying between Dover and Calais have been considerably reduced. This no doubt explains why no one has attempted to swim the Channel this year.

According to a well-known physician a record number of persons are now suffering from nerves. Only last Sunday we saw a bricklayer shy at a heap of bricks which some careless person had left on the side of the road.

"Queues waited all day yesterday to get one of the 400 dressing-rooms at the open-air bath on the Western Esplanade at Southend-on-Sea."—*Sunday Paper*.

We always thought that Southend's claim to be on the sea was doubtful, and now the drought seems to have done for it.

"GLORIOUS" GOODWOOD.

SCENE.—*The Dinner Table, Cullisport Court, Sussex.* TIME.—*Last week-end.*

Lady Cullisport. Dido, your mother has written to say how glad she is you've been attending the races with us. I dare say she has found you a little negligent in that respect, dear.

Miss Dido Duwety. Oh, I don't know; for an Early Edwardian she's wonderfully tolerant. Of course in her young days people were very strict about regular race-going, but she doesn't see any real harm in my staying away sometimes.

Lady C. I'm afraid you'll think us very old-fashioned and narrow, then; Betty's indifference is distressing to her father and to me. Even at Ascot she only put in one day, and then, to our horror, she didn't know the name of a single winner.

Glossop. I wouldn't let it worry you, *Lady Cullisport.* I'm sure it's not so much due to depravity of disposition as to that craving for constant amusement which is so characteristic of young people of the present day.

Lord Cullisport. Whatever the cause it is a deplorable example, particularly in a member of my own household, and especially at a time when there is abroad in the land a spirit that bodes no good to the Turf.

Lady Betty Portcullis. I suppose you mean that thinking people are beginning to see the Turf as it really is—a monstrous sham, invented and fostered by charlatans for their own ends.

Lady C. Oh, my dear child!

Hon. Hengist Portcullis. Rot!

Sir Hugo Haylofte . . . I say!

Lady Haylofte . . . Really, Betty!

General Brandish . . . Tut-tut!

Mrs. Hybridge . . . Come, come!

Mary, Lady Megrim . . . Pah!

Lord Rupert Ringbone . . . Whew!

Lord C. Betty, it is inexpressibly shocking to me to hear my own daughter speak slightly of the Turf, which has been the object of a reverence traditional in our family since even before the days when our plum-and-apple jacket was made historic by your great-great-grandfather's great horse, *Shoo Fly*, whose portrait, painted by the great artist Ripper, hangs on the wall behind me. I trust that that picture will hang there as long as that wall stands, even though the Snyders and the Lawrences should have to go. It is my deepest regret that our colours are not more worthily carried to-day, and that it becomes an increasing strain on my diminished resources to keep even a few moderate horses in training.

Lady B. P. I can't think why you do, when you're always pleading poverty, considering that none of them could win a race if it started overnight, as Hengist says.

Hon. H. P. For the sake of the jacket, Betty, for the sake of the jacket.

Lord C. I'm sure Hengist realises that it is better that our colours should be carried unsuccessfully than not be seen at all. Perhaps we do not serve the Turf least faithfully who do so without hope of great rewards. As—er—SHAKESPEARE says, They also serve who only wait and see. The Turf is the backbone of the country; it behoves each one of us to do all that is in his or her power to support it.

Lady B. P. The country seems to have so many backbones, and this one shows marked symptoms of curvature.

Lord C. The Turf, Betty, is one of the things that have made England what she is—

Lady B. P. What is she?

Lord C. Don't interrupt me, please. The Turf is one of the noblest and most sacred of our institutions because it is the most democratic. All men are equal on the Turf and under it—prince and peasant united in the common love of a good horse.

Sir H. H. By Jove, Cullisport, it's a thousand pities one of your horses can't win you the opportunity of making the Gimcrack Speech; you have just the touch.

Lord C. Racing is the Sport of Kings—

Lady B. P. Why, that flatly contradicts what you've just said.

Miss D. D. I don't see how you can call the Turf democratic when it is monopolised by a privileged caste of horses whose passports are their pedigrees. In fact I'm sure that's what accounts for its popularity in this bourgeois country.

G. Then perhaps you would welcome the awakening of the class-consciousness of the hairy-heeled 'uns—the equine proletariat—and the introduction of a system of weights or starts sufficiently liberal to give the humblest nag a sporting chance?

Miss D. D. I shall admit that the Turf is really democratic when all horses are equal on the Turf; when the tinker's garron is no longer debarred by mere accident of birth from the richest prize the Turf has to offer.

Lord C. Hullo! Is this the sort of stuff your Bolshevik brother picked up at Oxford before they sent him down? Well, if it doesn't serve your father right for being afraid that Cambridge might prove to be too near Newmarket, as he thinks it was in his own case.

G. I'm sure you may sleep soundly in your bed, Cullisport, in the confidence that the Turf has nothing to fear from our *intelligentzia* as long as the proletariat has any say in the matter. It is in the nature of the tinker to have a vast respect for the Derby winner of unimpeachable lineage and more contempt than ambition for his own beast. And have you ever reflected that the invasion of *Burke* by *Demos* is the surest guarantee of the integrity of the *Stud Book*?

Miss D. D. There! Doesn't that prove that the democratic principle is made ridiculous by the extraordinary fascination the slimmest and most highly-bred horses have for the fattest and most plebeian of men? It isn't altogether to be accounted for by the fact that the racehorse is a specially cultivated instrument of gambling.

Lord C. It is to be accounted for, Dido, by the fact that the love of the thoroughbred horse is deep-rooted in the heart of every Englishman. I honour men such as Lord Sparklestone, the so-called profiteer, for instance, be their origin what it may, whose first use for their newly-gained wealth is to indulge that passion by setting up princely racing establishments. That's the spirit that holds the country together. Tamper with the Turf, meddle with the breed of the British thoroughbred horse—the most precious product of these islands—and you strike a blow at the very vitals of our national existence.

Sir H. H. } Hear, hear!

General B. } Bravo!

Lord R. R. } Jolly well put!

Miss D. D. But didn't the British thoroughbred come originally from the East?

Lady B. P. So did the British bookmaker.

G. You must admit that that's a highly suspicious circumstance, Cullisport!

Lord C. Phew!

Lady C. I think we shall find it cooler on the terrace. [Exeunt.]

How to Race in a Heat-wave.

From the programme of the recent Sporting Carnival held in aid of the London Hospital:—

"OPEN ROAD RELAY RACE.—A motor omnibus will convey the runners from start to finish."

"In respect of the Royal Palaces, the additional provision asked for is necessitated entirely by the increase in the cost of wags."

Evening Paper.

Now that the newspapers provide so much gratuitous humour we should have thought that Court Fools were a needless extravagance.



HIS FRIEND THE ENEMY.

UNCLE SAM (to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE). "SAY, YOUR MAN NORTHCLIFFE IS SOME PRESS-AGENT; HE'S MADE ALL OUR FOLK CRAZY TO WELCOME YOU AT WASHINGTON."



Mrs. McNicol (unwelcome visitor). "AH! I SEE I'M JUST IN TIME FOR A CUP O' TEA; I HEAR THE KETTLE SINGING."
Mrs. McNab. "OCH, TAK' NAE NOTICE O' THAT. IT SINGS FOR HOURS BEFORE IT BOILS."

FROM SHORE AND SPA.

(By our Special Correspondents.)

MOURNEPORT.—Shoals of visitors keep arriving by train and motor-coach at this deservedly popular resort, whose many attractions are meeting with the greatest appreciation. The Dead March in *Saul* was played at last Wednesday's Grand Concert in the Pier Rotunda in honour of the death of *Chu Chin Chow*, and had to be repeated in response to vociferous plaudits. A new Cinema was opened this week on the site of the Roman Villa, the last vestiges of which have been removed in deference to a strongly-expressed condemnation of the classical curriculum by the Mayor and Corporation. Bathing begins at sunrise, lasts all day and is continued till 3 A.M. or even later. There will be a competition of beach donkeys next week, and the editor of the *Asineum*, who is staying at Mourneport, has kindly agreed to distribute the prizes, which are both numerous and appropriate.

KEGNESS.—The amenities of this famous East Coast resort have been immensely enhanced during the last week by the stranding of a large whale

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the prolonged drought the hydros have been obliged to mitigate the rigour of their system and to include lime-juice, raspberry-vinegar and even ginger-beer in their list of permissible beverages. The number of great-grandchildren possessed by Mr. Silas Wigglesworth, the oldest inhabitant of Bilkley, now in his ninety-second year, has been increased to forty-seven by the birth of an infant girl, who has been appropriately christened *Chu Chin Chow Wigglesworth*, in commemoration of an event which has been the chief topic of discussion at Bilkley during the past week, and was celebrated by a memorial gala at the Winter Gardens. At the Lawn Tennis Tournament, held on Thursday and Friday, the final tie in the gentlemen's singles ended in a draw, each of the contestants having had his head shampooed eleven times.

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tiger had escaped from a travelling menagerie and was heading direct for the sporting nine-hole golf links. Patrols were hastily organised and the marauder fell to the rifle of Sergeant Ivor Jones, the popular local postman, who, on examining the animal, found that it was a yellow calf belonging to his brother-in-law, Mr. Merlin Evans. The sequel will be heard in the law-courts.

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annual excursion of the Grogport Literary Society and was probably responsible for the melancholy condition in which some of the members returned from their outing.

"DRINK BILL WOBBLE."

"Daily Mail" Poster.

We are unable to take this advice. Since reading certain articles in *The Times* we have abstained from all cocktails.

"Great Purchase from Government. 14,000 New Hair Mattresses. Size 36 ft. x 6 ft. 3 in." Advt. in *Daily Paper*.

Same as used by Og, the King of Basan, whose bedstead was a bedstead.



Mrs. McNichol (unwelcome visitor). "AH! I SEE I'M JUST IN TIME FOR A CUP O' TEA; I HEAR THE KETTLE SINGING."
Mrs. McNab. "OCH, TAK' NAE NOTICE O' THAT. IT SINGS FOR HOURS BEFORE IT BOILS."

FROM SHORE AND SPA.

(By our Special Correspondents.)

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THE CURIOUS PET.

DRESSED simply but not untastefully in my mauve-striped pyjamas with towel garniture, I went to the bathroom, the fragment of a gay song on my lips. The door was locked and from within came the repulsive sounds of an incredibly mean, undersized bad-tempered gargoyle of a man frolicking in the very water which, not three minutes before, I had prepared for myself. It was Mollie's Uncle Samson (hero of my article, "Another Stopper," in last week's *Punch*) who had jumped my claim. This was the ultimate straw. Muttering a popular old-time malediction ("A leprosy on him!") I strode down the corridor and discovered part of Mollie outside the linen-cupboard. Withdrawing the rest of her, I turned her round until she faced me in her entirety.

"S.M.G.," I said hoarsely.

"T. H. T. T.," retorted Mollie.

"In plain English—Samson Must Go," I expounded with some little heat.

"In plainer—Tell Him To Then," rejoined Mollie with much more.

"Oh, H.," I cried savagely and bolted to my bedroom.

At breakfast Uncle Samson was just beginning his day of destructive criticism (an egg invariably ushers in this) when Mollie interrupted him with a little cry of joy. Little cries of joy from Mollie have been rare since Uncle Samson came for the week-end and stayed what seems like aeons of time, though "good cries" in secret have been all too frequent.

"Oh, oh!" gurgled Mollie, "how I should love to have a platinum watch-bracelet."

I smiled sadly. Did the dear girl think that Uncle Samson would instantly rush out to buy her one? Why, he wouldn't even buy her a yesterday's bun.

"And," continued Mollie, flourishing the letter she had been reading, "by this time to-morrow I expect I'll have one."

I stared at her. So did Uncle Samson. Mine was the open ingenuous stare of an essentially frank and rather lovable nature; Uncle Samson's was the glowering glare of the mean distrustful spirit.

"Where's it coming from?" I asked. "And do you think I could get a new

pair of braces and a bicycle pump from the same place?"

"Leonard is going to get it for me," said Mollie complacently.

At once Uncle Samson burst into a tirade against the deplorable modern habit of married women accepting valuable presents from young bachelor friends. "I don't know who this Leonard may be—some fashionable young wastrel, no doubt—but if Mollie were my wife I should not permit—"

"Leonard's our hedgehog," I explained coldly. "Go on, Mollie. How's Leonard going to work it? A couple of fine cockroaches, now, or a black-

ing affectation of making pets of disgusting animals. At last Mollie in self-defence suggested that he should accompany her to the garden-party and air his views to the guests.

"Very well, I will," he said grimly.

I did not see Mollie again until the evening. She was terribly depressed, poor girl. It appeared that at the last moment Leonard could not be found and she and Uncle Samson had had to go to the party without that fashionable young wastrel.

"And he'd have won, I know he would," she complained bitterly; "there was nothing to touch him, only Violet, Mrs.

Perry's toad, you know, and Lady Wraekham's chameleon, Lloyd George. Miss Pontifex's rabbit, Henry VIII., hadn't an earthly."

I comforted her as few husbands could—indeed, I should not have allowed them to attempt it—but she was still dejected until, during breakfast next morning, Mrs. Barker-Parker's sixth footman arrived with a little parcel and Mrs. B.-P.'s compliments.

Mollie, her eyes dancing, tore aside the wrapping. The platinum wrist-watch!

"But—" I stammered.

"First Prize for the Ugliest, Sulkiest, Most Curious Pet I've ever seen," Mollie read aloud from Mrs. B.-P.'s accompanying card.

I pressed my hand to my brow. "Then did Leonard go with you after all?"

"N—no," stammered Mollie, her mouth twitching. "Only Uncle S—Samson."

I admit that no host should have laughed quite so loudly or so continuously as I did; certainly no hostess should so completely have lost control over herself as did Mollie. We ought at least to have restrained our hilarity for the duration of the five minutes occupied by Uncle Samson in packing. A little later, when we had partially recovered, I picked up Mrs. B.-P.'s card. It was clearly headed "To Mrs. Perry." Mollie had omitted to announce this. Mollie has her brilliant moments.

Mrs. Perry, next door, was delighted to receive her toad's prize when Mollie took it to her; Mrs. Barker-Parker's sixth footman was also charmed to accept the small "Fisher" I pressed into his hand at the earliest opportunity. With the good manners of his class he refrained from expressing any curiosity as to the precise nature of the services which had earned this honorarium.



BANK HOLIDAY WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET.

Novice (watching huntsman slide down a steep place). "No, THANKEE. NONE O' YOUR WINTER SPORTS FOR ME!"

beetle or so, I could understand, but isn't a platinum wrist-watch rather out of Leonard's beat? I mean wrist-watches don't prance about the kitchen at night much, do they?"

"No; he's going to win it at Mrs. Barker-Parker's little informal garden-party this afternoon. You've heard how fond of freak parties she is? Well, she's giving a platinum wrist-watch as first prize for the most curious pet brought by a guest this afternoon. And I'm taking Leonard. You know how he nods his dear little head when he sees a saucer of milk and dies for the PRINCE OF WALES with only the least teeny bit of help from my foot? I'm sure Mrs. Barker-Parker is too loyal to resist that."

During the rest of the meal Uncle Samson discoursed interminably upon the decadence of society and the revolt-



Lady (nervously). "I'M AFRAID I CAN'T SWIM IF ANYTHING HAPPENS."

Boatman (also a non-swimmer). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MUM. I ALLERS TAKES THE BOAT-'OOK OUT WITH ME."

THE ESSENCE OF PHILOSOPHY.

It is not easy to discover a motto that really helps, one that neither loses force by reiteration nor offends our innate tendency to speak the truth.

I have found one at last. Clothed in conventional English it sounds trite, no doubt; yet there is originality in the vernacular form in which I have come to possess it.

It was coined, I believe, by a sailor in a moment of acute exasperation. "Life," he said, "is one 'uge com-prom-iss."

I recalled it on the eve of our holiday. I was thinking at the time how much I should like to spend my leisure at home; but my wife—well, "life is one 'uge com-prom-iss."

But the circumstances in which the motto proved most comforting occurred after breakfast, when the great exodus had begun. Taxi number one, with my wife and our two elder children, was already on its way to the station. Taxi number two was at the gate, waiting upon the pleasure of the infant John, aged eighteen months, who was to follow with his nurse, myself and our belongings.

The house was locked up, except for the front-door, whose latchkey was in the keeping of a lady living a considerable distance away. The door once shut, therefore, must remain shut.

I hesitated on the doorstep, trying to remember whether I was responsible for fourteen packages or forty-one. The church clock chiming the quarter told me that we had a bare ten minutes in which to catch the train. Bang! There is a sinister suggestion of finality, I always think, in the sound of a door slamming.

Nurse met me half-way down the garden path. "You haven't shut the door, Sir, have you?"

"No," I said uneasily; "the wind blew it to. Has anything been left behind?"

"Master John!" she gasped. "He's in the dining-room."

"Nonsense," I protested, knowing perfectly well that it wasn't. Indeed, as I spoke I caught sight of John's solemn blue eyes peering at us, his small nose flattened against the glass of the dining-room window. Assured of our attention he opened his baby mouth and said "Am." I couldn't hear him, but I know that he said it, because it is his unvarying contribution

towards any argument. Its exact significance in the present juncture was too obscure, we felt, to carry any weight.

Nurse began running round the house, possessed, I think, with some notion vaguely connected with the walls of Jericho. I stopped her after she had encompassed the building once and sent her in the taxi to fetch the key.

My wife was the first to arrive. Having witnessed the departure of the only train in the day that could serve us, I am bound to confess that her self-control was marvellous. Her manner, indeed, was cold rather than hot—despite the thermometer.

She walked up to the front-door, turned the handle (did I mention it has an ordinary handle apart from the latch-key lock) and opened it—actually opened it wide and walked in.

"No strength required, only knack," she said very quietly but very bitterly.

Of course, if John had been outside when I shut the door, we should have left the old home to the mercy of any burglar who had the initiative to try the front-door.

As it was we didn't reach the seaside that day; but then life is—I mean, I think the sailor was right; don't you?



HOT WEATHER CONVERSATION.

The Husband. "LET ME SEE, MY DEAR—WHO WAS IT WAS TELLING US ABOUT—ER—WHAT WAS IT?"

THE FOURTH CHANGE.

WHEN the second hundred's showing
And triumphant batsmen look
As if both intended going
On for ever (like the brook),
When the skipper's perturbation
Is apparent to the view,
It is then in desperation
That he hands the ball to you.
Never yours the boundless rapture
Of the trundlers who begin
And achieve an easy capture
Ere the hitter's eye is in;
Yours are only cricket's drab bits;
Not for you the goodly bag
When it comes to potting rabbits
In a tail that doesn't wag.
For the spin you find effective
When disporting at the net
Mostly fails at an objective
Barred by batsmen fully set,
Who esteem themselves in clover,
Find you all that they desire,
Till (about your second over)
Comes the order to retire.
Or, if luck should look toward you
And a wicket you can claim,
Your commander won't afford you
Further chance to garner fame;

When you part the coalition
You have done your bit (or whack)
And that masterly tactician
Promptly brings his first pair back.

THE LAW'S AMENITIES.

["The reception into the gaols of England and Wales during the past twelve months averaged one person in one hundred and ninety-nine of the population."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE phrase "reception into gaol" may lead to other euphonious expressions, and it is quite possible that we shall see the following announcements in the Press of the near future:—

The Chief Inspector and officers of the Long Arm Constabulary are holding a reception on August 6th to welcome Mr. William Sikes, the snatch-as-snatch-can champion.

A smoking-concert was held last night at Pentonville gaol to bid *bon voyage* to No. 99, Mr. James Snaffles, the well-known coiner. The Chairman, in the absence of the Governor, said that Mr. Snaffles had spent fifteen years with them and during that time, by his quiet and thoughtful manner and his consideration for the warders, had endeared

himself to them all, and they were very sorry indeed to lose him. He wished him every success in business. Mr. Snaffles in reply, and speaking with great emotion, said that it was a great wrench to leave the old place.

The Slowcombe police-station is situated on high ground, commanding extensive views of the neighbourhood. It is a modern police-station, replete with every convenience and installation to meet the requirements of guests. Close to golf-links. Receptions daily. Should the Station officer be out at any time persons desirous of giving themselves up can leave messages next-door. All offences catered for. Have you beaten your wife or robbed a bank? Then patronise the Slowcombe police-station. Prompt attention guaranteed. Prisoners collected in Our Own Vans.

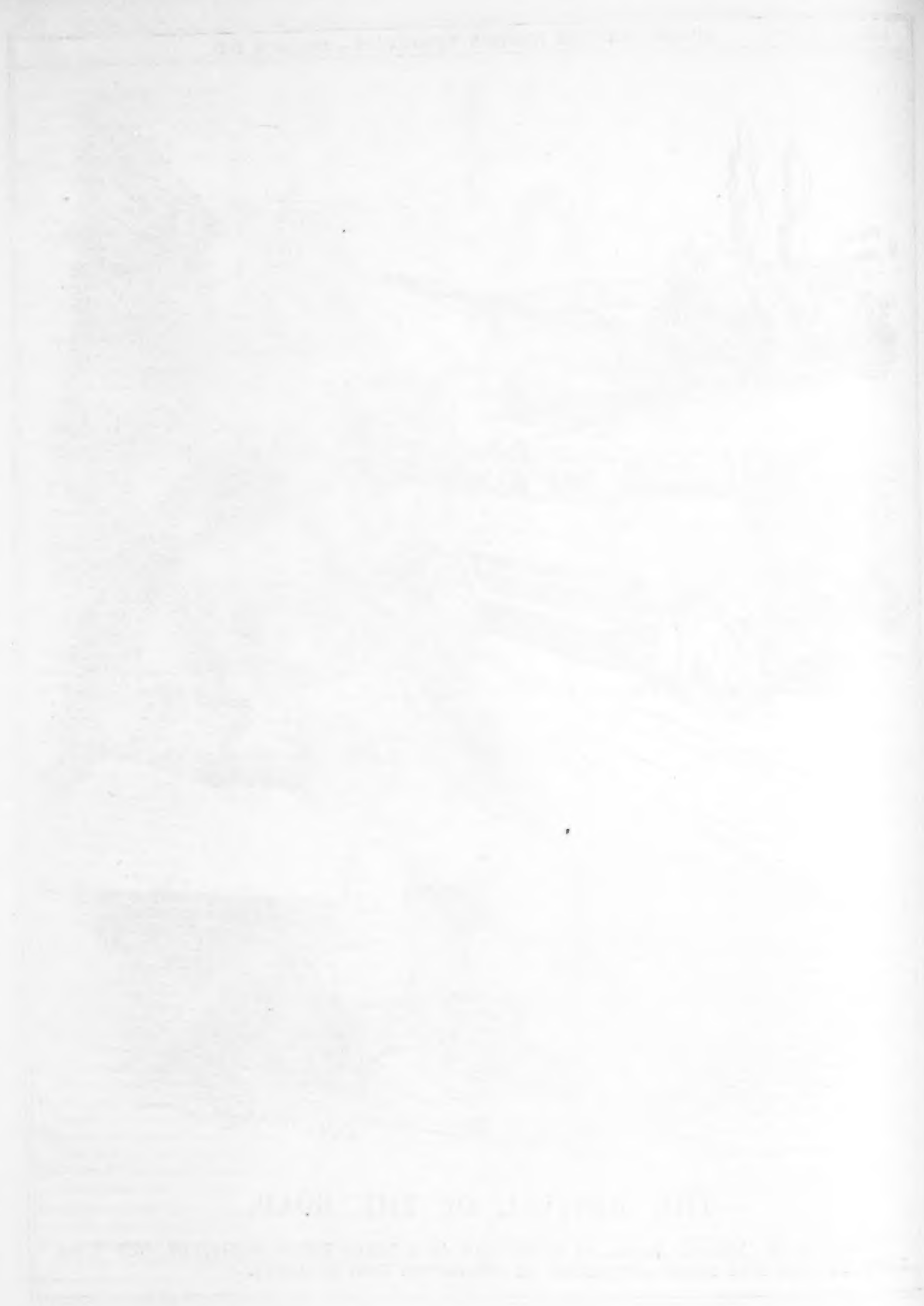
Where to stay in the hot weather:—
The Hydro, Limpley, Wilts.

"Members hang on to their seats—and salaries—turning the blind eye to the voice of the people."—*Labour Paper*.
None so blind as those that won't hear.



THE REVIVAL OF THE ROAD.

SHADE OF MR. WELLER, SENIOR. "I DON'T SAY AS I LIKES THEM VEHICLES, BUT I DO LIKE TO SEE THE ROAD AWENGING OF ITSELF ON THE RAILWAY."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 25th.—Having ascertained that there are more than a hundred officials (drawing salaries which average nearly five hundred pounds) in the Finance and Statistics Department of the Ministry of Transport, the Member for Wood Green was naturally curious to know why it was further necessary to employ a Treasury representative at five thousand a year. Red-tape appears to be tightening its grip upon Mr. HILTON YOUNG, who was content to refer his questioner to a reply given more than a year ago. From that reply I learn that it is the duty of the official in question "to supervise on behalf of the Treasury the finance of the Ministry of Transport;" but apparently that supervision does not extend to the size or remuneration of the staff.

Mr. HARMSWORTH was almost equally uncommunicative regarding the recently-appointed Historical Adviser to the Foreign Office. The House learned that he came from the Education Department, that he is the author of several "works of importance" and that he receives a salary half as large again as that enjoyed by the Regius Professors of History at the Universities. But it was quite left in the dark as to the nature of his work, or why the FOREIGN SECRETARY, with his encyclopædic knowledge, should suddenly require a historical adviser. Possibly Sir JOHN REES, who propounded the theory that his duty may be "to point out the disastrous effects in the past of the revolutionary doctrines that are being preached in the present," is on the right track, and we have here an explanation of the right-about-face tactics that have recently been so freely employed by the Government cadets.

Prospective holiday-makers were pleased to learn from Mr. BALFOUR (seventy-three to-day and looking none the worse for it) that the League of Nations was not above interesting itself in such pedestrian matters as Passports, Customs Formalities, and Through Tickets. Possibly as the result of its efforts, Mr. HARMSWORTH was

able to announce that Britain and France had agreed to abolish the visa on one another's passports. That will more than repair any temporary damage done to the *entente* by the pen-pricks of too-hasty journalists on the other side of the Channel.

On the Report stage of the Corn Production Acts (Repeal) Bill the Labour Party made a strong effort to save the Wages Board. Perhaps the recent discharge of a trade union official from one of the Government's experimental farms had upset them. They were not satisfied with the official explanation that he was "one of the least efficient workers," and did not

like an illustrious predecessor, he had "backed the wrong horse." There are, it seems, "almost as many Persian policies as there are Prime Ministers" (no allusion, of course, to the multiple personality of his own chief), and the latest of them was to accept the strangling caresses of Soviet Russia instead of our own disinterested embraces. Having taken our Cash (a jolly lot of it) and let their own Credit go, the rulers of Persia are now within earshot of a not very distant Drum. As an old friend Lord CURZON declined to reproach them, but he warned them that self-determination of this kind could only lead to self-extinction.

At Question-time the House of Commons learned, among other things, that Policeman X is not allowed this summer to wear his chin-strap inside his helmet, because last year he did not avail himself of the privilege; and that in spite of the truce with the I.R.A. the Crown Forces do not yet salute the Sinn Féin flag.

There was intense curiosity to know the answer to Mr. RAPER's inquiry as to whether the great legal personages who attended a recent banquet in Edinburgh would be prosecuted under the Liquor Control Regulations for having consumed "wine supplied on credit." Such a bitter howl of disappointment arose when

the question was passed over that the SPEAKER thought it necessary to explain that Mr. RAPER had already asked three questions and had therefore exhausted his "ration."

August will nearly have run its course before the House can complete its business, but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN refused to consider the alternative of postponing some of it to an Autumn Sitting. Ministers had been overwhelmed with problems of an unparalleled "complexity, immensity and delicacy," and must have plenty of time to consider next year's legislation. Even if the Irish negotiations ended, as he hoped, in a settlement, the consequent Bill could not be drafted before December, when, if it were necessary, the House could be summoned.

Sir DONALD MACLEAN accused the



POLITICAL REVERSALS.

Sergeant-Major GEORGE. "WHEN I SAY 'ABOUT TURN!' YOU'RE TO TURN ABOUT SMARTLY—THUS."

SIR A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN. SIR ERIC GEDDES. SIR ALFRED MOND.
SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD.

seem inclined to accept the Agricultural Minister's hopeful prophecy that the labourer would be just as well off under a Conciliation Board, even though there would be no compulsory powers behind its awards, as he was now. Sir A. G. BOSCAWEN had to resort to a certain amount of what Mr. S. ROBERTS called "verbal cannibalism" before he got his Bill, but eventually the Third Reading was passed by 193 votes to 66.

Tuesday, July 26th.—On the appearance of this Bill in the Upper House Lord STRACHIE gave notice that he would move the rejection of a measure which he regarded as "partial and lopsided."

Throughout his political career Lord CURZON has taken a keen interest in Persia, and it was with the utmost melancholy that he had to admit that,



A CRICKETER CAN DO THIS ALL DAY—



—BUT FIVE MINUTES OF THIS REDUCES HIM TO A STATE OF PULP.

Government of grossly mismanaging their business, particularly as regarded the time spent on reversing their policies, and Mr. CLYNES remarked, with truth, that Parliament learned nothing from experience. Every year the same attempt is made to squeeze a quart into a pint-pot, and it is quite time that the legislative long-pull was abolished.

An elaborate defence of the Civil Service and their bonuses by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER occupied the rest of the evening, but did not silence criticism. Sir HENRY CRAIK, as an ex-Civil Servant, deprecated "unctuous adulation of their good qualities;" Capt. WEDGWOOD BENN pointed out that they enjoyed a security of tenure not existing in the commercial world; and Sir C. OMAN inveighed against the iniquity of taxing an ordinary citizen whose income had not risen since 1914 in order to give bonuses to Civil Servants whose salaries had already been largely increased.

Wednesday, July 27th.—Usually the most retiring of men, Commander EYRES-MONSELL quite came out of his shell in explaining why the Admiralty proposed to expend £106,000 in setting up a cotton-bleaching establishment. With a wealth of scientific terminology he pointed out that cotton was the

foundation of cordite, and that cordite, unless absolutely pure, was liable to spontaneous combustion. Hence it was imperatively essential for the safety of the Fleet that my Lords should wash their own dirty cotton at home, and not entrust the process to Lancashire.

Dr. MACNAMARA expressed his regret that he could not yet say when a trade board would be set up for the hair-dressing trade in Ireland. It is hoped, however, that the delay will not lead to the reappearance in that country of "wigs on the green."

What promised to be a lively debate on the Railways Bill was nipped in the bud when Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS successfully challenged a proposed new clause giving the railways power to run road-services. Founding himself on a ruling given by the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES in 1916 he declared that the new clause was inconsistent with the general purpose of the Bill. On more than one occasion, if I remember aright, Mr. Speaker LOWTHER, when faced with the ghosts of his former decisions, declined to recognise them; but Mr. WHITLEY showed more respect for his past, and, observing that the ruling of the CHAIRMAN seemed to him "a sound one," he ruled the clause out of order.

Limitations.

Two youths, *anti-Arcades ambo*,
Wrote prose in the style of *Salammbô*;
They also wrote verse
In mellifluous Erse,
But they did not approve of Dumb
Crambo.

"Two Bull Dogs want small Furnished
Country Cottage about 25 miles from London."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We have been told so often that the
country is going to the dogs that it is
pleasant to hear of a movement in the
other direction.

"I am definitely informed by a small bird
from College Square that at the last Matri-
culation Examination of the Calcutta Univer-
sity nearly 110 per cent. of candidates have
got through, and that, of that number, more
than 105 per cent. have been placed in first
class. Advance Calcutta!"—*Indian Paper.*

A lyre bird, we infer.

From an article by Dean INGE:—

"There are of course, some wise heads among
our rulers. Lambeth and Bishopthorpe keep
up their wickets, but they get no runs. Their
chief anxiety seems to be to prevent their team
from bolting and overturning the coach into
the ditch while they are on the box. Perhaps
this is all that can be done."

Evening Standard.

Unless they can invent a new service
and lay their opponents a stymie.



Village Idiot. "BEG YER PARDON, MUM—SEEMIN' AS YE WAS PAINTIN' THE CHURCH I THOUGHT AS I'D BETTER TELL YE THE CLOCK BE TEN MINUTES FAST."

OUR BEST CRICKETER.

I SEE that "JACKITCH," Surrey's fast bowler, is to have the Kent match at the Oval, on August 6th, 8th and 9th, for his benefit, and I hope that it will run all three days and end excitingly on the evening of the third, no matter which side wins, because there is no one playing the game who has been such a lion-heart as the beneficiary. I would even go so far as to call HITCH boldly and directly our Best Cricketer, meaning by this not that he is the best bowler or the best batsman or the best field, although as a matter of fact he is incomparably the best short-leg and silly mid-on, making in those dangerous positions catches off hits that but for his courageous presence there might clear the ring—meaning not that HITCH is pre-eminent with either bat or ball, but that he brings to every match the completest keenness and energy, never tires, or at any rate never relaxes, and plays the game with every fibre tense. Languor, staleness, carelessness, too common among

cricketers this season—he is a stranger to them all.

If the spirit that animates HITCH were universal to-day we should have made a much better fight with the Australians, and why the Selection Committee did not choose him to play in every match—if only as an inspiring influence—I shall never understand. But he is so capable of doing surprising things in every department of the game that, apart from his stimulating keenness, he could have been picked with confidence.

There is still time to put him in the last match at the Oval, his native heath, and I hope they will remember it. Meanwhile salutations to him, and may he have a "bumper"! E. V. L.

A N INITIAL BLUNDER.

WRITING in *The Sunday Times*, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR claims to have set the fashion of calling people by their initials. But even he would have some difficulty in proving that distinction. Leaving aside the case of Mr. Peter Magnus in

The Pickwick Papers, which were appearing in parts as long ago as 1836—Mr. Magnus, who was known as P.M., to the amusement of his friends—what we should like to know is, what was T. P. doing for our national (not Nationalist) game in 1863 (he was then fourteen), when a certain young cricketer named GRACE, destined to be known to the world as "W. G.," was beginning his first-class career? Does T. P. pretend to have done anything towards establishing that giant in the public mind? If the general interest in athletics were no greater than that shown by *The Sunday Times* eulogist, "W. G." would probably never have been heard of outside his own village.

"NEW SONGS.

Report of the Departmental Committee of Inquiry into the Machinery of Administration of the Ministry of Pensions. (His Majesty's Stationery Office; 2s. 6d. net)."

Provincial Paper.

From what we have heard we should not have thought it was anything to make a song about.

AT THE PLAY.

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE."

Captain Applejack, the pirate who founded the family of Applejohn (a *nom de paix* assumed by him for the purpose of cloaking his past), had a passion for respectability; indeed, as stated on a testamentary parchment, he had adopted the profession of piracy in order that he might make the necessary means for enjoying a reputation for that virtue; and it was his respectability rather than his dare-devil courage that was repeated in the person of his descendant, Ambrose. But suddenly, at the age of forty "and a bit," this Ambrose, though at the time unaware of the pirate blood in his veins, conceived a divine discontent for the colourless monotony of the life that he shared with an aunt and a cousin in a remote part of the Cornish coast, and determined to sell his house and seek adventure, amorous or other.

But adventure was already at his door unsought. His friend Johnny Jason, who "could sell anything," was prepared to sell his house for him and to this end had advertised it as containing a secret cupboard that held a clue to untold treasure—roughly valued at half-a-million. This brought down upon Ambrose, from 10 P.M. onwards, a couple of rival gangs of crooks, who practised various impositions on his credulity, each gang including a female in distress, who swooned in his arms. In these adventures, which carried the First Act well into the middle of the night, Ambrose discovered little or no trace of the piratical courage of his great ancestor.

The Second Act shows him sitting up in the dark with his cousin Poppy in case the burglars should return. He has discovered the sliding panel and the treasure clue, and the two are poring over it. Poppy goes out to make him some coffee to keep him awake. In her absence he has a dream (compare *Rose Mary*), in which he figures as the pirate Applejack, very loud and terrible and intrepid in his handling of a mutinous crew whom, single-handed, he reduces to quivering pulp. Like most stage-dreams it has this advantage over the ordinary sort, that it has none of the limitations of a narrative told in the first person; the dreamer, in fact, can see things going on whether he is there or not—a privilege very useful for dramatic purposes.

On waking (in the small hours of the Third Act) he retains subconsciously some impression of his dream. He cannot account for certain dashing phrases

that spring involuntarily to his lips. In his subsequent dealing with the crooks he assimilates something of the craft and reckless bluff of the pirate captain of his dream, and finally emerges triumphant out of some rather complicated melodrama.

It is, of course, the personality of Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY as Ambrose that makes the play. I am casting no reflection on Mr. WALTER HACKETT's excellent humour if I say that its success depended largely on our previous familiarity with Mr. HAWTREY and his methods. Figure to yourself, if you can, an unknown actor playing this part just as well, and we should have lost at least



[In The Dream (Act II.) Ambrose Applejohn (Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY) imagines himself to be his pirate ancestor, Captain Applejack, and Miss MARION LORNE (*Poppy Faire*) plays the part of the ship's boy.]

Mr. HAWTREY. "GET ME SOME RUM, BLAST YE!"
Miss MARION LORNE. "OH, AMBROSE, YOU NEVER USED TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT. YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF."

half of our delight. One need not analyse very closely the pleasure one got out of the pirate scene to recognise that it came from the incongruity between this Mr. HAWTREY and the Mr. HAWTREY of tradition. He might wear the dress and wig of a buccaner of the period, but he remained in facial aspect the least sinister pirate I have ever seen, and it was the sight of our familiar friend doing unfamiliar things that gave that delicious air of burlesque to what would else have been little more than mere picturesque melodrama, however admirably played by a really wonderful crew.

It was perhaps unavoidable that practically all the fun of the play fell to Mr. HAWTREY, and that the others had for the most part to be content to serve as his foils. I regretted this in the case of Miss MARION LORNE (*Poppy*),

who has a very nice sense of humour but had little chance of proving anything beyond her gift of loyal self-suppression. Mr. LESLIE FABER, however, in the doubled parts of an alleged Bolshevik and a mutinous pirate, and Mr. EDWARD RIGBY, in those of a reputed psychist and a Chinese sailor, had opportunities, which they seized, of independent distinction. As for Miss HILDA MOORE in the part of *Anna Valeska*, one of the crooks, she strengthened her reputation as the most attractive villainess of the stage of to-day.

The pace of the play—which might more briefly have been called "A Night In"—was a little unequal; but there was no lack of episode, and the interest persisted up to the last word. The Criterion Theatre is so constructed that from the box which the Management kindly assigned to me I was unable, except at the risk of my neck, to see more than a section of the stage; but if that part of the performance which I only overheard was as good as what fell within the scope of my vision, then here is a play that neither heat-wave nor slump is likely to hurt. O. S.

IF YOU MEET A FAIRY.

If you meet a fairy
Don't run away;
She won't want to hurt you,
She'll only want to play.
Show her round the garden
And round the house too;
She'd love to see the kitchen
(I know they always do).
Find a little present
To give her when she goes;
They're fond of silver-paper
And tiny ribbon bows.
I knew a little girl once
Who saw twenty-three
Dancing in the orchard
As jolly as could be;
They asked her to join them
And make a twenty-four;
She ran to the nursery
And hid behind the door;
Hid in the nursery
(What a thing to do!)
She grew up very solemn
And rather ugly too.
If you meet a fairy
Remember what I say:
Talk to her nicely
And don't run away. R. F.

"HOUSES TO LET."

A Pram, latest; Roll-top desk, massive; cheap."—*Welsh Paper*.
Sir ALFRED MOND ought to be told about this accommodation.



Village Oracle. "I RECKON THAT 'LL BE ONE O' THEY ANTI-CYCLONES THEY DU SAY BE MAKING THINGS SO PLAGUEY UNCOMFORTABLE."

FALLING STARS.

Bertie Duquesne was plain William Johnson of Balham when our orbits first crossed, but now he is a star of the first magnitude.

Yet, when we met in the Strand last week, no one would have believed that Bertie's ability to make people laugh twice nightly was rewarded with an income exceeding the combined remunerations of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, a Minister without Portfolio and several bricklayers. He looked incapable of raising the sickliest smile. As he appeared to regard my ear as a suitable receptacle for his grievances I allowed myself to be decoyed into the Milky Wayhouse, a club frequented by the leading constellations.

Having maintained an unbroken silence during the process of fortifying his nerves, and mine, with a suitable tonic, he handed me a newspaper, pointed to a column and growled:—

"Read that, laddie."

I began with the headlines:—

"THEATRICAL SLUMP CONTINUES.

SALARIES OF STARS TO BE HALVED."

On recovering from the effect of this announcement I passed to the article itself, which consisted mainly of an interview with a famous impresario. The unfortunate fellow had poured into

willing journalistic ears a touching story of financial stringency caused by the rapacity of grossly overpaid stars. The jeremiad concluded with a statement of his firm determination in future to cut out all such gratuitous philanthropy.

"The worm appears to be turning," I remarked, after ascertaining that no fellow-worms were within earshot.

"It's—it's—a scandal!" spluttered Bertie. "Don't I earn my salary?"

"I haven't seen your show lately," I told him; "but anyway, even with a halved salary you'll be able to make ends meet if you're careful."

"I shall have to give up the Rolls-Daimler and the bungalow at Brighton," said Bertie gloomily. "It's pretty awful. When I left the theatre ten minutes ago Gertie Winsome was crying her eyes out in the manager's office. The poor girl has been stinting herself for a fortnight—practically living on charity—saving up for a new pearl necklace bigger than Maisie Beauchamp's, and now she's afraid she won't be able to afford real pearls! Believe me, it was heartrending to hear her sob and refuse perfectly good champagne."

"It would be," I agreed.

"She was what we call 'distracted,'" he continued, "and I don't blame her."

"It might be worse," I pointed out

flippantly; "some of you may have to come down from Maidenhead to Maiden Vale, but you'll soon get acclimatised."

"It's the beastly ingratitude of it," complained Bertie, with tears in his voice. "Here we are, working our brains to the bone, and all the thanks we get is this. Honestly, old boy, some of us don't know where our next fur coats are coming from."

"Surely it's not so bad as that," I protested. "After all it's mainly a question of adjustment. In time you'll find there are plenty of places besides the Blitz where it is possible to eat food without running the risk of being poisoned. In any case you must have a nice little nest-egg somewhere."

"Nest-egg!" exclaimed Bertie indignantly; "I haven't saved a bean. You don't seem to realise that a flat in Town, a cottage at Maidenhead, a bungalow at Brighton, three motors and a chronic inability to spot winners simply eat money. . . ."

I need not report our conversation further or dwell on the decline of this celestial body. I left him greatly depressed and myself not unmoved by his sad case. After the life of noble and well-earned luxury that they have been used to I cannot bear to think of Bertie and his class being thrown to the Lyons'.



"FIXTURES AND FITTINGS."

Purchaser of tubed "roarer." "LOOK 'ERE—WHERE'S THE TUBE? I'VE GOT TO 'AVE THAT WITH 'IM."

Coper. "THAT AIN'T IN THE BARGAIN—THAT'S A HEXTRA. I SOLD YE THE 'OSS. NOTHINK WASN'T SAID ABOUT NO PLUMBER WORK."

THE SLATE.

I LOOKED back at the cottage from the front gate. It seemed almost too good to be true, set against a bank of trees and basking in the sunlight of a June morning.

"You really should——" I began, but Peggy sharply interrupted me.

"Christopher," she called, "the slate!"

Christopher arrived at the double carrying a large slate and pushed it into my hands.

"Any suggestions for the improvement of the cottage to be written HERE," I read. An excellent idea. But all I meant to say was that you should——"

"No, you don't," Christopher said firmly; "if you're too slack to write it you lose your turn. Suggestions to be written only. No verbal advice will be entertained."

"You know," explained Peggy, "ours was a war-wedding and until we found this cottage last autumn we never had a home of our own, but flitted distractedly from hotels to lodgings and back again. So when we secured this cottage we saw even its defects through rose-coloured glasses. But when people

came to call on us we discovered that in their opinion the place was stuffed full of defects. We were advised to install electric light (the nearest power-station is three miles off), to level all the passages, raise all the ceilings, repaper all the walls; at the same time have the stone slabs with which the cottage is roofed replaced (a) by red tiles, because they are so picturesque, or (b) by thatch, which looks so romantic.

"Uncle Henry made a point of standing in the middle of each room and stamping heavily. When the long-suffering boards creaked and groaned he talked at length on dry-rot and faulty foundations. 'Better have it seen to at once,' he told us. 'Won't be more than a three-months' job.'"

"Aunt Cecilia took a relatively cheerful view. 'Charming, my dear, charming. But no drainage, of course. Still one can't have everything, and with a south aspect and honeysuckle over the door you must expect defective drainage.' She recommended an excellent doctor in case of either of us falling a victim to typhoid.

"But it was Cousin Phyllis who finished us. When she had done outlining a scheme by which our cottage could be made 'quite habitable' on the

lines of a garden-city, a depressing atmosphere brooded in every room. We restrained ourselves until she had gone and then we bought the slate."

"My idea," said Christopher with pride. "Now when a visitor begins advising we hand out the slate. Few people will take the trouble to write advice; the truth is they only enjoy hearing their own voices uttering words of wisdom. But, if they do commit themselves to writing, a rub with a sponge and we straightway recover our first content with our little home."

I looked back at the cottage.

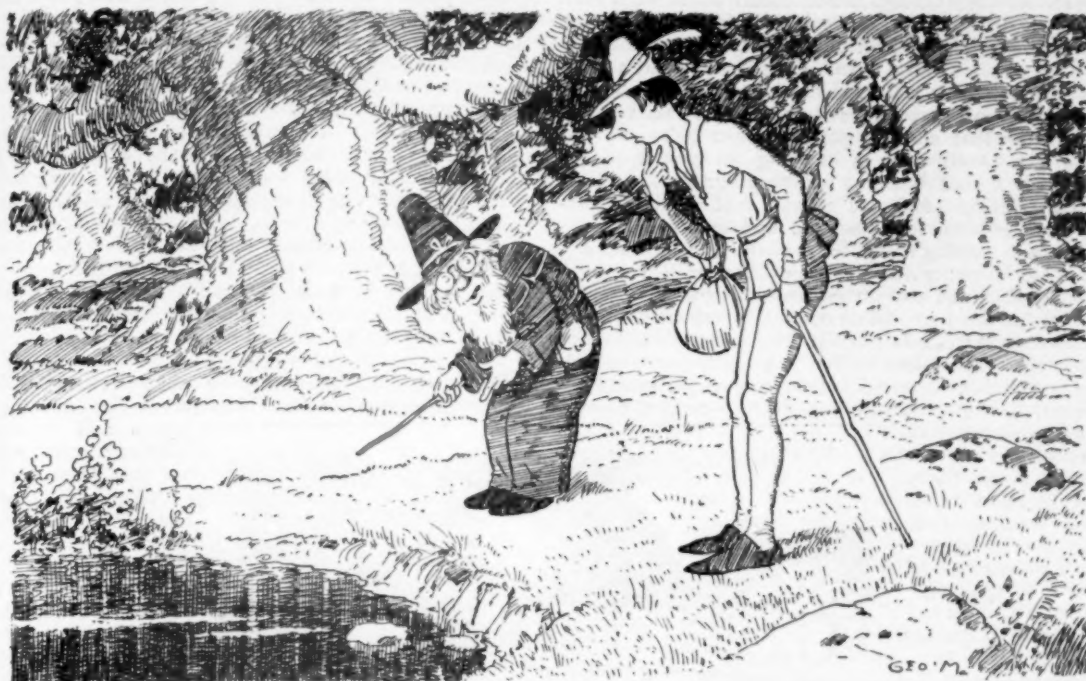
"You really should——" I began again.

"Slate!" cried Christopher warningly.

"As I have been trying to say all the time," I continued rapidly, "you really should be absolutely happy here; the cottage is perfect."

"Every ground on which the Government have defended their presence in Mesopotamia has been cut away from under their feet. They have not a leg to stand on."—*Times*.

Feet without legs seem very uncomfortable, but if the ground has been cut away from under them, are either necessary?



The Guide (to youthful seeker for adventure). "TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE MAGIC SWORD YOU MUST PLUNGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS LAKE AND WREST IT FROM A PARTICULARLY VENOMOUS, HAIRY, SCALY, GOGGLE-EYED AND UNSCRUPULOUS BEAST. YOU WILL FIND ME HERE IF, AND WHEN, YOU RETURN, AND I WILL THEN GIVE YOU FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I do not know why the author of *A Crash in the Cabinet* (G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS) chooses to masquerade as "PAGAN," for I feel pretty sure that I have enjoyed other products of his lively pen which sought and required no such concealment. If he was afraid that his vivacious history of the strange events that compelled a Cabinet Minister to send in his resignation would get him into trouble with the politicians, his fears were groundless. The presence of Mr. BONAR LAW among the statesmen who (on the wrapper) are watching the emergence of their unhappy colleague from a duck-pond is a sufficient proof that the story is not concerned with immediately current events; and it is impossible to believe that any of the illustrious persons who direct the rather zig-zag course of our destinies would apply to his own cranium the cap belonging to that repulsive bounder, Sir Edwin Tonk. His sole claim to distinction was a capacity for being crudely rude to all who were unfortunate enough to meet him; and his downfall dated from the moment when he directed his conversational assaults against Sir Harry Fawl, a sport-loving but by no means brainless young baronet, and his sprightly fiancée, Betty Dodman. How they took their revenge is well, if farcically, told; and "PAGAN" maintains his high spirits to the end—indeed more than to the end, for it is a unique feature of the book that to enjoy its full flavour you must read Chapter I. over again. My own enjoyment extended even to the misprints, of which there are not a few; the two on page 68 are almost too good to be accidental.

It seems to me oddly symptomatic of Africo-European give and take that Mrs. ROSITA FORBES sets out to discover

The Secret of the Sahara: Kufara (CASSELL) just as SAYED IDRIS, the ascetic ruler of the holy cities of the desert, leaves Cyrenaica on a visit to the King of ITALY. Sped by the blessing of the outward-bound Emir, Mrs. FORBES and her staunch Egyptian colleague, A. M. BEY HASSANEIN, get a passport, a devoted escort and an anything but devoted guide, from the great man's brother, SAYED RIDA, at Jedabia. Here Mrs. FORBES becomes "the Sitt Khadija," a Moslem working for the good of Islam and the Senussi, discards her blue tweeds for a Beduin barracan, and publicly prays herself into the good graces of the local elders; while her host consoles himself for the *longueurs* of a minor prophet's existence by nocturnal performances on a forbidden gramophone. The thousand odd miles of Mrs. FORBES's itinerary to the tomb of the SIDI EL MAHDI and back to civilization are told with unflagging spirit. I should have wept like anything to see such quantities of sand, myself, especially if my guide lost the way and then plotted to wipe out the memory of his blunder in a general massacre of all its witnesses. But Mrs. FORBES's smile survives not only perils but discomforts, and is one of the most cheerful features of her five-and-seventy excellent photographs.

I do not know if *O'Rourke the Great* (HUTCHINSON) is Colonel ARTHUR LYNCH's first novel. It is of course by no means his first venture into print. If some of the smoothness of the practised story-teller is wanting, the extravaganza—for that is what it really is, though not nearly so extravagant as sensitive Irishmen would have their friends believe—has other qualities to make up for it. Colonel LYNCH has none of the gloomy subtlety that so many modern Irish authors affect. He is a bold caricaturist, merciless perhaps to the point of cruelty, but never venomous or acid. *O'Rourke* is a Nationalist politician of the old school

—the school where Colonel LYNCH learned the A B C of Irish politics—and the story deals with his last Homeric and successful struggle to hold his constituency against the gathering power of Sinn Fein. Gifted with a keen sense of humour as well as of the foibles of his fellow-countrymen and their Saxon oppressors, and having also that nose for the dramatic that no Irish politician ever lacked, Colonel LYNCH has no difficulty in bringing his puppet to life. *O'Rourke* is a swashbuckling humbugging trickster, three-quarters politician and one quarter real patriot, superficially generous in word, gesture and emotion, actually parting with nothing except for something; a schemer and a simpleton in one; in a word, a typical Nationalist politician of the type that used to terrorise Westminster with its tongue as fiercely as the Sinn Feiner has lately terrorized Ireland with his revolver. Certain critics profess to see in *O'Rourke* and the other characters in the book—politicians, ecclesiastics, a complete Viceregal coterie, newspaper men, Sinn Feiners and others—caricatures of living persons at present occupying some or all of the positions in which the story places them. There is probably no truth in the suggestion, and, if there is, the parties caricatured will be the first to appreciate Mr. LYNCH's robust and never mean-spirited satires.

If I had not liked Mrs. KILPATRICK's *Our Elizabeth* so much I feel that I might have enjoyed her *Educating Ernestine* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH) more. Nice, honest, humorous, friendly creature as *Ernestine* is, I must admit that I was just a little set against her at first by the fact that she wasn't very much like *Elizabeth*; though, looking back now, calmly and dispassionately, I don't quite see why I should have expected any resemblance at all. As a matter of fact her adventures as an Australian heiress, who thinks she isn't one and is all the time, in a section of society where Earls are one's uncles, and where cousins, too prone to proposing, have to be rescued from designing heroines of the film, make diverting reading. This is so whether you take the book as just a gaily told tale of a jolly girl's adventures in love and out of it, or regard it, more seriously, as concealing beneath the jam of a good deal of fun the powder of a little satire upon a certain sort of society novel. If you take, as I did, the former view, you will find that the author has certainly included some hackneyed situations and gets her effects chiefly through exaggeration and slapdashery—of which she is a mistress—but she does get them. Looked at from the serious-minded reader's angle of vision I doubt if her book would be found quite such a success.

Mr. HUGH WALPOLE's *Thirteen Travellers* (HUTCHINSON) are all gathered together, mostly as tenants, at Horton's, in Duke Street, "the best service flats in the whole of the West End," and he shows the reactions of the War upon them: upon *Absalom Jay*, who had known everybody and

gone everywhere and done nothing and is now left a derelict; upon the admirable *Fanny*, the portress, troubled by her conscience for that she is keeping a man out of his job, and at last finding her mate in lucky *Albert Edward*, the valet; upon the *Hon. Clive Torby*, formerly fortune's darling, who became a new poor and (a little unconvincingly) a house-painter; upon *Miss Morganhurst*, the bridge-player (and nothing else); upon *Peter Wescott*, the novelist, who simply couldn't understand (and I don't wonder) the very latest little obscure clique of poets; upon the haunted *Mrs. Porter* (a ghost story very well told); upon *Lizzie Rand*, who also saw a ghost (less probable); upon *Major Tom*, who came back to London, but not at first to life, and had a gradual awakening; and upon *Helen*, who married a splendid liar. All very readable and "sympathetic"; well observed and fundamentally serious without being dull.

"Those who read these strange tales," we are told in a preface to *Romances in Red* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by

AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE, "must remember that they are inspired under a red star, and that the wilder and fiercer the romance... which they embody the more nearly they approach the incredible reality." There are so many facts in the world to-day which seem also to have been inspired under a red star, that fiction so inspired (as here by the French Revolution) may possibly not appeal to the popular taste of the moment. But good work and sound knowledge are to be found in these stories, and two at least are distinguished by originality of design and treatment. "Auguste and the Supreme Being"



"YOUR PIGS ARE DOING VERY WELL, JOHN—VERY WELL INDEED."

"AY, THEY BE. IF ME AND YOU WOS AS FIT T' DIE AS THEY BE, WE 'UD DO, SIR."

ing" is in a class by itself; and "Flayer Hans" is a tale that admirably illustrates the gifts of these two writers whose long and felicitous partnership, to the deep sorrow of all lovers of romance, has been closed by death.

Mr. GORDON CASSERLY is, I believe, a specialist in elephants, so perhaps he will pardon me for saying that *Badshah* is to my mind the most attractive character in *The Jungle Girl* (PHILIP ALLAN). *Badshah* may conceivably surprise you now and again, but the man-hero, *Frank Wargrave*, will make you extraordinarily anxious to shake him. When we first meet him he is a subaltern stationed in the West of India, but, becoming involved with a married woman, he is transferred to Eastern Bengal. There he has plenty of sport and adventures, and Mr. CASSERLY describes them uncommonly well. If only *Wargrave* could have been kept constantly in the open air he would have given no trouble, but as soon as he got a roof over his head he behaved quite stupidly. His conduct to "the jungle girl," who was worth a hundred of him and a thousand of the other woman, was beyond the range of my understanding. Thanks to *Badshah*, however, everything ended happily—a very wonderful and attractive elephant.

CHARIVARIA.

THE War officially ends on September 1st, but there is some talk of keeping on the scrap between Turkey and Greece as a memento.

"A man nowadays," says a lady-writer, "sees very little of his grown-up daughters." We can only say that this is no fault of modern feminine fashions.

"Why is it," asks T. A. L. in an evening paper, "that chess is a monopoly of the teashop while the lover of draughts cannot get a game?" One wonders how long the League of Nations will go on ignoring this scandal.

The latest rumour from America is that the man that beat CARPENTIER was not DEMPSEY, but DEMPSEY's little brother.

Sir HALL CAINE has been saying that it was ROSSETTI who advised him to become a novelist. We despise this trick of shifting responsibility on to people who are not here to defend themselves.

A well-known comedian has set out to walk from London to Glasgow. He should arrive in plenty of time for the laugh.

The meteorological expert of a daily paper reports that July was dry, sunny and hot. It is always gratifying to have one's amateur impressions confirmed by experts.

There are whispers of a nasty little incident that is being hushed up in the House of Commons. It appears that a short-sighted showman, who was exhibiting his troupe of monkeys to the Select Committee on Performing Animals, lost his head and addressed Mr. — as "Jocko."

Another story comes from this Committee. After a Mr. HERTZ had performed the "vanishing canary" trick before them a member of the Opposition was heard to say that, while the performance was a good one, he had seen many Cabinet tricks that were much smarter.

"A bouncing lion," says Mr. GEORGE SANGER, "is really the tamest lion you could have." M. BRIAND is understood to be of the same opinion.

As soon as the Telephone Committee Report is ready, Sir OSWALD STOLL will offer to purchase the dramatic rights for a provincial tour.

A Weymouth fisherman has caught a porpoise weighing four hundred pounds. A clever attempt by the creature to escape by impersonating a pair of bootlaces was unsuccessful.

It is rumoured that upon reading the American reports of the NORTHCLIFFE theory Professor EINSTEIN decided to leave his own on the doorstep and abandon it.

Major CHANCOT, the French explorer, claims to have discovered the lost island of Rockall, west of the New Hebrides. We understand that, as it was only a small one, the explorer decided to throw it back again.

The Daily Mail has an article entitled "Beer for Microbes." We always



Demon Bat. "ERE, JER FINK I'M GOIN' TO LET CROSS-EYED GINGER GIMME CENTRE?"

bring our microbes up on good bread-and-milk.

A reformer pleads for the revival of public executions. We have felt all along that as a form of entertainment the revue would have its day and the people would demand some more solid form of festivity.

The South Kensington Meteorological Office is seeking information about the "fireball" seen in the sky last week. The view in some quarters is that it was due to the fusing of a Tower Hill Communist.

The Welsh Harp lake at Hendon, we read, has disappeared. Suspicion is said to have fallen on a furtive-looking man seen loitering in the vicinity one night last week.

A naturalist writing in a Sunday paper remarks upon the powers of mimicry possessed by British orchids.

We knew of one that used to scare picnic parties by making a noise like a game-keeper.

"Yesterday's rain," says a contemporary, "fell very much too short." Personally we never care much for rain if it does not reach the ground.

"Do partridges drink?" asks a daily paper. The suspicions of sportsmen have sometimes been aroused by the unsteadiness of the flight of these birds after luncheon.

An Aylesbury man has been teaching chickens to swim, and has issued a challenge on their behalf. We have often felt that more might be done to brighten the drab lives of our poultry.

According to *The Weekly Dispatch*, girls at the seaside are wearing colour-schemes hitherto not seen except on Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S canvases. Thanet is creeping up.

The other day a Boy Scout saved both his father and his grandfather from drowning. We hope that in fairness he was allowed to count this as two days' kind deeds.

Count ZBOROWSKI, we read, has produced another "Chitti-Chitti-Bang-Bang." These Slavonic composers are very wise to make the most of their vogue.

LORD BLEDISLOE has said that, if more men cultivated allotments, we should have less revolutionary propaganda. On the other hand we should have more big-marrow talk.

It is now expected that for the final stage of his tour Lord NORTHCLIFFE will travel on board the *Napoleonic* to St. Helena.

A young French-woman who pulled the alarm cord of the Brussels express because the man opposite her had a sinister face is to be prosecuted. The by-laws lay it down that the cord may not be pulled unless the offending passenger has first been asked to put his face under the seat and refused.

The ownership of a case of whisky found on Plymouth Hoe, some time ago, has not yet been established. The latest theory is that it was put there as a decoy for American liners.

According to an American scientist, herds of elephants once roamed over Kansas. Had they known it was Kansas—but the damage is done now.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

(See Cartoon, "The Great Renunciation.")

[In spite of Lord CREWE's poignant reference to the attractions of the seaside, Lord CURZON refused to postpone the consideration of Bills coming up from the House of Commons, and in particular the Bill for the Safeguarding of Industries. In a fine spasm of self-denial, "No seaside for me," he said.]

O NOT for me the bracing air
That blows at Southend-on-the-Sea;
The charms of Weston-super-mare
Are (for the moment) not for me;
I shall not watch the raucous gannet
Pacing the well-boomed beach of NORTHCLIFFE's Thanet.

I shall not chase the hairy shrimp
In Herne, or any other, Bay;
Nor lie at ease, supine and limp,
Watching the bucketeers at play,
Nor, writ in sand, record the sale,
Net and enormous, of *The Daily Mail*.

Though force of habit makes me keen
(With other Marquesses, like CREWE),
A god from out a wheeled machine,
To bound and wallow in the blue,
Yet, as the slave of duty, I
Hold to the Upper Chamber, high and dry.

Let those who lack my patriot zeal
Sigh for the sweets of Margate pier,
The periwinkle's soft appeal,
The joy to list with tranced ear,
On wafts of salutary breezes,
The voice of Pierrot uttering ancient wheezes.

Fixed in my urban labourer's cot
(Carlton House Terrace) nobler 'tis
To me, perspiring on the spot,
To guard my country's industries
(Save when I cross the Channel's tide
To do her service on the other side).

So in the records men shall read
How, when my ranks got out of hand,
And in the nation's hour of need
Proposed to romp upon the sand,
Their Captain, GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON,
Stuck to the bloody field with all his spurs on.

O. S.

ORGANISING VICTORY.

(How to do it by consulting the Public's views.)

July 30th.—The English Selectors (Messrs. FOSTER, SPOONER and DANIELL) meet at Madame TUSSAUD's to discuss the broad principles governing the selection of the team for the fifth Test Match. It is unanimously decided that it shall consist of eleven players.

August 1st.—Assembling at the Zoo, Messrs. FOSTER, SPOONER and DANIELL choose the following to form the backbone of the English team (the short legs and tail to be chosen later): Hon. L. H. TENNYSON, Mr. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS, WOOLLEY, MEAD and BROWN.

August 3rd.—In the course of an outspoken article in *The Boy*, "Back-Stop" asks when the Selectors propose to give young players a chance.

August 6th.—Messrs. FOSTER, SPOONER and DANIELL, after a special meeting in Trafalgar Square, issue invitations to the Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Marlborough, Rugby, Cheltenham, Clifton, Haileybury and Central Camberwell Council School elevens to be in attendance at the Oval on August 13th.

August 7th.—Mr. A. C. MACLAREN suggests in *Sunday Sport* that the Selectors are unduly influenced by the demand for youth in the team. Though no one had a greater appreciation than himself of the value of young blood, it should be balanced by matured experience.

August 8th.—At the conclusion of a friendly game of knur and spell Messrs. FOSTER, SPOONER and DANIELL inform the representatives of the Press that invitations to be in attendance at the Oval have been sent to Lord HARRIS, Hon. F. S. JACKSON, Messrs. FOSTER, SPOONER and DANIELL, R. PEEL, T. HAYWARD, J. T. TYLDESLEY, R. ABEL and D. HUNTER.

August 9th.—"Tyke" and "Brum" complain in *The Sporting Field* that the Selectors seem to think that England is bounded on the north by the Thames.

LATER.—Messrs. FOSTER, SPOONER and DANIELL issue invitations to the Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Notts, Northants, Warwickshire, Worcestershire and Leicestershire elevens to be in attendance at the Oval.

August 11th.—In an article in *The Cricketing Times*, Mr. A. C. MACLAREN states that early in the season he sent to the Selectors a list of Minor County players who should be given a trial.

LATER.—The Selectors announce that they have invited all the Minor Counties elevens to be in attendance at the Oval.

August 12th.—"Northerner," in *The Yorkshire Telephone*, asks why players connected with the Lancashire Leagues and the Yorkshire Council Clubs are persistently ignored by the Selectors.

LATER.—Messrs. FOSTER, SPOONER and DANIELL send invitations to all the teams in the combinations mentioned by "Northerner." Also to William Mickamthwaite, the fast bowler of the Little Puddingford Parish Church Choir, whose claims have been brought to their notice by the Vicar.

LATER STILL.—*The Evening Stunt* points out that the selections have been made on the assumption of a continuance of the drought, whereas the Weather Reports predict the arrival of a depression. Where are England's "sticky" wicket experts?

LATEST (9.30 P.M.).—At a final meeting of the English Selectors at Colney Hatch, DICK KERR's Football Girls and the Amateur Swimming Association are requested to send teams to be in attendance at the Oval. R.38 is despatched to fetch them.

August 13th.—The Special Correspondent of *The Evening Banner* writes:—

"Regrettable scenes occurred at Kennington Oval this morning among spectators who had come from all parts of London to the Fifth Test match.

"Queues began to form at 5 A.M., and as the time for opening the gates approached the crowds became of unwieldy proportions.

"Five minutes before the hour fixed for the admittance of the public it was discovered that all available accommodation was already occupied by players invited by the Selectors to be in attendance in case their services should be required. When the position was explained to the waiting crowd a rush was made for the gates, and the situation was becoming serious when a peal of thunder occurred directly over the ground. This was followed by a devastating down-pour of rain, which turned the streets into raging torrents and washed most of the rioters back into the Tube.

"Before the Australians left by special boat for their hotel the Amateur Swimming Association team gave a display of fancy diving from the Pavilion balcony."

The Fuel Shortage.

"Wanted, a Motor Vehicle, for firewood: £40 down."

Provincial Paper.



THE SUPREME SHOWMEN.

M. BRIAND AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*together*). "CRUELTY TO ANIMALS! WHY, IT'S ALL DONE BY TACT AND KINDNESS."



Lady (to husband bathing under orders). "YOU MAY COME OUT NOW, JAMES."

TERRORS OF THE SEAS.

SCENE.—On deck, S.Y. "*Sparklespray*."
In the Solent. TIME.—Last week.

Lady Betty Portcullis. Thank you so much for showing us your wonder-yacht. I hope you didn't mind our asking; we are so bored at Cowes.

Miss Dido Duvelty. We'd heard such marvels about her that we were longing to see something so different from the Noah's Arks we're accustomed to here.

Lord Sparklestone. Well, she's meant to be looked at, an' I've told Glossop 'ere that all 'is friends is always welcome. An' now that you've seen all over 'er I dessay you can imagine that no expense 'as bin spared to make a floatin' 'ome-dee-lux of 'er.

Glossop (aside to Lady B. P.). Oof at the prow—

Lady B. P. (aside to G.). And Pluto at the helm.

Miss D. D.

"Gold and fair marbles, and again more gold,
And space of halls afloat that glance and gleam. . . ."

She's another *Livadia*.

Lord S. I don't mind tellin' you that sometimes when I steps aboard of 'er I can't 'ardly believe she's me own property. Why, it's only the other day, like, when we was on our 'oliday that

me an' the missus 'ere—er—Lady Sparklestone, I should say—as to think twice whether we could afford an arternoon's sail on the *Clackness Belle*, didn't we, Florrie?

Lady Sparklestone. An' then I was that sick we said 'arf the money was wasted. Not that I'm particular subjeck to *mal-dee-mur* when the water's smooth an' I can lay down comfortable, which you can't do on them little pleasure-boats.

Lord S. I little thought in them days 'ow soon I should be able to take 'er ladyship a-cruisin' in style like this 'ere. An' I dessay folks wouldn't 'ardly believe the *Sparklespray* belongs to a man 'oo's raised 'isself to wot 'e is from nothink—or almost nothink—and proud of it.

Miss D. D. But weren't you proud of being a proletarian?

Lord S. I never 'eard the word till arter I become a capitalist, Miss D. Them Russian words wasn't much in use afore the War. In my 'ard-up days we used to call ourselves the People.

Miss D. D. But weren't you class-conscious?

Lord S. I was anxious to better meself, if that's what you mean, Miss D.

G. Isn't that what it always means? But perhaps it's just as well it only comes off so superlatively in the case

of exceptionally gifted individuals like Lord Sparklestone.

Lord S. Ah, there you've 'it it, Glossop. It 'ud never do for everybody to 'ave the same 'ead for business. Whatever would the world be like if every workin' man was to raise 'isself to a position to 'ave a steam yacht like this 'ere?

Lady S. Whatever would Cowes be like, any'ow? I'm sure I shouldn't like it the same if it wasn't select.

Miss D. D. Oh, aren't your hearts with the proletariat? I'm sure mine would be—I mean it is.

Lady B. P. So's mine.

Lady S. Our 'earts is with the class to which Sam—er—Lord Sparklestone 'as raised us by 'is own efforts.

Miss D. D. How strange it is! My brother Hamilear's heart is with the class to which he would like to lower himself if it would let him. He finds it a frightful handicap not having been born a proletarian, because he can't get taken seriously, except at Oxford, where they sent him down on account of his dangerously revolutionary opinions. What riles him most, when he is full of practical schemes for upheaving the existing social system, is to be called a romantic intellectual.

Lord S. Well, that's funny. When I got me peerage arter me big deal in

textiles durin' the War the noospapers said me career was a romance of commerce.

Miss D. D. Oh, but how much more romantic you could make it if you were still a proletarian at heart! When you were a little boy, hadn't you an ambition to become a pirate?

Lord S. I can't say I 'ad, *Miss D.* At one time I was all for bein' a publican.

G. There are many forms of piracy.

Lady B. P. But surely you read *Treasure Island*?

G. Or saw *The Pirates of Penzance*?

Lord S. No, I never was one to waste me time or me money on penny 'orribles and mellerdrammers. There's no room for that sort o' trash in a good business 'ead.

Miss D. D. Then evidently there's no real romance in it either, or you would use your power as a capitalist to fight the battle of the proletariat from which you sprang. That's what I should call a romance of commerce. And Betty and I were saying just now that what we would do in your position would be to fit the *Sparklespray* with concealed guns and run up the red flag and the black flag and strike a blow for the dying cause of Bolshevism.

G. Under Letters of MARX?

Lady B. P. Yes, isn't it a gorgeous idea—to start by sinking all the old fogeys in Cowes Roads?

G. (hums). "It is, it is a glorious thing—"

Miss D. D. Hamilcar would revel in this way of attacking our effete and hypocritical civilization. And, carefully carried out, nobody would ever suspect that the unknown terror of the seas was Lord Sparklestone, the prof—er—the industrial magnate.

G. I think GILBERT anticipates a good many people in remarking that, contrasted with respectability, piracy is comparatively honest.

Lord S. Well, give me respectability. Them Bolshie notions may be all very well for Mr. 'Amilcar, but I 'ave to consider me responsibilities as the founder of a noble family.

Miss D. D. In ancient times all noble families were founded by pirates.

G. And no doubt, like certain people of the present day, the Penzance lot, who were all noblemen gone wrong, were reversioners to type.

Lady B. P. Anyhow, it seems hopeless to persuade Lord Sparklestone to do anything sporting on the high seas.

Lord S. I dunno so much, *Lady Betty.* Between ourselves 'ere, I've 'ar'd a mind to 'ave a try for the America Cup some day.

G. "It might be done—and England should do it." Ladies, the pinnace waits. [Exeunt.]



AT A CHARITY BAZAAR.

Celebrated Revue Actress. "WOULD YOU LIKE A PROGRAMME?"

Youth. "NO, THANKS; I'M JUST GOING."

C. R. A. "THAT WILL BE A GUINEA, PLEASE."

Youth. "BUT I SAY; I—"

C. R. A. "I KNOW, BUT I'VE TALKED TO YOU."

"Ave atque Vale."

"The trumpeters this morning announced the arrival of the judges by the strains of 'Auld Lang Syne' by way of farewell."

Manchester Paper.

"A suburban correspondent writes: I notice that you publish from time to time accounts of rare birds which are seen in the neighbourhood of London. You may be interested to learn that in the suburb where I live, close to that popular resort, Clapham Junction, a hedgehog was seen the other day."

Morning Paper.

Talking about hedgehogs, you should just see our tame sea-trout.

"HOTEL HOAXED."

WOMAN'S AND GIRL'S POSE AS ACTRESSES.
Daily Paper.

This sort of thing is becoming far too common. It was only a week or so ago that a whole theatrical of people were duped in the same way.

"Gentleman's Mahogany Wardrobe, in owner's possession over 100 years, for Sale."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

We understand that the centenarian vendor is only parting with it because he desires to purchase an annuity.

THE PASSING OF ALFRED.

[I have merely written the following lines in order to show once more the kind of thing we might hope for if we had a Poet Laureate capable of rising to a great occasion as Lord TENNYSON used to in the good old Victorian days.]

It little profits that a Paper-King
I wear myself away in pigmy wars
For ever crying "Waste!" and once more "Waste!"
Till "Waste!" the forest echoes, "Waste!" the hill,
But nothing, save the crying, comes of it.
Matched with a more than MODRED, was it well
That I should always joust against the knights
Who hoard and sleep, and bleed the taxpayer,
When now there loomed the goodlier Quest ahead?
Therefore I journeyed, therefore I set sail
To that great golden land beyond the seas,
That island of a hundred millions
Where foams not ale nor any alcohol—
An isle that loves me well and, loving me,
Lies all Calypso to my sounding fame.
There I might still do battle, not, as erst,
With long ambrosial leaders in *The Times*
And endless clash of *Daily Mail* on *Mail*,
Re-echoing in the pangs of windy "Pov,"
But showing men in person who I was,
Fearless to fight LLOYD GEORGE, but in my heart
ALFRED the King, ALFRED the Peacemaker.
And if in that dear land I might not stay
Him who has spoilt the purpose of my life,
At least I figured in their flaming Press,
A fair free Press, a happier Press than ours,
As the sole flower of England's chivalry,
Not LLOYD GEORGE nor another. So come on;
Send me my twenty-five stenographers
And, sitting well in order, bid them write
The travel notes that I dictate to them
And have them wirelessly through the wanton air
And wafted round the habitable globe.
For we must pass beyond the Happy Isles,
Beyond the sunset and the Golden Gate;
It may be I shall climb Mount Everest,
Riding upon a yak or other steed,
And visit the Grand Lama of TIBET,
And fill his heart with fear until he takes
A motoring insurance with *The Times*.
It may be I shall start *The Cherry Bloom*
In Tokio, or else *The Pekin Mail*,
For so the whole round earth is every way
Knitted with golden wires to Tallis Street,
Like one vast organ vocal of my fame;
A Prester Alfred, changing "Alf" for "John."
It may be I shall take Jerusalem
And touch Damascus also on my way,
A rose-red city older than *The Times*;
And so to Egypt. There in wastes of sand,
Waste, always waste, that could not have occurred
Under a more enlightened Government,
I mean to set my riddle to the Sphinx:
"What do you think of CURZON?" And she, coy,
So coy with some, but not so coy with me,
Opening at last her immemorial lips,
Shall grant the great exclusive interview
That the world longs for, saying what CURZON is.
And even as a little ripple starts,
A little ripple on a little pond
Made by a stone that has been tossed therein

* ED. But this is not TENNYSON.

AUTH. No, but neither is that bit about the yak.

And, falling, sinks and does not rise again,
But rests upon the bottom, yet the waves
Orb in concentric circles round about,
Each wider than the one that went before,
Until at last they reach the distant edge,
Each edge at once of the whole reedy pond,
And move the reeds and make them bend their heads—
Even so the purport of that interview
Shall first of all be published in *The Times*,
And lifted, passing to *The Evening News*,
And from *The Evening News* into *The Mail*
Shall widen down the Amalgamated Press
And through the Associated Newspapers,
Till each man asks his neighbour every day
What the Sphinx thinks of CURZON; and a prize
Shall be presented to the man who gives
The best interpretation of the saw.
But I meanwhile shall mount upon my barge
And ferry o'er the sea to Italy,
And, resting for a while, return anon.
Let no one think I shall not come again. EVOE.

A BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have always been an amateur of Opera, and sometimes a light-hearted critic of it. That must be my plea for asking leave to put before your readers the claims of the British National Opera Company. The scheme is promoted by members of the disbanded Opera Company that served under Sir THOMAS BEECHAM, for whose patriotic enterprise the country remains most grateful, and its purpose is to found and maintain a permanent organisation on a co-operative basis to perform in English the best Operas of all nations. It is proposed that there shall be Spring and Autumn Opera Seasons in London, and that the Company shall, in the intervals, tour the large cities of the Kingdom during a working year of at least forty weeks. Not only is the *personnel* of Sir THOMAS BEECHAM's brilliant group of artistes available, but—a much smaller yet very important matter—an opportunity offers itself of securing, at a very tempting price, the properties (scenery and costumes) of the late company.

The capital of the new company is divided into ten thousand Ordinary Shares of £1 (in which all active members will be required to have a holding in proportion to their earning capacities) and forty thousand six per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference Shares of £1. The latter are now offered to the public. Among the Directors the names of MESSRS. PERCY PITT, ROBERT RADFORD, THOMAS BUSBY, WALTER HYDE and Madame AGNES NICHOLLS are sufficient guarantee of the capability of the Management.

I have no interest—pecuniary, that is to say; all lovers of music have the other kind of interest—in the success of this promotion, and my sole reason for intruding financial details into your uncommercial pages is that the Company naturally cannot afford the costs of advertising on a large scale and must rely mainly on the good services of people like yourself for making known its objects. A few hundred out of the many thousand readers of *Punch* who are in earnest about Opera in England could easily set this co-operative scheme on a secure footing.

It only remains for me to say that Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Company's Solicitors, Messrs. BRIDGMAN AND Co., 4, College Hill, E.C.4, or the Company's Bankers, London County Westminster and Parrs Bank, Temple Bar Branch, 217, Strand, W.C.2; and to assure you, Mr. Punch, that in this matter I am (to borrow Mr. DAVY BURNABY's happy description of himself and his colleagues)

A Co-optimist.



Flo (as the sandalo passes). "OW, LOOK 'ERE, BERT—'ERE'S A RUMMY BOWT."
 Bert. "AH! FINK THEY'RE IN SWITZERLAND, I S'POSE."

THE REWARD.

It was reported in a newspaper recently that a poor woman who restored to its owner a wallet containing one thousand pounds in notes was rewarded for her honesty with the sum of four shillings—a recognition which, it must be admitted, was not lavish.

In order to save myself from a tiresome dilemma, I shall in future take particular care that no wallet of mine containing a thousand pounds in banknotes is lost. The problem of just reward is almost too difficult to solve. Let me put it to you.

Whistling on my way, I drop such a wallet.

A poor woman runs after me crying, "Hi, mister!"

I turn haughtily. She hands me the wallet. I grab it.

It is obviously my duty to say, "Here, my good woman, is an acknowledgment of your honesty." Yes, but how much should the acknowledgment be?

A sovereign? Not a great sum compared with the thousand she could have turned to excellent use. A fiver? Could I be easy in my mind, giving her a fiver with a nine hundred-and-ninety-fiver snuggling warmly against my fifth rib?

What about a hundred then? But that would leave nine hundred—a tidy sum to possess merely by taking it from the hand of a poor woman with, doubtless, a husband and family to keep.

Very well; say five hundred. Half and half, share and share alike; could anyone say fairer than that? Even so I should be five hundred better off than I might have been but for my benefactor.

The more I think of it the more I am convinced that it is better to have only two hundred-and-fifty pounds in my pocket than the nothing I should have if a rogue had picked up the wallet. Justice seems to point towards seven hundred-and-fifty as the just reward. Indeed, having got so far, what is to prevent the lady with the bandage round her eyes from going further still and saying nine hundred-and-ninety-nine? Is not one pound in the pocket worth a thousand up a thief's sleeve?

Perhaps after all the fairest division would be to give the whole of the thousand pounds and just retain the wallet.

Our Headline Experts.

"ENGINE FALLS OFF AN AEROPLANE.

After travelling 50 miles the engine was missing, but the machine landed safely."

Daily Paper.

An Extenuating Circumstance.

"At Taunton this week an ex-soldier was charged on remand with having bigamously married; his awful wife being alive."

West Country Paper.

"She carried a sheaf of Harris Sissi lilies."

Daily Paper.

This would be a new variety of the well-known Persona Talis Nulla.

"Welshmen who have been down at Carnarvon to the Eisteddfod have been summoned back to see the [Licensing] Bill safely through to-night, after which they will be allowed to return to Carnarvon. The fate of the *bond-fide* traveller hangs in the balance."

Evening Paper.

Surely there was never any doubt about these travellers.

The Red Cross War Report distinguishes between V.A.D.s and nurses, explaining that of the latter all sent out were fully trained "until towards the end of 1916, from which date certain nurses, under 100, trained in fever hospitals went abroad..." We think it right to say that Mr. Punch's support of the Red Cross appeal, to which the Report also refers, was given in total ignorance of the fact that such young women were being employed.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

It was during the drought. I had come in very hot and tired, and I told Mary I was at home to no one. But Mary is a person of immense discretion. At about half-past nine she knocked gently and opened the door very wide. "The Fairy Queen, Miss," she said, using the particular tone of voice which she keeps for very special occasions.

The Queen flew gracefully in and flung herself with a petulant air upon a sofa-cushion.

I knelt and kissed her hand.

"Your Majesty looks upset," I said.

"Anybody would be upset," said the Queen. "It's this dreadful drought."

"It is bad," I agreed; "but it *must* rain presently. And surely your Majesty can have no difficulty in finding a cool place?"

"Oh, it isn't that," said the Queen a trifle pettishly. "You see it's—it's—well, I'm afraid it's partly my fault."

I confess I was startled.

"Of course we've got a perfectly hopeless Weather-Clerk just now," she continued confidentially, "and the fact of the matter is he simply cannot manage the rain-fairies at all. They sit about on the edge of the clouds and dangle their toes and laugh at him, and the more he rages the more they laugh. He did get a few to work the other day, but that's no use at all. We need every one of them. You know what the country's like."

"But can't you get rid of him?" I said.

The Queen sighed. "That's just it," she said. "Of course I ought to be able to, but you know when people once get into a job how hard it is to get them out. He has very influential relatives. Besides he's quite good in some ways. His sunsets are lovely, and there's a sort of shimmering effect he gets that is simply wonderful. Perhaps you've noticed. And I'm sure that at one time he wasn't really trying very hard to get the rain-fairies to work. All the praise he got went to his head a little. You know how everyone talked. 'Never knew such a summer.' 'How beautiful London is looking!' It made him furious when people said it was the coal-strike. I think he's gone a little sun-mad. And naturally the sun encourages him. He's frightfully conceited; can't bear clouds, of course. All the same I think the Clerk's anxious

enough now to get the rain-fairies under control again. But I'm so afraid it's too late. They actually all went off picnicking to the North the other day and took the clouds with them."

I acknowledged that the situation was awkward.

"How would it be to offer him another post?" I said. "Have you anyone you could put in his place?"

The Fairy Queen cogitated.

"The weather-cocks would like to do it," she said. "A sort of committee, you know. But what could I find for him to do?"



Dear Old Thing (to Brown, who has been searching in the rough for twenty minutes). "I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS, YOUNG MAN—IF YOU'RE SURE IT ISN'T CHEATING."

I was nonplussed.

"If only I could get him married," said the Queen.

"Aren't they allowed to be weather-clerks when they're married?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said the Queen. "It would *never* do. Their wives would simply arrange the weather to suit themselves. We did have a married one once; it was dreadful. No one else could give a garden-party. So we had to make it a rule. Can't you think of a job for him?"

"No," I said. "It's dreadfully hard to find jobs for important people. It looks as if marriage were the only solution. Can't anything be done?"

"I'm afraid he's a confirmed bachelor," said the Queen; "but I'll give a

party and invite all my prettiest fairies and give them all new frocks and let them all have their wings touched up, and I'll have some love-potions made and see if we can't contrive something."

She seemed a little more hopeful when she left me.

A few days went by and still there was no rain. Evidently the Weather-Clerk had proved impervious.

And then one evening I got a message. The tiniest, daintiest little note imaginable fluttered in at my open window. "On Her Majesty's Service" was written in golden letters across the top and the seal bore the device of a crown in a heart.

I opened it eagerly.

"DEAR MORTAL," it ran,—"All is well. The Weather-Clerk has fallen in love with Princess South-West Wind. The rain-fairies, as you know, are her devoted subjects and are willing to do all that she asks. They are to begin work immediately."

Always your friend and well-wisher,
TITANIA R."

I looked up at the sky. A little cloud floated up softly from the south-west. Another—yet another. Presently the whole sky was covered. A few drops fell.

I gave a sigh of relief. The drought was ended. R. F.

The Bucolic Style.

At an agricultural show:—

"It was left to the farmers' daughters to cut the real figure, and many of them were attired in dresses that would not have put them to shame at a garden party."

There was one fine red beast that brought herself into popularity."

Provincial Paper.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Colverley's 'needy knife-grinder' is waking up to the necessity of keeping pace with the times."—Daily Paper.

And no longer answers to CANNING's description: "Grinder, who serenely grindest."

"PROSPECTS FOR THE TWELFTH.

Coveys of eight young girls . . . have been flushed recently on the Pentlands."

Scotch Paper.

Similar phenomena have also been observed at some of our seaside resorts.

"He went on to state that Mrs. — was asked to associate herself with the work of the Women's Patrol, a body of which, although his wife was one, he wished to speak in the highest terms."—Local Paper.

We do not know Mrs. —, but we imagine that she will have something to say about that "although."

GRUMPY: A BLACK-CAP GULL.*(A Study from Life.)*

WHERE, on the marge of Moray's Firth,
The seagulls make their punctual
landing,

Provocative of endless mirth,
Is one, a friend of ten years' stand-
ing;

For, though he's getting rather lame
And in alighting somewhat bumpy,
He more than justifies the name
The children gave him once of
"Grumpy."

Policeman of the level sward
Frequented by their pet free-fooders,
He keeps a vigilant watch and ward
Against irregular intruders;
On foot their master and their match,
With lowered beak and shoulders
humpy,
But in the scrum or as a catch
Inferior to the rest is Grumpy.

His language to the younger gulls
Is not polite or Ciceronian;
No tolerance his anger lulls—
Just like *The Times's* "Old Etonian;"
And when they filch, beneath his nose,
The morsels that are large and lumpy,
Convulsed with rage he shrieks and
grows

A very Devil of a Grumpy.

I hear him, at the screech of dawn,
Perched always on the same low
gable;

But mostly he patrols the lawn—
His breakfast, lunch and dinner table;
Fierce, yet a slave to strict routine;
Grave when alone, with others jumpy;
He always dominates the scene,
Always ungenial, always Grumpy.

Some days he goes into retreat,
But then, in flattering imitation,
Another gull usurps his beat
And apes his ways to admiration;

Son or disciple—who shall say?
But, since he's growing old and
dumpy,
We live in hope the mimic may
Prolong the dynasty of Grumpy.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OLIVE-EATER.

IN spite of certain difficulties which
lie in wait for the olive-eater I have for
some years been addicted to this vice.

Of course olives are an acquired taste,
like Government beer, and, like that
beverage, induce thirst; but once the
taste is acquired there is no known
cure for it. Victims of the olive-habit
cannot throw it off even in a year when
the vintage fails and a substitute is
provided in the shape of green damsons
soused in ink.

I well remember the first time that
I essayed to eat an olive. It was at a



"WELL, DEAR, AND DID YOU HAVE A NICE HOLIDAY?"

"OH, YES—DELIGHTFUL! WE STAYED AWAY A WEEK LONGER THAN THE SMITHS
NEXT DOOR."

dinner-party. Being in some uncer-
tainty as to the correct *modus operandi*
I acted on the old adage, "When in
doubt use a fork." I remember chasing
that olive all round the environs of its
dish, till at the thirteenth stab I landed
it in the middle of the Vicar's plate,
where it lay *perdu* amid his gooseberry-
tart. As he was busily engaged at the
moment with his neighbour on the
Arminian heresy he did not notice the
mishap at once, but, judging by the face
he pulled at her shortly afterwards, I
concluded that my olive had dealt him
a devastating shock.

On the many subsequent occasions
on which I have toyed with olives be-
tween the courses I have generally
experienced some difficulty in dispos-
ing of the stone. For, just as I have

finished the chewing process, I have
usually found that my plate has been
removed, and I have been compelled to
adopt one of the following courses:—

To swallow the stone—dangerous.

To retain it in my mouth—inimical
to conversation.

To hold it in my hand—unpleasant.

To lay it on the tablecloth—revolting.

To drop it on the floor under an ad-
joining chair—dishonourable.

The eighteenth-century custom of
embedding such impediments in bread
pellets and flicking them at one's host
is now considered bad form.

"BUSINESSES FOR SALE.

Stationer's and Printer's, genuine bus; ill-
health cause of ale."—*Daily Paper*.
Or was it the other way round?



Mother (to Peggy, who has lost her temper because she is not allowed to go for a drive with her parents). "LITTLE GIRLS WON'T GO TO HEAVEN IF THEY DON'T BEHAVE."

Peggy. "DON'T WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN."

Mother. "WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO, THEN?"

Peggy. "WANT TO GO WITH YOU AND DADDY."

THE DESERTER.

Lines with a Wedding Present.

THERE were three stout fellows and unafraid,
Who loved the jungles in days of yore,
Three stout fellows who found their fun
With rod and rifle, with game and gun:
There were three—but one of them married a maid,
And comes to hunt no more.

There were three of us—you and me and Mac,
And o' Saturday nights when the dusk came down
We'd pack our kit and cheerily start
On foot and pony, in car and cart,
And meet till the new week called us back
To office and toil and town.

Who remembers the pleasant days,
The baking sunshine, the drenching dew?
Who remembers our old delights,
The sombre and starlit jungle nights,
The long long talks and the camp-fire's blaze?
Not you, let us hope, not you.

For you deserted; for one fair face,
For a word or a smile, a look or a kiss,
For the curve of a cheek or the flash of an eye
You let the jungle and all go by;

For dinners and dances, for glitter and grace,
You lost all this—all this!

Think you, won't you fidget again
For one rough day in a wild wet wood,
Fret and fidget on Saturday night,
When the new love bids you—with perfect
right—
"Don't go off with these nasty men;
Stay at home and be good"?

And asleep in your bed of eider and lawn
Will you never wake in the wee sma' hours
And think ere again your eyes you shut
Of Mac and me in the Forester's Hut,
Drinking our tea in the rain-washed dawn,
And balance your lot with ours?

Let's hope not, for we wish you well;
Let's hope not, for we like you so;
Let's keep hoping you won't hark back
To the jungle meetings and me and Mac;
Let's hope anything; but—oh, hell!—
Why did you spoil the show?

H. B.



THE GREAT RENUNCIATION.

["No seaside for me!" said Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON, in opposing Lord CREWE's motion for giving the Peers a holiday in August.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 1st.—Considering that it was Bank Holiday and the weather sultry, there was a fair attendance in the House of Commons. Life's little ironies were freely illustrated at Question-time. Thus it fell to Mr. CECIL HARMSWORTH to defend the Foreign Office against the charge, brought by the NORTHCLIFFE Press, of circulating "doped" news. Sir A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, a lifelong Tory, called upon to justify a big increase of salary granted to one of the officials in his Department, was fain to shelter himself under the authority of a Committee presided over by the Member for Paisley. "That is incidental," shouted Mr. HOGGE, whose rugged honesty would not allow respect for his chief to mitigate his hatred of the Government.

The debate on the Railways Bill proceeded with the leisureliness of a Parliamentary train. A full hour was spent in discussing whether in Clause 6 the word "including" should be substituted for the words "and in particular"—a phrase which Mr. INSKIP said was "abhorrent to a lawyer." Sir ERIC GEDDES, in appealing to the House not to make the alteration, said that in Committee upstairs the meaning of a whole clause had been altered by the substitution of "which" for "that." Alarmed by the awful possibilities thus foreshadowed the House decided by 169 votes to 26 to keep "and in particular."

As a debater the MINISTER of TRANSPORT is decidedly coming on. All through the evening he was continually popping up with replies, terse and vigorous, to the arguments of the critics of the Bill. One of these uprisings nearly caused a vacancy in the Under-Secretaryship, for he popped down again so quickly that Mr. NEAL, who had incautiously leant over to exchange a word with a fellow-Minister, was almost *écrasé* by the superincumbent mass. I understand that this is the first time he has ever been sat upon by his chief, and that it won't be his fault if it isn't the last.

Tuesday, August 2nd.—The prospect of sitting through the best part of August in order to dispose of a mass of belated Bills is undoubtedly objectionable to many of the Peers. Accordingly Lord CREWE, relying upon the support of Lord SALISBURY, determined to give the Government "a good hard

knock," and moved that the House should decline to proceed until November with any measure not already before it. He pointed out that, "without adopting the attitude of a prig," any noble lord might feel it his duty to ex-

motion too seriously, though he warned his brother-marquess that he was setting up a precedent which he might some day find very inconvenient for himself. He relied mainly on the *tu quoque*. After all, Ministers were not driving the Peers nearly so hard as the Government of which Lord CREWE was a Member did in 1909.

This exposure of Lord CREWE's inconsistency served to encourage Lord SALISBURY in his support of the motion. He pictured Lord CURZON as a *Jekyll-Hyde* combination, with *Hyde* as the predominant partner; declared that the sooner the Government took a holiday the better it would be for the country, and wound up with a peroration which (if I may trust *The Times* report) might be summarised as "Split my infinitives if I stand any more!"

After this outburst Lord NEWTON was justified in asking, "Is the worm really going to turn?"

The reply was in the negative, for out of some seven hundred Peers only 79 voted for the motion, and, as the Government managed to scrape up 104 against it, they saved their bacon, but only by the squeak.

The Commons always prick up their ears when a question relating to the trials of German war-criminals is approached. Such inquiries are answered by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and he is fertile in the production of verbal quips for the confusion of the inquirers. Thus to an unusually discursive "Supplementary" put by Sir F. HALL this afternoon Sir G. HEWART mellifluously replied, "I will not say, as I am tempted to say, that the answer is in the plural."

Judging, however, by the laughter that ensued this was not considered so good a joke as Colonel WEDGWOOD's testimonial to the "excellent ethical teaching" given in the Socialist Sunday-schools.

The Railways Bill traversed a further stage on its long journey, now nearing the terminus; and the House, after passing a Water Supply Bill, turned with zest to "something more substantial," as Sir EDGAR JONES remarked, in the Licensing Bill. Several amendments were adopted. One, moved by Sir G. YOUNGER, provided that very light beers should be regarded as non-intoxicating; and another, by Mr. WILL THORNE, secured an extra hour for opening in country districts (West Ham is technically in the country); but a



ON GUARD.

The latest role for the Ministerial Black Sheep.
SIR ERIC GEDDES.

amine carefully the Bills that came from the Commons, especially as many of the Acts hustled through by the present Government had not been remarkable for their durability.

Lord CURZON, who had presumably received a comforting assurance from the Whips, was not inclined to take the



THE HORNPIPING TIMES OF PEACE.

ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD HALL APPLAUDS COLONEL AMERY'S
NAVAL PROGRAMME.



Small Boy (returning from Sunday-School outing). "I'M AFRAID ALL THIS EXCITEMENT WILL KILL MY TIDDLER."

third, by which Mr. REMER sought to restore the privileges of the *bona-fide* traveller, was rejected, the House apparently agreeing with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that in these days the only *bona-fide* thing about him is his thirst.

Wednesday, August 3rd.—Lord NEWTON has his doubts about the various International Commissions that have been roaming round Europe ever since the Armistice. In one case, according to his information, four Allied Admirals, accompanied, like Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., by their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, had been sent to look after "four old gutted vedette-boats." Lord PEEL did not know anything about this particular incident, but gave a general assurance that the British contingent on these Commissions was cut down to the minimum and did not include any extraneous females.

The effect of a jeremiad by Lord SELBORNE on the future of the agricultural industry was somewhat relieved by a breezy speech from Lord LINCOLN-SHIRE. He did not mind the Government "scrapping" the Corn Production Acts, but objected very strongly to their selling the Crown Lands. An Administration that was ready to knock down Runnymede to the highest bidder would, he implied, be likely to treat Magna Carta as a scrap of parchment.

The Commons were surprised to hear that the Cabinet were about to set up a Committee of "business men" to help them to cut down their expenses, and that the Chairman was to be Sir ERIC GEDDES, who has hitherto been regarded as a symbol of expansion rather than retrenchment. Nobody on the Committee is to be paid, and, as it will have no control over policy, it is expected that its results will be on a par with its remuneration.

"We ought to have more, but we must have four," was the burden of Colonel AMERY's defence of the Admiralty's battleship programme. Mr. ASQUITH counselled delay till after the Washington Conference. Opinions differed as to the value of "capital ships," and the only thing certain was that they cost a lot of capital. Reasonable risks must be provided for, but not those conceived by "scare-mongering experts." Admirals SUETER and ADAIR agreed in urging the postponement of the battleships, but Admiral Sir R. HALL said the Navy must have up-to-date ships if it was to maintain its moral. The dockyard representatives with singular unanimity agreed that whatever ships were built the Royal yards ought to build them, and Mr. CHURCHILL closed the debate with a "British lion" oration of the 1914 vintage.

Thursday, August 4th.—This being the seventh anniversary of Britain's entry into the Great War the occasion was suitably marked by Sir J. GILMOUR's announcement that the huts now disfiguring the Embankment in the rear of Whitehall Court would be vacated this year, and that by next Summer the gardens would be restored to the public.

A rose-coloured review of the activities of the Labour Department was given by Dr. MACNAMARA, who pointed out that much of its most valuable work—in the prevention of strikes—was unappreciated because it was unseen. His speech evoked plenty of criticism, but it was for the most part friendly. Major BOYD-CARPENTER complained that the girls in the Labour Exchanges had so little to do that they often combed one another's hair; and Lady ASTOR, in urging the setting up of a trade board for the funeral business, incidentally enunciated a great truth: "Undertakers, doctors and plumbers have all got you."

From the programme of the Classical Association:—

"Professor — on 'The Application of Thought to Sexual Criticism.'"
Morning Paper.

This might be beneficial to some of our modern novelists.

HERO-WORSHIP.

It was my privilege not long since to receive a letter from a famous cricketer whose active career, alas! is behind him, for illness has stolen away his strength, but he still watches the game with a jealous eye and rejoices in the triumphs of others. In spite of all the prowess of the last few years, the new names and the great scores, no one has arisen to take his place. Personally I should not be surprised if none ever did.

Seeing in the mind's eye (as I finished reading his brief missive) a vision of little running boys with autograph-books on the grass of the Oval and Lord's, through whose masses the retiring players have to force their way—few as complaisant as they used to be—I put it into an envelope and addressed it to a small nephew at school. Not that I wanted him to be fired to join this importunate army, with its pencils and its albums and its insensitiveness to rebuffs, but I wished to behave like a decent uncle and provide him with a unique and perhaps coveted possession.

I say "perhaps," because this cricketer has not played for so long that there was the possibility that neither my nephew nor any of his companions—it is a school for really little boys—had heard of him. Their heads might be so full of contemporary giants—the HEARNES and the HITCHES, the JUPPS and the JEACOCKES, the MEADS and the —no, not Persians, Australians—that this Emeritus Titan, the delight of our eyes a decade ago, might be history so ancient as to be negligible.

But I was wrong.

"The letter you sent to Gerry," his fond mother wrote, "was a most tremendous success. He thought it was his duty, poor public-spirited mite, to put it up for auction for some school fund or other, and it fetched four-and-tenpence. But that isn't all. Each of the eleven took a tracing of it."

I hope Mr. JESSOP is a reader of *Punch*. E. V. L.

Commercial Candour.

"A Swell roadster in running condition; guaranteed for three hours."—*Canadian Paper*.

"All the last four wickets had fallen to the suuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu shrdl hrloiywyfbbfg."—*Lancashire Paper*.

Is this the latest form of "googly"?

From a review:—

"The fact that the author had a wide circle of friends in the world of Society and letters... makes this book worth dripping into."—*Indian Paper*.

Or, in the very hot weather, even pouring over.



Customer. "WHAT! RAISING PRICES AGAIN! WHATEVER FOR?"

Grocer. "SURELY YOU REALISE, MADAM, THAT ALL THE STRIKES HAVE STOPPED. WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT UNDER THESE VERY ABNORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES?"

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

"WHAT strange things words are!" said my hostess to me as we strolled along the herbaceous border where I had told her which of her flowers were more burnt up than mine and which less; and we had each said how odd it was that anyone in England, in the summer, should ever be deploring fine weather.

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I have a man and his wife to help here, and when work is slack the man is allowed to take any small job he can find. After breakfast this morning I put to the wife the most natural and, on the face of

it, most unambiguous question in the world. I said, 'What is your husband doing to-day?'

"It never occurred to me that there could be more than one way of reading such a form of words as that. But there is. For what do you think she replied? She said, 'I can't remember the name, Ma'am, but he wrote it on a piece of paper and told me to give it to the milkman and the grocer's boy. The three-thirty, he said. Each way.'"

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Every now and then an effort is made in Paris to show interest in Shakespeare. What is produced is what the French politely call a 'success de stime.'"—*Irish Paper*.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE.

MY DEAR SILVANUS,—I trust that the reports of the dramatic performances which have been given in Hyde Park and elsewhere this summer have convinced you, as an aspiring dramatist, of the encouraging possibilities of the Open-Air Play. Apart from the solution it offers to the harassing problem of theatre rents and costs of production it should give you a big pull over the more experienced dramatists who are schooled to the conventional methods of the limelight stage. As for that species of playwright who cannot get on without bedroom settings with about half-a-dozen doors in them, you should have him beaten at the start, since he could do little or nothing with camp bedsteads and mosquito netting.

Simplicity is the keynote of the whole movement, and this means that you will rely on what Nature gives you in the way of scenery and props. There must be no *papier-maché* marble staircases or any illusions of that sort. It should, of course, be permissible for you to make use of an old ruin or any other genuine structure that may happen to be part and parcel of your stage, otherwise you must depend entirely upon Nature and your dramatic art for obtaining effects. After all, such limitations should render your task easy rather than difficult. Acting on the principle favoured by Mr. Vincent Crummies you will simply find out what properties are available, and then write your play round them. Supposing, for example, that the open-air theatre for which you are writing consists of an open glade with a mossy boulder left and a blasted oak (I intend this adjective to be used in its strict etymological sense and not as the stage manager might possibly employ it) right centre; you know at once that whatever story you are going to tell has got to have a mossy boulder and a blasted oak in it.

You will, I think, be surprised at the amount of incident you can get out of a blasted oak. People can meet at a blasted oak; they can hide in it, make love under it, lean against it, hatch plots around it, address soliloquies to it, even instal on it the indispensable telephone.

You are bound to find Nature a somewhat trying ally at first, especially if

the success of your play depends upon your dialogue being heard. Nature has her quiet moods, but they rarely last long. Sparrows and thrushes will commence to twitter, leaves will rustle, a parliament of frogs will burst into sudden and heated debate upon some question of the hour, a cow will recollect a story it ought to have told another cow about three fields away and relieve its mind accordingly. I daresay that in time you will be able to persuade Nature to make her noises either during the intervals of your play or at appropriate moments during the action when they could be employed with dramatic effect. In the meantime you must rely upon your cast to do their best by raising their voices or using megaphones. A ready-witted actor should always be able to turn the interruptions of a cornerake (say) to good account by

of your cast will make it unpleasant for you. Even the best of actresses is apt to falter in her part when a spider is crawling down her back.

If you should discover a wasps' nest or an adder's lair on your stage I think you should request the management to select a fresh theatre. You will, I know, be sorely tempted to employ the wasps or the adder as a means of inflicting retributory chastisement upon the villain, but such a course, though pregnant with dramatic possibilities, would be too risky. By reason of the proverbial cussedness of natural things it is more than likely that the white-haired old father or the innocent heroine will get the chastisement.

To my mind, however, the intrinsic value of the open-air drama lies in the magnificent opportunities it offers our actors and actresses of doing some really

strenuous out-door work. They will be able to cut real grass, chop real wood, dig real turnips and potatoes, plant real cabbages, gather real mushrooms, tidy up and bustle about real farmyards—in short make themselves materially useful, instead of merely writing imaginary letters, walking in and out with papers, flicking dusters or toying with odd bits of needle-work, as they do at present. In fact I see no reason, Silvanus, why the cult of the open-air theatre

should not render appreciable assistance to the exploitation of our agricultural resources.

Your sincere PANTAGRUEL.

Our Tactful Advertisers.

"Wanted, Gentleman Boarder, collier preferred."—*Local Paper*.

"The course was twice round the East Lepe, West Bramble and West Middle buoys, a distance of 14 sea meals."—*Daily Paper*.

If 14 sea-meals make a course, how many courses go to a sea meal?

"Gentlewomen may add to their income by raising funds for popular philanthropy."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

We always had our doubts about some of those flag-day collectors.

"Lord Northcliffe's denial was as follows:—'Please convey to His Majesty, with my humble duty, my denial of ever having ascribed to His Majesty word or words as stated by the Crime Minister yesterday.'"

Irish Paper.
The printer appears to have done a little thought-reading.



"HERE'S A POSTCARD FOR YOU, GRANDFATHER. I RECKON THEY THOUGHT TWINS WAS WORTH THREE'APENCE."

remarking, "Hark, Angolina; does not the voice of yonder bird remind you of that happy day," etc., and so delighting the audience by conveying the impression that the bird had been engaged and trained for the part at enormous expense.

You can however rely upon Nature to do her best to make your afternoon-tea-in-the-garden and your picnic scenes properly realistic. On the ordinary stage the picnic business is too tidy and spotless a thing to believe in. At the stage picnic no one ever sits on the butter or puts his foot in the mayonnaise; the wind does not blow the table-cloth away as soon as it has been laid out; earwigs do not plunge into the milk or dragon-flies alight in the jam. On your open-air stage there is a good chance of all these things, and more, happening. The trouble will be that you will have difficulty in restraining your insect and reptile supers from "walking on" whenever they feel like doing so; but you must manage it somehow or the ladies



A QUICK TURNOVER.

KEEPING CHICKENS.

WHEN Margery and I first contemplated the venture we spoke of it as "Keeping chickens." This we did without thought, just because everybody else put it that way. Of course what we really intended was that the chickens should keep us. The idea first trailed splendidly across our vision when eggs were sixpence each. Margery, who is the mathematician of the family, brought the matter down to concrete statistics.

"Let us suppose," she argued, "that we start with twenty chickens and that each chicken lays three hundred eggs a year. That means £7 10s. from each one and £150 a year from twenty."

"Why not make it forty," I suggested, "and take £300 a year out of the concern?"

It seemed such an absurdly simple way of making money that I could never understand why we hadn't thought of it before. Then another view of the question occurred to me.

"By the way," I said, "do they require any kind of nourishment, or do they just exist on the Rector's glebe and lay the eggs in the home depôt?"

"Don't be foolish. Of course they have to be fed on all sorts of things—corn and meat and bran mash and oyster shells."

"What do you propose to do?" I asked. "Resort to larceny or the more customary practices of commerce?"

This, you may say, was the first shadow of the eclipse. Following it were days in which the house became strewn with price lists of delectable chicken-foods. There is really no food which may not be tendered to a chicken. Everything except chicken; and that is not mentioned, only by reason of the fine feelings of the post-war chicken-food manufacturers. On some days, never of course touching the "first fine careless rapture," we had visions of affluence; on others, of starvation; depending upon the particular diet we happened to be considering at the moment.

At last the time came when we had gathered together the shells, the flints, the wheat (tail), the middlings, the bromo-sulphates, the mint juleps and all the rest of the menu, and nothing was required except chickens.

The first purchase of stock was made by me as a surprise for Margery.

"Whatever are they?" said Margery in a tone which might indicate an introduction to some strange and unexpected animal.

"They are," I replied, "descendants in the direct line of the Wyandotte family. They do not belong to any Trade Union, and they only stop laying to partake of food."

I knew this was all right because I had it on the unimpeachable word of the vendor. Then we bought a batch of Rhode Island Reds, led by the all-red Trotsky, a gentleman of fine feather but disreputable habit. Then the fumes of acquisition overcame us and we bought left and right, by auction and by private treaty, until the inherited hen-houses and several hastily-constructed annexes were becoming overcrowded. Then eggs fell to fourpence. Then we discovered that six of the Wyandotte family were members of the wrong sex. Then somebody in Manchester, or somewhere equally detestable, cornered the bromo-sulphates. Then eggs fell to threepence.

"Margery," I remarked, "do you realise that, if anyone happens to bull middlings, or if Trotsky elects to do in any more of the Rector's bantams, or eggs fall another remote decimal, we shall in a short time become the prey of the Official Receiver? How about selling out some of the stud before the rats get them?"

So the following week we sold out the inhabitants of the main annexe, together with Trotsky, who by the way is,

or was, living out of his time—the cock-fighting era. All this was accomplished not a moment too soon. Eggs are now 2½d.

We still dole out a certain amount of wheat (tail) and all the rest of it to the remnant, and yesterday we interviewed one of the direct male descendants of the Wyandotte family, well basted and properly accompanied with a suitable vegetable. But out of all our travail we have come upon one great truth. We know exactly what people mean when they say, "We are keeping chickens."

JUTE: A MYSTERY.

THOUGH the wealth of varied knowledge I amassed at school and college

Is a proof of the assiduous pursuit
Of my studies, yet I wonder if I didn't make a blunder
In refraining from investigating jute.

Jutes I knew in ancient story, who in times remote and hoary,

Invaded us and raided us for loot;
Their incursions made us tremble, but they never did resemble
This impersonal and enigmatic jute.

Though I never was apprenticed to a Transatlantic dentist,
Yet I mastered the extraction of a root;

I was fair at mathematics; I could sometimes solve quadratics,
But I never solved the mystery of jute.

I can spot a Highland heifer when I see one at Strathpeffer;
I can tell a pterodactyl from a newt;
But I cannot toss the caber to the peril of my neighbour
And I never learnt the proper use of jute.

I've a vague and dim idea that it comes from the Crimea,
Or Chittagong, or possibly from Bute;
But a friend, an old Oxonian, who is also a Dundonian,
Peradventure will enlighten me on jute.

In the meantime in a twinkling there has come to me an inkling

That it must be of the nature of a fruit,
And that it may have harmallayed by purifying marmalade—
I gather that Dundee is full of jute.

Mighty minds as well as puny have peculiar *lacuna*
And yet achieve a notable repute,
So I take this consolation to relieve my perturbation
As I ponder on my ignorance of jute.

"Parkin bowled medium pace with four short legs."—*Scotch Paper*.
We trust that nobody will infer from this that PARKIN is a "rabbit."

"The 'Journal' understands that at the meeting of the Supreme Council in Paris a representative of the United States will attend, but not as a simple dictator."—*Irish Paper*.

We fear the Americans are losing their nerve.

Extract from a circular announcing the arrangements for the summer meeting of a business association:—

"The presence of ladies will be welcome; and it is requested that those members who can should be accompanied by one or more lady members of their family. They need have no qualms in doing so as, if desired, arrangements can be made on arrival, through the medium of the Confidential Bureau, for a suitable interchange with other members."

This should prove popular, the other fellow's sister being notoriously so much more attractive than one's own.



J.H. DOWD. 21.

GLADYS (OF THE FRIVOLITY), NEWLY ARRIVED AT A SEASIDE PRIVATE HOTEL, STRIKES A BAD PATCH.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE's expert acquaintance with the fantastic has taken a strange shape in *Memoirs of a Midget* (COLLINS). I confess, unwillingly and with the readiest recognition of its astonishing cleverness, that I found it an uncomfortable book; that it gave me continuously something of the embarrassment one feels in the presence of the deformed or abnormal. Not that *Miss M.* (we get no nearer to her name) was unlovely; on the contrary she was something of a beauty and very much above the average in intelligence and wit. The author, by the way, leaves you to guess at her size. "My father taught me to swim in his round bath," she writes; while her kind friend and landlady had her little lodger's hand-glass made into a brooch. I put her myself at about the twenty inches of "Princess" TOPAZE. Neither is her attitude one of apology. She is rather inclined to criticize the large, clumsy and unnoticing folk around her; to despise, while being wounded by, their morbid curiosity. Also (by coincidence) she has the same passionate delight in the beautiful things of the natural world by night and by day as Mr. DE LA MARE, and expresses that delight with an admirable felicity. I suspect that it is to confess myself to have missed the real point of this book if I declare that the subject gave me more discomfort than the treatment (the vivid presentation of the salient scenes; the clear and

shrewd characterisation) gave me pleasure. But so it was, alas! *Miss M.* is naturally enough a morbid little gentlewoman and her company is trying. A queer and brilliant *tour de force* of an imaginative mind.

MR. WALTER GEORGE BELL, F.R.A.S., who wrote a very delightful book called *Unknown London* a few years ago, has now provided it with a sequel called *More About Unknown London* (LANE), which is so engaging and agreeably informative that it forces the reader to make use of a venerable cliché and say that it is the exception which proves the rule that sequels are always inferior to their forerunners. But if Mr. BELL goes on like this he will be burgling his own house, for all London will be known. What I especially like about him is the humanity which irradiates his antiquarianism. His chapter, for instance, on the letter which ANNE BOLEYN did or did not write to HENRY VIII. from her prison in the Tower—the historians have been at loggerheads over its authenticity for years—is beautiful in its understanding and sympathy; and no one has written with more tenderness of OLIVER GOLDSMITH's last day in his rooms at 2, Brick Court. Another cliché which Mr. BELL extracts automatically from the reader is that he is like Mr. Samuel Weller in that his knowledge of London is "extensive and peculiar"; and there is a particular fitness in the comparison, for the last chapter, which describes a piece of London that for many years was a part of the county of Cambridgeshire—

Ely Place—is embellished with a facsimile of the old poster circulated by the joint coach proprietors, ROBERT GRAY and MOSES PICKWICK, who, it is assumed, provided DICKENS with the immortal name.

In *Renewal* (ALLEN) Mrs. M. E. FRANCIS tells with a hundred pretty reticences and forbearances, only too rare in the treatment of such themes nowadays, the story of a farmer with a future and a land-worker with a past, and of a Dorset countryside more spiritually devastated by the War than the occupied territory itself. In this debatable land of old and new opinion the gently-bred *Hester Winwood*, in her smock and breeches, is from the outset a source of interest to her employer, *Robert Ford*, and of corresponding agitation to his widowed mother, *Margaret*; and when the young people's parallel plans for the betterment of the sly, greedy and irresponsible world around them come to depend more and more on each other's connivance, it takes a timely accident to *Margaret* and the devoted nursing of *Hester* to win that Spartan mother to a propitious estimate of her inevitable daughter-in-law. This desirable end is not hastened by the behaviour of *Jessie Thatcher*, a discredited hoyden for whose sake *Hester* endures untold innuendo and misery, and whose final ruin is the incidental cause of both the abasement and exaltation of her benefactress. But it is to *Margaret's* old-world loyalties that *Hester* and *Robert* ultimately owe the renewal of their almost extinguished happiness; and my one quarrel with Mrs. FRANCIS is that she has not more definitely thrown in her lot with *Margaret*, who is far and away the finest character of a very delightful and discerning book.

There is nothing new in the story of the man who, after a disreputable past, has reached an age when he wants to *se ranger* and become a respectable member of society. This is Mr. COSMO HAMILTON's theme in *The Blue Room* (HURST AND BLACKETT), and those of us who are familiar with his work will not require to be told that his treatment of it is nothing if not modern. *Major Mortimer*, whose previous career has been open to criticism, on his return to America from the War finds a young and extremely innocent girl passionately in love with him. The parents on both sides desire this marriage, but, while his people are of easy morals, hers regard sin as sin. The question whether the *Major*, who has himself fallen deeply in love, should confess his past intrigues, becomes acute. I will not reveal how it is answered; you may, however, rest assured that Mr. HAMILTON has not forgotten the art of titillating the emotions. You might not suppose from this brief sketch of its plot that *The Blue Room* would concern itself about affairs of state, but the author contrives to introduce some seathing comments upon the poli-

ticians of the day. Even without this gratuitous attraction he had all the material of a popular success, but it seems that he was taking no chances.

Mr. HUNTLY ROBERTSON has written a book all about a boy from the inside. He says—or rather *John* reflects, quite in the manner of the modern novelist—that the only point about writing is “to let other people know that you know. Not plots; plots do not matter. They do not really happen. The things that everyone feels and nobody writes—those are the things that matter.” If Mr. ROBERTSON may himself be taken as seeing *Through John's Eyes* (GRANT RICHARDS), so that *John's* reflections are his convictions, I think that he ought to be very well pleased with his book. In that case I don't expect for one moment that he will pay any attention to me when I complain that I should have liked to know why *John's* father and mother so suddenly separated, and whether *John* knew any more about it than I do, and, if he didn't, why it was that he never tried to find out. I



Sentimental Viking. “I ALWAYS THINK, MY FRIEND, THAT THERE IS NO TIME SO DELIGHTFUL AS THE HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE. IT IS SO PEACEFUL, SO STILL, SO EXPECTANT. AND TO REFLECT THAT IN A FEW HOURS THE UNFORTUNATE INHABITANTS WILL BE FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES FROM THEIR FLAMING HOMESTEADS MAKES THE FEELING MORE POIGNANT AND PRECIOUS.”

won't presume to say whether life at *John's* three schools is really like life at other boys' schools of the same period, for I think that only the boys who were there then really know; but the boys themselves are very much like the ones I have been meeting all my life. The book ends—no, it doesn't end; it stops—most unsatisfactorily. The Great War has begun and some of *John's* friends are just going out to fight; any amount of things might happen in that direction. *John's* mother has gone raving—no one knows why—to a nursing home; there might have been some sort of explanation about that. But I suppose

it would have meant something too much like a plot. Still, no one who likes seeing “through *John's* eyes” as much as I did will be able to help feeling peevish, as I felt, at not being told a little more about what happened.

John Brown: Letters, Essays and Verses (ELLIOTT) gives the brief record, together with the literary remains, of a promising young Scotsman who, after serving right through the War, first as private then as a well-loved officer in the Seaforth Highlanders, fell at Wytsehaete in the great retreat of April, 1918. Young Brown, the sole grandson of JOHN BROWN, author of *Rab* and *Pet Marjorie*, only came down from Balliol, where his work and character were warmly appreciated by those best qualified to judge, in the summer of 1914. The next four years left little heart and no leisure for literary work; and so all the essays and most of the verses here printed belong to the time when he was still an undergraduate. These academic exercises are rather presented as a memorial to be cherished by his friends than offered for criticism. As a soldier “Jock” seems to have been the typically gallant Scots fighting-man with a natural gift for leadership.

CHARIVARIA.

"The grouse," says a sporting correspondent, "are older this year than they should be." Someone ought to tell the silly birds that, if they want to go on being popular, they must make it their business to die tender.

"The Rush for the Moors" has been given prominence in the Press. In Spain the authorities offer the additional inducements of free guns and railway passes.

We understand that Mr. BOTTOMLEY is confident that Sir ERIC GEDDES will be over by Christmas.

An American cinema actress who married three weeks ago is seeking a separation from her husband. It is not known what caused the delay.

It seems that after two years of free postage Russia is to revert to the use of adhesive postage-stamps. Our trouble at home is with adhesive postal officials.

To meet the slump in weddings at Preston there is talk of holding a Special Bargain Week.

The Australian cricketers have been entertained at Stratford-on-Avon by Miss MARIE CORELLI. They are said to have expressed surprise that she was not on the Selection Committee of the M.C.C.

We are glad to hear that Professor EINSTEIN is not going to Russia to lecture on the theory of Relativity. We have no sympathy with Bolshevism, but we do not care for the idea of hitting people when they are down.

A Bill to allow ice-cream to be sold after 8 P.M. has been introduced into the House of Commons. It seems that after all there are hopes of bringing this appalling Peace to an honourable conclusion.

"The first excursion train left London in 1859," says a weekly paper. It is only fair to say, however, that all the passengers have now returned.

A Welsh admirer of the PRIME MINISTER writes to complain that the statue

of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Carnarvon is only eight feet eleven inches in height, and expresses fears that he will grow out of it.

A new club, to be known as the Fat Men's Club, will be opened shortly in Paris. Already its members are being measured for suitable premises.

Munich is holding a festival to celebrate the restoration of the pre-war standard of beer. But then they lost the War while we only won it.

Because a shopkeeper charged him a halfpenny too much for his tobacco a Dublin carter struck the tobacconist, knocked out three teeth and threw him into the road. Should this fellow hap-

menting with an attachment that will permit it to appear in a police-court and lie like a chauffeur.

In a lecture at Murren, the other day, Dean INGE remarked that, in consequence of a reckless love of amusement, England is rushing downhill. But surely not before the Winter Sports' season.

Now that people are away on holiday the burglary season has again set in with its usual severity. We are given to understand however that a few good-class burglaries of four thousand pounds or over can still be booked for next month.

While giving evidence before the Select Committee on Performing Animals one well-known circus proprietor is said to have offered to purchase the Coalition Troupe if the PRIME MINISTER would only tell him what to feed them on.

Now that the subject of the deterioration of modern manners has been ventilated in the Press, we trust that grown-up people will avoid the *gaucherie* of speaking to an undergraduate while he has a pipe in his mouth.

"Although we have had rain, it is not yet like it used to be,"

"USE YOUR FEET, SIR! USE YOUR FEET!"
"BY GAD! IS THAT ALLOWED?"



pen to be passing the Geddes Economy Committee at any time Sir Eric will be glad if he will walk right in.

Lord NORTHCLIFFE, we read, has decided to quicken his world tour. A case of "More haste, less Speed?"

A Dunbar woman has been summoned for drunkenness for the two hundred and ninety-fourth time. The unfortunate thing is that when she is sober the police are apt to arrest her for acting suspiciously.

Dogs, says a provincial dog-fancier, do not seem to be so well nourished as they used to be. Our own Irish Terrier puts it down to the Sunday postman drought caused by Mr. KELLAWAY.

An American inventor has produced a radio-controlled motor-car that steers itself and sounds its own horn at pedestrians. He is believed to be experi-

states a daily paper. Well, considering the dry weather we have had, one can hardly expect the rain to be quite as damp as the old kind.

Painters' wages in many towns have been reduced by a penny per hour. Whether this will lead to a reduction in the price of admission to the Royal Academy remains to be seen.

Scientists in Paris are said to be investigating a mysterious shortage of flies. There are fears that it may result in acute distress among spiders.

"Autumn fashions," says an evening paper, "are in the melting-pot." We keep ours in the refrigerator.

Owing to an error, some works by a British artist have been hung in the Louvre while he is still alive. It has not yet been decided whether to remove the works or slay the artist.

TO THE BLESSED MEMORY OF MAGNA CHARTA.

[On learning that the Crown property on which it was signed is not after all for sale.]

Oh, choicer than the bulbul's chirp,
And sweeter yet than draughts of honey-mead,
The news that no one may usurp
The British rights I have in Runnymede,
Of England's crown the gem of gems,
And situated on the river Thames.

Ah! had its memories, strangely dear,
Which I for one have ever cherished,
Been sullied by an auctioneer,
I almost think I must have perished,
Leaving inscribed upon my heart a
Precise fac-simile of Magna Charta.

Never again could I have gone
And worshipped on my bended knees
Where, under heavy pressure, JOHN
Signed with a pen our liberties
(Nay, to be candid, I have not
Sampled as yet that memorable spot).

But now—for no estranging fence
Can bar the rush of char-à-bankers
And baffle their historic sense—
After that scene my spirit hankers,
Where the reluctant King's decree
First saved our England for democracy.

It failed, of course—he hoped it might—
Completely to emancipate her;
'Twas only (if my dates are right)
Some seven hundred summers later
That Freedom soared on unchecked wing;
But Runnymede was where they hatched the thing.

That's why I long, I do indeed,
To join the frequent pilgrim-band which
May still on that memorial mead
Imbibe its beer and chew its sandwich,
And leave, for sign of Freedom's grace,
Bottles and paper-bags all round the place.

For so alone, by homage paid
Upon the actual site, or *locus*,
Where our superb forefathers stayed
Tyranny's hand that else would choke us,
Can we preserve alive the traces
Of that which made our race just what our race is.

O. S.

THE GREAT MIDDLE-EASTERN ADVENTURE.

(A wonderful pen-painting by our Special Correspondent in the demi-Orient.)

Cairo, Tuesday.

STANDING on the steps of SHEPHEARD'S, watching the cigarette clouds melt in the copper sky and waiting for the American bar to open its portals, I was startled by a sudden cry for help. "*Halfa! halfa! Wahwadi-halfa!*"

Regardless of danger I dashed out into the desert, where, beneath a stunted oasis-tree, masticating a mandate, writhed a *fellahin*.

"*Chu-chin-chow dahabeiah felucca?*" ("What aileth thee, O child of misfortune?") I queried.

"*Assouan dam hubibi el mosquito!*" came the answer ("I have been stung in the solar plexus by a mosquito whose grandfather was a dog!")

Whipping out my combination-box of local colours and medicaments, I first applied a large mustard-plaster and

then, to check the torrent of gratitude that followed the sufferer's relief, administered an anæsthetic.

My patient having recovered consciousness, "Tell me, O Bats-in-Belfry," I commanded, "what sayest thou? Is all well in the East?"

"*Effendi*," he replied, tears coursing down his cheeks, "have I not told thee? A mosquito whose grandfather—whose grandmother was the daughter of a dog . . ."

The fellow's ignorance was abysmal. *He knew nothing, cared nothing about the vital questions to which I had devoted such thought during my three days in Egypt!*

Shaking the sand from my sandals I returned to my hotel. The hour of the American bar was at hand . . .

Near Mt. Arrowroot (Later).

Never shall I forget my Arabian night.

Back in the desert vastness the moon-kissed Pyramids gleamed like so many enormous night lights. Assyrians swept down on Kurds who refused to make way. Only my caravan was resting. All else seemed alive, pulsating. *And Ali-Gaitah, my guide, had mislaid my Keating!*

But danger, ever present, lent an added zest to my mission—the solution of every Oriental problem.

I dozed off, and was awakened by a clangour as of a million trowels ringing against a corresponding number of bricks. Then in the near east distance I discerned a vast area of waste ground, whereon toiled an army—*of builders!*

"The new Zion," breathed Ali-Gaitah, who slept always with his one eye open.

Levelling my binoculars, I deciphered (and translated) the announcements, printed in twenty-four languages, on the surrounding boardings: "The Hebrew's Home-from-Home. Architects, Samuel and Churchill; Contractors, The British Taxpayers, Unlimited."

"An impost of Empire," muttered Ali-Gaitah, airing his English.

Onwards again. Suddenly my camels prick their ears and halt. Voices! Polyglot voices! I distinguish phrases in Greek (*Ho ipolloi*); Turkish (*Kismet*); French (*A bas!*).

"Banditti!" hissed Ali-Gaitah and fled precipitately.

I am alone.

Emerges from the gloom a weird figure—Ibhn, the great chieftain of Npqjd (pronounced as though spelled "Ndqj").

"Peace be upon thee!" he greets.

"And upon thee be peace!" I reply hastily, for he fingers appreciably his two-edged sword.

"O monopolist of erudition, I would converse with thee," he arabesques.

"My ears are thy property," I picturesque in the local idiom of courtesy. The rest of the horde—the Greek, the Frenchman and the Turk—advance, and, forming a circle round me, all begin speaking at once, each in his respective language.

Ibhn, who is in a towering temper, vociferates his conviction that he and his are pre-eminently fitted for self-government, and bites a large section from the Turkish delegate's ear. In the ensuing violent altercation between Ibhn and his *confrères*, resulting in the extinction of the whole delegation, there is no British intervention.

Just then a Zionist, who hitherto has watched the proceedings from a respectful distance, creeps up and deftly annexes the fez and jewelled scimitar of the Turk, the money-belt of the Arab, the purses of the others. He rides off on Ibhn's steed. . . .

In a subsequent pen-picture I may describe my capture by the Wazzi-Wazznot tribe and my ultimate escape. Meanwhile, of the possibilities awaiting us in these strange lands enough for the moment has perhaps been said.

[Why "perhaps"?—Ed.]



GUARDIANS OF THE PEACE.

M. BRIAND. "I AM OF OPINION THAT THIS IS NOT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT FOR US TO INTERVENE."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "ONCE MORE I FIND MYSELF IN CORDIAL AGREEMENT WITH YOU."



Visitor. "YES, I'M STAYING UP ON THE HILLS. I LOVE THE PEACE AND QUIET——"
 Hotel Proprietor (in remote village). "AWEEL, IT'S A' A MATTER O' TASTE. SOME FOLK PREFER IT SO; AN' ITERS AGAIN
 PREFER THE STERNER LIFE DOON HERE."

MORE NEWS FROM SHORE AND SPA.

(From our Special Reporters.)

RAMSCLIFFE.—An altogether unprecedented number of visitors are now enjoying the embracing air of this favourite seaside resort, and the proprietors of all hotels, pensions and lodging-houses are wreathed in continual smiles. Amongst the visitors are several distinguished Old Etonians who recently held a meeting at the Regalia Hotel to manifest their sympathy with the protest voiced by their representative in *The Times*. As a result of their action the Town Council have issued an order forbidding any one from appearing on the sea front between the hours of 10 A.M. and 5 P.M. in a soft collar. The town was illuminated last Saturday on the receipt of a cable from the Solomon Islands announcing the safe arrival of Lord Thanet and his Staff, and Mr. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A., has been commissioned to paint a picture for the Town Hall commemorating this epoch-making event. The supply of winkles has been unusually plentiful, but a painful impres-

sion was created a few days ago by the sight of a well-dressed young lady, whose mother is the daughter of a Baronet of old creation, partaking of this homely mollusc in public with the aid of a pin, in defiance of the agonised remonstrances of her father, once a leading member of the Bullingdon Club.

SCARGATE.—The season is notable for the number of galas, fêtes, carnivals and tournaments held at this famous Yorkshire holiday resort. Last Friday the Scargate Swimming Club joined with the Corporation in holding a swimming gala at the Bathing Pool. The Corporation's exuberant display was much admired by a crowded audience and the prizes were distributed by Madame Isadora Allan, who was tastefully garbed in phosphorescent crêpe de Calypso. At the close of the entertainment the Mayor announced the safe arrival of Lord Thanet and suite at Pitcairn Island, and stated, amid general applause, that he had sent a cable of congratulation to the islanders, recommending them to profit by their splendid opportunities. At a meeting of the Town Council yesterday it was

unanimously resolved to forbid the snap-shooting of bathers by photographers. The order was the result of a recent incident, in which one of these pests was shot at and wounded in the elbow by a Young Harrovian with an air-gun. At a public meeting the action of the youthful hero was upheld by a large majority, and it was resolved to present him with a silver-mounted lawn-tennis racket and two dozen soft collars.

BUNBRIDGE WELLS.—The reopening of the Old Bun House was celebrated on Tuesday by a grand Confetti Carnival attended by the Marquis of Huntley and Palmer, Sir Oliver Bath, Alderman Rusk, Lady Victoria Bunthorne, Lord Glenalmond, The MacAroon and Lady Eileen MacAroon and Mr. Müntz Speyer. The prizes were distributed by Mr. C. I. THORNTON, and the proceedings terminated with a fancy-dress Jazz Cake-walk round the Pantiles. Lovers of these sequestered sylvan solitudes which abound in the Garden of England are arriving in unusual numbers and the woodlands ring with the cheerful voices of myriads of rollicking merry-makers.

The hedges are glowing with hips and haws, and the news of Lord Thanet's safe arrival by aeroplane in the Hinterland of Nigeria was celebrated by a grand Blackberry Jamboree, at which Lord Fraser of Glenlovat delivered a most impressive address. Insect life, owing to the prolonged heat, is remarkably vigorous, and Archdeacon Boffin, who was recently stung in the ampelopsis by an infuriated bumble-bee, is lying in a precarious condition at the Hotel Intimidad.

NORTH STUNTON.—Great excitement was caused on Sunday by the posting-up on the Town Hall of a Marconigram announcing that Lord Thanet had been marooned for an indefinite period on an uncharted island in the South Pacific. A thanksgiving service was at once held, at which the music was provided by the band of the Southsea Highlanders, which by a fortunate coincidence had been engaged for the season. There are already upwards of a hundred entries for the Grand Manners Competition to be held next Thursday at the Hotel Carmelite. The arrival of the herring fleet yesterday encourages the hope that their crews will be well represented at the contest, at which the oldest resident Etonian will act as adjudicator. The events are numerous and well-devised, comprising tests in dress, deportment, dancing, pronunciation, table-manners, and the treatment of parents, guardians and Prime Ministers.

THE FRIGHTFULLEST THING IN THE WORLD.

THEY were loafing on the shore after a bathe—Roger, Dennis and Nigel, about ten years old apiece.

"What's Chamber Music?" asked Roger suddenly.

"I don't know," said Dennis. "Why?"

"Because my Aunt Millicent is going to take me to a Chamber Music concert."

"Chamber Music," said Nigel, "is so called after the Chamber of Horrors. I once went to some of it."

"And I might have gone to the Jolly Coons," said Roger in utter disgust. "Or we might have had a boat for an hour. Or some beach ponies and raced them. And I'm going to be taken to a Chamber Music concert. It's just about as frightful as anything could be." He kicked the sand savagely.

"It's not so frightful as missing Potter when he'd made two, as I did, and then he made forty-eight and we lost the match," said Dennis.

"That was pretty frightful, especially as it was a catch that a rabbit with one hand could have caught, or a girl," said Nigel with the admirable candour of



George Baker

Lady (to servant returned from party). "I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF, MARY."

Maid. "OH, THANK YOU, MA'AM, I HAD A LOVELY TIME. I HAD FOURTEEN HAIR-PINS IN MY HEAD WHEN I STARTED, AND NOW I HAVEN'T GOT ONE."

youth. "But I know something that's much frightfuller than either of those. In fact it really is the frightfullest thing in the world."

His audience showed some signs of interest.

"It's a house in Grey Street," he went on.

"Those houses aren't particularly frightful. I've been in one," said Dennis.

"It isn't the house itself. It's a notice in the window."

"What notice?"

"Guess," said Nigel solemnly. "You never will."

"Apartments to let," guessed Roger.

"No bottles," guessed Dennis.

"Rotters! Are those the frightfullest thing in the world?"

"No bottles' might be, if you only wanted bottles badly enough," said Dennis, who is argumentative.

"Not frightfuller than this," said Nigel.

"Well, tell us then."

"The notice is"—Nigel paused for effect—"the notice is, Holiday Tuition Given."

The other two sat silent a moment as if stunned. No idea of questioning that this was in truth the frightfullest thing in the world entered their heads. When they did speak at length it was in unison.

"The swine!" they said.

Where to Spend a Happy Holiday.

"Never has there been such a procession of motor coaches and motor-cars through the town as during the last few days. Hardly a day passes without an accident."

Daily Paper.

"FLIGHT TO NORTH POLE.

The 'plane will, it is estimated, make 100 miles an hour, and fuel for fifty miles' continuous flight will be carried. It is calculated to make several landings on the Polar ice."

Scotch Paper.

About every half-hour, we reckon.

YOU CAN'T PIP EMMA.

"Emma," I said softly, "there's someone in the next room."

Emma slightly flicked her feathery banner but did not trouble to rise.

"A visitor, Emma," I explained.

Instantly Emma arose, stretched herself, yawned and stood at attention with one ear cocked. As a householder Emma knows her duties.

"Lady Wrackenhams, Emma," I amplified. Now Lady Wrackenhams for some haughty abstruse reason pronounces her name "Ram;" and no doubt I enunciated this with some degree of bitter emphasis (for I hate her), but not with enough, I am convinced, to justify Emma's feigned assumption that I had said "Rats!"

"Stop it!" I cried; for Emma was now actively engaged in enlarging the hole in the carpet which some careless fellow had caused by dropping a lighted match-end or a cigarette upon it. Mollie says she knows the name of the careless fellow perfectly well. If it comes to that, so do I.

"Stop it!" I repeated fiercely, "or I'll break every bone in your body."

Emma stopped it and smirked. She always smirks at my threats. She likes to think how nearly she has escaped a painful death.

"Well," I said more mildly, "I suppose we'd better go in and help the missus, eh?"

Emma trotted briskly to the door. I shall never understand whence Emma derives her nice sense of the social amenities; she has no history, or, if you prefer it, too much. I am sure she would not mind my telling you (if ever you see her the dual facts will jump to your eye) that she is a sort of League of Nations dog. Her father was a Chinese gentleman—an inscrutable suave Celestial from Pekin—while her mother was a young person from Yorkshire, probably a farm lass up for the day for a Cup Final who made a Lime-house night of it. Notwithstanding all this, Emma loves Society. When Emma and I (in the order named) entered the sitting-room we were followed by the cook and the parlourmaid and the housemaid and the kitchenmaid and the lady-gardener.

"Tea, please, Rose," said Mollie.

The cook and the parlourmaid and the housemaid and the kitchenmaid and the lady-gardener (they always act concertedly; they are quite inseparable) said, "Yes'm," and was, I mean were, turning to leave when Lady Wrackenhams ("Ram," you remember), the harshness of whose voice made Emma wince fastidiously, burst in with "Not for me. No tea, thank you."

"Oh, but you must," persuaded Mollie.

"No tea," repeated Lady Wrackenhams firmly. "Not a drop; I never take anything to eat or drink between lunch and dinner. Never."

Emma and Mollie and I exchanged covert glances. We are all fond of a nice cup of tea. A nice cup of tea makes a different dog, woman and man of us. It was abominable that Lady Wrackenhams, who has known of our existence for three years and was now calling on us for the first time—she is the big local noise and we're the merest whimper—should block the teapot's spout with her detestable presence.

"Besides," continued Lady Wrackenhams, "I'm just going."

Of course this statement, which we regarded as a solemn promise, relieved the situation and brought Emma's tongue out expectantly. But time dragged on and Lady Wrackenhams, Government-like, exhibited no sign of fulfilling her undertaking. Her loud unmusical voice ceased not, did not even falter. On, on it went, just like the fellow in *Marmion*.

Upon Mollie's face there dwelt that heart-stabbing patient expression of the over-loaded and over-driven seaside wagonette horse; upon my own (I am sure) that look of strained attention which any instant might change to one of blood-lust; upon Emma's the chill surprise of one who is witness of a first call exceeding the allotted twenty minutes of convention.

I glanced appealingly at Emma. Emma understood; understood that Mollie and I, by the laws of hospitality, could not ask our guest to go, but that Emma herself was not labouring under any such disability. The next moment she was begging in front of Lady Wrackenhams. Emma, mark you, knows no tricks; her act of begging is accomplished laboriously and her balance sustained with difficulty. Emma hates begging. Only in extreme cases does she resort to it.

"No," snapped Lady Wrackenhams, "I've nothing for you."

Emma begged on.

"Greedy little beast," upbraided Lady Wrackenhams.

Emma begged on.

"Oh, go away!" cried Lady Wrackenhams, touching Emma contemptuously with the toe of her shoe.

Emma obeyed. Emma went away, purpose in every Chino-Yorkshire curve of her. Through the window I watched her. With extraordinary dignity she trotted across the bit of parched grass which we call the lawn and began methodically to search the gaps in the bordering holly-hedge. I guessed her intent. Two days before I had discovered

her rolling luxuriously upon a very dead rat and, interrupting her in mid-ecstasy, had given the body a hasty hedge-burial. By now the rat must be extremely dead. Emma disinterred it and for a moment regarded it longingly. Ah, what a roll was there! But it was needed elsewhere. I could almost hear Emma's sigh of gentle abnegation as she gathered up the revolting corpse.

Of course I pretended not to see her when she re-entered the room, but I saw the horror creep into the eyes of our guest. Beware of Chino-Yorkshires when they bring gifts.

"Corban," said Emma mutely, but very clearly, laying her trophy at Lady Wrackenhams's feet.

"Mollie!" I cried warningly. But I was too late. I mean I was just late enough.

"Phaugh!" exploded Lady Wrackenhams. And the next instant the front-door clanged behind her.

"Emma," I said, "I'm ashamed and very proud of you."

"And so am I," agreed Mollie. "Now let's all go and have tea—in the other room."

THE CAUTIOUS LOVER TO HIS LADY.

["Among the discoveries in the new excavations at Pompeii are love-letters of patrician girls written on ivory tablets."—*Daily Paper*.]

O RADIANT love! whose fragrant endures

Two thousand years and scents forgotten earth,

And, like a flower, where death's chill hand immures

Long-dead desires, brings beauty to new birth.

These loved and died, and grey Oblivion strewed

The years upon their names till Time laid bare

Their sleeping-place and, as in jesting mood,

Displayed their eager dreams for men to share.

Oh, Christine, lest the eyes of unborn men

Should violate our sanctuary, scan

Dear foolish words that love had taught my pen,

Burn all my letters since I first began;

Placing my hopes and dreams beyond men's reach

(And killing evidence in case of Breach).

A Genuine Economist.

"A Soho restaurateur yesterday declared that the whole of Soho was solid for Anti-Waste. 'The restaurant business is being ruined by the taxes. People who used to spend £5 on a dinner-party now spend only £1.'"—*Daily Paper*.

THE APPLIED ARTS.



IN SPITE OF AN ATTACK OF EXTREME IMPECUNIOSITY THIS RESOURCEFUL YOUNG LADY CONTRIVES



TO BE THE BEST UPHOLSTERED GIRL IN LITTLE SHRIMPINGTON.

THE FILM THAT TALKED.

A FORTUNE awaits the man who can make the film talk. The brightest brains in the Cinema world have worked for years on the problem. It seems easy to make a gramophone record of the words spoken by the actors synchronise with their lip-movements as shown on the screen. But it isn't easy. The synchronism must be absolutely perfect. A discrepancy of a hundredth part of a second is fatal.

I learnt this and a lot more from my chance acquaintance, Ezra Conklin, of Bludso, Ok. Ezra and I gravitated together in the smoking-room of a little hotel on the South Coast. I smoked, and Ezra talked with the staccato rapidity of a machine-gun. In half-an-hour Ezra's career had been fired at me, from the time when he was call-boy at a Los Angeles film studio to that very evening, when his great invention was to be tried out at the local picturedrome.

He was bitter about the treatment he had received from the film magnates in his own land, who no more knew a gold-mine when they saw it than the big movie guys in London.

And so it came about that his patent electro-magnetic sight-and-sound synchroniser—the most revolutionary invention in the history of the cinematograph—was to receive its first public demonstration in an obscure seaside picture-house.

When he pressed a pink ticket into my hand and adjured me to be in my seat by nine sharp, I could do no less than wish him luck, and say that I looked forward to a novel entertainment.

"Yep," he said, "I reckon you'll be some phased. My synchroniser will sock you right in the solar plexus. Stranger, you will never forget this night."

And I don't think I ever shall. This is what happened at nine o'clock:—

THE PRIDE OF CHAPARRAL GULCH.

Chief Characters.

AMANDA P. MAGGS (*The Pride, betrothed to Hank*).

OLD WOMAN MAGGS.

HANK WESSON (*The Cowboy Hero*).

BLACK JAKE (*Leader of the Bandits*).

THE GRAMOPHONE.

Opening Scene: A lone log cabin in the Wild West. Background of mountains. Amanda appears at the cabin-door. Shading her great wistful eyes with her hand, she looks steadfastly at a snow-clad peak, her lips moving as

in silent supplication. Then she starts chasing the hens out of the front-yard. She is a peach.

Old Woman Maggs emerges from cabin, limping; she points to her feet and speaks to Amanda. Her voice somehow suggests slate-pencils and asthma. These are her words: "Pray Heaven my Hank will return unscathed to his Amanda across yon mountain! 'Tis said that Black Jake's gang are infesting the passes again. Kz-z-z-z."

Mother Maggs re-enters the cabin and Mandy goes on shoeing the hens in a squeaky voice, thus: "Them pesky

As she finishes speaking Black Jake pops his head and two revolvers through the window. All hands go up as Jake, scowling, remarks in a falsetto voice: "Kz-z-z-z. Evenin', Bill. I want a small bottle of Esau's lightnin' corn-dope for Maw."

Black Jake's companions enter the bar and collect the money and weapons of the boys, while Black Jake collects the shrieking Pride of Chaparral Gulch. Then the gang remount and gallop away, Mandy in a dead faint on Black Jake's saddle-bow.

After they have gone about five miles

Mandy recovers her senses and her powers of speech. But she seems to have dropped a couple of octaves on the way. In a deep bass voice she exclaims: "You pink-eyed snoozers! 'All hot air an' no sand,' are we? If I shot you up you'd leak low-grade sawdust. Kz-z-z. Tell Hank Wesson that his claim is jumped, an' if he comes snoopin' round he'd better bring a coffin along. Our stock of coffins is run out. So long! Bf-f-f-f."

The bandits continue their mad gallop for about thirty miles. But what is that cloud of dust in the distance? Here come the pursuers, Hank at their head. The bandits swerve at right angles into a convenient forest; the pursuers dash straight on and on and on. At last they stop; the trail ends abruptly against a perpendicular cliff.

Flick! The film returns to the bandits. They are halted in the moonlight by the side of a railroad. The Pride of Chaparral Gulch is roughly hauled from the horse and deposited across the track. With incredible speed the bandits tie her to the rails. In the distance are seen the headlights of an approaching train.

Three lights, of about a million candle-power each.

Unfortunately the bandits have omitted to gag Mandy, for she remarks, "Say, boys, we're on the wrong track. This trail don't lead nowhere 'cept up to heving, and Black Jake's booked straight through to the other place. Kz-z-pst-t-t."

Flick! The cavalcade comes tearing back at full speed, Hank leading. It enters the wood at the precise gap used by the bandits, and reaches the critical spot about ten seconds before the locomotive. Several hundred shots are fired and the bandits die in the most realistic fashion, particularly Black Jake.

The locomotive pulls up an inch-and-a-half from the heroine. With four deft



Customer. "THOUGHT YOU SAID CAMPHOR BALLS WAS GOOD FER GETTIN' RID O' MOTHS?"

Shopman. "YES; I THINK THEY'RE VERY EFFECTIVE."

Customer. "WELL, YOU MUST BE A BETTER SHOT THAN I AM."

bunions of mine is shootin' somethin' awful. Run down to the store an' git a small bottle of Esau's lightnin' corn-dope, there's a good gurl. Kz-z-z-z."

The scene changes to the store. It is also a saloon. The bar is crowded with cowboys, drinking. As Mandy trips in they doff their Stetsons like Nature's gentlemen, and assume expressions indicative of the softening influence of lovely woman. They listen deferentially while Mandy remarks: "Yep, thishyer community don't stand for no Black Jake. If him an' his skallyhootin' gang try to stick us up again we'll lay 'em out good an' stiff. A cheap bunch of hoboes, all hot air an' no sand! An' now the drinks is on me. Set 'em up, Bill. Kz-z-z-z."



J. H. DOWD: 21.

"THE BEACH, WITH ITS THOUSANDS OF HAPPY FACES, PRESENTED AN ANIMATED SCENE."—Any Press report from Anywhere-on-Sea."

slashes of his knife Hank severs her bonds, and, as he raises her and clasps her to his breast, she says, "Br-r-r. Curse you! If you cannot be mine you shall never be another's. Kz-z-z-z."

Meanwhile the passengers have descended from the train and crowd round open-mouthed. One of them forces himself to the front, a clean-shaven man. His white stock, soft black hat, long black coat and rapt expression proclaim him to be a parson. Hank looks at Mandy; Mandy looks at Hank. The same thought strikes both: why not get married on the spot?

Pow-wow with the parson. He consents in a few well-chosen words: "Pst-gr-r-r-kz-z-z." A lady-passenger obliges with a ring; the happy pair come forward. The parson pulls out a book, lifts his right hand with a solemn gesture and moves his jaws to this effect: "You black-hearted scoundrel, you are unworthy to clean the shoes of a woman, much less marry her. You are a coward, a murderer, a thief. I know a man who is worth twenty thousand of you; he scorns you for the foul villain that you are, and never will he rest till he has taken just vengeance on your vile car-

case. That is my last word to you. Pst-kz-z-z." The parson utters all this with a benevolent look as of one radiating happiness.

Then Hank puts on the ring and kisses the bride. All the women passengers kiss her too. Hank and his brave cowboys vault into their saddles, Mandy is swung up and holds Hank round the waist; the passengers wave their hats and handkerchiefs, and, as the scene closes in, the horses dash off at the usual speed of eighty miles an hour, raising the usual dust.

And out of the dust comes a voice: "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" "You bet—I mean, I will. Kz-z-z-gr-r-r-sk-r-r-k."

If any capitalist reading this should feel disposed to acquire an interest in the Conklin patent electro-magnetic sight-and-sound synchroniser, I believe he could still get in on the ground-floor.

Among the "Wanted's":—

"Small Young Man for small Bread Van."
Irish Paper.

It is a promising opening, and we should like to know how the poem proceeds.

From a fruit market report:—

"Moddlers, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. (no sale)."
New Zealand Paper.

Even in the old country the supply invariably exceeds the demand.

"On the first three days of next week there is the ever-popular Wm. — playing the title role in 'The Toll Gate.'"
Local Paper.

Not so easy as it sounds. Some of our greatest actors never quite know when to shut up.

"Young Ordained Minister home from abroad for few months, could take Local Tenums up to 3 months."
Nonconformist Paper.

We don't know whether the Local Tenum is a fruit or a vegetable, but we hope he will get it.

From a report of the Classical Association meeting at Cambridge:—

"The delegates spent the early afternoon in visits to various colleges. The Lewis collection of guns at Corpus Christi College was shown by the curator."
Morning Paper.

Apparently the classicists were so taken up with the Lewis guns that they omitted to see the Lewis gems in the same college.



Mother. "YOU MUST NOT OFFER CHOCOLATES IN YOUR FINGERS, DEAR. YOU MUST HAND THE BOX."
Small Son. "NO ONE EVER HANDS ME THE BOX."

COASTWISE.

THE ships that trade foreign to London they bear
 Their cargoes unnumbered both common and rare,
 Their bales and their gunnysacks, tea-chests and cases,
 From all kinds of countries and all sorts of places;
 Their copra and teakwood, their rum and their bacca,
 Their rice and their spice from Rangoon and Malacca,
 Their sugar and sago from far Singapore,
 And lumber and logwood and manganese ore.

But they that trade coastwise unceasing do ply
 On lawful occasions to Ramsgate and Rye,
 To Lowestoft and Lymington, Padstow and Poole,
 And Falmouth and Fowey and Gorleston and Goole;
 The North-country colliers, smutty and small,
 The barges and bawleys and schooners and all,
 The "Janes" and "Elizas" and "Belles" and the rest,
 "Two Brothers," "Trafalgar" and "Pride of the West."

The ships that trade foreign wide oceans they know,
 Far down to the South'ard they see the whales blow,
 Great bergs like cathedrals they likewise behold,
 And flying-fish shining all silver and gold;
 They know the far islets of pearl and of pine,
 The Trades and the tempests from Leeuwin to Line,
 From the Horn to the Hooghly their smoke-trail is curled,
 And their bow-wave is white on the seas of the world.

But they that trade coastwise they use the salt seas
 That surge evermore round the grey mother's knees,
 The tide-rips and swathways, the deeps and the shoals,
 Each eddy that dimples, each current that rolls,
 By Longships and Lizard, by Bishop and Clerk,
 And the fangs of the Manacles deadly and dark,

By reef and by sandbank, by headland and holm,
 And Scilly's lone outposts of thunder and foam.

The ships that trade foreign see cities afar
 Where the brown and the black and the yellow folk
 are,

The tin towns and timber towns, mud towns and all
 From the Straits of Le Maire to the Bay of Bengal;
 Of Rio and Sydney the charms they compare,
 And others name Frisco than either more fair;
 The lordly Saint Lawrence they mark in his flow
 And Fraser and Hudson and mighty Hwang-ho.

But they that trade coastwise know little stone quays
 With old salts a-smoking and taking their ease,
 The smell of the seaweed, the nets in the sun,
 The snug little tavern where old yarns are spun,
 The coastguard, the flagstaff, the boats in the bight,
 The herring gulls mewing by day and by night,
 The flash of the lighthouse that flings forth his ray
 To ships trading foreign that pass on their way.

C. F. S.

The Comity of Nations.

Nothing but good can come to the cause of international harmony from the sporting effort of *Le Gaulois* to print American news in the American language. We quote a sample from the issue of August 8th on the subject of immigrant ships entering New York harbour:—

"Dup to nich a race July 31, Greack, Turkish and other swail quotas wore exceeded in the first few minutes of August 1, one ship losing out becance a lighter crossed her bows . . . She was a shall British ressel bringing a small part of the mouth's quoia of Gresks, whereas Creek ship leaving Greace later won the race by rws minutes is the race the dock."



THE CLAIM OF HUMANITY.

LENIN. "AH! SO YOU HAVE COME IN RESPONSE TO MY APPEAL, TO SAVE THE SOVIET REPUBLIC?"

CHARITY. "NO; I HAVE COME TO SAVE ITS VICTIMS—AND IN SPITE OF YOUR APPEAL."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, August 8th.—The Overseas Trade Department—the hyphen connecting the Board of Trade and the Foreign Office—has lately established at Rotterdam an experimental library, where traders can inspect the catalogues of British manufacturers. Sir PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME considers that it has been a success as during the four months of its existence there have been “nearly a hundred callers.” An average of one *per diem* may not seem much to boast about, but the Dutch are notoriously slow movers.

In contradistinction to this Overseas activity the Half-Seas-Over Department—as the Liquor Control Board has been rudely dubbed—will shortly go into liquidation.

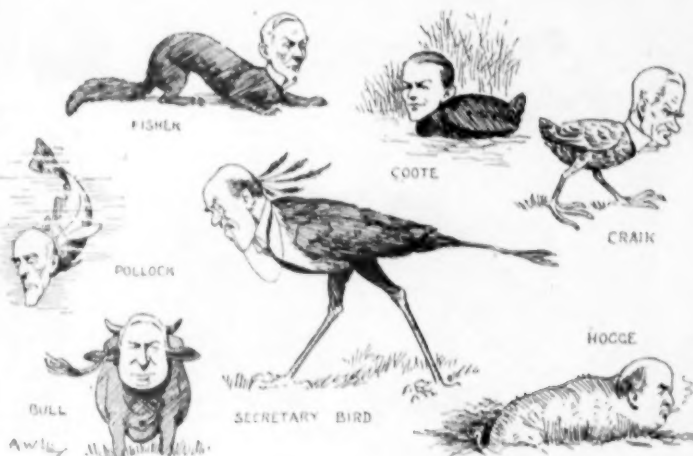
In the interests of economy Major STEEL protested against the regulation by which the Naval cadets at Dartmouth are obliged to wear white flannel trousers all the year round. Mr. AMERY treated the question with proper seriousness. “My Lords” have, it appears, applied their great minds to the possibility of substituting grey flannels for white, but, on the ground that it is important to instil into our embryo Admirals at an early age “habits of smartness and attention to dress,” they have decided to maintain the present rule. To put their argument shortly, “If you want DRAKES, you must have ‘ducks.’”

Sir WALTER DE FRECE was concerned about the late appearance of the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, that harbinger of Prorogation. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN assured him that there was no cause for alarm. What seems to be more required in these days is an Existing Laws Expiring Bill, for the repeal *en bloc* of all legislation which the Government on second thoughts find to be pernicious or unnecessary.

Rapid progress was made with the Railways Bill. Sir ERIC GEDDES displayed an accommodating spirit, and even went so far as to agree with Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY that the word “large” in a

certain section was redundant. No megalomania about him!

For the rest the debate was chiefly remarkable for a violent attack upon the L. and S. W. R. by Lord WINTER-



ON ACCOUNT OF THE LARGE PROPORTION OF ILLITERATE VOTERS IN A CERTAIN PROVINCE IN INDIA, THE BALLOT-PAPERS REPRESENTED THE CANDIDATES AS ANIMALS. MR. PUNCH OFFERS A FEW SPECIMENS FOR USE IN BRITISH CONSTITUENCIES.

TON, who revealed his nationality in declaring that there was “no railway whose progress has been more retrograde.”



STRANGE LOBBY-FELLOWS
MR. DAN IRVING (SOCIALIST) AND SIR F. BANBURY (TORY).

Tuesday, August 9th.—The Licensing Bill obtained a Second Reading in the Lords after a very brief discussion. This was partly due to the suavity of Lord PEEL, who recommended the

measure as “a very nice equipoise,” and partly, perhaps, to the absence of the Lord CHANCELLOR, who judiciously slipped out to tea when the Bill came on, much to the disappointment of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who was curious to know how Lord BIRKENHEAD’s “agile mind” would reconcile his recent speech in praise of Boniface with the provisions of the Government measure.

In reply to Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA revealed the interesting fact that, owing to the illiteracy of many of the voters

in the recent elections, a system of symbols was employed in one province, and the Candidates were represented on the polling cards by pictures of goats, donkeys, elephants, etc. The system seems, however, to be open to abuse. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that there were any illiterates in South Kensington—of course there are not—they would be greatly assisted in making a right choice if Sir WILLIAM DAVISON himself were represented as the sagacious pachyderm and his prospective opponent as a goat or an ass. But if the returning-officer happened to be a “Wee Free,” and insisted on reversing the symbols of the Candidates, one trembles to think what might happen.

The Railways Bill concluded its journey in the Commons, very much better, as Sir E. GEDDES handsomely admitted, for the knocking about that it had undergone *en route*. Sir F. BANBURY headed a motley band of Tories, Wee Frees and Socialists to oppose the Third Reading, but between them they could only muster 62 against 237 for the Bill.

Wednesday, August 10th.—In reply to a question by Lord SALISBURY on the Irish negotiations the LORD CHANCELLOR complained that his speech on the eve of the KING’s visit to Belfast had been “curiously, almost unintelligibly mis-



Boy (to prostrate old gentleman just regaining consciousness). "PLEASE DON'T MOVE, SIR; MY SISTER IS TRYING TO JUMP OVER YOUR MIDDLE WITHOUT KICKING IT."

understood," and maintained that it was entirely consistent with what had since taken place. Lord CREWE was not completely convinced and referred to him as "an adept in creating an atmosphere"—in Scotland they would make him Lord Justice Clerk of the Weather—but was glad that on the present occasion he had dispelled the "depression and alarm" engendered by his previous oration.

When Lord HALDANE abolished the old Constitutional Force there were those who declined to believe that it was dead and done with. *Militiam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.* The sceptics have been justified, for by the Territorial Army and Militia Bill the old title is restored. Lord HALDANE at great length protested against this "serious and retrograde step." He was told the public did not understand the Special Reserve; but "Good heavens! What does the public understand about anything military?" Well, there are five millions of his countrymen who ought to if they don't. Lord AMPHILL was delighted at the restoration of the Militia, of whose age-long services he gave a rapid historical sketch. As for the Special Reserve, to his mind it was more suggestive of a brand of champagne than of a military force.

Mr. BALDWIN, whose habit of think-

ing aloud on the Treasury Bench is one of his most engaging attributes, believes that any party could now get into power by promising to do nothing but attack waste, not with an axe but with a tank—a subtle allusion, it is supposed, to his colleague, the Chairman-designate of the new Economy Committee.

Thursday, August 11th.—"Equipoise" is a blessed word for Ministerial apologists just now. Lord LYTTON employed it in recommending the Railways Bill to the mercy of the Peers, and Lord PARMOOR was so much impressed that he did not insist on his hostile amendment.

The Admiralty are still trying to make up their minds as to whether Naval officers should be given the same marriage-allowances as their comrades in the Army. Lady ASTOR (whom I suspect, like others of her charming sex, of being a matchmaker) declared that "the men are waiting," and begged for "a straight answer." Mr. AMERY could only say that the matter is receiving careful consideration, but that there are "disturbing factors." I trust nobody has been advancing a claim for "a wife in every port."

An attempt by Captain WEDGWOOD BENN to extract from Mr. FISHER an undertaking to vote for the admission of Germany to the League of Nations was skilfully frustrated. The MINISTER

OF EDUCATION hoped he would not be considered unreasonable if he waited to hear the arguments before giving a decision. The House enjoyed the underlying suggestion that the questioner was in the habit of reaching his conclusions by a more summary method.

Before the Safeguarding of Industries Bill emerged from Report the Wee Frees made a final attempt to wreck it by moving to exclude from its purview imports from allied countries. Captain BAGLEY, who described himself as being, "like all Tariff Reformers, a Free Trader at heart," saw no objection to the Amendment, provided that the Allies, for their part, would drop their import duties; and Mr. BALDWIN was sure that "those who kept bulldogs to guard their shops would hardly grumble if we put a kitten in the back-kitchen."

A Super-Amorist.

From a baker's advertisement:—"We can make FIFTY THOUSAND LOVES a day."—*Indian Paper.*

"Belgrade, Saturday.

The State of Skupschtina has by a large majority adopted the resolution of the Immunity Committee declaring the mandates of the Communist deputies null and void."

Provincial Paper.

It is rumoured that the States of Reichstag, Cortes, Congress and Storting will follow this example.



Old Keeper (after the first drive). "MIGHT I ASK YE, SIR, WHAT FOR WAS YE CUTTIN' UP THEM CAIRTRIDGES?"
New Sportsman (his first experience of grouse-driving). "I'M JUST LOOKIN' TO SEE IF THEY 'VE PUT ANY SHOT IN THE BLOOMIN' THINGS."

FATAL DIPLOMACY.

[A daily paper points out that jewellery causes a certain amount of heat and should not be worn during the warm weather.]

"BELIEVE me, Margery, it is not meanness;
No parsimonious promptings, dearest girl,
Bid me refuse to gratify the keenness
With which you long for diamond and pearl.
Were I to do as my desires dictated
Without consideration for your good,
With trinkets and tiaras you'd be sated;
Yes, on my word, you would.

"But I abstain through my profound affection,
For jewelled gauds are heating, and I know
I might play havoc with your fair complexion
Were I to cause you one superfluous glow;
Wearing my gifts, barbaric in their splendour,
Your search for coolness would be wholly vain;
For me your love's notoriously tender;
Could it survive this strain?"

Such was the subtle reason that I gave her,
Thanking the scribe who'd happened to reveal
How empty-handedness might seem to savour
Of loving forethought and devoted zeal;
But oh! my language carried a completer
Conviction than I really sought to bring;
In fear (she said) that it might overheat her
She sent me back the ring.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch begs leave to appeal to his readers on behalf of the Barclay Workshop, which gives employment to Blind Girls who have been trained at the Barclay House, Brighton. The sale of woven and knitted goods made in the Barclay Workshop has steadily increased from some £400 in 1910-11 to over £4,000 in 1920-21. The recent necessary extension of premises, which has doubled the workroom accommodation, has overtaxed the resources of the institution and it is essential that the present debt of £3,000 should be paid off. Mr. Punch is confident that he will not appeal in vain to those whose sympathy for the blind has been sensibly quickened of late years by the noble work of St. Dunstan's. Help may be given by the purchase of goods made in the Barclay Workshop at 21, Crawford Street, Baker Street, W.1; or by gifts of money, which should be addressed to the Treasurer, the Hon. EDWARD CADOGAN, C.B., at 8, Gloucester Square, W.2.

"The members will participate in the annual club luncheon. Owing to the large numbers it is deemed desirable to eat on the first day those whose surname commences with any letter from A to M."

South African Paper.

It seems rather a drastic expedient for relieving congestion.

"At — station a porter heard the chirping of young birds proceeding from a timber waggon, and found a nest of two young wagtails in a hole in the wood. After the removal of a slight obstruction, the birds walked, fully pledged, on to the waggon floor and took a few crumbs."—*Provincial Paper.*
Water-wagtails, obviously.

WITH ORDER TO VIEW.

It was Sunday afternoon and we were all occupying various attitudes of heat-exhaustion and repose when a horn sounded and a huge car was heard to be approaching.

"Who's that?" was asked.

"Someone coming to tea," was suggested.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed our host, "that must be those people who want to see the house. I'd clean forgotten them."

"You don't mean to say you're getting rid of this fascinating place?" said one of the guests.

"Well, I don't know that I am," he replied. "But we had a panic, Amy and I, the other day and gave it to an agent, and some people are coming down. They said they could only see it on Sunday, and I said they might. They were to be here about four. I expect this is the bunch. It's an awful bore, and I must apologise to everyone, especially as we'll have to give them tea."

"Must we?" his wife inquired.

"Of course. It might make all the difference."

"But we don't really want to leave," his wife remarked.

"You never know," he said. "Look at the Income Tax. Anyway, they needn't have tea with you. Fix them up in the drawing-room and all of you stop outside. I'll look after them. By the way," he added, "tea ought to be rather special. I should let them have some peaches."

"An awful waste," someone interposed, "if they don't take the house."

"We must risk it all the same," said our host.

At this moment the visitors were announced and he went off to meet and greet them, and for the next half-an-hour they were going over the place indoors and out. We caught sight of the procession at intervals: first our host, then Sir Montagu Bram, as we had learned his name to be, and a lady, large and rather sumptuously dressed, who presumably was Lady Bram, and then another lady who made the herbaceous border look very foolish, and another man. When we could not see them we could usually hear them. Sir Montagu was asking questions and our host was answering them.

"Yes, we make our own electric light."

"Yes, there's a motor pit."

"Not a bad service of trains."

"Loam and gravel. Roses do wonderfully well here."

"Low Church—very."

And so on.

And then came our tea and we thought of other things and later changed for tennis.

At dinner our host seemed excited.

"Confound those people!" he said.

"I really believe they'll buy the place. They took to it immensely. I could see by the way that Lady Bram looked at her husband now and then that she was all for it."

"But we don't want to go, dear," said our hostess. "Where should we find another?"

"I know, I know," he replied hastily. "But look at the Income Tax. One

A gloom, however, had fallen on the party, which grew deeper until the little widow made her customarily tardy appearance.

"I'm so sorry I'm late," she said.

"But it wasn't my fault. It's Parkes, my maid. She kept me. But she told me a delicious thing which she got from those people's chauffeur."

She began to gurggle.

"Do tell us," I said.

"Did they have a good tea?" she asked.

"I hope so," said our host. "One must be civil to anyone who might make a good offer."

The little widow laughed again.

"The chauffeur," she said, "went for a walk with Parkes. Parkes is very attractive to chauffeurs. And what do you think? They're not real house-hunters at all. They go house-hunting just for fun. They're immensely rich and wouldn't live out of Bayswater for anything on earth!"

Our host was furious. "Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that they weren't serious?"

"Absolutely," said the little widow. "They pretend they want a house in the country so as to have some nice place to motor to every Sunday and get tea for nothing in comfort."

Our spirits began to revive. But we avoided looking at our host.

"And sometimes," the little widow concluded, "when

E. V. L.



Foosler (who keeps topping his shots). "CAN YOU SEE WHAT I'M DOING, CADDIE?"

Caddie (new to the job). "YESSIR—QUITE NICELY, THANKEE, SIR."

mustn't be foolish. A really good offer would be very tempting. Besides, it's in the agents' hands. I couldn't back out now."

He attacked the cold salmon viciously.

"Think of all the bore of moving," said someone.

"You've got to fix on a suitable place first," said another, "and that's the deuce."

"This is so charming," said one of the ladies. "It would take years to get such another pergola."

"Yes, and the lake," said another; "I should hate to think of those upholstered women bathing in it."

"They wouldn't bathe," said our host. "Trust them."

"Well, I should hate to think of them even walking round it."

"Promise me," said our hostess plaintively, "that if this falls through you'll withdraw the house."

Our host ate stolidly for a while. "Yes, I will," he growled at last.

it's a really big place a long way from town they make a day of it and get a free lunch."

THE PRICES' CAT.

"BURGLING's easy enough," said the small stout man in the train, "if you've got the knack. I burgled a house in my village on Sunday evening—house next-door."

"Splendid!" I told him. "Do let me hear about it."

"Funny thing when you come to think of it," he went on (he was not one of those who permit themselves to be hurried), "how careful people can be about a thing and at the same time careless, if you take my meaning. These people next-door—Price their name is—they locked their house up and went away to the seaside. But they weren't careless about that house. Oh, no—not they. Left the key of the front-door with us in case there were any letters put in the box. Asked us to feed

their hens and their boy's lop rabbit and their black cat—nasty sort of cat, if you ask me; but I never took much stock in cats. They left a saucer for it round at the back and asked us to keep it filled, and said they would pay us for the milk too. Saturday they went away, and on Sunday my wife came to me and said, 'Look here, I can't open the Prices' front-door. It's bolted as well as locked. They must have gone out by the back.'

"'Never mind,' I said, 'if you can't you can't. Don't you worry about that.'

"'Oh, but I do worry about it,' she said. 'They've left their cat inside and I want to feed it.'

"So I went round to see, and sure enough there was the cat jumping up at the windows, one after another, and pawing at them and going on no end.

"'I've got to get that cat out somehow,' said my wife, 'if I have to break one of their windows.'

"'Not necessary,' I told her; 'not necessary at all. The catch of nine windows out of ten (I'd read this, mind you, in some magazine story or other) can be easily forced back by pressure with the blade of an ordinary hasp-knife. Just oblige me by fetching an ordinary hasp-knife, would you?'

"'Do you mean a pocket-knife?' she asked.

"'Funny thing about women; they never seem to want to use the correct name for a thing. Well, she got a knife and I began. Let me tell you any time you want to give an exhibition of the ordinary window and hasp-knife trick, make sure you get an ordinary window first. These weren't. The bottom of the upper frame was wedged so tight against the top of the lower that the blade couldn't be forced in. I tried every window on the ground floor of the house, and by that time I was getting warmed up, and a bit of professional pride was coming in, if you understand me.

"'Isn't there a ladder about?' I asked.

"They found one in the out-house in the garden and I started on the first-floor windows, putting it up against each of them in turn. Third time I tried I got the knife in. It was a big window with two catches. Then I started pressing. 'Easily forced back by pressure,' you remember it was in that magazine story. I won't go so far as to say that the fellow that wrote that story was a liar, but I should say he was a bit of an optimist in a quiet way. After about ten minutes I came down from the ladder.

"'Send that boy back for a hammer,' I said. And when I got the hammer I started again. You have to be careful



MUSICIANS AT PLAY.

A VIOLINIST HAS OCCASION TO ADJUST HIS BATTING-GLOVES.

hammering the blade of an ordinary hasp-knife against the catch of a window, but you have to hammer hard if you want to move it. It took about a couple of hundred blows to shift the first catch, and then I found I had to move the ladder again to get at the second. I'd just started on that when I saw Wilkinson and his wife and about half-a-dozen people down in the road watching. 'Hullo!' he yelled, 'what are you doing up there?'

"I hadn't the time to begin explaining the whole thing to Wilkinson of course just then.

"'Only feeding the Prices' black cat,' I shouted back to him.

"'Oh, are you?' he said. 'What are you feeding her on then? Powdered glass?' That's the kind of man Wilkinson is. Silly, you understand. Of course it was Sunday evening, as I said, and the chapel service on, and ours being a quiet village of course it did seem rather a noisy way of just feeding a cat. Even when I got the second catch back I couldn't shift the window till I'd fetched a piece of board and hammered it against the top of the lower frame, and by the time I'd got in I should think there was nearly half the village out in the road watching.

"When I unfastened the front-door and came out with the cat they cheered

us, especially the cat. Might have been a rhinoceros from the trouble it took to get to that cat, mightn't it?"

"And what about the local policeman?" I inquired, respectfully offering him my cigarette-case.

"Thank you, I prefer a pipe," he said, resourceful to the last. "Policeman? Oh, I never saw one old policeman first to last. Somebody probably went and told him not to worry about the noise; said we were only feeding the Prices' cat, you know. But, as I said, it shows how easy burgling is when you have the knack. If you want to break into a house you've only got to force back the catch of a window with the blade of an ordinary hasp-knife; either that or sink a shaft in the lawn and run a tunnel and dynamite the walls of the cellar; there isn't very much to choose."

We arrived at Croydon. EVOE.

JUTE: A MYSTERY NO LONGER.

[In reply to Mr. Punch's lines of last week, "Jute: a Mystery." N.B. Hessians, Burlaps, Daisees and Chatterjays are trade terms for the manufactured article.]

Mr. Punch don't know Hessians from Burlaps;

Thinks the latter for sitting on, sure;

A Daisee to him

On the river Tay's brim

A Daisee's to him, nothing more.

When he first heard a Chatterjay mentioned,

He thought it a bird, so it's said;

For the making of jokes

Lies with cleverish folks,

But to understand jute takes a head.

So I add this for his information,

Since he's ignorant (that can be seen):

Jute's the stuff—should I tell?—

Helps his tailor to sell

A ten-guinea suit for fifteen.

"LADY, quiet disposition mostly, would like to rent 2 or 3 rooms (unfurnished preferred)." *Scotch Paper.*

So that if she should occasionally lose her temper and smash the furniture at any rate it will be her own.

"Is the Church of England uninteresting?" was a subject touched upon by another speaker, who urged that the clergy should keep in touch with the methods of psycho-analysis."—*Daily Paper.*

We do not care for this pseudonym.

From a University history paper:—

"During the reign of Elizabeth Parliament took upon itself to urge the claims of matrimony upon the Sovereign, a length to which they had never dared to go in the previous reign."

We don't know about MARY, but certainly HENRY VIII. never required any "urging" in that direction.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE EDGE O' BEYOND."

We spent so much time—the best part of four Acts, with intervals of three, two and ten months, though some of the Acts were called Scenes—in getting the rather bookish atmosphere of a Hut in Rhodesia, that the melodrama which was to melt the hearts of the Gallery seemed almost an after-thought. Indeed I have seldom seen the villain of the piece disposed of with more convenient and artless despatch. During all this time, largely occupied in pleasant but not very subtle foolery, the outstanding incidents were the death of a baby (off) and a feat of laundry by which a shirt and pair of flannel trousers took on the consistency of a rock through excess of starch. Meanwhile the development



ON AN OFF-DAY IN THE RACING SEASON.

of personality on the sentimental side had been so neglected that we never quite understood why the leading lady had fallen in love with one man rather than another.

For I need hardly say that into this Eden of the idle male a woman had intruded. 'Twas ever so in dramas that deal with the outposts of the British Empire. Her business is sometimes to be a serpent and play havoc with hearts; but more often she is there to introduce the refining and purifying influence of the eternal feminine into the rude atmosphere of a world of men. Neither of these hallowed functions was performed by Dinah. She was not a snake and she was not what is known as a womanly woman. She was just a boy in petticoats, and not always petticoats.

Miss RUBY MILLER, who partnered Mr. ROY HORNIMAN in the adaptation of Miss GERTRUDE PAGE's novel, *The Edge o' Beyond*, gave herself in Dinah a fat part that offered scope for many

assertive costumes, a constant flow of smart or semi-smart things to say, and even, towards the end, a suspicion of sentiment. She carried it all off with a jaunty air and great aplomb; but she was too hard and glittering for my simple tastes, which were better pleased with the quietness of Miss DORIS LLOYD, in whose gentle and restrained manner there were great reserves of strength at need.

One wondered, and not for the first time, what Mr. BASIL RATHBONE was doing in a play that gave him no chance. But really good plays are for the moment too rare to supply regular occupation for intelligent artists, and the intervals, I suppose, must be filled up with a little pot-boiling.

Of the Rhodesians, the "Irresponsibles" of the Hut (Messrs. MARTIN LEWIS, WILFRID SEAGRAM and ANTONY HOLLES) were patterns of impervious good-nature; so was their neighbour (Mr. CHARLES CARSON) and their visitor (Mr. JAMES LINDSAY). The effect on my own less genial temperament remains so emollient that I cannot find it in my heart to complain of the lack of distinction in their characters. But I must still permit myself to cavil at the crudeness of the contrast offered by the one discordant element in this happy community, an incredible prig and snob, the most obvious butt that was ever set up for the shafts of cheap and easy wit.

But anyhow the Gallery loved it; they loved it all. Indeed the surprising warmth of the play's reception fully justified the exhilaration shown in her speech by Miss MILLER, who confided to us that we had made her "dreadfully happy." In that word "dreadfully" I traced no sign of foreboding. For in the financial conditions of to-day the occupants of the stalls differ from those of the less expensive seats not so much in intelligence as in paying power; and I gather, not from my own sense of its merits, but from the observation of a friend who has a flair for the Gallery aura, that *The Edge o' Beyond* is going to have a long life. "Whom the gods love die young" was not written of these Olympians. O. S.

"HONEY."

We have bought this season's output of an Aviary which gave our customers such satisfaction last year."—*Local Paper.*

The honey is, we presume, extracted from the cocks' combs.

"The Earl of — and about thirty guests at a church bazaar were yesterday thrown into the cellar through the collapse of the floor. The early himself escaped unhurt."

Daily Paper.

"The early" seems to have had a narrow escape of becoming "the late."



First Lady (at a local championship meeting). "I DON'T UNDERSTAND VERY MUCH ABOUT THE GAME MYSELF; DO YOU?"

Second Lady. "NO; BUT MY SISTER-IN-LAW 'AS JUST MOVED INTO 'ER NEW 'OUSE AN' THEY'VE GOT A MUCH BIGGER COURT THAN THIS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S new heroine, *Jasmine*, is a daughter of a contadina and a Scotsman who has so far forgotten himself as to give up getting on—for painting, in exile. When he dies, this child of the South has to go to *Rich Relatives* (SECKER) in England, cold and calculating as they are rich, and be bandied about from one group to the other; from pompous uncle *Hector*, with his equally pompous lady and those little dull beasts of daughters, *Pamela* and *Lettice*, whose hatred of each other "had never been relieved by their being able to disparage each other's appearance as they both looked exactly the same," to uncle *Aeneas*, gourmand and bore—they are all bores, but *Aeneas* is transcendent; thence to great-uncle *Rouncivell*, the rich miser who has the redeeming quality of absorption in the memory of his wife, long defunct, and turns up trumps in the end; thereafter to the almost tolerable, because eccentric and uncalculating, uncle *Arnold*, with his six unmanageable sons; and finally to uncle *Alexander*, who is guardian to a mad *Serene Highness*. MR. MACKENZIE is here exploiting the starkest caricature rather than essaying characterisation, and his successive offensives of dull mean tedious people launched against poor *Jasmine*, while bringing her to defeat and despair according to plan, threaten to overwhelm the reader also; indeed, when the author seeks to extract fun out of the imbecile antics of *Prince Adalbert*, they succeed. *Jasmine* is rather a wraith of a girl, but nice

enough at that, and gets a thoroughly sound unvocal young baronet for a husband. I have an impression that less pains and fewer consolations than MR. MACKENZIE commonly experiences went to the birth of this book.

MR. HAMILTON FYFE, journalist in many fields and on many fronts, has discovered that the times are out of joint. He claims no novelty for his prescription, which, though to state it crudely would spoil his climax, is indeed very, very old. Such chapter headings as "Why the Old Diplomacy Must Go" and "They Made a Wilderness and Called It Peace" suggest sufficiently the trend of the author's conclusions, but the main interest in his book, *The Making of an Optimist* (PARSONS), lies in its psychological values, for he has set out deliberately to show how step by step the War and all it entailed converted him from a certain mental attitude to something else quite different. It is difficult not to attach familiar labels to his convictions in a way that the writer would probably feel to be bald and inadequate, yet one cannot escape the impression that, when his evolutionary processes have been carried still a little further, he will find to his surprise how nearly he approaches to certain orthodoxies that here he rather scorns. In the meantime one could wish that in his ardour for emancipation he had not flung aside some things that other persons still value—his belief in England's honour for one—and so gone far to discredit his main argument. It is worth noting, that even though one disagrees with many things he says—and surely no one could agree with them all—he has always some

lively yarn from France or Russia or Roumania to illustrate his point; and these minor embroideries fortunately do something to save a book which, though frank, brave and full of entertainment, remains entirely unsatisfying.

Who or what is meant by *The Master of Man*, the name of Sir HALL CAINE's new book (HEINEMANN), with the subtitle *The Story of a Sin*? Is it the hero, Victor Stowell, sometime Deemster of the Isle of Man, or his "sin"? In any case, melodrama is obviously the Master of Man (Isle of); and if we are to have melodrama let it be given to us hot and strong and plentiful. Sir HALL CAINE, indeed, gratifies that innocent desire in heaped measure. What situation can be more poignant than the case of the judge who is compelled to pronounce sentence upon the poor girl whom—in the language of melodrama—he has "betrayed"? The passions thunder throughout this tremendous work. They begin to mutter in the very first chapter, wherein a naughty schoolboy steals a kiss from a country wench, and because of that sin his headmaster and three whole families

—the boy's family, the girl's family, and the family of another boy who was falsely accused—are plunged into confusion and dismay. Presently a fourth household is involved, and the domestic peace of the Governor himself is shattered. Ultimately the entire island breaks loose, and is only to be quelled by "English" cavalry. Is there something in the climate of the Isle of Man which excites to intense emotion upon a provocation which would leave the inhabitants of the inconspicuous neighbouring island comparatively calm? The cumulative effect of the violent temper of all these

people is so devastating that deliverance from their afflictions seems beyond hope. But Sir HALL CAINE has a kind heart; and at the last moment peace gloriously descends and virtue is triumphant. Melodrama, in a word, of the best. The whole gorgeous effect is rather like a day at Blackpool.

In *The Waiting of Moya* (HUTCHINSON) the scene is laid in Ireland, where the Lords of the Pale apparently divide their time between horse-breeding and embezzlement, while the mere Irish are content to groom the horses and show up the villains. For myself, when I had laid down Mrs. DOROTHEA CONYERS' book, I felt that, like WALT WHITMAN, I wanted to go and live among the animals. There is an eminently pleasant couple of water-spaniels, and there are half-a-dozen personable hunters, all drawn with much spirit and sympathy, which, in the case of the hunters, extends to their green rugs and yellow monograms. But the minute I heard of *Moya*, who had "deep grey eyes" and a mouth that "drooped a little wearily," I felt apprehensive. And when, not content with drooping, "her lips tightened before she forced them to smile" only two pages further on, not even her harsh usage at the hands of her wicked uncle *Oliver*, could enlist my sympathies. Her brother

Derry, too, "long-legged, shabby, very good to look at," failed to appeal to me; though I cordially seconded Mrs. CONYERS' evident dislike of *Rosamund Hartigan*, who, "in a plumed hat and a tennis-skirt, came lightly out of a small porch" to greet that youth and *Teddy Polhaven*. *Teddy*, the Colonial cousin—he himself prefers "Queenslander"—discovers Uncle *Oliver's* love-letters and a last confession, securely fastened with an india-rubber band, behind a sliding panel, just as *Moya* is laying a fresh hot-water bottle to that villain's dying feet. *Teddy* is nearly—but not quite—as good as the dogs and horses, and his final proposal to the luckless *Moya* seems to me the last word in Colonial enterprise.

How many down-and-out white men are there, I wonder, combing the beaches of the South Seas? Ever since the days of R. L. S. they have been a Bonanza to novelists, and Mr. JOHN RUSSELL, in *Where The Pavement Ends* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH), has made unstinted use of them. Sometimes they are spurred to reformation, but more commonly they dree their drunken weird. Most of the stories in

this book have an exceedingly clever twist in their plots, and are written in a crowded abrupt style that aids the thrill, and betrays strongly the influence of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. But it was a pity, I think, to introduce twice over the artifice of a diver's dress, more especially as the diver who is mistaken for a god and worshipped by island savages has done duty before for Mr. H. G. WELLS. The story that I like best is called "The Price of a Head," and narrates how *Karaki*, the Melanesian boat-boy, carried off his friend *Alexander Pellett* of the coppery whiskers and bibulous habit of

life—carried him off in his proa across the ocean to Bougainville, curing him of alcoholism on the way. And all for what? Well, you can find out by reading *Where The Pavement Ends*.

The heroine of *My South-Sea Sweetheart* (HURST AND BLACKETT) was married when twelve years old to a boy of fourteen. This precipitancy was not due to any excessive eagerness on the part of the bride and bridegroom, but resulted from the fact that their relatives, having been unhappy in wedlock, had conceived the idea—excellent in itself—of giving these children every chance that two mortals can have of happiness in marriage. The ceremony took place in a South Sea Island, and immediately afterwards the boy went to Australia to be educated. Even granted that the circumstances of the case were peculiar it was a rash experiment, and *Captain Harry England*, who had the reputation of being the wickedest man in the Pacific, sadly interfered with its success. *England* was one of those tempestuous men so dear to the heart of women-novelists; but, although Miss BEATRICE GRIMSHAW has worked hard to convince me of his fascination, I got no distinct impression of it. He is the weak spot in a story of considerable originality.



Yachtsman (who has landed on an uninhabited island in the Pacific Ocean). "MY DEAR, THIS IS AMAZING! THIS UNFORTUNATE MAN LOOKS LIKE ROBINSON CRUSOE. A POOR CASTAWAY, NO DOUBT."

Robinson Crusoe. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU AND YOUR PARTY MIND MOVING UP THE BEACH A LITTLE? WE ARE DOING THE GREAT FOOT-PRINT SCENE FOR THE EUREKA FILM AMALGAMATION."

CHARIVARIA.

THE country should pay its Government officials what they are worth and no more, says a leader-writer. If this plan is introduced it will be interesting to see how much some of the officials will owe the country.

"Little has been heard lately," says a gossip writer, "about the National Party." Our information is that he has gone away for the holidays.

The Samoans at one time, says Mr. EDWARD SHILLITO, used to play cricket matches with three hundred a side. Upon reading this it is said that the Selection Committee of the M.C.C. sent up a piercing yell and made a dash for the hills.

There have been signs lately that English cricket is not so decadent as the pessimists made out. During the Malvern Chess Congress a cricket match was played between eleven chess-players and a side of local cricketers, and the cricketers won.

An expert points out that our oceans are shrinking. There is some talk of limiting seaside bathers to one mouthful of the horrid stuff daily.

We have had so much rain of late that several desperate holiday makers are wondering which London paper did it.

A recruit for the Gloucestershire Regiment who enlisted at Bristol was six feet two inches in height, although only eighteen years of age. Now let us hope there will not be any more delay on the part of Germany in connection with the indemnity demands.

The American Ford plant is to increase its output. And this is the same HENRY FORD who in 1916 talked of a world peace.

We are asked to contradict a rumour that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's comedy, *My Dear Wells*, is being adapted for the cinema.

The Egham Urban Council have received an unfavourable reply to their request to be allowed to put the Royal Crown on their seal. In our opinion

they chose the wrong time and the wrong quarter in which to seek patronage of a performing animal.

During a pageant held recently at Clacton, Julius Cæsar and his legionaries landed on the sea-front. We understand that the invasion was only repelled by the terrifying charge of the landladies.

A boy christened at a North London church recently was given nine Christian names. We wonder what the GEDDES Economy Committee intend to do about it.

A Sheffield man has been fined three pounds for trying to sell two bottles of coloured water as whisky. Only the Government has this privilege.

A lady in New York has divorced her

been supposed that there was some sound reason for the famous philosopher's gloominess.

After hooking a huge pike, says a news item, a Carlisle angler was dragged into the canal by it. It is said that the pike still sticks to the story that the angler weighed two hundredweight if he weighed an ounce.

TERABOSCHI, the Argentine swimmer, has tried to swim the Channel. Once again it was an easy win for the Channel.

A *Daily Mail* advertisement offers two thousand moth bags for sale. Unfortunately our moths never wear them.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL claims to have improved the postal service, but tradesmen's bills still seem to come just as promptly.

In Bulgaria, says a gossip note, it is usual to have the bagpipes played at a wedding. We understand, however, that in spite of this weddings still take place.

Ostrich plumes, says an item of fashion news, are beginning to be worn again on the head. Not by the ostriches we have seen.

"Mexico," says *The San Francisco Chronicle*, "is taking up baseball." It will be a wise referee who can tell just where a baseball match ends and a revolution begins.

A lady who has returned from hunting in Central Africa told a reporter that she felt no fear when charged by a wounded rhinoceros. The bargain-counter spirit, we presume.

The Daily Mail has arranged for two special trains to deliver that paper in extreme Northern towns. This disposes of the theory that there is safety in distance.

It is now possible, says a morning paper, for a man to send his office-boy with half-a-crown to a café and for him to return with a very good lunch in a box, but minus the half-crown. There is always a catch somewhere.

A pessimist is a man who thinks the world is against him. And he is probably right.



ENTERPRISE.

husband on the ground that he snores. It is said that her husband brought a counter-petition on the ground that his wife stayed awake at nights listening to him.

A Kettering golfer recently killed a hawk while driving from the fifth. As long as this sort of impediment is allowed it is absurd to call golf a game of skill.

A pullet recently entered a Bank in Manchester and laid an egg on the floor. It had evidently been advised to start a deposit account.

A man claiming to be able to pull out straight any piece of twisted metal with his hands is now appearing on the Music Halls. There should be a fortune waiting for this artiste in America, where thousands of corkscrews want straightening.

"I never spoke to HERBERT SPENCER," says Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. It has always

THE EDUCATION OF INSECTS.

(By our Entomological Expert.)

At a time when insect life is particularly active and vigorous it is a melancholy reflection on the progress of humanity to find men of science taking a pessimistic view of the intellectual progress of the blackbeetle, the caterpillar and even the ant. The relation of insects to human welfare has recently been exhaustively discussed by an American writer, Professor BRUES, but his main conclusion is distinctly unfavourable. He despairs of any success attending efforts at modifying the instincts of insects. All the higher and many of the lower vertebrates learn by experience. Not so the blackbeetle, and still less the moth. Trusting to their indefinite powers of multiplication they continue to rush upon their doom with a Bourbon-like disregard of consequences. Their reserves are unlimited and they habitually adopt shock tactics with disastrous results, whereas, to quote from the scientific correspondent of *The Times*, "the young bird, and still more the young mammal, are protected and educated by their parents and employ the surplus energy of youth in experiment with their own instincts and powers."

This deplorable condition of the insect world gives no satisfaction to Mr. Punch. How could it, in view of his life-long sympathy with all branches of animal creation? When in the year 1882 it was proposed to establish a children's branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Mr. Punch laid down the principles which should govern the activities of the Society in a versified "Tract for the Time," which is peculiarly appropriate to the present juncture. In his comprehensive survey of our responsibilities to the animal world Mr. Punch included insects as well as vertebrates. The whole tract is worth quoting, but we must confine ourselves to the last two stanzas:—

"Oh, make not game of sparrows, nor faces at the ram,
And ne'er allude to mint-sauce when calling on a lamb!
Don't beard the thoughtful oyster, don't dare the cod to crimp,
And worry not the winkle or scarify the shrimp.
Tread lightly on the turning worm, don't bruise the butterfly,
Don't ridicule the wry-neck nor sneer at salmon-fry;
Oh, ne'er delight to make dogs fight, nor bantams disagree—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be.
Be patient with blackbeetles, be courteous to cats,
And be not harsh with haddocks nor rigorous with rats;

Give welcome unto wopas and comfort to the bee,
And be not hard upon the snail—let blue-bottles go free.
Be lively with the cricket, be merry with the grig,
And never quote from BACON in the presence of a pig!
Don't contradict the moocow nor argue with the gee—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

The spirit of the whole poem is admirable; but it is also suggestive and instructive. As insects are not properly educated by their parents it is obviously incumbent on man to act *in loco parentis* to these unhappy derelicts, and lead them on to forms of self-expression at once more salutary to themselves and to their human benefactors. It is strange that Professor BRUES should deny to insects the capacity of learning by experience. Did not his quasi-name-sake, BRUCE, tame a spider and convert it into a solace of his captivity? Are there not performing fleas, capable of unlearning their instinctive shock-tactics and adopting formations in accordance with the most up-to-date theories of military experts? Hitherto these experiments have been only conducted on a small scale and in a tentative way. The time has clearly arrived for the organisation of a great system of insect education, and it is of the most vital importance that it should be carried out on sound lines, otherwise the evil may be intensified. The introduction of harsh methods of discipline in insect schools is strongly to be deprecated. It would inevitably lead to the exasperation of that instinct of self-defence the misunderstanding of which in children, as Signora MONTESSORI has conclusively shown, is at the root of all our educational failures. Here, as in politics, self-determination rather than self-extirpation is the principle to be inculcated. The study of insect psychoanalysis is at present only in its infancy. But if any progress is to be made, the old and hopeless view, that no insect can learn by experience, must be finally and irrevocably abandoned. It is gratifying to note that *The Times'* scientific correspondent adopts an attitude of guarded optimism, admitting that "there seems a little more at work than instinct in the behaviour of bees with regard to different individuals or in the distinction that a cockroach makes when disturbed by a housemaid and a stranger."

"Whoever is responsible for the oversight of this path would be doing a public duty by compelling the trimming of the hedges and the removal of the barbed wire.

May this catch the eye of the authorities."
Letter in Local Paper.
That should make them take notice.

HUNGER.

I HAVE a wife and two children, no friends of the kind likely to place their bank balances at my disposal, no money in my pocket and no food in my stomach.

I breakfasted at eight; the time is now a quarter-past one; already I suffer those pangs which are nature's provision against inadvertent starvation.

I am neither selfish nor careless of my responsibilities. The discomfort which has to be faced is no worse for me than for those dependent on me. Rather indeed is the case of my children harder than my own. They are young; they have not the same fund of patient endurance as have their mother and I. It brings tears to my eyes to see their wistful faces, their expressions of mingled hope and despair.

"Bea man," you say; "do something." Yes, but how and what? I am all untutored for the fight. If your advice is to assist me it must particularise. On my own initiative I can do nothing but wait, like *Mr. Micawber*, for something to turn up.

Nor do I think that you have any right to condemn me without knowing all the facts. True, I am lethargic, but this is due to bone laziness, which I contend to be as much a disease as any enjoying the recognition of the faculty. I was born with it. All my life it has curbed ambition. It constitutes in itself the whole reason why I am neither a bishop nor a general, why I am not even a Labour leader. It will remain with me to the grave, and I cherish the hope that it will even retard my footsteps in that direction.

Yet even if abundant energy were mine; even if— But, hark! What sweet music do I hear? Is it—can it be? Yes, it is—the luncheon gong. I go to appease my holiday appetite.

A Protracted Encounter.

"Browne always seemed to have his measure, and after winning the first set at 7-5 he took the second set at 6-30.—*Indian Paper.*

A.M. or P.M.?

"When the war broke out, when the toxin first rang out its hideous alarm, the men of Britain beyond the seas flocked to the banners of Empire."—*Local Paper.*

And were promptly inoculated with an anti-toxin.

"Children's Rendezvous, where mothers may leave their little ones while viewing *The Bigamist*."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

Tactful wives always dispose of the "little ones" on these occasions.

A Minus Wage.

"Since the beginning of the year these men's wages have been reduced by 10½ per cent."—*Provincial Paper.*



THE LION-TAMER.

BRITISH LION (to Mr. WARWICK ARMSTRONG). "I KNOW A GOOD MAN WHEN I SEE ONE. SIGN, PLEASE."



Bookworm. "IF YOU FEEL LIKE HAVING A DIP, MISS PRIM, DON'T MIND ME."

POPPING THE QUESTION.

SCENE.—A part of the Gardens, Groundsel Grange. TIME.—Yesterday afternoon.

Miss Dido Duvelyn. Keep away from the shrubbery for a bit, Mr. Glossop, or you may ruin the situation that we came here this afternoon on purpose to bring about.

Lady Betty Portcullis. Yes; Sir Gurth and Lady Groundsel little think we're here in a good cause—to prevent the blighting of two lives—and not just to smell their roses and knock their croquet-balls about.

Miss D. D. I'm sure any heart would be touched by the scene going on behind the laurels at this moment—a strong man on his knees to a fair woman, imploring her to divorce him.

Lady B. P. At least that's what we hope he's doing. But it would be just like Tristan Tracegall to funk it after all the trouble we've taken to make this opportunity for him and bring him up to the scratch.

Glossop. Faint heart ne'er lost fair lady.

Miss D. D. That's just what I've told him over and over again. And if

he doesn't bring it off this time he needn't expect any more help from me. As it is I've acted out of sheer pity; the far-away look of dumb hopeless dislike in his eyes whenever her name was mentioned was too pathetic. Time and time again I've urged him to take his courage in his hands and go to her and say quite simply, "Gretna, I dislike you with all my heart and soul; will you make me happy?" When they met at the Fox-Trotters' dance in Town in July he swore he was going through with it, and, after making her sit out two consecutive dances in a nice dark corner, he confessed to me that he hadn't had the pluck to do anything but talk Russian Ballet. I was disgusted; I told him his timidity had probably spoiled not only both their lives, but her evening.

G. But couldn't he make this—er—proposal by letter?

Miss D. D. No. He feels, as I do, that the cold-blooded formality of writing it would do more harm than good. At any rate it wouldn't be half so convincing as hissing his hate into her shell-like ear.

G. I suppose you're satisfied that he's quite sure of his own mind?

Miss D. D. Rather! Why, he's been married to her for months.

Lady B. P. Months and months!

G. Perhaps he isn't confident that his feelings are reciprocated.

Miss D. D. Oh, yes; Betty and I've both sounded Gretna, and there's not the least doubt that she dislikes him as much as any man she knows. In fact, as we've pointed out to him, his backwardness is making her think that all the dislike is on her side.

G. Is there any financial obstacle? When money comes in at the door dislike flies out of the window, you know.

Miss D. D. No; neither of them has a bean. Besides, I'm convinced that theirs is a dislike too strong for such sordid considerations.

Lady B. P. I'm certain that what has prevented Tristan from declaring himself is his dread of being snubbed. He can't realise that he's sufficiently unworthy of her. And I've done my best, over and over again, to assure him that he's unworthy of any woman in the world, and that I for one would divorce him like a shot.

Miss D. D. I want to help Gretna too; it must be frightfully embarrassing and exasperating for a woman to be

kept hanging on like this, wondering if he really dislikes her so deeply or if it's just that his nerve fails him when he seems on the point of asking her not to be his.

G. Couldn't she help him out—give him an encouraging lead?

Miss D. D. Perhaps she's just a little afraid of a snub herself. In a delicate matter like that, you know, an injudicious word might easily tie them together for life.

G. When's the next leap year? She may feel bolder by then.

Miss D. D. I'd begun to think that was the only hope. And then this heaven-sent opportunity came along. We heard that Gretna was staying here with the Groundsels and so we sent for Tristan to come to us and brought him over for this affair this afternoon. Betty got Gretna into the shrubbery and I sent Tristan to her. But beforehand I made him have a stiff whisky-and-soda in the house, and while he was pulling himself together I gave him a final coaching. I told him to go straight to the point at once and say, "Gretna, I cannot suppose that you are blind to the dislike with which I regard you, and I have ventured to think that your feelings for myself are not altogether devoid of animosity. I offer you the heartfelt dislike of a simple man. Or, if you do not now return it in full, only promise to divorce me and I am certain that in time I can make you detest me." I took a lot of pains to compose that speech for him, and, if he jibs again—

Lady B. P. Here he comes—as white as a sheet and mopping his forehead. Oh, surely she hasn't refused him after all! [Enter Tristan Tracegall.] Well, Tristan, are we to congratulate you?

T. T. I need all your sympathies. Gretna was awfully decent about it, though. She admitted that she dislikes me and will never cease to dislike me sincerely, cordially; but she said that after careful consideration she had come to the conclusion that it was kindest to tell me once and for all that she can never, never bring herself to be anything to me but a wife.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN.

All Records Broken!

"KENT—RAIN. (Hardinge made 2,000 runs to-day)."—*Evening Paper*.

We wonder how many he would have made if the weather had been fine.

There was a young tenor of Tring
Whose nickname was "God save the King:"

For the kindest-hearted
Of people departed
Whenever he started to sing.



"SPARE US A COPPER, GUV'NOR. I USED TO STAND FOR THE NOOD TILL I TROD ON A DROBIN'-PIN."

TEST QUESTIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing in a morning paper, complains of the absurd questions set in the matriculation examinations and suggests more easy and sensible problems. Ever ready to oblige we append the following as an example of what might be done:—

Who was Mr. EUCLID, and why did he do it?

Who was the author of BACON's Essays?

Describe the habits and customs of the British prior to the NORTHCLIFFE Epoch.

What are the notable points of simiplicity about the EINSTEIN Theory when

compared with the M.C.C. Selection Committee?

What is America noted for besides everything?

Give the exact date in English history when things were what they used to be.

Give a full list of Army punishments introduced during the War, beginning with Plum and Apple.

Is the telephone an instrument of use or of torture?

Can anything be done to stop . . . ?
[Yes.—Ed.]

A Hot-Weather Costume.

"The bride was attired in bouquet of sto-phanotis and lilies."—*Local Paper*.

IN SEARCH OF A BARD.

XIV.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN.

I HAVE written these verses because I have been reminded that there have been a lot of poets in this series, but no poetess, if one may use the word. The subject I have chosen is perhaps not quite so heartrending as those which CHARLOTTE MEW, the authoress of *The Farmer's Bride*, would select, but I have tried to make up for this by sheer intensity of treatment.

The moonlight drips upon the parlour floor;
I shall go mad if no one wipes it up.
When I was one year old Nurse used to say,
"It's no more use to cry when milk is spilt
Than cry about the moon." There were big bars
Across the nursery window. You said once,
"Life is all bars on which we beat in vain
Praying for drinks." I smiled when you said that.
I wonder why it was you made me smile.
I think because you had a funny face,
White as the moonlight, and a red red nose,
And the moon dripped upon the floor like this
Two years ago. The floor looked just the same.
There is something very terrible about a floor.

And then the fête
The sparrows twittered in the dusty square;
One only saw the plane-trees and the pump.
The curé said we must not roll our eyes
Or wink to little boys across the square.
He could not say we must not watch the moon.
The band came up the street, the lions, the bears,
O noise of roundabouts, eternal swing!
Où est mon chapeau? Il est sur la table.
I had my hair done in a pigtail then.

O noise of roundabouts, eternal swing!
You held a paper hoop. My head went round,
Oh, round and round! Why did you stare so hard?
I sometimes think a hoop is like the moon.
Où est la méchante fille? Elle est partie.
The girl has a green ribbon in her hair.

The forest road
It stretches away into shadows infinite.
The boughs are like crossed bars, crossed window-bars.
The moon drips through them. Are not those wolves' eyes,
Green in the dusk? I always hated green.
Green is a terrible colour, and so is red.
There are red roses in the garden now,
Red roses *dans le jardin de ma tante*,
Shrilling a passionate pain amongst the green.
Why can I never walk in gardens now
Without remembering your red red nose?

You must have meant me to come out to you;
No bird could *coo-ee* quite so loud as that.
Perhaps I have a delicate chest. Perhaps
I ought not to have gone in those thin shoes.
I have had measles twice, loved only once.
Ah love! But love hurts more than measles do.
Why did you send me back? I could have gone
All round the world with that white caravan
And watched you smile. You said you liked my hair;
You said that every woman should have long hair;
Mine was so long that I could sit on it.
As-tu le ruban vert de mademoiselle?

And still the sparrows twitter in the square,
And no one but the curé comes and goes

Under the dusty plane-trees. And at night
The moonlight drips. You will never come again.
But would you know me if you came again?
The little girl she has grown so big. Who knows?
Ah, God! why did they make me bob my hair? EVOE.

IN DEFENCE OF STRAP-HANGING.

I AM delighted to find that our Members of Parliament are sufficiently alive to the interests of the people of London to protest with passion against the threatened abolition of strap-hanging.

Many a morning has the gloom of the journey to my daily toil been brightened by the smile of some charming lady to whom I have offered my seat, and the admiring glances of other charming ladies as I have stood, swaying with athletic grace to every movement of the bus. I wouldn't miss them for worlds.

Strap-hanging is not too good for me, and I am convinced that not only such as I would grieve to be deprived of its pleasures. There is the assertive lady, the equal of man in every respect, who delights in the opportunity to advertise her strength of principle and, instead of accepting with a smile, refuses my offer in a loud voice and sniffs triumphantly when I subside vanquished in argument. There is the other lady, equally firm in declining, who, it is to be observed, has a pretty wrist or a jewelled bracelet which, but for the opportunity afforded by strap-hanging, would be seen only by a limited few.

And it is so salutary for Pompkins to be humbled now and again by some young girl who urges him to take her seat because "I am younger than you," as she so prettily puts it—nasty medicine which does him no end of good.

Then there is the bus-conductor. Nothing relieves the feelings of a harassed bus-conductor so much as to push a few people about and tread on their toes, and strap-hangers afford him his only excuse for this relaxation.

In further defence of the custom I would urge the possibility that always exists of dodging payment of one's fare when strap-hanging at the driver's end of the vehicle.

Strap-hanging cultivates the fine flower of courtesy and a strong right arm. It prevents the clothes from becoming shiny. It combines the rigours of physical exercise with the comfort of riding. Its contribution to character as well as physique will perhaps never be fully known.

To every strap-hanger, then, I say, Continue as persistently in the future as in the past to stand up for your rights.

Another Impending Apology.

"Music lovers earnestly hope that Mr. — will be able to continue the fine work he has so long achieved. It is quite impossible to underrate the value of his work."—*Daily Paper*.

"Feed your dog as you would feed your friend. Give him — dog biscuits."—*Advert. in Local Paper*.
The friend on whom we tried the experiment wasn't taking any.

"The — Cantonment Magistrate is frying four army contractors and an ex-clerk for alleged conspiracy to defraud Government."—*Indian Paper*.

In accordance with the *Mikado's* plan: "Something humorous with boiling oil in it."

"The citizens generally were not aware that the Prince would pass through the main part of the city, but his approach was signalled in some mysterious way, and shop assistants rushed from their posts, workmen downed tools, and everyone that could along the route waved 'Goodbye.'"—*Provincial Paper*.

An odd thing to do, and we are not surprised that some of them were out of practice.

BY THE BANDSTAND: A RESPONSIVE AUDIENCE.



THE ROSARY.



THE SOLDIERS' CHORUS.



DOWN DIXIE.

Arthur Watts
21



THE PASSPORT.

Visitor to West of Ireland "Sportsman's Hotel." "I SUPPOSE THE BOY KNOWS THE BOUNDARIES?"

Car-driver. "OCH, DIVIL A BOUNTHRY THERE'S TO UT, WID THE DROP THE GOSSOON'S GOT IN THE BAG IT'S THE HALF AV CONNEMARA YE CAN BE SHOOTIN' OVER."

THE STORY OF JASPER BRAND.

It was a cold evening and I sat alone over the fire reading. The story was of love and hate and so on. All was very quiet and peaceful—very quiet and peaceful.

Suddenly I was startled by a low mocking laugh. I looked up. Just inside my door stood a tall handsome figure in evening dress. Rings sparkled on his fingers as he stroked his jet-black moustache. His face was bent into a crooked smile. There was about him a something sinister—something cruel. . . .

"May I ask," I began, assuming an air of boldness.

"You may," interrupted my visitor; "I am Jasper Brand."

He flung back his head and laughed hoarsely. For a moment I was dazed. Jasper Brand, the villain of whom I had been reading, here in my rooms! What could he want with me? I pulled myself together with an effort. At least I knew the correct way to address a villain.

"You villain," I began in a vibrating voice, "I have heard about you. You are the man who wrongfully accused

John Enderby of stealing the Duchess's diamonds. But do not deceive yourself. Things may look bright for you at the moment, but before many chapters the truth will out. Leave my rooms, Jasper Brand, or I will buy a dog and set it at you."

What would he do? Would he go? Or would he stay? Or would he not? To be continued. . . .

EDITOR. No, no.

ME. I'm sorry. I was carried away.

EDITOR. You will be if you're not careful.

Very well, then. For a moment Jasper Brand's lips curled into a snarl. He took a step towards me with a threatening gesture. Then to my astonishment he suddenly collapsed into an armchair and burst into tears.

"Don't turn me away," he begged; "I have reached the limit. If I don't get some sympathy from somebody I shall shoot myself and ruin the story." He looked at me piteously, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Come, come," I said uncertainly, "this will never do. Be a man—a villain, I mean."

Gradually Jasper Brand grew more

composed. His sobs became less frequent. He lit a cigarette and immediately threw it away with something approaching his usual reckless manner.

"You must excuse me," he said; "I am not the man I was. You would hardly believe how wearing it is to be a villain all your life. That is what I would like to speak to you about, if you don't mind listening."

I nodded in a non-committal way and Jasper Brand began.

"Well," he said, "first of all let me ask you a question. When you first heard my name mentioned in the book you are reading did you or did you not say to yourself, 'Ah! here is the villain'?"

"Er—I suppose I did," I admitted.

"Exactly," said Jasper; "it's my name that does the trick every time. You can't imagine a hero called Jasper Brand, can you? No decent heroine would marry him. She'd know he was the villain, whatever the author thought. I don't care how he started, before he was fifteen instalments old a hero named Jasper Brand would be poisoning the young heir or setting fire to an orphan's home or something."

"I don't follow you," I said shortly.
 "Of course you don't," answered Jasper hotly; "you *can't* follow me. You are too certain I'm a villain to try. Do you suppose I was born a villain and chose a name to fit? I tell you it is the name that has made me what I am. Why, when I was a little chap with white socks and blue eyes people used to look at me suspiciously. And I used to wonder why. If I had been christened Laurence—or—Stanley I should be as good a man as you; better, I should think. But Jasper! How could I keep straight? Do you think a bank would employ a clerk called Jasper Brand? Why, if I'd tried for such a job they'd have sent for the police. I have been forced into crime."

"No man is forced into crime," I said coldly.

"Then why do you think I've taken it up?" demanded Jasper. "Do you think it's fun to be a professional villain? Think of my laundry bills."

"You have your day," I said.

"Bah! my day. Do you suppose I don't know how it will end? That" (he pointed at my book) "is the three hundred and twenty-seventh story I've taken part in, and I know what is going to happen before the author does. Look at the heroine. Gwendolen Beauchamp! Do you think I should be pursuing her if there was anything else I could do for a living? Gwendolen! I hate the girl."

Jasper Brand shuddered violently.

"You remember that bit," he said, "where I was struggling with John Enderby on the edge of the precipice? It suddenly occurred to me then that one false step on Enderby's part and there would be absolutely nothing to prevent my marrying Gwendolen. And there was the fool prancing round me and slipping about. Twice I just saved him from going over the edge. Not that I expect any credit for it," he continued, looking round with trembling lip; "it is more than the author's job is worth . . . Anyway it isn't praise I want or admiration. Enderby can have it all for me, and the girl thrown in. All I ask is a little sympathy, a friendly word from someone . . ." He burst into tears and hid his face.

"Come," I said, deeply moved, "things aren't as bad as all that. There must be somebody who likes you. Why, of course! What about your old friend and accomplice, Silas Weech?"

"Silas Weech!" repeated Jasper bitterly, "the 'Ferret'! That crafty, sneaking, slinking specimen. I loathe him. I hated him as soon as I heard his name."

I started violently.

"But surely," I said, "that's hardly just."



Lady from the Provinces (her first trip on the escalator). "Oh, please, MISTER, WILL YOU TELL ME IF THIS GOES TO SOUTHEND?"

Jasper Brand flung back his head and laughed harshly.

"Just! What have I to do with justice? Are you just? No, curse you! Is the author just? No, curse him! There's no such thing as justice. You and your justice! I was a fool to come to you. Ptehah!"

I rose with dignity.

"Jasper Brand," I said, "I have listened to you patiently, and in return you 'ptehah' at me. I might have expected it of you. I can take a joke as well as any man, but 'ptehah' I will not have. Leave me."

A violent spasm of rage distorted Jasper Brand's countenance.

"So," he hissed, rising swiftly to his feet and drawing a revolver, "you spurn me. Ha, curse you to five points of

decimals! For years I have waited for a chance to turn honest, but now I will wait no longer." His voice rose to a scream. "Leave you? Yes, I will go, but before I go take that."

There was a flash and a report and I stumbled forward on to the hearthrug.

When I came to, Jasper Brand had disappeared. Shakily I picked myself up and sat back in my chair.

"Jasper Brand," I murmured dryly, "the black-hearted villain! If ever a man deserved his name—He'll never die in his bed. I wonder—"

I picked up my book and turned to the last chapter but one. "To be hanged by the neck" was its title.

"I knew it," I said triumphantly and reached for the whisky.



"I SAY, ARE YOU ALL BY YOURSELF? WON'T YOU COME AND BATHE WITH US?"

"I'D LOVE TO IF YOU'LL WAIT WHILE I GET MY COSTUME ON."

"OH, SORRY! I THOUGHT YOU HAD IT ON."

THE GREY WAVE.

(At a London Cinema.)

Now the conductor raps upon his desk
And five half-hidden fiddlers gaze at him;
The clustered lights turn yellow and burn dim
At the first jerking notes of *Humoresque*.

The heavy curtains shrug their folds apart,
Then through the sudden darkness stabs a gleam
Of blue light and, like people in a dream,
Grey voiceless mummers ply their ghostly art.

Inconsequent and obvious and inane
Their tale unfolds itself; but down each row
Of serried watchers thrills of gladness go,
And then—the yellow lights glint out again.

They're happy, these good folk; ah, doubt it not!
From cigarettes that pricked the recent gloom
With points of fire ascends a widening fume,
And chocolates issue from their cardboard grot.

They're happy. When the darkness reigns anew
They exult to see tyres burst and china fall,
They stamp when heroes scale a cliff or wall,
They breathe again when villains get their due.

Summer in London! The sea seems far away,
The plane-trees droop, the tarry high-roads rook;
What consolation can a dreamer seek
In insubstantial pageants mute and grey?

But as the last film flickers to a close
There comes a great grey wave that climbs and breaks,
Shattering into a thousand silver flakes
Upon the unquiet sea from which it rose.

Where fell that arch of foam? Far off, may be,
And long ago; yet even its image brings
Visions of salt brown weed and sea-birds' wings
And the remembered rhythms of wind and sea.

Its clear contending blues you cannot find,
Nor hear its deep contending harmonies;
But sudden through the smoke and shadow flies
The keen swift phantom of a sea-born wind. D. M. S.

"Heavy rains have fallen in the Highlands, but the grouse, which are all healthy and strong, will not suffer in the least from the weather."—*Daily Paper*.

It is just possible however that they may be put to some slight inconvenience by the guns.

Posted on the door of a Firm of City Surveyors on the second day of the last Test Match:—

"Mon: 15th August, 1921.

THIS OFFICE WILL BE CLOSED TO-DAY OWING TO AN IMPORTANT SURVEY AT KENNINGTON."

"On Sunday evening the Municipal Band held another of their sacred concerts . . . Miss — as usual proved a great favourite in her monologue, 'His First Long Trousers.'"—*New Zealand Paper*.

We observe that "down under" they interpret "sacred" with a wide catholicity.



A FORGOTTEN PATRIOTISM.

SHADE OF PARNELL (to Mr. DE VALERA). "I SUPPOSE I LOVED MY COUNTRY AT LEAST AS WELL AS YOU DO; BUT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SATISFIED WITH THE HALF OF THAT OFFER."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"WHO GOES HOME?"

Sir Donald Maclean (Wee-Free bus conductor). "COME ON, GENTS, PLENTY OF BOOM IN THIS HERE BUS!"

Mr. Neal (headman of the queue). "THANKS, BUT IT'S TOO APT TO BREAK DOWN, AND WE'D SOONER TRAVEL BY TRAM SO LONG AS STRAP-HANGING IS PERMITTED."

[*Mr. ASQUITH, Sir D. MACLEAN, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. NEAL, Dr. MACNAMARA, Mr. CHURCHILL, Sir A. MOND, Sir R. HORNE, Sir E. GEDDES, Colonel AMERY, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. MACPHERSON.*]

Monday, August 15th.—Lord CURZON, while admitting that the offer to Southern Ireland of Dominion Home Rule and Mr. DE VALERA's counterclaim of "amicable but absolute separation" were topics that might reasonably engage their Lordships' attention, was aghast at Lord CREWE's suggestion that "everybody will desire to say something," and expressed the hope that the Peers would exercise that "power of compression of speech" in which they compare so favourably with the loquacious Commons. Lord SALISBURY was agreeable, provided that the debate was not started at some "ridiculous" time like half-past nine. As everybody knows, it is early to bed and early to rise that make Peers so healthy and wealthy and wise.

The Commons, having completed their serious programme, amused themselves by ventilating sundry domestic grievances. Much controversy was aroused by the Home Office ukase that, after October 1st, passengers would not be allowed to stand in omnibuses and trams. The statement that by that time there would be plenty of transport, even in the rush-hours, was received with shouts of derision, and

even Sir JOHN BAIRD's assurance that not only had the Home Office consulted the people who have to stand, but that "we do the same thing ourselves," failed to placate the champions of the straphanger.

The addition to Mr. BOTTOMLEY's brass band of a new performer was suitably acknowledged when Sir CECIL BECK, on rising to put a Question, was greeted with cheers more vociferous and prolonged than he ever experienced when he adorned the Treasury Bench.

On the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill Mr. ANEURIN WILLIAMS endeavoured to secure the omission of the regulation prohibiting the sale of chocolates in theatres. His handsome admission, for a temperance reformer, that "I do not object to anyone getting a glass of port," secured the approval of Sir JOHN REES, who regards that liquid as "the best medicine in the world."

Captain ELLIOT supported the proposal on medical grounds, and informed the House that there was as much nourishment in a quarter-of-a-pound of chocolate as in half-a-pound of beef-steak. For me, however, the effect of his advocacy was rather weakened by

the statement that "young people do not buy food unless they feel hungry." A long acquaintance with nephews and nieces has given me the impression that in the matter of chocolate they are like Du MAURIEN's Professor, who, to his hostess's pre-prandial hope that he was hungry, replied that he wasn't, but "Thank goodness, I am greedy."

Tuesday, August 16th.—By 68 votes to 43 the Lords gave a Second Reading to the Safeguarding of Industries Bill. The Opposition found themselves a good deal hampered by the SPEAKER's ruling that it was a money Bill, and Lord CREWE, as one of the authors of the Parliament Act, argued manfully that it was never intended to prevent the Peers from discussing or even amending a measure dealing with finance. Lord BIRKENHEAD replied that he too deeply regretted that their Lordships' financial ability should not have full scope, but it was Lord CREWE's own fault if his bludgeon had become a boomerang. "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin."

Mr. ASQUITH described the PRIME MINISTER's speech on the Appropriation Bill as "the most satisfactory statement on the International situation we have

received since the Armistice," and Mr. J. H. THOMAS said ditto to him, almost textually. I suppose the approach of the holidays has made them easily pleased. Personally I found little satisfaction in an utterance, delivered for the most part in weary tones, which revealed the Supreme Council, on the verge of collapse, shunting its Silesian responsibilities on to the League of Nations, looking on helplessly while Greeks and Turks massacre one another in Asia Minor, and appalled by the almost insuperable difficulties of bringing aid to thirty-five millions of starving Russians.

It was quite a relief to get an old-fashioned onslaught from Sir D. MACLEAN upon the Government for appointing an outside body to teach it economy, and particularly for selecting as Chairman the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT, who had been "brought up in a spending atmosphere"? He received sprightly assistance from Lord WINTERTON, who pictured the PRIME MINISTER as a revue artist, singing "I've been waiting for someone like you," and Sir ERIC pirouetting from the wings to repeat his famous ballad, "I'm for ever blowing bubbles."

Sir ROBERT HORNE, however, chivalrously claimed the sole responsibility for the new Committee. He expects to be a hundred and thirty millions out in his accounts in the next financial year, and, as the Departments *motu proprio* can only promise a reduction of seventy millions, he has called upon Sir ERIC, "a man who was well acquainted with Government offices, and would know where to look for economies," to find him the remaining sixty.

Wednesday, August 17th.—Lord LYTTON, who shows something of the versatility of his immediate ancestors, conducted the Railways Bill through Committee, and displayed equal skill in defending the rate-fixing clauses against the legal subtleties of Lord SUMNER and the practical arguments of that sturdy champion of road-transport, Lord MONTAGU.

In dealing with the Safeguarding of Industries Bill Lord PEEL was not quite so successful. The Free Trade memories of his grandfather may have hampered his defence, or the consciousness that the measure had been declared a "money Bill" may have rendered him a little casual. At any rate two Amendments,

one of which he described as "driving a very large hole in the Bill," and the other as making its provisions "grotesque and absurd," were carried against the Government by small majorities.

On the Appropriation Bill—so-called, I believe, because any topic is appropriate—the Commons ranged over a wide field, beginning with unemployment and ending with Naval officers' marriage allowances. On the former subject Mr. J. H. THOMAS delivered a characteristic jeremiad on the "terrible" position of the building-trade. He got little sympathy from Sir A. MOND, who declared that such unemployment as existed was largely due to "the fact that this or that class could not be got to work," and flatly declined to subsidise the local authorities in order to assist them.



HINTS TO URBAN WINKLE MERCHANTS.
TRY TO GIVE A TOUCH OF MARINE ATMOSPHERE TO YOUR METHODS.

On the latter subject Mr. AMERY proved so clearly that the Naval officer is far better off (particularly if a bachelor) than his Army brother that the War Office will be lucky if it escapes a further agitation by Army officers to be given as good terms as the sailors.

Thursday, August 18th.—The PRIME MINISTER delivered what Sir D. MACLEAN justly termed "a fascinating recital" of the achievements and potentialities of the British Empire as revealed at the Imperial Conference. Ireland was not directly mentioned, save in a brief digression, but throughout the speech ran the implication that Mr. DE VALERA and his friends had been invited to share in no mean inheritance.

According to Sir JOHN REES the League of Nations is now charged with the duty of deciding how much opium shall be grown in the world, and he fears the task may prove too heavy for its infant strength. The question, although addressed to the LORD PRES-

DENT OF THE COUNCIL, was answered by another Minister, as Mr. BALFOUR is at present enjoying his *opium cum dignitate*.

The consideration of the Lords' Amendments to the Safeguarding of Industries Bill furnished a pleasant little comedy. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who twelve years ago was one of the stoutest champions of the Peers, now gladly took advantage of the SPEAKER's ruling that the amendments were "privileged," and moved that the House should disagree with them without discussion. A sonorous opening phrase about this being "a question of great gravity" suggested that Mr. ASQUITH, author of the Parliament Act, was about to exercise his dialectical skill in showing that the Commons should not stand on its dignity when the Peers' amendments

improved a Bill—even a money Bill—as these did. But, remembering that such an argument would certainly recoil upon him when the question of the Reform of the Second Chamber came up for discussion, he resisted the temptation and declared his complete agreement with the Leader of the House.

Upon this the Lords surrendered at discretion and waived their Amendments, but not until Lord MIDLETON had expressed his opinion of the SPEAKER's ruling in language for which he was loftily rebuked by Lord CURZON, who in his turn

was denounced by Lord SALISBURY for treating Peers of Parliament as if they were schoolboys.

Friday, August 19th.—After all, there is to be no Prorogation at present, but only an Adjournment till October 18th. Ireland still stops the way.

Hedging.

"This is going to be a prolific blackberry season."—*Daily Paper*.

"This year's crop of blackberries promises to be the smallest on record."

Same Paper, following day.

"Wanted, an experienced Designer to design latest designs for carpets for carpet factory."

Indian Paper.

In drawing up an advertisement you cannot be too explicit.

"Young French Lady, University degree, excellent references, Wants Daily Lessons in French."—*Morning Paper*.

Curiously enough our charlady wants lessons in English. Perhaps they could come to a mutual arrangement.



Farmer (who has sent some beer of doubtful quality out to the harvest-field). "WHAT BE LOOKIN' AT THE BEER LIKE THAT FOR? ANYBODY 'UD THINK THERE WAS SUMMAT THE MATTER WITH IT."

Jarge. "WELL, I WERE JUST A-THINKIN' IF 'TWERE ANY WORSE WE COULDN'T A-DRINK IT, AN' IF 'TWERE ANY BETTER WE SHOULDN'T 'A' GOT IT."

A DUMB FRIEND.

It was a great moment in my career when I walked down the long Tube corridor to the station and saw It standing there new and resplendent. On Its calm and prepossessing exterior It assured me that It would supply me with threepenny tickets. Now until that moment, since I have an ineradicable horror of queues, I had had the habit of buying a penny ticket or a twopenny ticket (whichever came less inconvenient) for the journey and handing it with the balance—twopence or a penny, as the case might be—to the lift-man at the other end. At the sight of the new machine visions of journeys unshadowed by the clutching of pennies rose before my happy eyes. I gave It one penny and then another, and It thrust a threepenny ticket into my hand. I gasped—and went my way.

The next day It wore a chest protector to say that It was not working, so, as I was less fortunate, I took a penny ticket as formerly. (To Tube Companies: My reason for not taking a monthly ticket was, first, that whenever my friends did it there followed either a strike or a series of breakdowns, and, secondly, that the Tube was always too crowded to bring me home at night, so I had to come in a series of buses.)

The following day It charged me threepence and continued to do so for a week. The next week It had two lapses and let me off once for a penny and once for twopence. My interest in It revived. I saved my fattest and most appetising pennies for It, jobbing off my poorer specimens on bus conductors, really grieving if one had to go to any other recipient but the machine. Then one day It choked over a stout and agreeable penny and returned it to me. Hurt and surprised I tried It again with the same

result; so, being in haste, I transferred my custom elsewhere.

The following day It swallowed my three pennies but disgorged no ticket. Indignant, I remonstrated and jerked Its handle, and then found by careful examination that Its little vent was choked with a penny, which, with my own three, It poured confidently into my hand. It then retired for some days to Its chest-protector and varied between that and more or less normal working for many weeks.

Then came a morning when I dropped in three pennies rapidly on one another's heels without the usual cautious wait between, and the machine gave me my ticket as It gulped the second. I tried vainly to save the third, and, looking up, found a friend standing behind me waiting.

"There is a superfluous penny in there," I said; "would you mind putting in only twopence?"

He told me that he never used that machine as it was always wrong, but I assured him that it was right that day. So he put in twopence, but nothing happened. Full of baffled rage I slapped It and jerked Its handle. Then a memory stirred within and I groped beneath Its hole for discarding thin pennies. At last I dislodged the obstacle and a stream of seven pennies came into my hand. I put three back into the machine which, in gratitude repaid me with two tickets. I gave one ticket and twopence to the friend and pocketed the remainder.

The next day the machine had retired again into Its chest-protector, and before It emerged an Invisible Hand had changed the locality of my work, and I had no longer any use for It.

But though my way now lies apart from Its sphere of influence, It still has a place in my heart, for I am not one of those who easily forget benefits.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—LUTON STATION.

I WONDER how many of us have an accurate recollection of the first funny story we ever heard. I am sure I haven't, but chance has just brought back the memory of a very early one.

After a night in the train I woke the other day, in August, 1921, to find that we were stopping at Luton, and the boys from SMITH'S bookstall were clamouring by the windows. It was one of them, louder than the rest, crying "Morning piper! Morning piper!" who touched the button and momentarily washed out forty-six years, for it must be as long ago as 1875 that an uncle of mine (I suppose that most of us got our first funny stories from uncles) came back one evening to his home in Luton, where I was staying, and told us of an experience that he had had. While waiting for his morning train to London he had listened, he said, to a small W. H. SMITH boy calling "Morning piper! Morning piper!" and had humorously tackled him on the subject of pronunciation.

"It's not p-i-p-e-r; it's p-a-p-e-r. Don't you know the difference?"

"Yessir."

"And yet you say it wrong. Who told you to say 'Morning piper' instead of 'Morning paper'?"

"Mister SMITH, Sir."

I knew vaguely then that this answer was funny. But, recalling it now, after all those years, one gets some of the flavour that my uncle was enjoying—the spectacle of "OLD MORALITY" gravely instructing a classroom of potential bookstall boys in the intricacies of voice-production.

II.—AN EARLIER DR. GRIMSTON.

I am indebted to a kind stranger for this letter sent in 1806 by a little boy at school to his parents:—

Chelsea, 9th Decr. 1806.

DEAR PAPA AND MAMA,—I am very much obliged to you indeed for the Magic Lantern, and the Books, which have amused me much. Aunts gave me a nice Pocket Book and a Silver Pencil Case. I do long for the Holidays to see you, and I hope you will like this first Letter. Mr. and Mrs. Butler desire their Compliments.

I remain, Dear Papa and Mama,
Your dutiful Son,

C. J. PINFOLD.

Do you detect anything wrong, anything suspicious, in that document? I did not. It seemed to me to read naturally enough, remembering that in 1806 little boys were brought up with more gravity than is found in homes or schools to-day. But as a matter of fact the little Pinfold did not write it at all, as we discover from the accompanying epistle from his preceptor to his mother, Lady Maria Pinfold:—

MY LADY,—If Captn. Pinfold joins with your Ladyship in the same Approbation of the Letter herewith, as it has warmly received from mine and me, it will give me great satisfaction. It has surprised me; it was executed from a fair copy of mine under Mrs. Butler's Eye, who I was sure could superintend

whom I spent on Tuesday a crowded hour of laughter and excitement and something not far removed from tears, is but just beginning what looks like being a triumphant progress. He is certainly marvellous, this child, or, as the title of the film has it, this "Kid," and CHARLIE CHAPLIN was never better than in some of its delirious moments. There are a few lapses, but, taken as a whole, *The Kid* is, I think, the best comic picture-play we have yet had, because the farce is so shot through with humanity, because after the wildest and most impossible freaks we instantly touch earth again. I have always held that when his admirers tire of his ludicrous antics there is a new career for CHARLIE in pathetic parts, and the success of *The Kid* goes to prove the truth of this contention. But it is hard to say what that drama would have been like if CHARLIE'S companion had been other than JACKIE COOGAN. The natural ease of this boy, the charm of his little mischievous face, the gusto with which he throws himself into the fun of it and also the sadness of it, are remarkable. The result is that CHARLIE, for all his abounding personality, is almost a secondary character, his native grotesque nonsense subdued to reasonableness by the simplicity of his infant partner.

At the beginning of the film there is an appeal to Dean INGE to witness it and forget his pessimism. I don't see why it should cure pessimism, but I should advise all people who can spare the time for it to exchange an ordinary hour of their own lives for the exhilarating sixty minutes which CHARLIE and the Kid will give them. E. V. L.

Our Cynical Advertisers.

"Go to Ostend for happiness, for gaiety, for health, where all the pleasures of peace are to be found and where all the horrors of war may be seen near by."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"DE VALERA'S VISIT TO CORK."
Sunday Paper.

When touching upon the Irish Question even the compositor's hand trembles.

"In one church the tenor soloist was knocked down and the organist hurled from his stool by a bolt of lightning. The pastor immediately asked the congregation to rise and sing the doxology."—*Canadian Paper.*

Another shock for the tenor and the organist.



Vicar. "I've NOT SEEN YOUR CHILDREN AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL LATELY, MRS. PERKINS."

Mrs. Perkins. "No, Sir. IT WAS SO WET AT YOUR LAST TWO TREATS THAT WE ARE TRYING THE CHAPEL."

it with less Distraction than myself, amidst the other little Amusements of a School. If possible, the Writer shall treat his bounteous Aunts with a similar Testimony of his Joy and Gratitude.

With kind Regards to Captn. Pinfold, and in hopes of soon seeing you in Chelsea,

I have the honour to be, My Lady,
Your mt. obedt. Servt.

WM. BUTLER.

A shining sixpence has rewarded the industry of your excellent Correspondent, as oil of gladness to his Chariot Wheels.

Once again I make my salutations to the genius of the author of *Vice Versa*. Mr. BULTITUDE'S schoolmaster could not be truer to type.

III.—THE LATEST BOY.

Master Pinfold flourished a century or more ago; Master COOGAN, with



SCENE.—Outside famous Cathedral.

"SAY, YOU GUYS! JEST TAKE A TURN ROUND AND I'LL POP INSIDE AND CHECK OFF THIS SHOW FOR YOU IN FIVE MINUTES."

A LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE.

George is an expert on poultry. He can tell you at once whether a bird is a Leghorn, for example, or a Plymouth Rock. His "Hints to Novices" is the weekly feature of *Feather and Fluff*, and the little monographs he occasionally sends along to that specialist organ, *The Buff Orpington and Allied Breeds Gazette*, never fail to create a tremendous sensation.

As may be well imagined, with such a patron George's hens lack nothing which they might reasonably desire. His special knowledge enables him to anticipate their very feminine whims and fancies. With his own hands he has constructed for them a new wooden house and pleasure which Dr. Addison himself could not improve upon—even on paper. Within the house there is a neat array of nest boxes, each with a gleaming china egg to inspire the wayward fancy of the pullet, while above there is a chart where individual feats of egg-laying are plainly recorded, thus stimulating a healthy spirit of rivalry.

Always when eggs are scarce and prices are soaring George's hens restrict their output, and when I called on him early in the year I knew by the

undercurrent of sadness in his demeanour that he was fretting under the disappointment of a series of eggless months during the winter. As we came to make the usual inspection of his birds, his little son trailing behind, George noted that one of his hens was not among those which were sporting in the ash bath. He hurried to the house itself and looked in.

The missing one was on the nest.

A sudden joy often produces emotions akin to grief. George was very agitated. He was blowing his nose with unnecessary violence and repetition, and there was a watery gleam in his eyes. Tactfully I turned my back upon him and busied myself in strewing some straw over the path outside the henhouse to silence the noise of passing footsteps.

When George was master of himself once more he said rather huskily to his little son, "Reginald, run indoors quickly and fetch her a glass of milk."

Afterwards, over a whisky and soda in his study, George said that I, as an outsider, would perhaps fail to appreciate the significance of that egg, but to him it came almost as a personal triumph, vindicating as it did the golden opinions he had so often expressed in the Feathered Press on the value of the

Buff Orpington as an all-round utility bird, and he foretold that when the news went forth in the Fancy papers that so young a pullet of his had laid an egg in January it would cause a throb of jealousy in the breasts of the poultry-fanciers throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

I have only to add that, after all, the egg was soft-shelled, and made a nasty mess in the nest-box.

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

For Sale, Kangaroo Pup, six months old."
Australian Paper.

The difficulty with this kind of music-maker is to stop it playing.

"FOR SALE. Co. Wicklow. Large detached Nurses £46 board, uniform."—*Irish Paper.*
Yes, but how long will these large nurses remain detached?

"I will take 9s. 6d. of that," said the magistrate, on hearing that a man, charged with disorderly behaviour, had 9s. 8d. on him."—*Daily Paper.*

A legal correspondent inquires if this is not an instance of our legal system creating criminals, as the prisoner was then liable to re-arrest as a rogue and a vagabond without visible means of subsistence for being in possession of less than fourpence.

THE OLD ROADS.

You may talk of the joys of the open road
In your seventy horse-power limousine;
But I doubt if it totes as merry a load
As one old horse in days that have been,
A nag in the shafts of a carrier's cart,
With a plank for a seat and a torn tilt over,
On roads that we leisurely got by heart
From Berwick-on-Tweed to Dover.
Making a start from the Blue Boar yard,
Or getting a lift at Deadman's Gate,
When stars were paling and ruts rang hard,
Or haytime flamed on the noonday bait;
Under the tilt with the carrier's pipe
And the cargo watched by his trusty terrier,
Callow youngers or patriarchs ripe
We journeyed, the more the merrier.
I've jogged from Selsey to Chichester town
With a freight of lobsters ocean-fragrant,
Fat red mullets and pandles brown,
And for supercargo a breezy vagrant,
A gipsy Apollo with laughing eyes,
Less apt to truth than the *ben trovato*,
Who varied his highway histories
With a Jew's harp *obbligato*.
I fared from Appleby once on a day
'Twixt a lad with his rod and a priest
with his book,
Out Longmarton and Dufton way,
And we talked of the water and what they took;
Till the keeper got in, a minion of law,
And we sheered off hackle and tag and feather;
'Twas an Eden salmon under the straw
That made us stick to the weather.
I've dawdled to Craven Arms from Clun,
Squeezed between rabbits and whinberry frails,
A spaniel-pup and the keeper's gun,
Butter and eggs and Her Majesty's mails;
Down by the aspen-whispering streams,
With a Shropshire lad at the reins to guide us,
Where Clunton dozes and Clunbury dreams
And Ony twinkles beside us.
I've left Penzance on a dirty night
For the "First and Last" with a piebald pair,
And watched by the swinging lantern's light
A lass with the Cornish eyes and hair;
We took her up at St. Buryan church
And put her down at St. Levan turning;
She left me frozen there on my perch,
But my heart, my heart was burning!

THE LAST OF THE PERHAPSBURGS.

(By Our Special Keyhole Expert.)

I WAS, as usual, on a secret mission for my Government. The precise whereabouts of the dramatic encounter which I am about to describe cannot for obvious reasons be revealed. Suffice to say that I set forth on my perilous journey garbed *incognito* in the simple but not unprepossessing sheepskin and baggy trousers of the Croatian peasant.

I carried merely my Scobley-Wott automatic, my Toledo dagger, a life-preserver, a pair of knuckle-dusters, a phial of chloroform, a leaded code-book, and my Order of the Heliotrope Orang-Outang.

I was, in short, travelling light, and in the race for seats on the O—Express, at — *Bahnhof*, speedily out-distanced other intending passengers (most of whom were absurdly handicapped by utterly useless impedimenta), and entered an apparently unoccupied compartment labelled, in Jugo-Slavonic, "PERHAPSBURG" (Reserved).

Judge then of my amazement when, having settled comfortably in a corner, my face to the East and the engine (a travelling tip given me by —), I realised (1) that I was *not* alone, and (2) that my companion was none other than the last of the PERHAPSBURGS!

He immediately pierced the disguise over which Wardour Street had spent so many sleepless nights.

"You!" he gasped, murmuring the name by which I am known in all the Courts (Royal, Tennis and Police) and Chancelleries of Europe.

I bowed.

"What are you doing here and in those trousers?" he demanded nervously. "What devilment's afoot? What schemes for the overthrow of dynasties lie behind your shaggy false-whiskers?"

"Your Majesty," I began, rather sheepishly.

"*Wiener Schnitzel!*" thundered the final white hope of the PERHAPSBURGS. "Even railway-carriage walls have ears. Call me 'Happy,' the name under which I travel."

Even a diplomat has occasionally to veil the truth. "Happy," I whispered, "I travel to C— on behalf of the League of Notions, my object being to engage recruits for their far-famed Beauty Chorus."

"So!" he hissed, evidently much relieved.

"But you," I continued, "what are you doing and, if you will pardon the question, where are you going?"

A self-satisfied smile spread over his pallid face.

"Guess!" he challenged.

"Not Budapest again?" I hazarded. He shook his head.

"Spain, maybe?"

"Nor Spain," he smiled. "Though my ancestors, as the Dowager-Empress herself recalled, were Kings in Spain."

"The Balearic Isles?" I suggested quickly, for I dislike diffusiveness.

"*Nein.*"

The game began to pall. "Denmark?" I ventured. "No? Then where?"

"Can you keep a secret?" he cried, searching the seats, the cushions and the rack.

"Try me," I said simply.

"Listen then," he exulted, gleeful as a schoolboy on holiday. "At last WILLIE and I have found a place in the sun. We're going to California."

"To California?" I echoed. "By the O—Express?"

"That's merely to put off the reporters. I meet young HOHENZOLLEN to-morrow at midnight, at which hour our yacht sails for the New World."

"Good Heavens!" I gasped. "And —er—how will you live?"

"The films!" he cried hysterically, forgetting all caution. "WILLIE and I are appearing in a specially-written drama, 'In Full Flight,' or 'The Wind in the Family Tree.' We're—how d'you say?—topping the bill, which also features Lady D—."

"Felicitations," I said, while at this moment the train drew up at my destination—"felicitations and *auf wiedersehen!*"

"Stay," he begged as I lowered myself on to the platform. "Lend me a paltry forty-nine pounds. We're exactly that much short of the required entrance-fee."

"I'm sorry—" I began.

"Here's my promissory-note," he urged, thrusting a gilt-edged document into my hand; "it—"

"*Dobrushka kèrem a hamut!*" ("Stand clear of the gates!") bawled the guard, and with much creaking and many groans the long express drew out into the night.

Half-an-hour later, in the privacy of the — Embassy, I recalled the scrap of paper bestowed on me by my royal acquaintance.

I spread it out on the table.

"Why," exclaimed His Excellency, glancing over my shoulder, "how came you by that?"

"A. E. I. O. U.," I read. "What does it mean?"

"Tush!" rebuked the Ambassador. "Where's your Latin? '*Austria est imperare orbi universo.*'"

"I knew that, of course," I retorted; "I was merely testing your knowledge..."



THE INCONSIDERATE SEA.

Pierrot. "CONFOUND THOSE PORPOISES!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

That GEORGE CALDERON possessed in a high degree the qualities required of a writer of travels is proved once more by his posthumous book, *Tahiti*, by Tihoti (GRANT RICHARDS). To set out with "Tihoti"—the native word for "George"—on one of his expeditions is to feel anew the lure of the road; the traveller is so full of happiness that the reader finds himself betrayed into an equal gaiety; he looks forward to the adventures that may befall, to the strangers he will meet, and he is prepared to give joyous welcome to "the greatest thing in the world—the Unknown." Not only for its charm—one seems to be borne on a magic carpet woven out of words—is the book to be prized, but for its vivid pictures of life in little known districts, and for the clear impression it gives of the island, its scenery, its rituals and beliefs, its European rulers and the changes that have followed their advent. The author brings a serious indictment against the imposition of a Christian civilization on an older culture, which he alleges to have been more suited to the native character. He may be right; still there is mention of a knife formerly used for killing children, but now kept only as a curiosity. Even this Herodian custom, however, is justified in a quaint passage which I have not space to quote. Some fascinating portraits, from pencil sketches by GEORGE CALDERON, add much to the interest of this pleasant volume, and I can imagine no better substitute for a holiday than to journey with him in spirit through the mountain valleys of Tahiti.

My heart goes out to Miss JESSIE CHAMPION, whose *Ella Keeps House* (JOHN LANE) must have done a good deal to deplete her vitality. For the entertainer must also find it hard work at times. When, suppressing a yawn, the last guest totters into the street, let him think not unkindly of

his hostess, at length able to relax her stiffened smile, who is even now sinking half exhausted on the sofa and hopelessly repeating that she thinks it went off all right. It must have done, for did she not talk hard the whole time and drag in the names of all the eminent persons she could remember, and search her memory for the latest things she had heard in the way of modern slang? She may have failed, but she has worked hard in the hope of amusing. I confess I do not blame Miss CHAMPION for being too determinedly bright. Her previous reviewers (gallant fellows) encouraged her perhaps almost too much in the dangerous pursuit of sprightliness. I have not read the works by the "Same Author" which they have characterised, as I see in the Press notices at the end of this volume, as "bright, buoyant and invigorating," but I have often thought young writers who are told that they "never allow the reader's interest to flag" fail sometimes through a praiseworthy resolve to live up to their reputation. Miss CHAMPION would probably prefer not to caricature her characters out of all resemblance to life, but how otherwise is she to get her due quota of laughs to the page? She girds herself to the task, and out come *Miss Minchin*, *Miss Aveling* and *Mrs. Goosey*—surely the most ridiculous and impossible trio of old women ever included in a single house-party, even in fiction.

Mr. OTTO KAHN is an indefatigable publicist and was, during the War, so staunch a friend of the Allies and of England in particular, long before our cause became popular in America, that he has won the right to a respectful hearing when he wishes to say a word on the "devastating peace" in his *Reflections of a Financier* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Mr. KAHN echoes warnings which have been urged in no uncertain manner by the KEYNES school and may take satisfaction from the fact that, as the passions of war die down, such criticism gains a fairer hearing. What the author has to say on the relations of Capital and Labour

will perhaps appear more enlightened in his own country, where employers at their best see no further than benevolent autocracy. Here more revolutionary ideas are at least intelligently examined by many employers. These reflections contain much that is directed to Americans as such and not a little in the way of war addresses that, while eloquent enough and adequate for their moment, are scarcely of permanent value. A glorified collection of Press cuttings on many subjects rather than a book, it gives an inevitable impression of scrappiness, of formal and superficial rather than fundamental treatment, that does less than justice to the author's capacity and experience. Mr. J. H. THOMAS's preface seems to have no special significance.

Barbara Justice (HUTCHINSON), a perfectly lovely girl with an incredibly strong flair for good form, was the daughter of a farm-labourer and married, after many adventures, *Eliot Westering*, the heir to the big house and a very unattractive young man too. If you conclude from this that Miss DIANA PATRICK's latest novel is very much what a cheap novelette must be, we shall not between us have done her any very great injustice, though her book is perhaps a little more interesting than most novelettes, as far as my reading carries me, and certainly has more allusions to current affairs and modern authors. It really is a novel, however, for a few pages are devoted to a hateful incident such as only the more expensive forms of fiction usually describe. Miss PATRICK has a habit of likening everything to something else—tree shadows are "rigid and opaque as taut skeins of dense wool"; fruits "rounded and flushed like fire-opals"—which is at its worst when she writes of scenery, and shows least in the story of *Barbara's* life as one of a troupe of swimmers at a really horrible seaside resort. The peevish note to be heard in this review is the outcome of a conviction that, pretty as Miss PATRICK's colour-schemes may be, they don't at all "match" with the real life they are intended to portray. Labourers' daughters may be ladies in the best sense of the word, and they do sometimes marry local landowners, I know, but not quite like this.

I have just written my name in very big letters on the first page of *The Brimming Cup* (CAPE), because I should like to feel as sure as possible of getting it back again when I lend it. Miss DONOTHY CANFIELD's book is something quite out of the common. It hasn't very much plot, and what it has concerns, as the paper wrapper warns you, "the eternal problem of the Triangle," which, printed with a large "T" like that, means of course that one person too many has got into a love-story. We meet *Marise*, the

heroine, first at Rome, in the hour of her betrothal to *Neale Crittenden*, and, a decade afterwards, we see her again as his wife, mother of three children and just becoming conscious of the limitations of life in a sparsely populated American country-side, with little command of means or service. *Vincent Marsh*, who is the one person too many, and the least convincing character in the book, plays upon her discontent, and the struggle on *Marise's* part to see clearly what is her best possibility, and live faithfully to it, is the real theme of the story. It is seen through many eyes, hers, *Neale's* and their little daughter *Elly's*, and coloured by their various hopes and fears. Miss CANFIELD does not only tell a story or merely repeat the questions we are, everyone of us, asking of life. *The Brimming Cup* is a book for idealists; I cannot remember to have met in recent years with more than one or two novels as finely inspired by faith in life and human nature or that offer as nobly and wisely some answer to our questioning.



AN ATTEMPT TO FORESTALL CURIOSITY.

The Visitor. "MY GOOD WOMAN, DO YOU LIVE IN THIS VILLAGE?"

Resident. "AY, SIR."

Visitor. "AND I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW EVERYONE HERE?"

Resident. "AY, INDEED."

Visitor. "WELL, YOU CAN JUST TELL THEM MY NAME IS FREDERICK SMITH, AND THAT I COME FROM LONDON, WHERE I AM A SOLICITOR. THAT LADY THERE IS MY WIFE, AND THOSE ARE MY TWO CHILDREN, THOMAS AND ELIZABETH. WE ARE HAVING A HOLIDAY AND INTEND STAYING HERE A WEEK. WE HAVE HIRED THE CARAVAN. LAST WEEK WE STAYED AT INVERCAULDY."

Resident. "AY, SIR, I KENT A' THAT FRAE MA DAUGHTER WHO LIVES IN INVERCAULDY, BUT SHE WAS SAIRLY DISAPPOINTED BECAUSE SHE COULDN'T TELL ME WHIT YER WIFE'S NAME WAS AFORE SHE WAS MARRIT."

to tell them. And I can vouch that he is not a pedantic teacher.

"All Moonshine."

"Mr. Morgan Jones, at his meetings on Tuesday night, dealt with the programme of the Labour party, and asserted that the most valuable asset of the country was lunar life."—*Welsh Paper*.

From the advertisement of an Ambulance Brigade:—

"Communicate direct to Transport Officer in case of Accidents. As the Members of the Brigade give their services voluntarily, Reasonable Notice should be given—24 hours whenever possible."

Local Paper.

Persons intending to become casualties will please note this.

"The inefficiency of the Post Office, which is helping to strangle trade, increases in inverse ratio to expenditure."—*Daily Paper*.

"The postal service provides, in fact, a striking object lesson of the way in which vast increase in expenditure and greatly decreased efficiency go hand in hand."—*Same Paper, same date*.

In swift reversal of statement our contemporary can give the Government points.

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the Spanish defeats in Morocco we are reminded that the colours of Spain, red and yellow, are the same as those of the M.C.C. It looks as if they also had similar Selection Committees. * *

The Emir FEISUL, who has just been crowned King of Irak, is a descendant of MAHOMMED. As a delicate compliment to his ancestor it has been decided to keep the British forces in Mesopotamia suspended between heaven and earth for a bit. * *

ARTHUR BOURCHIER recently said, "I am popular with everyone." We have since heard that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the POSTMASTER-GENERAL are both much annoyed with the famous actor for taking the very words out of their mouths. * *

"The harvest is now practically complete and soon the threshing-machine will be dividing the grain and straw," announces a Nature writer in an evening paper. This, we understand, is according to precedent. * *

The Bonâ-Fide Traveller is now extinct, but we hear of an enterprising Surrey innkeeper who is having a couple of fine specimens stuffed and set up in his bar as souvenirs. * *

"Is a sandwich a meal?" asks a contemporary. The only way to find out is to bounce it on the waiter. If it snaps in two it is a meal; if it simply ricochets into the palm-garden it is a missile. * *

"By means of a new wireless apparatus," says Mr. C. A. KINGDOM, "it will soon be possible for the debates in the House of Commons to be heard in every household." Pessimist! * *

"It is quite likely," says a Dover Street beauty specialist, "that rust red will be the vogue for faces this autumn." A good plan is to leave your face out in the rain overnight. * *

"A visitor to Margate," says a news item, "fell through the floor of a upper storey room into the room below." Other visitors are of the opinion that the landlady had just handed the unfortunate fellow his bill. * *

JACOB DIAMOND, a New York pedlar, has just bought a horse with a wooden

leg. We fancy it must be the one we put our money on in the two-thirty the other day. * *

Mr. HUDSON MAXIM, says a New York message, declares it was he and not Professor EINSTEIN who first advanced the fundamentals of relativity. We are delighted to feel that the whole blame should not fall on the shoulders of poor EINSTEIN. * *

It is reported that Lord NORTHCLIFFE received three separate offers of over a million pounds to stay in America. We can guess LLOYD GEORGE and Lord CURZON, but who can the third person on this side be? * *

"London water has improved immensely in quality during the last few months," reports an analytical expert.



Manager (referring to employee). "BOY, DO YOU KNOW FELLINER?"

New Office-Boy (bitten with Destructive Dialogue craze). "AH, I'M NOT TO BE CAUGHT, SIR. YOU WANT ME TO SAY, 'FELLINER WHO?' AND THEN YOU'LL SAY, 'FELL-IN-A-DITCH!'"

Hush!—another word and our milkman will be putting an extra penny on the pint. * *

"Should Cinema Stars Marry?" asks a headline in a morning paper. Of course they should—how else could they get divorced? * *

"A resident dentist should be attached to every school," declares a writer in the daily Press. It is certainly about time that a substitute was discovered to take the place of the old-fashioned cane or birch. * *

A postman was recently attacked by a swarm of bees whilst delivering letters near Manchester. It is supposed that at least one of the letters he was carrying must have begun with the words, "My Honey." * *

Bank-notes to the value of twenty-two thousand pounds have just been

presented to a cook at Strasbourg by her employer. It is now hoped that she will reconsider her decision to leave at the end of the month. * *

Mr. DENNIS ANOKTOK, of Anderson River, has introduced jazz music among the Eskimos. It is supposed that his neighbours have offended him in some way. * *

In order to keep their ground out of the hands of the builders, the members of a London cricket club propose to purchase a nine hundred and ninety-nine years' lease of it. We only hope they won't be bothered by disappointed and impatient bricklayers sitting round and reminding stonewallers that the tenure is not perpetual. * *

According to *The Daily Mail*, birds, dogs, cows and sheep have acquired a sense of the speed and danger of motor vehicles. This encourages hope that the same faculty may yet be developed even by chauffeurs. * *

Professor TODD, of Harvard University, is confident that he can obtain evidence of intelligent life on other planets. These scientists deserve the greatest credit for refusing to be disheartened by their failure to find it on this one. * *

At the conclusion of an inaugural address to a summer school for parents and teachers at Little Easton, Mr. H. G. WELLS mentioned that he spoke as one holding a teacher's certificate. We sometimes wonder if his critics realise this. * *

"Mr. Jack Dempsey," says an American newspaper, "has bought a pedigree bull-terrier as a pet." Fortunately the animal, like its owner, can live on a few scraps. * *

"The jewel thief of to-day," says *Tit-Bits*, "works swiftly, skillfully and silently." We always thought there was something of this sort about thieves. * *

As an instance of the magnificence of Sir BASIL ZAHAROFF, an evening paper mentions that his soup-spoons are of gold inlaid with a rare stone. And we understand that they are not chained to the table. * *

A Weymouth bather has been badly bitten by a blue shark. All we can say is, if he expected it to lick his hand, he doesn't really understand sharks.

CENSUS PERILS.

(By our Expert Alarmist.)

"WHAT do they know of England who only London know?" This conclusion has been vividly impressed on me as the result of my analytic investigations into the Census figures as far as they affect Lancashire. If we are to believe what appears in the Metropolitan Press, the only thing which preoccupies people is the numerical preponderance of women. That may be true or partially true of the impressionable and jealous Southerner, but it does not apply to the stalwart men of Lancashire. They are not in the least anxious about the indefinite multiplication of "Lancashire witches," on the ground that you cannot have too much of a good thing. Their discontent with the Census is no outcome of the petty if eternal duel of sex; its roots lie far deeper. Indeed, I almost despair of conveying to a London reader the passionate indignation, the concentrated fury, that has been evoked by the publication of the Census, or, as they are commonly called, the "incense-us" figures. There is no part of the United Kingdom in which local patriotism and rivalry are stronger and keener, and the sense of injustice kindled by the invidious comparisons of loss and gain is so acute that the wisest and most moderate thinkers are already talking of the possibilities of a fratricidal conflict, in which the cities of the interior will be arrayed against those of the littoral in a warlike conurbation, to adopt the exquisite new word which has been coined by Mr. G. D. H. COLE.

The cause of this terrible animosity is no secret. Already the officials of the Census Office, panic-stricken at the results of their carelessness, are talking of supplementary and revised tables. But the mischief has been done. Blackburn and Bolton have been saddled with the stigma of declining numbers; it has gone forth to the world that they are on the down grade, while Blackpool is held up to admiration as an example of soaring population and ever-increasing prosperity. There never was a clearer misappropriation of credit; for the Census was held when thousands of Blackburnians and Boltonians were sojourning temporarily on the margin of the pellucid waves which lap the illimitable sands of the Northern Brighton. It is an old story enshrined in the verse of an ancient chronicler: "*Jam pridem Nigrum Stagnum Niger Annis inundat.*" But that is no reason why the inhabitants of the interior should, on the strength of a brief visit to the seaboard, be torn from their allegiance to their native city and transferred to another.

I repeat, the situation is dangerous and may rapidly become critical, unless the League of Nations intervenes. To expect that the Coalition Government will do anything to allay the turmoil which is converting Lancashire into a Seething Pot, is to pin one's faith to a broken reed. The figures of the Census are not merely deceptive; they are a menace to civilisation. I have been informally assured by many enumerators that a vast number of Census papers were spoiled because, in the place of the person's name, the word "anti-waste" was inscribed.

THE BOOM IN BIOGRAMA.

THE taste for biographical drama (or dramatised biography), inaugurated by Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER with his *Abraham Lincoln*, appears to be spreading.

The founder of the fashion is reported to have completed his fourth biograma, and rumours are rife concerning three other examples of the art which have been written round SHAKESPEARE. Human nature being naturally imitative it is probable that these are not the only biogrammatic projects on the stocks.

To confine this form of dramatic composition to the famous dead would, however, be a fatal error. What of the equally celebrated living? The theatre's most vital need is a "live" drama. Makers of plays should therefore devote some of their attention and energies to the production of comedies and tragedies dealing with the Great and Good, who share with the poor the privilege of being always with us. If they will do so puffs on the following lines will soon show which way the theatrical wind is blowing:—

Mr. HAROLD SPENDER is at Chequers putting the finishing-touches to a dramatic trilogy whose dominating figure is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The work, which consists of numerous Acts (some repealed) and various "Scenes," is entitled *The Georgians*, while the three main divisions into which it is divided are named as follows: Part 1—"Limehouse Nights." Part 2—"Downing Street Days." Part 3—"Another Place."

Those who have been privileged to read the first draft in manuscript are amazed at the grandeur of the conception.

Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE has just completed an ironical biograma the idea for which was suggested by his successful book, *Memoirs of a Midget*. He is thinking of naming it, "G.K.C."

The next production of Messrs. Laurigross and Lonesmith at the Kitchen Garden Theatre will be a musical

biograma called *What an Escape!* The story is founded on original material in the possession of, and adapted by, "F.M.R.S." a pseudonym which is understood to be an abbreviation of "Federation of Margot's Rejected Suitors." The music and lyrics have been supplied by a number of gentlemen whose names may be seen on the posters—with a magnifying-glass.

A powerful and striking biograma entitled *Ulysses* has been written by Mr. LOVAT FRASER, the eminent publicist. This work, which is said to be one of the most trenchant utterances that have ever come from Mr. FRASER's punctual pen, will be produced after an appropriate Press campaign at the Thanet Opera House.

Manxmen will be interested to learn that their literature—at present practically all CAINE—is shortly to be enriched by an autobiography in dramatic form written by the same distinguished author, who has made himself such a *persona grata* in the island with his Manx tales.

Some difficulty is being experienced in finding a suitable title, but the author is said to favour a recent suggestion that he should name it after a former work, *The Master of Man*.

Mr. SOLOMON announces that he has secured for immediate production at the Miniature Theatre a tabloid autobiograma entitled *Us*, which is the joint work of Miss Edith and Messrs. Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell. It would be manifestly unfair to disclose the entire plot, but it may be mentioned that the final scene, in which a literary critic is bored to death in the Asylum School of Poets, is thought to exceed in sheer horror anything previously produced on the British stage.

The Child in the Field.

On fat unsteady legs he ran,
A podgy woolly-coated man,
Humming a happy little song
Most endlessly content and long.

One seemed he with the grass and trees,
The flowers and horses, cows and bees,
The scuttling rabbits, birds on wings,
And all earth's jolly growing things.

"Bassinette with canopy and massive French Clock for Sale."—*Local Paper*.

Even our infants must nowadays move with the times.

"And as for riding in the Row, the mounting stone which still stands forlornly in Palace Yard has not known the tread of a stirrumped heel a decade past."—*Provincial Paper*.

Or a spurred toe either.



THE INDEPENDENTS.

THERE WAS AN OLD FELLOW WHO LIVED IN A SHOE;
HE HAD TOO MANY DAUGHTERS, WITH NO ONE TO WOO.
HE EXPRESSED HIS REGRET, BUT "DON'T WORRY," THEY SAID,
"WE ARE ABLE AND WILLING TO EARN OUR OWN BREAD."



Little Girl. "HOW MUCH DOES IT COST TO GET MARRIED, MUMMY?"

Mother. "SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE, I THINK."

Little Girl. "AND IF THEY HAVE A DIVORCE DO THEY GET THE MONEY BACK?"

GROOVES OF CHANGE.

"THE sort of holiday we need," declared Eustace, "is one which combines the advantages of a rural life with some element of the bizarre."

"Exactly," replied Frederick. "Existence in the country is devastating, yet we are sated with the town. Let us try 'simplicity with a sting.'"

The next I heard of the matter was that I had a third share for a month in a furnished railway-carriage containing three bed, sitt., kit. and bath (c.).

Eustace and Frederick have been friends of mine for years. They are just ordinary good-natured people, but I must say plainly that there are times when Eustace is a little too—you know what I mean—and Frederick is occasionally inclined to—need I say more? I use these terms advisedly and am prepared to defend them against any criticism.

The carriage lay on a short line of rails in the immediate neighbourhood of the ruins of a cottage. This, Eustace explained, was providential, since the pump belonging to the cottage was in working order. My bedroom was the first, Eustace and Frederick travelled

second, and the third smoker was appropriately given over to the kitchen.

It was all very convenient. To get a bath you had only to find a pail, draw water and proceed to the kitchen; merely heat a gallon of water on an oil-stove, carry it to the bathroom or third non-smoker, clamber along the foot-board to your own compartment to get some soap, return to the bathroom, draw and carry more water to cool the bath and simply ablute. Then one more journey along the foot-board, choosing your side according to whim, and you were at home again. It was the last word in luxury.

It was a bad day when Eustace got the idea of moving the carriage to suit his own convenience. He discovered that it rolled easily and he took advantage of the fact. Thus, in the morning he would manœuvre until the bathroom was opposite the pump, giving another push later on to bring the kitchen to the same point of vantage, transfer the whole house twenty yards in the afternoon in order to enjoy the shade of the one tree available, and at night shunt in the opposite direction for the sake of being presented with the view of an anæmic fuchsia on awaking. Eustace

was quite at liberty to move the house as he liked, but he need not have made the first removal while I was shaving and the last just as I had got to sleep.

Frederick was even less considerate. He has a vein of buffoonery which is out of place in adult company. One night, for instance, he amused himself by suddenly flashing a bull's-eye lantern into my face and roaring with a bull's-tongue voice, "Tickets, please," with the result that I started up and searched my pyjamas fruitlessly for ten minutes before discovering the hoax. Frederick's allegation that from force of habit I made a bound to get under the seat is too ridiculous to call for any disproof.

The surroundings conspired to make this kind of horseplay extraordinarily successful. One never realised that one was not travelling somewhere under the usual conditions.

Even in daytime one's mind was not sufficiently elastic to adjust itself in a moment. One evening I was bringing in the milk: while I was still some fifty yards from home that lunatic Frederick blew a whistle and banged a door, with the result that, true to ancient belligerent habit, I rushed forward and

threw myself headlong into the nearest compartment. Having picked myself up, I contented myself with throwing the can and what was left of the milk at Frederick's head; but I might very easily have lost my temper.

I endured this for about ten days, until Eustace's constant house-shifting and Frederick's senseless antics began to jar on me. I began to look round for means of relief and discovered that the rails ended on the edge of a shallow gravel-pit. At midnight I arose silently, went behind the carriage and put my whole weight into propulsion.

Once under way the task was easy. I whistled, bawled out "All change" and continued to advance the house—past the fuchsia, past the shady tree, past the pump and beyond. At my second shout of "All change" I was delighted to see two figures hurl themselves frantically from the windows. I put on speed and raised a triumphant yell as the thing left the rails and embedded itself in the gravel at an angle of twenty degrees to the horizontal. I then resumed my rest, being satisfied that I should henceforth lead a more static life.

And so it proved. It was a daily joy to watch Eustace's laboured journeys to the pump; it was a heavenly moment when Frederick, seeing his clowning at an end, threw away his whistle in a childish outbreak of petulance.

Existence at an angle of twenty was as romantic as could be desired. As I explained with much patience to my companions we had all the enjoyment of being at sea in a sailing-ship without any of its disadvantages.

And Eustace could only mutter that at sea they would at least have been in a position to make a Jonah of me.

RACING NOTES.

(By our Cryptical Critic.)

A GLANCE at the weights for the Great Dinnerwagon Handicap suggests that both Pepperpot and Saltbox have been treated with extraordinary lenience, though some experts will be disposed to discount the undoubted chances of both these cracks in favour of Sauceboat, or possibly Table-centre. The slashing son of Epicure has always shown a marked predilection for this particular course, whilst Sir James Caterer's handsome piebald has also prior experience on the same track, as witness his exciting and much-discussed finish with Corkscrew in the Bread-and-Butter Plate last year. The reliability of this form has been hotly contested, and it has been claimed that the result could have been overwhelm-



First Beachcomber. "THAT ARTIST FELLER SAYS, 'I BIN LOOKIN' FOR A CHAP LIKE YOU,' AN' 'E GIV' ME 'ARF-A-CROWN JUST FOR LETTIN' 'IM DRAW MY FACE."

Second Beachcomber. "STRUTH! I WISH I 'AD A DIAL LIKE YOURS."

ingly reversed if Gulper at a critical moment had not temporarily eased his mount. Of such are the mysteries of racing.

Others that readily take the eye are Breadpan, Serviette, Salad Oil and Castor, and of these the Middlehampton pair challenge attention, especially as the stable has the first call on the services of Snatcher, the rider of last year's winner. Much speculation is rife as to whether he will mount the brown or the bay, but I am inclined to think that if he repeats his triumph it

will be on the back of the speedy winner of the Cutlet Stakes.

At present I am inclined to regard the race as a very open event, but as events develop I shall hope to have an opportunity of indicating the chances of the rival candidates with more precision.

"Timms should have been out when he made a lofty hit off Freeman, but Seymour and Bickmore came into collision in trying to make the catch. The pair were still together when lunch was taken."—*Sunday Paper*. The impact must have been terrific.

IMMATERIAL SPORT.

"Come over," said The Family through the telephone, "and make up a four at tennis this afternoon."

I reckoned, knowing The Family, that it would not be tennis, but I took a racket and went.

The first person I saw, after picking my way carefully past George (a terrier) and a bucket of whitening he was changing his complexion with, was Sibyl. She stood where the fierceness of the sun was tempered by a large elm-tree, stooping forward with her hands hanging in front of her and fists doubled one above the other. Suddenly Harold appeared bounding along from the other end of the lawn; then he hopped on one foot, raised the other in front of him, took one more step, whirled his right arm in a complete circle with terrific force and stood gazing anxiously towards Sibyl.

Sibyl raised her arms with the fists still together, stepped forward with her right foot and wagged her wrists expressively. Then, with her two hands still together up near her right shoulder, she walked nonchalantly round in a small circle.

"Good shot," said Roselle, who was standing some ten yards away.

"But," expostulated Harold, "that was a leg break—about a foot, I should say—she couldn't possibly have cut it, and anyhow the umpire's not allowed to say 'Good shot.'"

I was still looking rather blank, for I had seen no sign of a cricket-ball yet, when Roselle caught sight of me.

"Splendid!" she cried; "you can go square-leg behind me."

"Look here, I place the field," said Harold, waving his arm from right to left.

"It's Christian Science Cricket," explained Sibyl.

"They say it's too hot for tennis." This was from Harold, and when I compared his ruffled appearance with that of the cool Sibyl beneath the elm, I followed his meaning.

"Look out for a sensational catch," said Harold as he commenced another run. But he was stopped half-way by Sibyl, who was studiously examining the turf, while occasionally moving her right hand up and down as though tapping something. Then, waving George (the terrier) away, she resolutely faced Harold. He appeared to have lost his mark, and paced out distances with long strides; finally he scratched the ground with his toe and began running and hopping towards the batslady again.

I judged it was a very short one, wide on the off, but Sibyl swung round towards square-leg.

"Catch!" yelled Harold. I raised my hands obediently, pulled them back sharply into my—well, just where you do catch them, you know—put my right hand in my pocket and looked casual but slightly self-conscious.

"Well caught," said Harold and turned triumphantly to Sibyl, who had not moved from her end.

"I'm sorry," she said; "but I hit that one to the boundary over the wicket-keeper's head, so I can't possibly have been caught by Kenneth. I thought he was putting up my hundred on the telegraph-board."

"Hundred?" echoed Harold.

"Yes," replied Sibyl; "I have also just knocked my wicket down and am going to sign autograph books outside the pavilion. Would you like to photograph me?"

"How grateful the fielders must be," said Harold bitterly, "when a century is scored entirely in boundaries."

"I thought of that," said Sibyl sweetly. "Let's have tea and work out the averages."

We approached a secluded corner well shaded from the sun, where father and mother sat in deep deck-chairs amidst many cushions. They seemed to be asleep.

"Fifteen—forty," said father suddenly. Then, "Oh, bad luck! That's game and—"

He opened one eye. "Hullo, you've finished, have you? We got tired of scoring for you and played tennis. Our science is more advanced, so we don't have to move. We are just starting the third set. Your service, Lydia," and he closed his eye.

"This," I said as I sank on the grass, "seems the most pleasant form of madness. What about some ice-hockey while we have tea? That should keep one cool."

"In the winter," explained Roselle, "we shall sit round the fire and play water polo to keep warm."

"But wouldn't that have the opposite—?" I began doubtfully, but was interrupted.

"There would naturally be a very hot sun to induce us to enter the water, wouldn't there?"

"Quite," I admitted frankly.

"Very well, then," said Roselle triumphantly.

"MEOWE CUTS A LIGHTSHIP IN TWO."

Headline in Provincial Paper.

Dear Mr. Punch (writes the correspondent who sends us the above cutting).—Living in the country I find my cats do well on odd scraps, and I am not in touch with this newly-hatched marine cat's-meat business. But what a powerful voice!

SUPER-WAR OR SUPER-WISDOM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—In one of his poems BROWNING asks, "What use of giving, if, because of the manner of the gift, its profit fail?"

Is not that what is happening with John Bull and Co.'s offer to Erin?

Has not Irish sentiment been hurt by brutal British commonsense?

Here is John Bull and Co. saying:—

"Look here, you foolish child, we are such near neighbours we can't possibly live peaceably together if you don't accept these conditions. So, say 'Yes' quickly, or I'll slap you again."

Here is Erin replying:—

"Don't speak to me in that tone of voice! You never understand my feelings. Of course I want to be friends and, for anything I know, we might have to fix up things the way you say. But, in the name of all that is holy, what earthly right have you to put any conditions upon me? I never was a member of your family except by forcible adoption, and never will be as long as you talk to me in that way. Your conditions may be the most heavenly on earth, but I'd die sooner than admit your right to demand them!"

And so we may come to a deadlock, partly because Erin is not of a matter-of-fact disposition, and John Bull never can appreciate fine sentiment.

And if so—what next? Will it be super-war or super-wisdom?

Suppose John Bull for once was Irish enough to say, "Well, you are the most unreasonable creature. I'm sorry you've not the sense to see that these conditions are as much for your good as mine. Any child of mine would see it. But I know your heart is all right, and I suppose I'll just have to trust you."

And if John Bull and Co. astonished the world by rising to such a height of impulsive (Irish) generosity, what could Erin do but reply (with British commonsense): "You dear old blockhead of a neighbour, I'm sorry you've not the sense to understand me at all at all. You'll never know how much it has cost me to sacrifice my principles, but for the sake of peace and quietness I'll do it. You may have all your blessed conditions, and thirteen to the dozen too."

They will say, Mr. Punch, that this sort of thing is not practical politics.

No, it is something better—super-wisdom.

Yours truly, PAX VOBISCUM.

Clean Hitting.

"—carried his bath through the whole innings with a nice score of 59 not out to his credit."—Canadian Paper.



IF YOUR FAVOURITE COVE—



IS OVERRUN BY THE PUBLIC—



A LITTLE INGENUITY—



MAY—



EFFECT—



A PERMANENT CURE.

WAYS AND MEANS.

I AM thinking of getting an onager. Marooned as we are here amongst seas of desolate forest, the transport question is beginning to present serious difficulties to us. It is true that the forests are intersected by dusty roads, which resound with the song of the Souls-Joyce from morning till night. But we have not got a Souls-Joyce, and since motor cars, still more horse chariots, are out of the question, I must devise a humbler plan. One cannot walk a mile or more through these forests to play tennis, or eat dinner, without severe discomfort, and in any case one does not wish to arrive on the lawn or at the pillared portico

"With dusty trousers and a crumpled shirt,
Too faint to eat or flap one's battledore." *

There is the push bicycle, of course, but that is a graceless and unsatisfactory beast. My fancy is drawn towards the onager because I know so well how to ride it. Watching a favourable opportunity, one springs upon the onager's back and, seizing her long ear in one's teeth in spite of her kicking and plunging, one bites it through. The animal then ceases to plunge and, quivering violently, stands stock still. After this one becomes her master and the children can ride on her back.

I have taken these extracts from the rules, as you are no doubt aware, out of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, a book full of safe instruction and advice, and far too much neglected by the younger generation of to-day. If *The Swiss Family Robinson* were properly read there would not be so much of this writing to *The Times* about soft collars and inaptitude for manly games. There is nothing more manly than mastering the onager. Nor, I think, should there be much difficulty in carrying out the correct drill movements, even in evening dress or whilst holding a tennis-racket.

I anticipate little difficulty in procuring a reliable onager, for I know a man who is Permanent Under-Secretary or Assistant-Controller, I forget which, of the Zoo. There is also an outhouse in the garden which I should think would make an excellent onager sty. Failing an onager I shall purchase an ostrich. Few pastimes are so fascinating as riding the ostrich. One recollects first of all the effects of light and its absence upon the psychology of the ostrich, and how its movements are checked by a sudden darkness. Then one immediately—delay is fatal in this sort of thing—constructs a leathern hood to reach from the neck to

the beak, cutting holes for the ostrich's eyes and ears. Over the eye-holes one contrives square flaps or blinkers, which are so arranged with whalebone springs that they close tightly of themselves. When the blinkers are left open the ostrich goes ahead. When you shutter its left eye it proceeds to the right, and vice versa. The harder you pull the reins the faster it goes. When you let go the reins it stops. I should think that ostrich polo would be rather a good game.

There are other advantages also in keeping an ostrich. The bird lays eggs, I understand, of considerable dimensions, capable of being boiled, scrambled or poached, and it is quite likely that we might be able to dispense with our maybirds, which make a great noise and disturb me when I am writing poetry. Not even a Ford car lays eggs. The feathers, again, of the ostrich are suitable for decorating hats, or may be turned into elegant fans for keeping the wasps from the marmalade.

In order to familiarise the children with this new domestic arrangement I have drafted it into the plum-stone game, and after *rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief*, they invariably say *motor-car, onager, ostrich, goat*. One thing I like about this period of the year is that destiny can be decided so much more easily than during the cherry season, when stones require so much counting and it is difficult to know whether swallowing counts as a let.

I assume that either the onager or the ostrich can be quite easily fed. The onager, I gather from *The Swiss Family Robinson*, consumes oats and salt, and probably the root of the manioc plant, which, although poisonous, was a great favourite with the *Robinsons*, for when the juice had been squeezed out it proved not only innocuous but even delicious to the palate. I must get some of this before the onager comes. As for the ostrich, it feeds, I suppose, upon sand and broken bottles and plates, and there are plenty of these about in the hedgerows here.

You must remember again that only those who possess some means of transport are in the position to refuse invitations, which is sometimes quite as important as to accept them. You cannot say to Mrs. Smith, "I am sorry that I cannot come to dinner because I have no motor car," because she would say or think, "Well, how did you get to Mrs. Brown then?" On the other hand it would be a quite sufficient excuse to write, "Dear Mrs. Smith, I wish I could come, but I have had toothache and cannot bite the onager's left ear," or "The right blinker clutch of the ostrich

has worked loose, and it only runs round in circles now." When you are in the habit of riding on an ostrich and the ostrich happens to be out of order nobody expects you to walk.

Perhaps in course of time we might run to an onager and an ostrich, which would give us a reserve to fall back upon, and when both in use form a very gratifying pageant for the countryside. We should scarcely envy the extremely rich flashing by in their 200 o.p. cars.

Yes, there are scores of good tips in *The Swiss Family Robinson*, some of which I hope to discuss on a future occasion. A book which contains the sentence, "I determined therefore to adopt the plan which had subdued the refractory eagle," is one whose influence must never be allowed to fade. EVON.

A COMPLAINT.

You've stolen all our mushrooms!

When friends come in to tea
In Fairyland it is the rule
To offer them a satin stool;
The grass is often very wet
And furniture is hard to get,
As you must all agree.

You've stolen all our mushrooms

And left not one behind.
If people came by night and day
And took your prettiest chairs away
And made them all into a stew,
Without so much as thanking you,
Now would you call it kind?

You've stolen all our mushrooms,

And, if you don't take care,
We'll go about the fields at night
And paint the toadstools brown and white;
And you'll be punished for your greed
By being very ill indeed—
So you had best beware. R. F.

How to Brighten Cricket.

"The visitors won the tree, the forest on fire, fairy chamotropes, innings lasted for a quarter of an hour."—*Local Paper*.

"Chauffeur (24) desires job as chauffeur in country; can play bagpipes."—*Scotch Paper*.
Hoots-toots!

"In the Vatican Court yesterday Mr. Justice Branson made absolute the decrees granted in 158 divorce suits."—*Scotch Paper*.
The POPE will not be pleased.

"BOROUGH OF —"

The Education Committee invite Applications for the following Appointment, viz.:—
Assistant Master or Mistress for Physics, Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale (Masters £240 × £15 × £500, Mistresses £225 × £15 × £400)."—*Daily Paper*.

Another injustice to women; £1,800,000 for a master and only a paltry £1,350,000 for a mistress!

ANOTHER AGRICULTURAL REVOLUTION.

THE distressing article called "Keeping Chickens," in a recent issue of *Punch*, has brought it home to me forcibly that I must not delay in spreading the news of the latest of my great inventions. By this the fowl is not exploited by the capitalist ("the chickens keeping us") nor the owner victimised by the fowl ("keeping chickens"), but the fowl is self-supporting, merely handing over unconsidered profits to the owner as the cock in the French poem handed over the pearl to the lapidary. These profits could not be grudged by the fiercest and most Socialistic birds, since they can fairly be described as recompense for risk taken and capital invested.

This idea, which should revolutionize British poultry-keeping, was suggested to me by a simple circumstance. In the neighbourhood of my home is a park, which, in the inspired words of a celebrated guide-book, is "enlivened with fallow bucks." In front of the enclosure where the beasts reside is a small chalet, which exists for the sole purpose of purveying carrots, sugar and bread. These are bought eagerly by the youngsters of the neighbourhood, in order that they may have the pleasure of feeding the animals.

It can be taken as a truism that, apart from the incredibly unromantic people who run poultry-farms, the bulk of the poultry-keeping population of England is of school age. It can safely be assumed that the overwhelming majority of these keep fowls neither for pleasure nor instruction, but with an eye to profit. Any friends who visit them, however, especially if of tender years, care nothing for these things and squander poultry food before the horrified eyes of the hapless owner for the sheer pleasure of seeing it eaten.

The combination of these factors has once more inspired me to genius. If the poultry-owner will bring his chickens from the obscurity of the back-garden, other persons will gladly pay for the privilege of feeding them. The chicken-run would be far more ornamental than many a suburban front-garden is at present. The risk of stealing would be less when under the eye of strolling policemen and other pedestrians than by the present method of keeping fowls in obscurity and seclusion. Food could be supplied either by a slot machine or by a perambulating pedlar with bags, this rôle being taken alternatively by the youthful poultry-owners of the neighbourhood. Most people, however, will prefer to bring food from home.

Not only the question of feeding but the question of marketing produce



Mrs. Wilks. "PARSON'S SERMON SEEMED A BIT DREARY."

Mr. Wilks. "AH, NO WONDER, POOR GENTLEMAN. 'IS 'ENS DE LAYIN' SO BAD."

would be solved in this way. The fowl-feeders would compete with one another to buy the eggs of their protégés, and would, if necessary, pay higher prices to obtain them; the sight of a hen, for some obscure reason, inspiring many people with the belief that all eggs in its neighbourhood are fresh. Others again—the closer neighbours—would insist upon eating the youthful cockerels as they reach the stage of beginning to crow.

The young poultry-owner of business instinct would complete his triumph by allowing his friends to clean out the poultry-yard for a consideration. The methods of *Tom Sawyer* are well worthy of study.

The owner who puts these principles into practice should have plenty of leisure for the systematic study of banking, and will be laying a firm foundation for the future prosperity of the country.

"About three-quarters mile square, Detached Residence, sheltered situation; price £3,000, freehold."—*Bournemouth Paper*.

This should go some way towards solving the housing difficulty.

"A change in the law will come into operation a week to-day with reference to the opening hours of places where exerciseable liquor is sold."—*Provincial Paper*.

Unfortunately, so we are told, a good deal of it is too weak to take exercise.

"Wanted for Cork a woman with some education, to care and roll out an invalid boy."—*Irish Paper*.

Could she not be induced to extend the same attention to MR. DE VALERA?

There was a young lady of Rhyll
Whose general knowledge was nil,
For she thought JOAN OF ARC
Navigated the bark
That alighted on Ararat's hill.



"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD TO WEAR GLASSES."

"MORE I DID TILL I CAME DOWN HERE."

STRANGERS IN OUR MIDST.

MADAME YAMUSHAN.

MARVELLOUSLY tiny, marvellously pretty,
Delicately charming and delicately sweet,
When I see you moving through our dusty city
Like a china figure walking down the street,
Such a dainty magic all about you lingers,
Such a quaint enchantment, O lady of Japan,
I can only humbly stoop to kiss your fingers,
Rosy as a sea-shell—Madame Yamushan.

Gay our slender maidens in their summer dresses,
Gay as garden posies, yet they cannot show
Aught to match the lustre of your ebon tresses
Or the subtle graces of your *kimono*.
Fair they are and friendly, ay, but what's the betting,
When it comes to flirting with a little fan,
You can teach them something new about coquetting,
Something quite delightful—Madame Yamushan?

Silver-sweet your voice is as a ring-dove's cooing,
Crystal-clear your laughter as a child's at play;
These alone might surely prove a man's undoing
(How could Mr. Yamushan let you come away?)
Half-relieved I've pondered often since I met you
On the miles that stretch away to your far Japan;
Once you're safely home again perhaps I may forget
you—

In a hundred years or so—Madame Yamushan!

RELATIVITY OF MR. AP HUNCH.

RELATIVE of relatives, all to-day is relative! Even the hitherto unquestioned relativity of Mr. Punch to sunny Italy is relatively denied by an inquisitive relativist.

Briefly, his relation is that Mr. Punch, like a world-renowned Statesman, is related to Welshest Wales. His name, like that of the said w.-r.S., proclaims it.

As not every schoolboy is unaware, such names as Parry, Pritchard, Pugh are shortened forms of Ap (son of) Harry, Ap Richard, Ap Hugh. Our correspondent therefore premises that once on a time a male person (probably English) called Hunch (from a pronounced student's stoop) had a son consequently known as Ap Hunch, son of Hunch, which name later (by economy of breath) became Punch. This Punch, no doubt, had an original punch of his own—probably he was a wild young man—and hence became the Punch of legend, if not of history.

Our correspondent modestly admits that his theory, with EINSTEIN'S, may have its difficulties, but adds that it is not his business to make things easier for his critics by anticipating them. On the contrary, he is pursuing his research, and is hopeful shortly of being able to point out affinities with Wales, or pre-Wales, in the cases (among others) of Paris, Ptolemy, Psammetichus, Peter and Pan.

Incorrigible.

"Dr. —'s long rest in the South of France has not had the permanently good effect that was at first anticipated. He is anxious to get back to his pulpit."—*Provincial Paper*.



THE READY-RECKONER.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*assimilating the lesson with his usual alacrity*). "WELL, IT'S VERY EVIDENT THAT IF I WANT TO WIN THE GENERAL ELECTION I MUSTN'T BE IDENTIFIED WITH MYSELF."





AN AFTER-LUNCHEON PROBLEM.
THE GIVING OF CENTRE.

PSYCHO.

THE moral of this story is—don't tell your dreams. A young man called JOSEPH did it once and gave a good deal of family offence. People like NEBUCHADNEZZAR were also fond of it as an after-breakfast pastime and it really gave them very little pleasure; the psycho-analysts of those days were never out to tell you nice things about yourself. They were nearly as bad as Leslie. Leslie will be introduced a little later.

Now in the good old days of QUEEN VICTORIA people could exchange their dreams carelessly and merrily and no one took the thing as a diagnosis. To-day it is different. If you chance to be a modern and to read the most recent psychology you must take dreams as seriously as a small child takes the contents of the waste-paper basket.

When I called upon Leslie and Mrs. Leslie I anticipated a happy and careless hour under the orthodoxly spreading chestnut-tree. The tea-table, some camp-chairs, my host and hostess and an obsequious cocker pup suggested the picturesque calm of Victorian England. Indeed for half-an-hour we talked in

the disjointed and happy fashion of those days. My sub-conscious interest (for even I must confess to a sense of split personality at times) was centred in the cocker pup. To every man his passion; mine is dogs. Antiques, china, Persian rugs, old silver—these fascinate some, and one forgives a certain abstraction when the collector sees what he covets. I would accrete dogs. Some weeks ago I had seen the Leslie's cocker pup: a handful of black warmth, a satin slug, the fond care of an anxious-eyed mother. I had seen in his sprawling innocence the promise of perfect maturity. He was now a black cocker in the best cocker tradition. His back had a satin sheen, his paws were like little stands, fringed and made firm to paddle through mud and streams. Unobserved by the Leslies I measured his ears and found that they would more than reach his glossy wet nose. My instant appreciation of him was returned tenfold. He made it plain that my boots and trousers belonged to a person of the highest quality. He abased himself in helpless admiration at my feet. He gazed at me with peaty eyes. That I was his beau ideal of a master he made abundantly plain by

putting two large and feathered paws upon my knee.

It was, indeed, to cover my preoccupation with this most desirable pup that I burst into conversation.

"I had the silliest dream last night," I began.

"Oh," said Leslie with over-emphasized interest, "do you mind telling it?"

"Perhaps he'd rather not, dear," interrupted Mrs. Leslie.

"Of course I'll tell it," said I, "only it's simply futile, as dreams always are. You see, it was like this: I seemed to be swimming in the sea. It was at Eastbourne, as far as I could gather. Well, that's sane enough, but here's the silly part: there was a black pig in red bathing-drawers who was swimming with me."

Now at this point I waited for a laugh and looked round cheerfully at my audience, only to find Leslie gazing at me with extreme intelligence through his glasses, his fingers tip to tip in the manner of the family physician. His attention, tolerant yet acute, suggested the consulting-room. I turned to Mrs. Leslie. She was considering me as a woman does when you pour out your secret troubles for her ear.

"Yes, yes," said Leslie; "what then?"

"Well, it's so rotten, you know," I continued desperately. "The pig swam to shore and I went after him; I was dead set on catching him, I don't know why. He wouldn't stop, the little brute; he headed for the town and I went after him, just as I was, you see, very slightly clad and all that. The worst part was that it seemed to be Sunday and all the people were coming out of church, and the pig would run among them and I rushed after him. Then I met Miss Meadows—she's the Vicar's daughter, you know—and the way she looked at me suddenly made me realise that I wasn't in Sunday rig, you know . . . and . . . and then the horror of it woke me."

My voice trailed away, for the Leslie's interest was swamping me; I felt like a monkey chattering to an archbishop. Leslie seemed to be diagnosing me.

"Dreams are idiotic!" I exclaimed feebly.

"Ah! there you're wrong," he corrected me. "Your dream is deeply interesting; it tells me a great deal more than you realise, I'm certain. You should never tell your dreams lightly, for you may give yourself away if a psycho-analyst is present."

"My dear man, what on earth do you make of a pig in bathing-drawers and all the rest?" I asked, trying to be careless in the face of his concentrated solemnity.

"The pig," said he, "is emblematic of something you desired—that your sub-conscious self desired. Evidently that desire was thwarted by your conscious will. You see, convention is outraged in your dream—the Sunday proprieties, the Vicar's daughter. All this means that your desire clashed with the conventions. You couldn't pursue it without a sense of shame."

"But what does the pig stand for?" I asked; "oblige me by kindly explaining the pig."

"Ah!" said Leslie in a Harley Street voice, "only *you* can explain the pig. Evidently there is something only known to yourself which you desire very strongly. I gather from your dream—forgive my scientific frankness—that the wish is sub-conscious, or rather that your conscious self has suppressed it as outraging some convention, some inherited morality, some accepted rule of the Decalogue."

Leslie surveyed me over his glasses in a way that made me feel a condemned criminal.

"You suppose," I suggested bitterly, "that my sub-conscious self is an inebriate, or a burglar, or a *Don Juan*, and that I'm trying to suppress the fact?"

Leslie waved judicious hands.

"No doubt we are all latent libertines," he explained, "confessed only in our dreams. I merely suggest that in an hypnotic trance you would, no doubt, express the real desire that was typified by the black pig. Your dream, you see, shows some buried complex connected with this desire of yours even though your conscious mind will not admit it."

"So, if I try to conquer a desire for what I can't have, it's bad for me?"

"Certainly, it will produce sub-conscious complications. There will be latent trouble."

"I see," said I sternly. "Any neurasthenic condition may be traced to a foolish attempt on my part to observe the Ten Commandments, for example. I had better indulge my criminal tendencies and enjoy dreamless slumbers as a consequence."

Leslie psychologized for half-an-hour before I could escape.



Parliamentary Candidate. "IF MADE YOUR MEMBER MY CONSTITUENTS' INTERESTS WILL BE MY ONE AIM. I HAVE NO AXE TO GRIND—"

Village Tinker's Wife. "BUT I 'OPES, SIR, AS YOU WON'T FORGET US IF YOU 'AVE ANY POTS, PANS OR KETTLES TO MEND OR SCISSORS TO SHARPEN—"

I was getting angry. It was only the warm and pliant body of the cocker now lying on my knee that could restrain my wrath.

"Well," I retorted, "I may be a tippler or a Grand Turk or a swindler. Time will doubtless prove it. My dream seems to have given me away."

"It's merely a symptom of suppression," was Leslie's verdict.

"You mean," I said, "that any thwarted desire will produce a non-sensical dream or a nerve storm or shell-shock or something long after?"

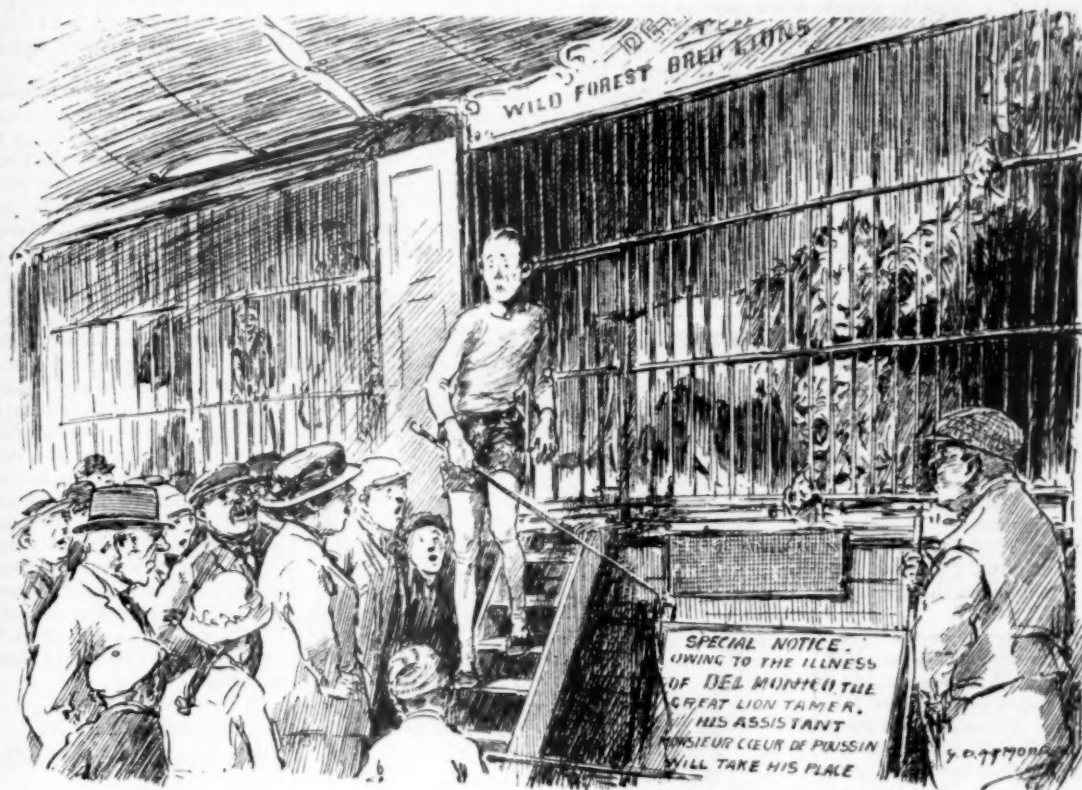
"Exactly. The sub-conscious man rebels against the decrees of conscious will and produces some slight form of neurasthenia or hysteria, or just a dream, as in your case."

the dog I shall suffer from a brain storm some time hence, and this, I am sure, you would not wish. The effort of resisting my desire to accrete cockers might cause great complications in my sub-conscious mind. Unless I am to become a neurasthenic or continue to dream of black pigs in red bathing-drawers I must hang on to the dog. Accordingly I have bought him a collar with my name and address. I think of calling him Psycho, in memory of our little talk.

"Your dream interpretation stunt is great; only I think the black pig was really a black cocker. What?"

"Yours sincerely, P. SMYTHE."

The rest of Leslie's letters do not interest me.



Strong-minded Lady. "I THINK IT IS SHOCKING CRUELTY YOUR GOING IN THERE WITH A WHIP."
Deputy Lion-tamer (feelingly). "So do I, MUM."

WHAT I HAVE SAID.

Barbara, who is six, and Suzanne, who is—well, Barbara's mother, attend the same school.

It is kept by a dear old lady who, when she forgets to live up to her reputation as a fierce political rebel, is the dearest and wittiest old lady in the world. I had my doubts about sending Barbara there until I was induced to interview Madame d'Anvers herself. Then I discovered that personality may be greater than opinion, and that in any case the child of at least one eminently respectable British parent would not be nurtured on revolutionary dogma.

That explains the presence of Barbara in that galley every morning, when, in company with two or three others of her age, she acquires knowledge both extensive and peculiar. The other day, I hear, she capped a lesson on the globe by declaring that the two halves thereof were called "the two Hammersmiths." "Thank Heaven we've only one!" exclaimed her teacher, who salts the earth at Chelsea.

This, however, is a digression and does not explain how Suzanne came to

attend Barbara's school. The fact is that Madame d'Anvers also holds "grown-up" classes for the study of letters, history, politics, elocution and the like, and Suzanne, who has recently become self-conscious on the subject of her education, has been persuaded to attend some of these courses. Had it ended there no harm would probably have ensued; but day after day Suzanne badgered me to visit one of the evening classes, "just to see how I liked it," and in a moment of mental debility I gave way.

The particular class to which I was led began with a reading by Madame of a chapter from some recent political work, interspersed with a running and spicily commentary on the part of the lector. The subject was "The Pathology of Politics," or something equally intense, and after the reading the members of the class were called upon one by one to deliver their opinions on the matter in a set speech, which was then criticised by the lady in the Chair.

The usual features of the school or college debating society were to be observed in the speeches, and it was only by a strong effort of self-control

that I refrained from the time-honoured practice of pulling back the chair of the speaker in front of me just as he was about to resume it.

Among the orators was Suzanne. Once in the saddle, she rode fearlessly and breathlessly from point to point, and I could not but admire the dexterous way (born of long practice in domestic debate) in which she went round each. Suddenly she uttered an unconscious epigram, and I firmly pulled her down before she could spoil its effect.

"Mrs. Trumpington-Jones," commented Madame, "has much to learn of the art of coherent speaking. But she possesses one great virtue: she knows where to stop."

I chuckled softly at that, but reserved enlargement for a future and less public occasion. It was a virtue well worth rubbing in.

Towards the close of the sitting the debate was enlivened by a middle-aged gentleman who sat heavily on all the fences which Suzanne had so brilliantly circumnavigated, and consequently tied himself up in a hopeless tangle of contradiction. I am afraid I was not polite enough to conceal my enjoyment

and nodded a hearty assent when Madame d'Anvers informed the speaker that at all costs he must form his views before committing himself to speech.

Then—"We have a new member present to-night," announced Madame, with her eyes fixed on me. "Mr. Trumpington-Jones will give us his opinions on the subject under discussion; and I am sure he will need no admonition against the last speaker's distressing tendency to wobble. Mr. Trumpington-Jones."

I will not describe my sensations, among which a hot indignation against Suzanne was uppermost, as I slowly rose to my feet. I must have cut a pitiable figure standing there, painfully trying to coerce my mind to some sort of comprehension of what all the talk was about. Not a thought could I evolve, let alone express.

"Come, Mr. Trumpington-Jones," exhorted the Chief Torturer, "the class hangs upon your lips."

Still no words came. Then I was conscious of a stealthy movement behind me and felt a piece of paper gently urged into my hand. Even as a drowning man clutches at a straw, so did my fingers close upon that scrap of paper and raise it to the level of my eyes.

"That's a good plan," said Madame. "Speak to your notes."

I began to speak, with a curious slate-pencil *timbre* in my voice.

"The work of political reconstruction for which the world is waiting must for the time being be secondary to that of destroying most of our cherished institutions." I heard myself

saying the words some time before I grasped their import. When understanding came I would have recalled them, but the magnetic eyes of the Chair were upon me, and I remembered the stern injunction against wobbling; besides, for the life of me I could not think of any other views with which to replace them.

Once more I turned to the paper.

"The scourge of righteousness to which Russia is baring her back, the purifying blast of iconoclasm, the cleansing torrent of anarchy—these we need throughout the so-called civilised world to-day."

I could hardly believe my own ears as I heard my own lips reciting these appalling sentiments. But I could not stop now. If I discarded my text and

started to extemporise I should wobble and earn an even greater reproach than the previous speaker. So on and on I went through the whole gamut of revolutionary dogma, preaching Bolshevism, Syndicalism and every other form of political indecency, while the class gazed at me with eyes that held the fascination of horror; but the burning orbs that were fixed on me from the Chair grew brighter and brighter, and ever and anon a low rumble of applause came from the seat behind me.

At last I finished with a ferocious

"Thank you so much for reading my speech," she whispered. "I don't think I should have dared to make it myself. You were splendid!"

I have now a terrible local reputation to live down. Suzanne, on considering the matter, would have me live up to it—for the sake of preserving the thrill it has caused among the neighbours—and by way of a beginning has bought me a pair of sandals to wear. She even finds some attraction in the prospect of wearing the martyr's crown of one wedded to a notorious repudiator of his marriage vows. But the game, I am convinced, is not worth the sandals, and I have been spending many a sleepless night trying to devise a reasonable plan of publicly eating my words. Failing that, I consider the only possible way out to lie in emigration—say, to the one and only Hammersmith. Suzanne is so horrified at the idea that she has undertaken to go about telling everybody that my speech was only my poor idea of a joke. She knows, she says, where to stop, and it is this side of Hammersmith.

A Man of Letters.

Extract from the Fiji Civil List:—

"LEVANI VALEGATU CAUYAQA TAMANIKAIKURUKUNIOVALAU, Seventh Class Clerk, General Post Office."

"NEW YORK, July 27.—Seventy-nine million members of the British Parliament started to-day a first hand investigation to ascertain how prohibition is working out in the United States."—*Mexican Paper*.

Well, it is pretty certain that some of them will have to go dry.

"The French have translated Othello's 'Out, out, brief candle!' into 'Sortez, sortez, courte chandelle!'—I should like to have heard that."—*Sunday Paper*.

One would also like to hear *Macbeth's* monologue called "Put out the light."

"The bride and her father drove through the village in an open car, proceeding straight up the aisle to the chancel."

Provincial Paper.

We have no objection to reasonable innovations, but we think this was going too far.

"It requires little reflection to see that a rate of 1 per cent. on a population of a million means double the increase in the total number of people in a country that would be implied by a 5 per cent. increase on a population of half a million."—*Morning Paper*.

No reflection at all, we should say.

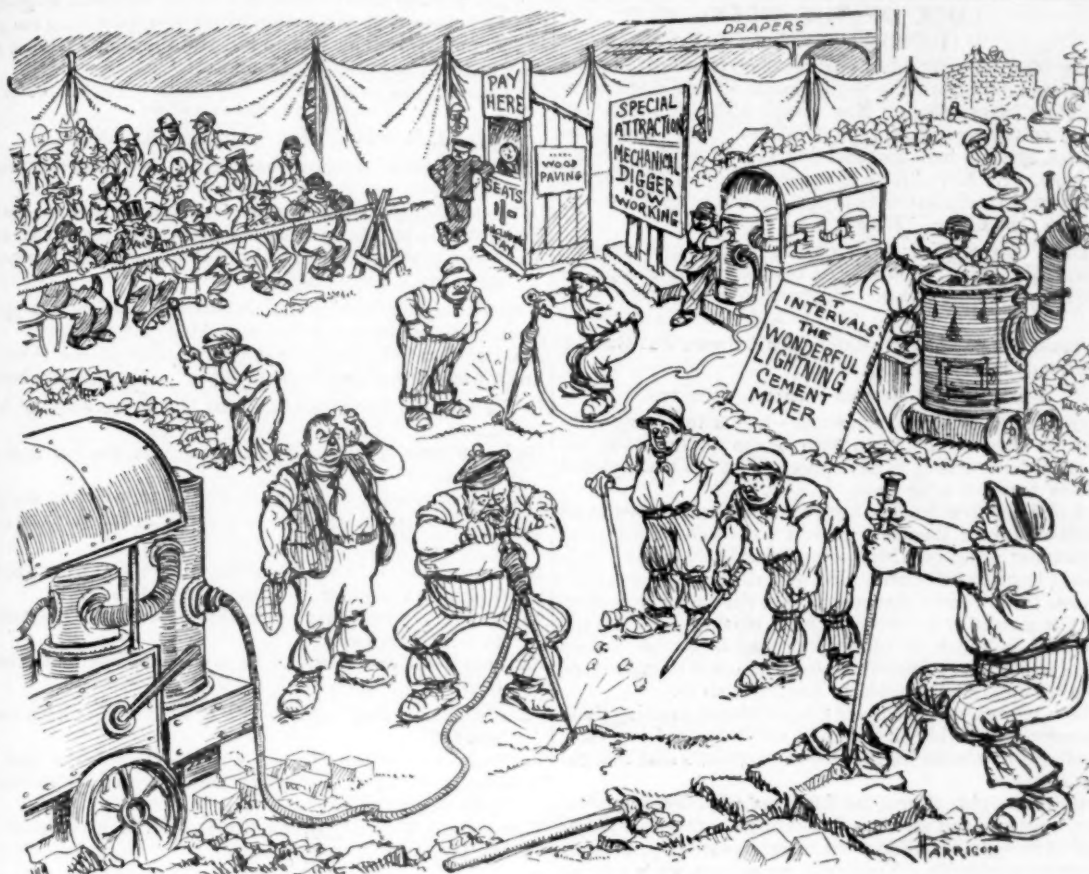


"... Or to take arms against a sea of troubles..."
Hamlet, Act III. Sc.1.

attack on the sanctity of the marriage-tie, and as I sat down I could feel Suzanne drawing herself away from me. Dimly I heard the voice from the Chair lauding my sentiments and their expression.

"Mr. Trumpington-Jones has evidently prepared his subject thoroughly and one cannot but admire his courage in pursuing his convictions to their logical, if rather startling, extreme. We hope to hear him very often."

The discussion was over and I stood forlorn in a corner while Suzanne was apparently trying to explain me away to some of her friends. Then I felt a timid hand plucking at my sleeve, and, looking up, found myself accosted by a wistful-looking little woman wearing the robes of the Simple Life.



THE ROAD REPAIR SEASON.

Suggestion to Borough Councils. "WHY NOT CHARGE FOR SEATS AND HELP TO LESSEN THE RATES?"

THE TAILOR ON THE HEARTH.

[It is now the fashionable thing to have the clippings of the coat of one's pet animal made up into an article of wearing apparel.]

At Millicent's menagerie I always used to grouse;
I'm not in love with quadrupeds encumbering the house,
But I make nor plaint nor murmur now I find that I can
get

An item for my wardrobe from each precious little pet.

To Norman the Newfoundland, when the winter's frosts
occur,

I intend to be indebted for an overcoat of fur,
And Thomasine the tortoiseshell will shortly have to part
With material for a waistcoat ultra-fashionably smart.

The guinea-pig, the rabbit and the dormouse that she loves
Will be sentenced to a hair-cut when I feel the need for
gloves,

And Polydore the poodle I receive with loving pats
Now I see in him the giver of the latest thing in hats.

With Millicent's permission I can face without a care
The prospect of my raiment getting much the worse for
wear,

And I bless her for a hobby that enables me to be
Independent of a tailor who has long been shearing me.

A Poplar Pastime.

"With an equanimity amounting to nonchalance thirty Poplar councillors are looking forward to being sent to goal at the end of this month."—*Evening Paper.*

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"During next week by far the most prominent objects to be seen in the heavens will be the sun and the moon."—*Weekly Paper.*

From the REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S Report on the Census:—

"The few days only which have been available for the statistical examination of the figures since the completion of the calculations enabled this to be undertaken have imposed severe restrictions upon the scale of any comment."

Snappy writer, isn't he?

From a Church-service paper:—

"Anthem: 'The Heaven's are Falling' (Citation) Haydon."

Although four blunders in seven words is not bad going, the printer nearly broke his heart at not being able to do something original with "anthem."

"As a matter of fact," Marr said during the afternoon, "I first saw of a Scout being wanted in *The Daily Mail*." "I also first saw it in *The Daily Mail*," said Mooney. "We get *The Daily Mail* every day."—*Daily Mail.*

We presume that the interviewer's polite rejoinder, "Oh, don't mention it!" was deleted by the Sub-Editor.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—TIME'S REVENGES.

How often does crabbed age rejoice (apparently) in the pleasurable duty of telling young people to take more pains with their handwriting. Not always with any success, of course, as my own calligraphy testifies. Now and then, however, arises a babe-and-suckling able to get some of its own back. We have such a champion in Lillian, aged eight, one of whose recent letters to her grandmother, aged seventy, has been sent to me. Here it is:—

"DEAR GRANNY,—Your letters are beginning to get very unreadable again. Please write more carefully and please write longer letters to me. Heaps of love and kisses

FROM LILLIAN."

"Again" is particularly deadly, for it shows that Granny had already been hauled up once.

II.—LIFE'S LITTLE EMBARRASMENTS.

A new kind of street performer—and a terrifying—has arisen in London, compared with whose methods the importunate box-rattling of the collectors for the Unemployed Soldiers' bands is a pleasure.

I found the first outside Lord's. For some moments, as I walked toward Regent's Park, I had been conscious of the piercing notes of a bird—some peculiarly noisy black-bird or a thrush with a grievance, or perhaps both screaming at once. And then I discovered that the sound proceeded from the mouth of a wild-eyed, lean, clean-shaven, hatless man, with a shock of untidy hair and a roguish leer—a man of about thirty-five, whose features could be introduced into a picture of any period in English history.

There he was, at the edge of the pavement, uttering these penetrating unearthly bird-sounds, with hope, as I supposed, of finding a purchaser for the concealed whistle that brought them about.

Catching sight of me, he fixed me with his impudent merry wild eye, and struck a dramatic gesture with uplifted finger as though to challenge me, listening carefully, to detect the secret of the din. There was no escape, such was his basilisk power. There I stood like stone, while he whistled and triumphed at me. People began to collect and laugh. I never felt so foolish in my life.

But a day or so later I felt even more so. It was in a street off Oxford Street—I don't know its name, but it is parallel with Berners Street on the East. In this street, in the distance, was an elderly grey-haired man fiddling for a livelihood: a rotund and dejected man in an old and frayed and slightly greening frock-coat. I advanced towards him without suspicion, having forgotten the new procedure of korb artistry and having no unwillingness to hand him a coin as I passed so long as it could be done in one's stride.

But he spoils his chance, for, observing my approach, he left the roadway and, still playing, danced his way right up to me, with absurd bows and smiles. Some men, made of sterner stuff, could deal with such an attack, but it is not in my retiring nature to endure being danced at in a London street, and I turned and ran, my sixpence with me.

III.—HYPOTHECATION'S SWEETS.

In a letter from Paris is a story which was new to me and may be new to others.

At two in the morning a waggish blood rings up the headquarters of the *Mont de Piété*, and after a long delay succeeds in getting a resident official out of bed to answer the call.

The official is naturally testy. "Hullo! Hullo! What do you want?"

A meek reply: "Sorry to trouble you, but can you tell me the time?"

"Tell you the time!" (this in a fury of rage and disgust). "Good heavens! do you mean to say you have rung me up at this unearthly hour just to tell you the time? Look at your watch, you idiot, you scoundrel!"

"I can't; you've got it."

E. V. L.

OLD STORMY; A SEA BALLAD.

"STORMY's dead," I heard them say, "he's dead and gone to rest;"

Of all the skippers I have known Old Stormy was the best; His name was known on every sea, his fame on many a shore, And Stormy's dead, that good old man, he'll sail the seas no more.

A rough old, tough old nut of an old-style hard-case skipper As ever cracked on sail in a racing Melbourne clipper, And hung on to his topsails in bad weather off the Horn, And made a crew of deadbeats wish they never had been born.

In the Western Ocean packets had Old Stormy served his time;

He had known the Blackwall frigates and the tea fleet in its prime;

In the days of single topsails, stunsails, Jamie Greens and all Stormy'd sailed for Hell or Melbourne in the ships of the Black Ball.

He was skipper of the *Sheba*—she was one of FARLANE's best, Sister ship to *Eldorado* and *Golconda* and the rest,

"Farlane's yachts" they always called 'em from Blackwall to Sandridge Pier,

Slashing ships and smart as frigates, skysail yards and lots of sheer.

"*Sheba's* luck" they used to talk of in the ports both near and far,

For he drove her like a demon, but she never lost a spar, Roaring eastward in the forties with her main-deck white with foam,

Flying light with Gippsland fleeces on the long sea road for home.

Twenty years Old Stormy had her, and he loved her like his own,

But the day of steam was coming and the day of sail was flown,

And the times they kept on changing and the freights they fell away,

And they sold the *Sheba* foreign, for they said she didn't pay.

And Old Stormy heard the tidings with a sad and sorry heart, "Twenty years," he said, "I've had her and it's bitter hard to part;

Twenty years we've been together, but I'm getting old, I know,

And they've sold the *Sheba* foreign, and it's time for me to go."

So he left the little *Sheba* for to start her life anew, With a whiskered Dago captain and a greasy Dago crew, And a brand-new Dago ensign where the Duster used to be, But the *Sheba's* luck had left her when Old Stormy left the sea.

And she barged away down Channel in the equinoctial gales, With a black nor'-easter blowing, and she loaded down with rails,

And the seas they pooped her cruel and a big one broached her to,

And she couldn't seem to right herself for all that they could do,

And the water come aboard her and her masts went overside, And she took and drowned herself at last the night Old Stormy died.

C. F. S.



Visitor. "PLENTY OF DEER ABOUT HERE, I SUPPOSE?"

Gillie. "WEEL, THERE WAS YIN. BUT THE GENTLEMEN KEPT SHOOTIN' AN' SHOOTIN' AT THE PUIR THING. AAM THENKIN' SHE LEFT THE NEEBORHOOD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

YOU would be wrong in assuming, as you well might from its title, that Lord ESHER, in *The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener* (MURRAY), had set himself to pull down a popular idol, or at least to show reasons for suspecting that its feet were of clay. Indeed it may be that he has helped to establish KITCHENER's greatness on a firmer pedestal by insisting on its limitations when tested by circumstances for which his past experience, largely Oriental, afforded little precedent. The title of the book, as I hinted, is unsatisfactory. It is explained as referring to the fact that KITCHENER found himself past his full strength in the hour of a great crisis when he was supposed to be "in mid-career." But this is a shock that might happen to almost anybody who was supposed to be in mid-career at the age of sixty-five. The author seems to make too much of the two portraits that he reproduces—one at forty-eight and one at sixty-five. He chose them, he says, "because of their contrast and the lesson they convey." The only lesson they convey to me is the simple platitude that Time leaves its traces on the human face. And, in any case, to speak of "tragedy" in connection with one who, if he had done nothing else in the War, had by the magic of his name—a name to conjure with—raised that great voluntary army which made possible our ultimate victory is a misuse of language. And this, in a title that must have represented deliberate reflection, is less excusable than the occasional looseness of word and phrase which is a defect of the author's fluency of style;

as when he speaks of the War Office as a "crucial office"; or says of the sinking of the *Hampshire*, "it has never been suggested that anything was done or left undone which would have averted her loss." But these are small blemishes in a sketch which seems to be a sincere and not ungenerous attempt to analyse a character that will almost certainly remain inscrutable to the end.

To all lovers of country-life Mr. SETON GORDON's *Wanderings of a Naturalist* (CASSELL) will be fascinating. I cannot describe it better than by saying that it is the kind of book one buys to give away and then wants to keep for oneself. The titles of some of the chapters will give an idea of Mr. GORDON's range: "Midsummer at the Wells of Dee," "Heather," "The Roaring of the Stags," "A Hill Pass of the Pyrenees," "The Spawning of the Salmon," "The Flighting of the Widgeon." But whatever subject Mr. GORDON chooses he treats charmingly, for he never obtrudes his knowledge, and his literary style is quite effective. A large number of illustrations from photographs add to the value of this volume. Many of these sketches have previously appeared in various papers, and I am glad to see that Mr. GORDON draws attention to this fact and acknowledges his indebtedness to the editors.

Mr. FREDERIC VILLIERS, with the simplicity of a duke, calls his two-volume autobiography just *Villiers*. Messrs. HUTCHINSON, his publishers, kindly remark (on the wrapper) that "the name of Frederic Villiers is too well known to need introduction," and then go on to introduce him as

having begun his "five decades of adventure" in "the Russo-Turkish War of 1871." Mr. VILLIERS himself describes the campaign of that date as the Franco-Prussian War, and history seems to corroborate Mr. VILLIERS. He is one among the last of the old type of professional war correspondent, the contemporary of the late ARCHIBALD FORBES, whose memory Mr. VILLIERS justly honours. Fifty—even twenty—years ago, a youngster with a taste for adventure, were he lucky enough to obtain a commission from a newspaper, voyaged gaily to wherever there was battle or broil, with a bag of good English sovereigns (now extinct) in one pocket and a revolver in the other. Sometimes the authorities granted credentials to him; but, if they did not, he seems to have done just as well, unlicensed. In practice he went where he liked, and wrote—or, as in the case of Mr. VILLIERS, drew—what he thought proper, being left to his own discretion; and Mr. VILLIERS' book is a model of that virtue.

The records of his personal impressions of war are glossy with discretion, and his many anecdotes are all pleasant and often entertaining. Mr. VILLIERS is particularly luscious in the presence of Royalty. It is good to know (as they say) that Mr. VILLIERS takes the same size in hats as the late KING EDWARD VII.

In a foreword to *The Willing Horse* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. IAN HAY takes the trouble to give his reasons for writing a novel "touching upon the war." I wish I could congratulate him on the lightness of his touch, but although this is impossible I can vouch that his admirers will find enough in this tale to satisfy them. I pass over the commonplace love-story of *Roy Birnie* and *Marjorie Clegg*, but those of us who look for something beyond the ordinary from Mr. HAY will find it in the character of *Eric Bethune*, a really subtle piece of work; and he has given us several amusing types, notably *Lord Eskerley* and *Lady Christina Bethune*. It is useless to pretend that Mr. HAY's treatment of his theme is faultless, but if he has wasted some opportunities he has grasped others with both hands. And even when he is inclined to beat willing horses to death he is always readable.

In *Cooeeville* (MELROSE), Mr. ALLEN GILFILLAN has more or less mixed up the stories of two men, of whom one achieved supremely bad manners and the other superlatively bad verse (samples given). Neither article proving saleable or in any way acceptable to their thick-headed fellow-townsmen, they did not get on any too well in a world that is slow to recognise true ability. At this their creator affects to feel surprise, but my suspicions that he was not so innocent as he seemed were confirmed when his later chapters went on to show that, though the one failing might be cured by a course of starvation and so on, the

verse habit was a thing beyond hope (more samples given), and very rightly judged to be a case for a revolver shot on a lonely hill-side. Besides the two principals, who, as suggested, have very little to do with one another, there are lots and lots of other people in this book who say the same things over again so often that one cannot wonder they are generally thirsty, which is indeed the case. For instance, there is a doctor who swears, an Irishman who declaims, a magistrate who makes speeches, and ladies who—well, they mostly talk too. In short, one may say that the author has gone to endless trouble to write down all the conversations he ever heard, and has done it so carefully that one hates to treat his work ungratefully. Did I mention that the scene is laid in Australia? The local colour on the wrapper should be a reminder.

I imagine that Messrs. H. F. RUBINSTEIN and CLIFFORD

BAX, who have given us in a series of five dramatic scenes, under title *Shakespeare (BENS)*, their idea, drawn from his works, of our national poet, could, if challenged, specify chapter and verse for this or that attributed speech or attitude of mind. It is a sufficiently entertaining and ingenious experiment, relying on a dangerous and arbitrary method. "To die, to sleep; to sleep, perchance to dream" is quoted by the poet who, disappointed with the hollow world and, in particular, resentful of the treachery of Mr. W. H., his supplanter in the affections of the Dark Lady, contemplates suicide after making a very bitter and, to tell truth, poor-spirited will; which will is destroyed when JUDITH, brought hastily from Stratford by BEN JONSON, stays the suicide's hand. It seems more likely (yet not at all likely) that SHAKESPEARE should have written such passages as the result of his previous experience than that he should have struck an attitude and quoted them as applicable to his subsequent experience. Of course it was necessary for the authors not to be impressed by the legendary hero, but to make a human, which nowadays means a belittled, figure. . . .



The Guide. "DON'T BE ALARMED, LADIES AND GENTS. JUST HOLD TIGHT. WE OFTEN COME OVER AT THIS CORNER, AND I ASSURE YOU THAT OUR CHARABANC IS THOROUGHLY SEAWORTHY."

Under the title *The Wherefore and the Why* (METHUEN) Mr. A. P. HERBERT has collected those "New Rhymes for Old Children" with which the readers of *Punch* are familiar. So that I need not remind them that these verses deal very lightly, but not unscientifically, with certain creatures that crawl or fly or swim or keep comparatively still—the earwig, the chameleon, the lobster, the bee, the f***, the oyster, the sponge and others; or that they are good even for children that are not so very old. Mr. GEORGE MORROW's sympathetic and illuminating pictures should also delight the heart of childhood at any stage of innocence or sophistication.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are pleased to report that the official end of the War passed off without a hitch on Wednesday night last.

Many editors, having completed their Christmas Numbers, are now enjoying a well-deserved Summer holiday.

With reference to the defeat of the Australians at Eastbourne, the latest theory is that the English team did it on purpose.

Incidentally, after hearing the Duke of ATHOLL's six pipers play the bagpipes, the PRIME MINISTER, with tears in his eyes, was heard to say that they had nothing quite like it in the Coalition.

It is expected that during his Scottish visit Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will be made an honorary Highland Chief, with the style of The MacIavelly of MacIavelly.

It is said that a certain man is now going about telling a pitiful story to the effect that he is an unemployed *bond-fide* traveller who has been ruined by the Government's new Act.

One of the New Poor has a pretty compliment paid to him one night last week. A burglar broke into his house.

A Bedfordshire agricultural worker is the father of twenty-one children. We cannot help thinking that he will be having a pretty sharp letter from the GEDDES Committee on Economy.

A *Daily Express* correspondent points out that a certificate of posting can still be obtained at the post-office at the pre-war price. The explanation of course is that this is due to an oversight.

In a cricket match, Women v. Men, the wife of an Essex clergyman has scored ninety-three. These belated revelations of ability must be exasperating to the Selection Committee of the M.C.C.

"The sting of the bee," says *Answers*, "is only about one thirty-secondth of an inch in length." It is long enough.

"Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Chaplin, between them," says a dramatic critic, "earn enough to

finance a good-sized war." Anyhow, they have been forestalled by the Tino-Kemal production.

Speaking at Manchester the other day, Sir EDWARD TOOTAL BROADHURST declared that we and other nations are groaning under a crushing load of taxation. And so the great secret is out.

A squash rackets court has been installed on the roof of the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool Street. Not to be outdone the Cannon Street Hotel is said to be planning a squash shareholders' alley in the basement.

A Buckinghamshire man aged sixty-two years has climbed to the top of a church steeple. It is remarkable where nervous pedestrians will go in order to avoid motor-cars.



TENNIS IMPROVED.

[It is thought that the substitution of a high opaque screen for the usual net would add to the excitement.]

NERVOUS PLAYER WAITING FOR A RETURN.

Education in the Army has become increasingly popular since it was discovered that the War Office school is situated at Newmarket. Special attention, we understand, is devoted to the "classics."

The high price of coal in the Metropolis is said to be due to the existence of a ring among the merchants. A sort of slate club, we presume.

"A very hot bath will often destroy the germs of influenza," states a weekly journal. The difficulty of course is to persuade them to have one.

"Motors which run into five figures," announces a headline. And we might easily have been one of those five if we hadn't jumped out of the way just in time.

A man living in Bradford has been suffering with hiccoughs for the last four weeks and every remedy has proved

futile. A sea-voyage to the States should do the trick.

An order has been made forbidding the police of Bristol, Conn., to flirt in uniform. We anticipate, however, that the authorities will soon be obliged to issue a further order forbidding policemen to take off their uniform while on duty.

"It is a wonder there are not more football accidents," recently stated a well-known physician. But surely there are.

"Twelve big-game hunters of New Jersey," says an American message, "recently mistook a half-starved terrier for a man-eating Rhodesian lion with a mane like a Shetland pony." Our own opinion is that this sort of animal cannot be reared on Prohibition.

Eneke's Comet is reported to have reached perihelion in advance of calculations. That is another reason why your income-tax is six shillings in the pound.

Thousands of gallons of ice-cream, we read, are being shipped monthly from Vancouver to China. In the North Pacific a sharp lookout is kept for suspicious craft manned by small boys armed to the teeth.

With reference to the linking of Leeds and Bradford, *The Times* correspondent says that, broadly speaking, satisfaction is expressed in both cities. We can imagine that in those parts it would be broadly spoken.

"Whiskey for Neuralgia," announces a headline. A good exchange too!

A pig was born in Sussex recently having a knot in its tail. We suggest "Pelman" as a name for the animal.

We were in error last week in stating that Lord NORTHCLIFFE had received three offers of over a million pounds each to remain in America. The third offer, we now learn, was conditional upon his being joined there by Lord ROTHERMERE.

"Young Man, 25, seeks Situation, valet. Willing to travel. Speaks German fluent. Knowledge Dutch and Swiss."—*Daily Paper*. The last possibly acquired while a cabin-boy in the Swiss Navy.

SUPER-SQUANDERMANIA.

TWO MORE GLARING EXAMPLES.

(From the Anti-Waste-paper-basket of a morning contemporary.)

DESPITE the recommendations of Select Committees the great game of spending the nation's money on wilful waste goes merrily on, one Department vying with another in the feverish race to get rid of the taxpayers' hard-earned millions.

As we all know, this has been an exceptionally dry summer, the rainfall being almost alarmingly below the average. We say, "as we all know" advisedly, for it needed no assurances from officials of the Meteorological Office to convince us of what was self-evident.

It has come to our knowledge, however, that in the Department we have just named there are certain officials whose duty it is to measure the daily rainfall. That in fact is what they are paid for, and we have no quarrel with the arrangement. But will it be believed that ever since February, when the drought officially started, these same gentlemen, with practically no rain to measure, have been drawing the same salaries as they would have done had there been a continuous downpour?

If we are not very much mistaken this will come as a painful shock to the ordinary employer of labour, who, having to apply ordinary business principles in his day's work, is not in the habit of paying princely salaries to subordinates for the privilege of twiddling their thumbs.

Clearly the ration system—so much money for so much rain—is the only remedy for a Department of this nature, which spends "blind," ignoring all the rules of business.

But there is worse to come. It now appears that the whole of the money spent on the late costly and irritating Census might have been saved.

The REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S forecast of the total population turns out to have been a singularly accurate one. His estimate was only thirty thousand short of the actual figures; that is to say, quite near enough for all practical purposes. After all, what we want to know is the total population in round numbers, for it is obvious that as soon as a census is completed it is out of date. The population to-day, owing to emigration, holidays spent abroad, excess of births over deaths and fatal accidents to readers of this paper (for which over one million claims have been paid. See announcement on page three), is not what it was on June 19th. In a month's time the elaborate statistics painfully collected by hordes of bureau-

crats will be grossly misleading. In six months' time they will be useless.

But apparently the guiding principle of the Departments is to spend money at all costs, that is to say at *your* cost, and—

THAT IS WHY YOUR INCOME TAX IS SIX SHILLINGS IN THE POUND.

JOBSON'S RECORD.

It was our last match of the season and the situation was desperate. True, six runs alone stood between us and victory, but between victory and the six runs stood—Jobson: Jobson, who played under protest, preferring to function as our scorer, working out averages week by week with a zeal extending to the sixth place of decimals. For cricket he cared less than his usual score when circumstances compelled his inclusion in the team, his interest in the game being entirely mathematical.

There came a time, however, when circumstances forced us to lead a reluctant and protesting Jobson into the field. Holidays, plus a series of fiery wickets, the latter reacting to the murderous deliveries of fast bowlers, had temporarily reduced our numbers, and Jobson took the field. We broke the news to him gently, explaining that we didn't expect him to make anything; which, except a fuss, he didn't. That and two ducks. It was not surprising, therefore, that on this his third appearance he received the usual advice reserved for the despair of the side when the result of a match trembles in the balance.

"Block 'em!" "Play forward!" "Watch his arm!" "Run out to 'em!" "Keep in your wicket!" "Look out for shooters!" "Play a straight bat!" In these and similar terms was Jobson advised.

Sadly he fastened his batting glove, glancing enviously towards the grubby urchin who had temporarily superseded him as scorer.

"Ply yer own gime!" was the final admonition which floated out to him on the breeze as he walked to the wicket.

The advice appealed by its simplicity to one whose "own gime" was singularly free from consideration incidental to shooters, straight bats, or bowlers' arms.

Jobson smiled mysteriously, mistook "middle and leg" for "centre" and faced the bowler. The first ball was wide on the leg side. Jobson's "gime" appeared to imply a grievance against the square leg umpire, who ducked just in time to miss—not the ball but the bat. Those of us who had experienced Jobson's previous methods of passive resistance to bowlers were cheered by this show of unexpected violence.

There was the chance, too, that he might kill the umpire—and give us an honourable draw. The next ball was a short pitched one. Jobson, who seemed determined to put someone out of action, drove it hard and straight back to the bowler, just missing that player's ear. It went for four—the ball, not the ear. One to tie and two to win. For once we were almost glad that Jobson had the bowling. Harran, who had advised "Going out to 'em," was almost noxious in his pride as impromptu coach. Alas! Jobson flattered only to deceive. The next ball bounced three times before it reached him. Possibly recalling the advice given before starting his innings, Jobson stayed in his wicket—right in. To be precise, he trod on the off stump and was bowled middle stump.

A fieldsman, happy in unexpected victory, became generous in commiseration.

"Jolly hard luck," he commented with a fine disregard of facts.

"Oughter gone for six," grumbled the author of the adage "Ply yer own gime."

But Jobson seemed as deaf to sympathy as to criticism, and quite undismayed at the result of the match. He was busy with his thoughts, which appeared to give him a pleasure which far transcended the bitterness of his ultimate defeat—a bitterness, indeed, which was ours rather than Jobson's.

"Threes into four goes one and one over; threes into ten goes three and one over; threes into—" He paused.

"Say, you chaps—guess what my average is?"

"Rotten!" shouted Jackman laconically.

"Excellent for a bowler"—from the satiric Benjamin.

"Confound your average! Chucked the game away you did with that last stroke." This from Phippin, the guilty party in two "run-outs" at our expense.

In no way disconcerted, Jobson explained.

"One point three, recurring. First time there's been a recurring decimal in the averages."

The Captain, who had so far remained silent, spoke at last. What he said also contained something recurring. But it wasn't a decimal, though "D" was its initial letter.

Another Tokyo Police Regulation.

"All foreigners owning a dog must wear a collar and be led about by a string."

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"Shaw, G. B. The Admiral Bashville."

A character-study, we suppose, of Earl BEATTY.



THE ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.

GERMAN JUNKER. "HOW PERFECTLY OUR SWORD HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A PLOUGH-SHARE! AND, WHEN WE HAVE PLOUGHED ENOUGH, HOW EASILY WE CAN CONVERT IT BACK!"



WHERE OUR CARAVANS HAVE RESTED.

"PLEASE IS THERE ANY LIONS OR TIGERS IN YOUR CIRCUS?"

LORD THANET'S ARRIVAL IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

MEMORABLE SCENES.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Bougainville Straits,

August 27th.

The *Megalomania* anchored about a mile from the shore on the morning of the 25th, there being no harbour for liners of her size on the coast of Bougainville, but before her engines had stopped the sea was black with catamarans, sampans, coracles, caiques, feluccas, prahs and other marine vehicles, crowded with enthusiastic islanders, who beat the waves into foam with their paddles, pausing now and then to utter their mystic chant, *Yliad Liam!* *Yliad Liam!* or blow blasts of welcome on their war conchs. As I remarked in a previous article the mere news of Lord Thanet's coming had already wrought a wonderful pacific revolution in the life and manners of this interesting people. They abjured cannibalism and adopted a vegetarian diet about three months ago, and have largely modified their crude doctrines of a future life in consonance with the teaching of the Rev. Mr. VALE OWEN. Indeed almost the only relic of their pagan practices is the worship of snakes of the Thanetophidian type. For the rest,

their dress, though diaphanous, is decorous, and in their fishing trade they have developed a remarkably keen interest in net sales.

Encouraged by the reports which had reached him before he left America, Lord Thanet decided that the time had arrived when the Solomon Islanders might be safely granted a Constitution. On the voyage from New Zealand he was engaged in drafting it, and on the day after his arrival it was duly promulgated at the most wonderful gathering ever assembled within the whole expanse of Melanesia.

Lord Thanet, I need hardly remind my readers, is a man of iron constitution and stoical reserve, but I am fully authorised to state that his reception has moved him deeply. As I stood near him on deck watching the ecstatic evolutions of the natives, I distinctly saw at least two pearly tears coursing down his massive and monumental cheek. It is also understood that he has been most favourably impressed by the scenery, the vegetation, the flora and fauna of the island, especially the cuscus and the giant frog, *Rana Guppyi*, weighing from two to three pounds, several specimens of which he has since forwarded to the Rance of SARAWAK.

Before landing in the Paramount Chief's catamaran, Lord Thanet re-

ceived the principal magnates in audience on the *Megalomania*, and made a genial and humorous speech in the Papuan dialect. He said that ever since he had read *King Solomon's Mines* it had been his dearest ambition to visit the Solomon Islands. Prancing pro-consuls had sought to dissuade him from the expedition on the ground of its risks, but he believed that the Melanesians were much maligned, and only needed the gift of autonomy to prove themselves the superiors at all points of superior and pompous persons. He also expressed the hope that the linking up of the main group of islands with the islets of Ongtong Java would prove an *ongtong cordiale* of abiding strength and potency. The mingled wit and wisdom of this dazzling epigram were too much for the Paramount Chief, and his efforts to keep a straight face were almost pathetic to witness.

But this meeting was only a faint prelude to the barbaric splendours of the gathering on the following day, when the new constitution was promulgated. The natives were assembled in their myriads on the lower slopes of Mount Balbi, and Lord Thanet, who had landed in a parachute from an aeroplane, was seated on a magnificent sandalwood throne beneath the colossal

umbrella which originally belonged to King Solomon. The proceedings were simplicity itself. Lord Thanet's chaplain, the Rev. Samson Blair, tastefully intoned the list of his titles through the stuntophone and offered up an unobtrusive but orotund orison on his behalf. Then Lord Thanet arose in his Napoleonic majesty and announced to the awe-stricken natives the charter of their freedom. The main articles can be chiefly summarized. Complete autonomy is granted to the inhabitants subject to (a) their abstinence from anthropophagy; (b) their subscription to at least one of the newspapers of the Conglomerate and Consolidated Press, which carries with it a free motoring insurance; (c) their adoption of a head-gear conforming to the principles laid down by Lord Thanet in his standard work on cranial configuration. It should be added in further proof of the magnanimity of these terms, that, though the mesocephalic type of skull preponderates in these islands, the inhabitants will be allowed to retain it, and no attempt will be made to interfere with their practice of dyeing their hair red. Lastly, and as a crowning boon, it is proposed to rename the islands Pogo-land, in celebration of the introduction of the exhilarating pastime which bids fair to restore the declining physique of the Western World.

As I despatch this cable, Lord Thanet is resting after his labours; but it is understood that he is much gratified by his reception and pleased by the behaviour of the climate. He takes a hopeful, even a roseate, view of the future of the Papuan race, provided they take seriously to Pogo, and he is very anxious that the Solomonians should clearly understand that it does not involve any resort to pogroms.

A VOYAGE.

They took me out a-sailing—

The boat was made of glass;
We sailed upon the little clouds,
The stars came out in shining crowds

So thick we scarce could pass.
But feather-light through all the night

About the sky we sped;
There were no oars with which to row,
There was no breath of wind to blow,

Though all the sails were spread.

They took me out a-sailing—

We anchored by the moon;
The golden door was open wide,
We saw a garden-ground inside

Where it was light as noon.
And fairy folk looked out and spoke,
"Come in, come in and play!"

We climbed a little silver stair,
It was so beautiful in there

I wished that I might stay.



J.H. DOWD · 21

Pier Toll Collector (to visitor who has struggled to the pier after his boat has capsized).
"THAT WILL BE TUPPENCE, SIR."

They took me out a-sailing—

Oh, strange the tales I heard
Of charmed adventures in the skies
Beyond the gaze of human eyes,

Beyond the flight of bird.
The stars went out, I looked about,
I saw the dewdrops gleam

Among the cobwebs on the lawn
As we came home at break of dawn—

It was not all a dream. R. F.

From the report of a speech:—

"... (Loud applause, in which the audience joined)."
Morning Paper.

It is always so helpful when the audience joins in the applause. In fact we know few sadder sights than that of a speaker resuming his seat amidst a silence broken only by the sound of his own clapping.

A New Measure.

"PETROL DOWN AGAIN.

By fivepence a gallop."—Local Paper.

How many gallops go to one joy-ride?

"Wanted, from September quarter, good glass small House, furnished or unfurnished."
Local Paper.

We presume the tenant would enter into the usual covenant not to throw stones.

Consolation.

Cheer up, tax-payers! and remember yet

"More blest are they who give than they who get."

You give the money in which others roll;

Can you be doleful if they get the dole?

"QUOD" WITH SUBJ.

As masters go I suppose old Rushforth isn't too bad really, and out of school I've known him behave quite decently to chaps. But people have to look out for themselves like anything when he takes Latin prose. As Cresswell says, there's something about Latin prose that seems to fly to his head and make him lose all trace of humanity.

One day last term we were doing Causal Clauses, and for a quarter of an hour he'd been gassing about the difference between *quod* with the indicative and *quod* with the subjunctive, and how nobody but a feeble-minded Hottentot could possibly go wrong over it. Then he dictated us this sentence: "A certain private in the Guards was put on trial yesterday on the ground that he had killed a sailor."

When we'd finished he made me read out what I'd got, which I don't quite remember now, but, anyway, I know it ended with *quod nautam interfecerat*.

"Excellent, Talboys," he said; "quite excellent. Except that it shows that you can't have listened to a single word of what I've been saying for the past half-hour, it couldn't be better. Are you aware that, if you were the editor of a newspaper and if newspapers were written in Latin and you used *quod* with the indicative in that sentence, you would probably be punished with a heavy term of imprisonment?"

I said that I wasn't aware of it.

"Imprisonment is what you would get," he went on, "and imprisonment is what you deserve. What am I talking about, Cresswell?"

This was rather a stumper for Cresswell, because, as usual, he was looking out of a window.

"About *quod*, Sir," he answered.

Forsomereason old Rushforth started laughing at this.

"Quite good," he said; "quite good if only you knew it. And now tell me what I was saying about *quod*."

"Please, Sir," said Cresswell, after thinking for a bit, "you were saying that in ancient Rome the editor of a newspaper was always given a heavy term of imprisonment if he used *quod* with the indicative."

This time of course everybody laughed like anything.

"Indeed," said old Rushforth, grinning, as he always does when he gets dangerous; "and suppose I say that I am going to give you a heavy term of imprisonment on Saturday afternoon because you have not been attending—what ought I to use, then—*quod* with the indicative or *quod* with the subjunctive?"

Cresswell did some more thinking.

"Neither, Sir," he answered.

"Neither!" said old Rushforth, staring. "Then what *should* I use?"

"English, Sir," said Cresswell.

The funny thing about old Rushforth is that you can never be sure how he's going to take things. Everybody thought he would simply rise up and slay Cresswell, whereas all he did was to stare rather harder and wrinkle his nose.

"Tushay," he said (whatever he meant by that). "And now I think we'll hear your version of the sentence."

So Cresswell read his sentence out, and it was a pretty dud one, having *Certus miles* and *reus faciebatur* in it, but sure enough it ended with *interfecisset*, and old Rushforth looked rather disappointed.

"I'd like to know why you used the subjunctive," he said. "Tossed for it, I suppose?"

"No, Sir," said Cresswell.

"Then tell us *why* you used it."

"I don't know, Sir," said Cresswell. "I thought it was better."

"Exactly. Metaphorically speaking, you tossed for it?"

"No, Sir."

"Come, be candid and admit it was only a fluke that you didn't choose the indicative instead."

"No, Sir," said Cresswell again, going rather red.

Old Rushforth looked at him very hard. "Well, I've never yet found you to be a liar," he said, "so I'll accept your statement; but I don't mind telling you it takes some swallowing."

So after that he just told Cresswell to write out the passive of *facio* six times before tea, and went on to cursing somebody else.

Afterwards, in the break, I got hold of Cresswell and told him it was pretty low down telling old Rushforth deliberate lies when he'd just been rather sporting in overlooking a pretty fair bit of cheek.

"I wasn't lying at all," said Cresswell. "As a matter of fact I had a jolly good reason for using the subjunctive, but I couldn't tell old Rusher."

"Why not?"

"Because it happens to be a secret tip of mine. Hasn't it ever struck you in a prose that, if you use the indicative when it ought to be the subjunctive, he simply jabs three lines under it, and as likely as not follows up with a swinging great impot? But if you do it the other way round he never sticks more than one line under it, as a rule only a little squiggly one, and very often changes his mind afterwards and says perhaps the subjunctive could be defended there,

the clause being virtually sub-oblique or some such rot. Anyway, that's my secret tip—when in doubt always use the subjunctive. I tell you it pays like anything."

I'll say this for Cresswell, he may not be much good at class-work, but he certainly has got brains and of the most valuable kind too. I've used that tip of his ever since, and, absolutely without exaggeration, I think up to date it's saved me quite twenty impots.

A SONG OF LOVE FOR LONDON.

(By a Returned Holidaymaker.)

The countryside is fair with corn,
The nuts are ripening in the husk;
I've watched the beauties of the morn,
The sunset pageantry of dusk;
But here are sights for sated eyes
More beautiful than sea or sand—
A bus that comes from Kensal Rise,
The folk that stream along the Strand.

The early cock this August long
Has waked me to each new-born day;
The sea has sung its ancient song;
The mews have screamed across the bay;

But now once more a thunder steals
Through every street to charm the sense—

The roar of half-a-million wheels,
The traffic's massed magniloquence.

I've breathed the new-cut hay; the scent

That floats about a country lane;
The tang of off-sea wind has blent

With meadow-fragrance after rain;
But now my nostrils open wide

To savour an enchanting fume—
Dear essence of the multiplied

By-products of our London brume.

O mighty mother, sweetheart, wife!

Had I a hundred worlds to roam,

Had I a thousand years of life,

I'd make no other place my home;

And when the present bard is dead

And men seek words for his renown,

Then let them grave above his head:

"A Citizen of London Town."

More Light on the Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy.

Professor WEEKLEY tells us that SHAKESPEARE's name has been claimed to be derived from the French—Jacques Pierre. This is, of course, the reason Bacon's name was France's.

"As a result of the strike, passengers arriving from England by the mail boat had to make the journey from Kingstown to Holyhead by road in motors and other conveyances."

Provincial Paper.

Mr. Punch hopes that, as in his picture last week, the vehicles were thoroughly seaworthy.



THE GOOD-NATURED VICTIM.

OF BACON AND MY GARDEN.

In reviewing my garden after a year's tenancy I am aware that there should be, according to vulgar taste, a good many more flowers in it. I still notice a complete absence of *Kniphofia nobilis* and *Eupatorium purpureum*; *Coreopsis grandiflora* makes no gay show, and *Solidago canadense* has not flowered, unless that funny little thing down by the potting-shed is it. People whose gardens are a positive mass of bloom come and ask me about mine.

"Why isn't your garden a positive mass of bloom?" they say crossly, and I have to apologise.

But in my heart I am content; for there are in my garden, as they say in the French exercise books, some apples, some pears and some plums. And when I say that I consider these to be the most important product of the flower-garden in late August and early September, I am not alone in my opinion. I have the best literary judgment on my side. Remember what the great essayist and philosopher BACON wrote about gardens. Or, if you don't remember, look it up, like me, in the book.

Not, by the way, that I hold BACON's opinion on all points to be all which it is cracked up to be. He seems to me to be the kind of man who gets off a very good thing at the beginning of an article and depends on a mere trick of style for the rest. When he serves you a snorter like—"It is generally better to *deale* by speech, then by letter: And by the Mediation of a Third, then by a Mans Self;" or "*Houses* are built to live in, and not to looke on"—one can't help thinking, "This is real tournament form." But I doubt if one would be so much staggered by the rest if it wasn't for that trick of using italics and capital letters and putting all the punctuation marks in the wrong places. I often wonder that the newspapers don't use this dodge to report impressive speeches. It makes the most futile and commonplace remarks look so wise. Take some examples culled from recent oratory:—

"I am a Believer in *Providence*: And when I see *Darke Clouds* I say, They will scatter *by and by*. And *Thank*

God the same Old Sunne, is there *behind*."

You can't think how immensely I have improved that. And this too:—

"The Prosperity of a *Shoppe*, does not depend, Upon the Goodes *inside* it: You may have the same *Goodes* (more goodes as a Matter of Fact). But, there is No one to *Buy*."

Or one might use it for cricket matches, thus:—

"*Surrey* went oute for a *Winne* Last Year: To the greate *Disgust* of *Lancashire*: Who would have *Beene* Champions, in *Case* of a *Drawe*."

Let me see. Where was I? Oh, yes, telling you about BACON's opinion of gardens in August and September.

Quite obviously then, according to the opinion of one of the greatest and most original Englishmen that ever breathed, my garden has been doing its bit. It doesn't contain all the things that BACON says it ought to contain, but most of the things it has are of the right type. We have apples, pears, plums, and some things which I firmly believe would have developed into nectarines if they had not dropped off so soon. At any rate they had a seam down the centre and swerved very trickily in the air when we tried playing stump-cricket with them. We had also an excellent peach, which we allowed to linger on the wall until it was perfectly ripe and had beautiful crimson

cheeks. Unhappily, when it was picked, it stung. I am not quite clear what BACON means by a Melo-Coton, but we have some vegetable marrows, and if anybody can think of a name which BACON would be more likely to give to a vegetable marrow than a Melo-Coton, I shall be very glad to hear what it is.

Many people say that BACON wrote *Shakespeare*. For my own part until the other day I doubted this. I felt that a man who spent so much time in being Lord Chancellor and in writing philosophy would have had little time for odd literary jobs. I used to point out that Lord BIRKENHEAD had never written

BERNARD SHAW, or even the Bible, and therefore there was no reason why Lord BACON should have done the other thing. Besides, as I have stated already, the man's style hardly seemed to me to be good enough when you put it into ordinary print. But now that I have seen how his mellow judgment coincides with my own on the subject of gardens in August and September, I am *Almost* Converted. EVE.

There was a confirmed old carouser Who tried to shoot rats with a Mauser,
But the rats, pink and green,
Which he saw were not seen
By his teetotal terrier, Towser.

"Applications invited for the Position of 2nd Engineer. Temporary position about 3 months, seven days a week, including Sundays."—*Australian Paper*.

All the rest of the time he can have to himself.



Lady. "THE REFERENCES ARE HARDLY—ER—SO GOOD AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

Applicant. "I KNOW, MUM. THEY'RE JUST LIKE ME PHOTOGRAPHS—NONE OF 'EM DO ME JUSTICE."

Well, BACON's idea of a garden was pretty spacious, because he thought "the Contents, ought not well to be, under *Thirty Acres of Ground*," of which *Four* Acres were to be assigned to the *Greene*, rather a niggardly proportion of grass, perhaps, if the owners wanted to ask more than a thousand people to lawn tennis at once; but lawn tennis was no doubt considered a contumacious and turbulent pastime in BACON's day. You might expect that in all these acres provision would have been made for a riot of colour during August and September. But what do we find:—

"In *August*, come *Plummes* of all sorts in *Fruit*; *Peares*; *Apricockes*; *Berberries*; *Filberds*; *Muske-Melons*; *Monks Hood*s, of all colours. In *September*, come *Grapes*; *Apples*; *Poppies* of all colours; *Peaches*; *Melo-Cotones*; *Nectarines*; *Cornelians*; *Wardens*; *Quinces*."



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE TWO BATHERS.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

CHELSEA CHATTER.

The prospects of the Pensioners were never so bright as for the coming campaign. Jock Macpherson, the Scotch International, has returned to his old club, the Belfast Hibernians, but among the new blood is John Jones (Merthyr Tydvil) and J. Ferguson (Glasgow Rovers). The latter is considered an exceptionally smart capture, the transfer fee running into five figures, although I am not at liberty to divulge the amount.

MILLWALL MURMURS.

Signs of activity are not wanting at the "Den," and practice has been going on continuously since June. All the players are reported fit. A few new faces will be seen this season, including J. Reid, of Aberdeen, and F. Macdonald, of Dundee. An interesting personality who will sport the Lions' well-known blue-and-white jersey is the Roumanian,

Hafbak Kikovics, who has signed League forms. Jock White has been transferred to Orkney Wanderers (his native heath) at a splendid profit.

CARDIFF CACKLE.

The South Walsians will, during the coming campaign, make a bold bid for the Championship of the North Southern League. Several new players have been signed on, including Jock McWhirter, Sandy McPherson, Andrew Kirk, R. Urquhart, A. Cameron and W. Anderson. A munificent gift of five hundred pounds towards the cost of erecting a new grand-stand has been made by Mr. Fulsome Hotspur. Mr. Hotspur, we may say, is the prospective Parliamentary Candidate. South Wales this year are making an interesting experiment, a Welsh player having been persuaded to appear in the team.

FULHAM FANCIES.

The Cottagers are full of eagerness for the coming campaign and hope to

finish at the top of the North-Western League. A meeting of directors and shareholders was held last week to decide whether any matches should be played this season, but, having regard to last year's excellent receipts, it was agreed, in the interests of the public, to carry on as before. This sporting action has given much satisfaction locally.

TOTTENHAM TATTLE.

There is much keenness at Tottenham, writes the "Stumper," over the coming campaign. An addition has been made to the ground accommodation in the shape of a refreshment pavilion, where the supporters of the Spurs, rendered thirsty by shouting, may obtain an excellent cup of tea at moderate cost. There are no sensational captures to record, except that of Houlihan, the Kurdish goalie. He is no stranger to Tottenham, however, having been with them in 1900, 1911 and 1914.



Auntie (to niece of six who has been sea-fishing). "AND WHAT DID YOU CATCH?"

Child (proudly). "I CAUGHT SIX MACKEREL."

Auntie (a bad sailor). "BUT WEREN'T YOU SICK?"

Child. "OF COURSE NOT. I DIDN'T EAT THEM."

TO AN—IST.

(On visiting an Art Gallery.)

LITTLE man, do not think there is anything new

In this stuff you're proposing to sell—
There is many a lunatic limning like you,
And doing it equally well;

If it's knowledge you need, you will
make no mistake

In learning from painters of note—
But what's all this GRECO, CÉZANNE
and BILL BLAKE,

Are there no other names you can
quote?

Many times I have heard you observe
to your pals

That the art of VELASQUEZ is dead—
That RAEBURN'S is as rotten as HOLBEIN
and HALS;

Yet I know you have brains in your
head.

When the limbs of your figures you
twist and you twine

With a THEOTOCOPULI hand,
I imagine the legs you're extending
are mine,

And that, little man, I won't stand.

Dilettanti and highbrows around you
may swarm

And welcome your direst displays

As of rhythmic design or "significant
form"—

Whatever they mean by the phrase;
But the form you display as you taste-
fully give

Your precocious opinions, my lad,
On the art of dead Masters whose
efforts will live

Is the kind that's referred to as "bad."

I have heard you remark in your juvenile
haste

That study from Nature is rot;
Do you think she's not ugly enough
for your taste?

I admit very often she's not;
But she's done quite a lot of "signifi-
cant" shapes

And significant colouring too—
Take a stroll any day round the House
of the Apes;

You will find it all there at the Zoo.

And if it's publicity, lad, that you lack
And you pine for the praise of the pen,
Just look up the files of a dozen years
back

And see who the heroes were then;
Notoriety based upon nothing—or less—
Is quickly a thing of the past;

You may bask for the nonce in the
smiles of the Press,

But, dear little man, will it last?

In Paris the bottom's dropped out, so
they say,

They're unloading the duds in affright,
And draughtsmen (like INGRES) are in
favour to day—

Little man, do you see the red light?
Insignificant this and significant that,
The jargon may flatter your mood,
But it's just an ephemeral stunt that
you're at—

I should quit while the going is good.

"A PAN-AFRICAN MANIFESTO."

NO ETERNALLY INFERIOR RACES.

Headlines in "The Times."

No, but in the opinion of our coloured
brothers some infernally superior ones.

More unpleasant effects of labour un-
rest (from a girl's examination paper):

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and
there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' hairy navvies grappling
in the central blue."

"PAYING GUESTS.—Oxford man and wife
would be glad to be received as, for about a
fortnight in good house in Highland scenery;
rough fishing and tennis; would pay a guinea
a day for two exclusive beverages."

Scotch Paper.

They have no use, we gather, for the
"wine of the country."



THE MOUNTAINEER.

RATEPAYER (to the Premier). "I KNOW YOU'RE ALWAYS KEEN ON MOUNTAINS, SIR. HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS ONE?"

[The PREMIER, after his visit to Blair Castle, said he had been "greatly pleased with the magnificent scenery of the Highlands."]



OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

HOW REFRESHING IT IS TO KNOW THAT AFTER FOUR MONTHS OF THIS KIND OF PRESS PHOTOGRAPH—

WE CAN LOOK FORWARD WITH ONLY TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE TO EIGHT MONTHS OF THIS!

METHOD IN AGRICULTURE.

EARNEST students of Geoponics have long been conscious of the lack of progress evident in the agricultural world. I myself, before the War, had been content to carry on in the old grooves, but after my military experience as a Transport Officer my return to farming was marred by an indefinable yearning. At first I ascribed it to the change from the glitter of my captaincy to the tedium of agriculture; then it seemed that perhaps the necessity of recommencing work was the cause, but a well-known psycho-analytical professor whom I consulted expressed his opinion that my change of occupation had in some way limited my self-expression, and that until this was corrected my mind would remain unsettled.

Well, I thought it over, but, so far as I could trace, only verbal self-expression had been limited by my return to civil life, and I was more puzzled than ever. Then one day there arrived an envelope marked "O.H.M.S.," "Income Tax," "Confidential" and various other things. I opened it languidly, little thinking that it would provide a

clue to my troubles, but the merest glimpse of the returns within it caused a thrill of joy such as had not been mine since I completed the "Alphabetical Return of Soldiers' Names found written on British Rolling-stock, 1914-1918."

That was it! That was the object of my subconscious longings. I spent a rapturous day over the preparation of those forms, and by the time they were completed I had conceived the grand idea of running my farm entirely by returns. I need not bore you with the merely routine details of how I mapped out my land in sections and organised my stores, but I am not a little proud of the results obtained in other directions. For instance, such bird-scaring as had been attempted on my land had been of the very crudest description, and it had been especially mortifying to me to see my old suits reduced to scarecrow rank when I had no check on their value in their new capacity. I therefore arranged with my bird-scaring expert to receive daily returns of the numbers and species of birds scared, and from them I am gradually extracting most useful statistics.

For instance I soon found how well-

grounded was my opinion that rooks were scared by none of the suits which they had ever seen me wearing on the farm, so I hung out some old threadbare things that I had been accustomed to wear in the office, with, negligently projecting from the pocket of the coat, a copy of the Board of Agriculture Circular No. 318, the one entitled "The Rook Pest: How to treat with Poisoned Worms." This not only scared all the rooks from the section in which it was placed, but also from the adjoining squares, and I am now endeavouring to obtain an old office coat of the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE. Pending the issue of these negotiations my assistant and myself are very busy wearing other coats threadbare.

Other birds vary considerably in their degrees of timidity, and it seems that, while my old farm coats frighten but few species, a golf suit left by a paying guest scared practically everything, although the members of the crow tribe soon regained their usual brazen fearlessness.

I found recently that hawks were causing considerable loss among my tiny chicks and I tried many protective

devices. According to my returns, greatest success followed the plan of painting the semblance of small-mesh wire netting on the backs of the chicks. This the hawks apparently mistook for a covering of netting over the whole pen, and, although I lost a large number of chicks even when thus protected, my returns showed that only two hawks had been seen during that period, compared with seven previously reported. Of course you say I could have put wire-netting over the whole of the pen, but then where would have been that touch of personality so necessary to the proper conduct of my business?

A difficulty arose in regard to owls, as darkness often made it difficult to follow their movements; but the installation of several small search-lights greatly facilitated observation. The most efficient method of keeping these birds at a distance appeared to be tethered beetles painted with a good luminous paint; but such scares should never be placed near thoroughfares owing to their effect on belated revellers.

I tried to use up my old military uniforms in the fabrication of scarecrows, and they were at first reasonably successful; but a painful episode made me return them again to their obscurity in my wardrobe. My wife in jest thought to embellish one of them, and hung my "Sam Browne" upon it, but carelessly placed the strap over the wrong shoulder, and next morning we found an adjutant-stork, a valued pet of my neighbour's, hanging dead in front of it, its beak caught in the fastening of the misplaced strap.

In addition to these scaring-devices I had given deep consideration to methods of attracting protective insect-eating birds, but could find nothing practicable until a peculiar circumstance was reported on the return respecting an effigy of my head-labourer, used for scaring rabbits near a small plantation. It appeared that a shrike had impaled a beetle upon the hook which occupied the place of the left hand. This fired me with the idea of having a series of small hooks hung in bushes in suitable localities, and the butcher-birds that avail themselves of them are now so numerous and enterprising that there is a very gratifying decrease in the number of beetles on my property.

Following the same idea I scattered a number of small concrete blocks along the edges of my fields, hoping that thrushes might use them as anvils on which snails might be cracked; but these birds have been rendered so timid by all my innovations that I fear it will be necessary to detail a labourer to crack the gastropods for them or else to dispense entirely with their services.

However, this defensive branch, which has arisen out of my returns, is still so much in its infancy that I am diffident in saying more about it until I have

did she?" and if, in her unorganised hatred of efficiency, she has not already treated me in the same manner I am in time to move away unscathed.

Then there was the interesting case of Rooster 428, whose two years of life have been full of vice. While yet a young cockerel he is known to have bitten enough fragments from childish legs to make a worm nineteen feet long and three inches in diameter. Then he has eaten eggs innumerable and killed several choicer birds than himself. Obviously, you say, an out-and-out black-guard. That was my opinion too until I had prepared the epitome of his career and was considering the desirability of selling him. Then, glancing at the particulars under "Origin or previous profession," my eye caught the note, "Raised from egg found beside duckpond," and at once my heart leapt into sympathy with him — poor forsaken orphan, forced from the very first to believe that the hand of every man and bird was against him. I transferred him to a run of his own, away from all the rest, and he is now a reformed bird, eats out of my hand and makes pathetically loving efforts to follow me out of his little pen whenever he has the opportunity.

It would be easy to recount numerous examples of the better understanding existing between my stock and myself since I started my system of returns, but enough has been said to show how a little organisation may lead to much greater efficiency and boundlessly increase the interest of even so dull an occupation as that of agriculture.



Loving Wife (to Simpkins, departing on an awfully big adventure—"a week's trip to the Eternal City"). "AND YOU WILL BE CAREFUL, D-D-DEAR—AND NOT D-D-DO AS THE ROMANS D-D-DO, WON'T YOU?"

perfected a new form providing for much more detailed information.

Another extremely useful branch is that which I have developed from the military system of keeping "service sheets" regarding each individual; but I not only keep a dossier of my employés, but also of my animals. This part of the Record Department has proved so interesting that I attend to it entirely myself, and when, say, a large brown cow numbered A803 looks unusually bad-tempered I hastily turn up her sheet and am in a position to say, "Aha! that's Diamond. She is reported to have kicked the cowman two years come May, is she? And last year she kicked a milking-stool to pieces,

From a *feuilleton* :—

"Joyce was reminded of the floating creatures in Boccaccio's 'Primavera.'"
Daily Paper.

Or the fleeting loves in BOTTICELLI'S "Decameron"?

From a cinema advertisement :—

"WITHERING HEIGHTS.

From Emily Bronte's tremendous story of Hate."—*Local Paper.*

Such a wuthering hate.

A Crowded House.

"Bert Bailey says that the worst experience he ever had on the stage was when he first produced 'On Our Selection' in England. The first half-dozen seats in the stalls, he said, were occupied by 115 critics."

Australian Paper.



Passenger. "I WOULD GIVE FIVE POUNDS TO BE OUT OF THIS."

Farmer. "KEEP THY MONEY I' THY POCKET. THOO 'LL BE OUT FOR NOWT I' LESS 'N TWO CRACKS."

THE FIRST CAUSE.

["Wars are begun in class-rooms."

RT. HON. H. A. L. FISHER.]

Twas in the Third, in ninety-four,
When we were busy doing *Cesar*,
Conducted on a Gallic tour
By Pemberton, that crusty geezer.

My turn for construe came; I growled
At Pfluger, who was seated near me,
To pass the crib. He merely scowled,
Basely pretending not to hear me.

To gain some time I had to feign
An ultra-violent fit of coughing,
While Pemmy waited with his cane
Hanging in sight about the offing.

Now things were getting pretty thick,
Though I had gained a minute's
fraction,

I landed Pl. a hefty kick
So as to expedite his action.

Still no result; I took a pin
To agitate the stupid fellow;
He uttered, as I rammed it in,
A combination yell and bellow.

Old Pemmy sizzled up thereat,
He and his temper quickly parted,
He dealt me out a dozen—that
Is how the Great War really started.

A NATIONAL QUESTION.

As the cricket season draws to a close the pre-war cry, "What shall we do with our boys?" which has been transformed by force of circumstances into the post-war wail, "What shall we do with our girls?" develops into a new demand: "What shall we do with the Australians?"

Mr. E. A. MACDONALD, the fast bowler, has already provided part of the answer to this question. As a result of a *rapprochement* between himself and a Lancashire League club, the summer of 1922 will find him once more in England, sending cold shivers down the spines of Lancastrian rabbits, and periodically recuperating at breezy Blackpool. League cricket may be less blue-blooded than the Test match variety, but Mr. MACDONALD's prospective lot is generally regarded as a gilt-edged security.

Rumour has also been busy with the destinations of Messrs. OLDFIELD and MAILEY, who modestly decline, however, to make any definite statement of their intentions. It is thought possible that the former may qualify for a county whose bill of "Extras" has become prohibitive in these hard times; but the

report that the latter has been the recipient of flattering overtures from the Northcliffe Nomads C.C., who have been much impressed by his daily Maileyness and drawing powers, is regarded with suspicion in well-informed quarters.

With a view to the avoidance of unnecessary competition and possible disappointment, various suggestions for dealing with the residue of the team have been made.

In Government circles it has been mooted that they might be handed over to the Disposals Board (accompanied by Form A473/000/K5 in quadruplicate) to be got rid of simultaneously with the English dumps accumulated during the late summer. As this plan would entail the creation of a special Department it has the additional advantage of providing berths for a number of deserving officials whose war-bonuses are likely to attract the attention of the Geddes Economy Committee; and the Civil Servant, from whose brain the scheme emanated, has already been threatened with the O.B.E.

Another suggestion is that the Australians should voluntarily place themselves under the regis of the League of Nations. In such an event it is thought that, in accordance with precedent,



"LOB, ZUR, WOT A DEAL O' DOIN' YOUR WORK DO TAKE! AN' WHEN IT BE DONE, WOI, WOT BE IT?"

Great Britain would in due course receive the Mandate; and a bureaucracy which has undertaken for an indefinite period the "keep" of the Mesopotamian white elephant would probably welcome the chance of spending a few insignificant millions in the sacred cause of Sport.

An alternative proposition is that the team should be acquired *en masse* by the M.C.C. on behalf of the nation, and immediately transferred to the Eugenics Society. After exhaustive inquiries by the latter their charges would be subjected to a process of intensive "natural selection" (of helpmates), in the hope that by 1946 a Test Match team would be formed of their descendants, capable of regaining "the Ashes" and discarding the sackcloth.

Perhaps the most practical solution of the problem has been put forward by a commercially-minded enthusiast, who has suggested that the entire Australian party should be put up for auction by Messrs. CHRISTIE. If this idea could be carried out the descriptions of the various "Lots" would undoubtedly offer unusual scope for imaginative treatment. The following is merely an outline of the sort of thing that would be required:—

Lot 1.—W. W. ARMSTRONG. This substantially-built . . . in excellent repair . . . a

commanding sight . . . as a going concern . . . will first be offered as a whole, but should no sale be effected will be divided into smaller Lots suitable for Minor Counties.

And so on, with the remaining members of the team.

A little judicious publicity would ensure brisk bidding among the connoisseurs anxious to add to their collections, and a county with cosmopolitan traditions like Middlesex could be relied on to push up the prices. Moreover, this plan would obviate all possibility of ill-feeling, as all interested parties would be in a position to obtain a bite at the cherry—at a price, the proceeds being devoted to the wiping-out of the National Debt.

My own idea is that, before being allowed to embark for Australia, each member of the team who has scored more than fifty runs in any innings or taken more than ten wickets during the tour, should be placed on parole not to play against England again during the present Peace. If I may elaborate this idea a little— [Ed.—Certainly not!]

"The ravage effects of the recent fire in the Hall Park are quickly disappearing, the recent refreshing rains helping nature to bring back the green grass and other verbiage."

Local Paper.

Note their stimulating effect upon the reporter.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The — Magazine always holds forth the motto (or wise saying)—Nil Desperandum, which in Greek means cheer up."—Irish Paper.

"Kent won by 141 urns.—Evening Paper.

What's the use of them now we've lost the Ashes?

"Wah Shing's New Laundry opens to-day." New Zealand Paper.

If there's anything in a name it ought to do well.

"Tennyson was a great seer. In 'Locksley Hall' he had seen the introduction of the railroads, as they were called at first, and he visualised 'all the wonder that would be.'"

'Heard the heavens fill with shunting . . .'" Provincial Paper.

Did he foresee also that even his line would not be immune from accident?

There was a young man whose proclivity

Impelled him towards Relativity;

But the spatial swerve

So affected his nerve

That his ultimate phase was Glenlivety.

There lived on the banks of the Lune A somewhat eccentric buffoon;

For he asked DE VERE STACPOOLE

To come down to Blackpool

And open a new brown lagoon.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

["An elderly woman, a Dundee millworker, has refused to draw unemployment pay unless the officials in the Labour Exchange accept her I.O.U. She is determined to refund the money when she gets work, as the State is so short of money."]

FOLLOWING upon the publication of this item in the daily press, on Monday morning an Assistant Secretary in the Ministry of Mines resigned his post, having just heard that Nationalisation of Mines had been finally abandoned about eighteen months ago.

About 3 p.m. on the same day a Soho restaurant-waiter dashed down Wardour Street after a departing customer, to inform him that there had been an over-charge of 1s. 2d. on his bill of 4s. 8d. The customer, who was on holiday from Aberdeen, fainted, and had to be carried into a chemist's shop.

On Tuesday morning *The Daily Mail* appeared without any reference to any *Daily Mail* Competition of any kind. The rumour that it is now to be conducted as a newspaper must be received with caution.

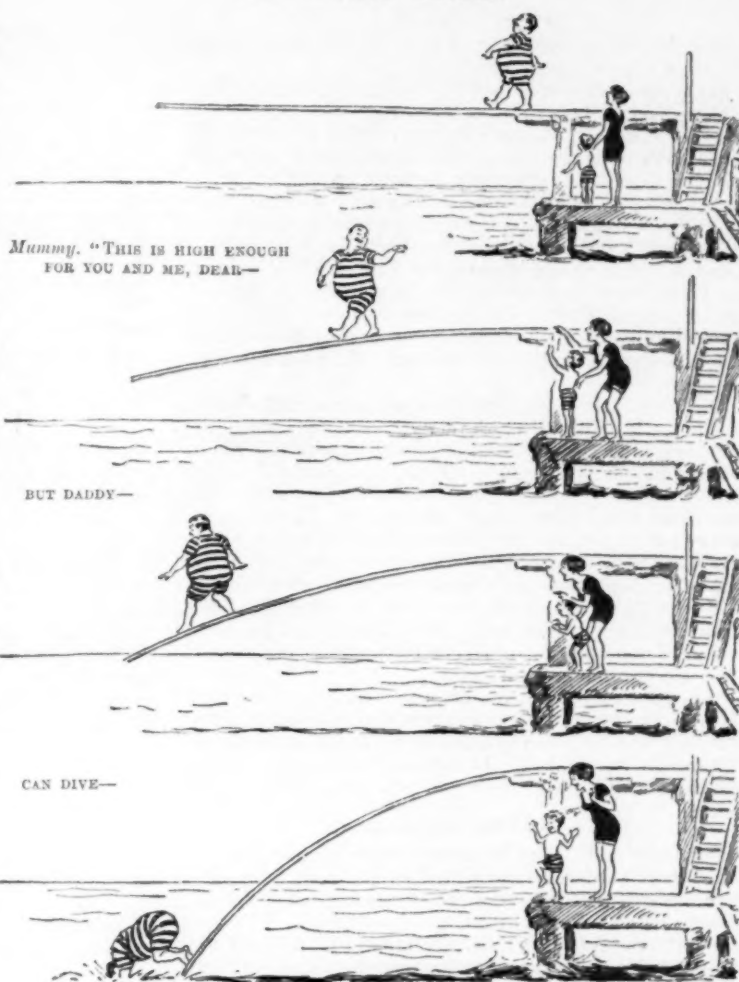
On Wednesday evening a junior clerk (female) in the Ministry of Transport intimated to the head of the Wagon-Grease and Waybill Co-ordination Department, that unless she could get something to occupy her time between 10 and 3.30, she would chuck her job. She did not think it right that the State should pay her £3 12s. 6d. per week for making afternoon-ten for five people, especially when two supernumerary charwomen who were getting anxious about the Economy Committee insisted now on doing her washing up. Her case has been remitted to the Welfare Superintendent for report.

On Thursday forenoon a professional cricketer admitted to the wicket-keeper that he was out l.b.w., and insisted on shaking hands with the umpire and congratulating him upon his impartiality, accuracy of observation and promptitude of decision, before retiring to the pavilion.

On Thursday afternoon an eminent Harley Street physician told a highly-remunerative patient, suffering from recurrent ergophobic neurosis, that if she would do some light housework every forenoon, take some outdoor exercise daily, eat less, and think occasionally of other people's troubles, in three weeks she would enjoy as good health as any of her domestic servants.

The most portentous of all World Tourists cabled to *The Times* on Friday that his name is not to be mentioned in that journal, "or in any other journal with which I have the honour to be associated," for the term of six months. The message concluded, "Any articles

THE SPRING BOARD.



FROM THE TIPPETY-TOP."

which I may contribute are to be headed merely 'From a Correspondent' and are to be set in minion—unless the editor thinks they are worth brevier, perhaps with a few sticks of leaded picar intro."

In a Kensington post-office on Friday evening a lady-assistant stopped talking jumpers to two other lady-assistants, as soon as she saw that there were five people waiting to buy stamps, and remarked, "So sorry to have kept you waiting." As a result, four of the people bought 3s. 6d. books of stamps instead of four twopennies and four pennies; and the fifth person sent a telegram instead of a postcard.

At Walton Heath on Saturday an 8-handicap man who was beaten, level, by a 14-handicap man by four and two, remarked, after losing the bye also,

that he had never felt fitter in his life and had played rather above his form. He added that but for his infernal luck in holing a pitch at the third, and laying a stymie at the sixth, he would certainly have been beaten by six and four.

R. K. R.

"There was a severe storm at Margate yesterday, accompanied with thunder and lightning, which cast a reflection on the whole of the sea front. No serious damage is reported."—*Provincial Paper*.

We are glad the lightning did not add injury to insult.

"Lieut. — (brother) attended the bridegroom as best man, and the Rev. — (Vicar of —) attended the bridegroom as best man." *Local Paper*.

And did they have it out in the vestry after the ceremony to settle which really was?

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—AN APOLOGY.

Now that September is here and the dark empty days are coming, I have an apology to make.

But what a summer it has been and with what cricket! Looking back on such games as I have been able to find time to see, I think that PELLEW's fielding remains as the chief of the season's pleasures; not only his advance on the ball, but the quickness of his return and the accuracy of it—CARTER never having to leave the stumps to gather it and often, in his patriarchal capacity, applauding the exactitude. TAYLOR too, how swift and true was he! Not that all our own fielding is so bad. There are HENDREN and TANNER for Middlesex, and HEDGES for Kent, and ASHTON the Cambridge Captain, and, of course, HITCH, all of whom will be running over the Elysian Fields of Memory this winter; but PELLEW, the amber-headed Australian, it is he that will be the dominating figure.

And after these what shall I longest remember? Will it be the burly figure of the Middlesex Captain, unflinching and unshakable, as he strolls negligently about the wicket between ball and ball, each of which he has probably hit for six: the massive calm of him under adversity, even while SHEPHERD and JARDINE were adding over a hundred for Surrey's third wicket? Or will it be HEARNE's almost insolent disdain as he faced the Surrey bowling, no matter whose, in that last and most wonderful match? Or MACARTNEY's joyous attack, the very antithesis of HEARNE's apparent apathy, upon every ball that comes to him? Or—but I must stop, for when one begins to recall incidents in cricket one can go on for ever.

"The apology?" you say. Oh, yes, I was forgetting that. My apology is offered to those bored people uninterested in cricket who have had to listen to my selfish conversation all through the summer. If they are half as weary of my cricket talk as I am of their golf talk I owe them amends indeed.

II.—HIS OWN PRESS AGENT.

One hears odd things in restaurants now and then. A loud-voiced red-faced man sitting at the next table, who gave no external indication of possessing very delicate taste or judgment, was extolling a dead friend. "He was one of the finest fellows that ever breathed," I heard him say—and this without any undue eavesdropping. "High-minded, open-handed; in fact, one of the best." There was a pause while he took another mouthful. "We were just like brothers," he said.

III.—THE GENTLE PAST.

It was while reading, in a weekly paper, an advertisement of a Turkish bath in the home—you know the kind of swift practical description that goes with such appliances—that the recollection of an old book came hazily to mind, and, on returning to my shelves, I sought and found it: *The Jewel House of Art and Nature*, by Sir HUGH PLAT, of Lincoln's Inn, Knight: "Printed by ELIZABETH ALSOP, and are to be sold at her house in Grub Street, near the Upper Pump, 1653." For in this book, though of so venerable a date, are instructions for a Turkish bath in the home so soft and suave in their phrasing as almost to be poetry. Sir HUGH was a very knowledgeable fellow, anxious that all the world should share the benefit of his devices, which range from hints on brewing (without hops), the discovering when the moon is full by means of a glass of salt water, and the fertilisation of every kind of soil, to "a perspective ring that will discover all the cards that are near him that wear it on his finger"—a very dangerous and questionable possession for a Bridge fiend. This is how Sir HUGH

lets his readers into the secret of Turkish bathing at home:—

"A DELICATE STOVE TO SWEAT IN.

Put into a brass pot of some bigness such proportion of sweet herbs, and of such kind, as shall be most appropriate for your infirmity, with some reasonable quantity of water. Close the same with an apt cover and well luted with some paste made of flour and whites of eggs. At some part of the cover you must let in a leaden pipe, the entrance whereof must also be well luted. . . . Now the steam of the pot passing through the pipe under the false bottom of the bathing tub, which must be bored full of big holes, will breathe so sweet and warm a vapour upon your body that (receiving air by holding your head without the tub as you sit therein) you shall sweat most temperately and continue the same a long time without fainting. And this is performed with a small fire of charcoal maintained under the pot for this purpose."

All that is very pretty and kindly, is it not? But Sir HUGH becomes even more solicitous at the close. In these cooing terms does he warn his readers against draughts:—

"Note that the room would be close wherein you place the bathing tub, lest any sudden cold should attend you whilst your body is made open and porous to the air."

IV.—THE UNDECEIVABLE.

From a letter: "My sister Adela has had a little niece staying with her, and she tells me that, peeping into her bedroom with Dermot after dinner the other evening, she found her sitting up in her cot wide awake. Summer-time closing, you know, has cut into children's sleep quite a lot.

"Why aren't you asleep?" she asked.

"I can't go to sleep until God's darkness comes," was the reply.

Adela went over and drew the curtains.

"Now you'll be all right," said Dermot in his final masterful way.

"No, I shan't," said the child. "That isn't God's darkness; that's Aunt Adela's darkness." E. V. L.

THE GOSSIP.

[The lark is represented in ancient mythology as the Gossip of Heaven.]

You made a face at Nanny, and you said you didn't care, But you didn't know a lark was listening just behind your chair;

The lark goes up to Heaven with the scandal of the town, He hears the angels talking and he brings their gossip down.

How shocked he was!—I saw him; he went winging through the blue

Like a little brown-clad postman, and he'll tell them all of you,

And when they hear his story they will shake their heads and say:

"There's a little boy in London who's been very bad to-day."

And they'll tell the Silver Fairies that they mustn't come and call

At your window in the gloaming when the purple shadows fall,

So I don't suppose you'll ever find the Land where Dreams Come True,

For when they know how bad you are there won't be room for you.

It's no use being sorry, 'cause the lark's gone out of sight, 'Twill be time enough to whimper when you're all alone to-night;

By now he's reached the gateway and he's flying up the stair,

And he's going to tell the angels that you said you *didn't* care.



American Visitor (steeped in *SHELLEY*). "SAY, OFFICER, WHICH BUS DO I TAKE TO GO AN' HEAR AN ENGLISH SKYLARK?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT would not be enough to say that *Joanna Godden* (CASSELL) is the central figure of Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH's new novel. Miss KAYE-SMITH tells the story of her loves and struggles, but *Joanna* dominates the book with a completeness which even first-person-singular heroines seldom achieve. If you have never met a woman of her type—not at its extreme a common one—you will probably find fault with this picture of a woman at once strong and weak, boastful and timid, shrewd and childish, prudish and passionate. If you have known a *Joanna* you will hail this faithful and unshrinking portrait as a rare achievement. The only moment when to me *Joanna* seems, even by a hair's-breadth, untrue to type is when she renounces marriage with her "late love" because she feels that the petty meanness of his disposition would press more hardly on their child than any shame of illegitimacy. This seems to me too subtle for a *Joanna*. She might have felt it, but I doubt that the feeling would have conquered her ingrained faith in the proprieties. *Joanna's* farm, in the marsh country round Rye, plays a large part in the story of her loves: her first love for *Martin*, a man of feeling and education who made love a burning shining light in her life, her late love for *Bert*, whose faint physical likeness to *Martin* endowed him to her fancy with some of his qualities. We leave her looking steadfastly into a future in which she is to become the mother of *Bert's* child, with only her lion-hearted courage to sustain her, yet for the first time deeply

and truly in tune with life. Miss KAYE-SMITH has arrived at such a degree of fame that a new book of hers must be reported upon in comparison with its forerunners. I find *Joanna Godden*, for all its strength and beauty and warm life, a little lacking in that pungent individuality we have learned to associate with its writer's name. Perhaps it is that I have read too many novels about the woman who believes that she has found her happiness in unmarried motherhood, and even Miss KAYE-SMITH couldn't quite make the subject seem fresh for me.

If you are in search of a novel of thrills and adventure I suggest that you should sample *A Strange Delilah* (MURRAY) by "B. B." No more horrible couple than *Sir Simon* and his noisome wife have come my way for a long time, and if occasionally I found myself wondering whether any human beings could be quite so brutal, I was continually anxious that they should pay for their crimes. *Sir Simon*, after a life of iniquity, and knowing that some of his dupes were tracking him, had fortified himself in an old castle in Scotland. Into this fortress a young man masquerading as a girl managed to penetrate, and with his arrival on the scene things began fast and furiously to happen. "B. B." has a gift for writing of offensive people in an inoffensive way, and during the holiday season I can imagine that his book will often provide an excellent excuse for not taking exercise.

The newly-published war record of any individual unit naturally seems to the reader whom it does not personally concern very similar to several others that have gone before.

So many actions were fought, so many casualties suffered, and in the end, after a sufficient allowance of victory and retreat, mud, barrages, thirst, flies, G.H.Q. and other annoyances, there came the Armistice. Each sectional history has to deal with very nearly the same subjects and, since there was no lack in the B.E.F. of officers who could write as well as fight, they are all at least readably put together. Certainly the one entitled *The Fifth Division in the Great War* (NISBET), for which Brigadier-General A. H. HUSSEY and Major D. S. INMAN are jointly responsible, is no exception in this respect, and, seeing that this renowned corps fought, and fought hard, from Mons right through battle after battle very nearly back to Mons again, with only a short holiday on the Italian Front as respite, the narrative does not lack vigorous occasion. As a book for the world at large that is all there is about it; but one cannot pass by without noticing what an admirable record it forms for those most closely involved, or without expressing satisfaction that its compilation should have been undertaken. The *esprit de corps* that stood *The Fifth Division* in good stead at "Hill 60," Forêt de Nieppe and a score of other perilous fights, is a national asset, and towards its continued maintenance this volume is an essential contribution.

I fancy we may congratulate ourselves and Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT in that he still remains, after many years of steady and artistic endeavour, one of our less popular novelists. It means, in effect, that he still writes rather to please himself than the public, producing these novels that are less stories than careful analyses of character. Indeed he reminds me sometimes of a keen and spectacled entomologist, chiefly anxious to add a few more rare specimens to his collection of human curiosities. For he prefers his characters to be strange, complex, elusive. It is easy to imagine his mild triumph (in which we all participate) when he gets his net fairly over *Hugh Sadler*, or *George Penkevil*, or *General Dunster*, and transfers the new capture safely and all but undamaged to his bottle. For they are all cranks, these worthy gentlemen; there is a screw loose in each of them—not badly loose, but just enough to make them interesting studies to the naturalist. And how cleverly Mr. MARRIOTT dissects his specimens. Too cleverly, perhaps, for the plain man. Even the title of *The Grave Impertinence* (HUTCHINSON) is elusive. ABRAHAM COWLEY wrote of "Business, the Grave Impertinence," but is it not rather far-fetched to take the title of a business novel from that single line? The plain man wants a title whose meaning jumps to the eyes, and characters whose action he can understand; and he finds neither. This *George Penkevil*, what hinders him from remaining a shareholder in the Light Metal Syndicate as well as making a model village of Hinton Causeway? Nothing but an absurdly swollen conscience. Nor is it absolutely certain what the two young ladies are after, or precisely what moral (if any) Mr. MARRIOTT is trying to point. But the book is excellent reading for those who like to use their brains.



Unlucky Punter (who has sheltered in the Museum from the rain). "Yus, I BET IF YOU ONLY LIKED YOU COULD PUT ME ON TO THE WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER AS EASY AS KISS ME 'AND!'"

In *Trial by Ordeal* (LANE) Mr. EVAN MORGAN would, I am sure, have spared himself a somewhat exclusive indebtedness to theosophy and the *demi-monde* had he realised how many of his contemporaries were reading up Mrs. ANNIE BESANT and Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE and combining their knowledge. As it is we encounter—hardly for the first time—*Charles Tancred*, a spiritualist "tinged with early Christian mysticism," and endowed with a small competence and a large cottage; Miss "Erkie" Blond, "a famous Society beauty," and Miss Pamela Coombe, her slightly mitigated companion; a decorated and mainly decorative Army captain; a broken-down car, and a night's hospitality which results in a note beginning "My very dear host" from the more ingenuous of the two ladies. The rest you can guess. I need only add that neither the river (Oxford) nor the studio (Chelsea and Poole Harbour) are wanting, and that a modish preoccupation with their astral bodies by no means prevents any of the characters (with the honourable exception of *Tancred's* old tutor) from giving every possible and impossible indulgence to their terrestrial ones. Yet Mr. MORGAN's work is not without quality; and

I should like to refer him back to "the days of 'our good Queen,'" as he—I'm afraid ironically—calls them, when next his very commendable artistic modesty is in search of models. He need not even drop the BESANT. It would be quite enough to substitute WALTER for ANNIE.

Let it be assumed that you are a maiden lady of a certain age and standing in local (Scottish) society. Your two servants have delivered an ultimatum demanding higher wages: the family lawyer explains that your expenditure is exceeding your income, and that your numerous charities must be curtailed. On the top of this comes a letter from an unamiable madman whom you had incautiously assisted to save when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed. What is to be done? I hardly expect you to guess it in one. Probably the solution would not even have occurred to *Miss Julia Glenferlie*, of the Skellicks, had not her own mother been (before marriage) the late laird's housekeeper, and a very good housekeeper at that. You see, she has the early training and the very clothes waiting—had they not been carefully preserved in memory of her mother's happiest days?—and to-day's *Scotsman* happens to have a distraught doctor's wife advertising for a cook-housekeeper. Besides, *Mr. Macfarlane*, the madman aforesaid, was following close on the heels of his letter. So *Miss Glenferlie* turns herself into *Jane Wintergreen* (her mother's maiden name) on the spot, and takes the first train to Cauldstanes and adventure. She finds both. In fact, I am bound to say that she finds a good deal to be done that might reasonably be considered by some amateur housekeepers as rather outside their province. But Mrs. LAING has to make a novel out of her idea, and *Wintergreen* (HODDER) does credit to her powers of contrivance as well as to her sense of character. But I doubt whether even in Scotland—the land of cakes and common-sense—we should find many *Wintergreens*.

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumour that custard pies were to be rationed during the visit of Mr CHARLES CHAPLIN to this country has proved to be without foundation.

A theatre manager announces a revival of *The Sins of David*. But surely it is time the Independent Liberals decided to let bygones be bygones.

"Mr. 'PUSSYFOOT' JOHNSON has left our shores with the knowledge that his more-water campaign has been a failure," asserts an evening paper. If it is any consolation to him we might mention that both our milkman and our brewer have been converted.

Three Russian ex-Generals, says a news item, have been engaged as grape-pickers in a French vineyard. It is now suggested that some of our own superfluous Generals should be sent hopping.

It is said that the cost of commodities in Russia will come down after the present crisis is passed. Already it is said that roubles are sixpence a ton cheaper.

"Touch the Government," says a morning paper leader headline. How we wish we could.

Mr. GOMPERS, President of the American Federation of Labour, claims that every working-man should have his own Ford car, and also ice-cream for lunch. Maybe he is right about the car, but surely ice-cream for lunch is an extravagance.

By the way, Mr. HENRY FORD, says a New York message, is rapidly becoming the richest man in the world. We have felt for some time that he had some motive for making those cars and that he was not doing it for love.

A new public telephone exchange, named Grosvenor, was opened in London last week. Just as we were hoping that the crime wave was on the wane.

There is one consoling thought about the returns of the REGISTRAR-GENERAL, and that is that the marriages still keep slightly ahead of the divorces.

A Cosham policeman has been bitten by a dog. The defence of the owner, that it mistook the officer for a nice ripe young postman, was not accepted.

We are pleased to announce that DAVID LLOYD CLEMENCEAU REXWORTHY has been born at Shoreditch.

"My husband has been trying to strangle me for twenty years," said a woman at Willesden Police Court. It is this dogged perseverance that has made us what we are.

A mechanic was arrested recently in London for masquerading as an English Lord. We understand that the fact

that the University will be allowed the use of its present quarters until it can be accommodated elsewhere.

M. PADEREWSKI is said to be amusing himself in his new home in California by practising card tricks. As he can also play the piano he should be the life and soul of many an evening party.

A small boy caught stealing umbrellas inside the Stock Exchange was let off with a caution. We suppose most of the members realised that they themselves had to start in a small way.

With reference to the alleged truthful

angler who said that he had caught a fish so small that, if it had been two inches longer, it could have got a job as a sardine, the feeling among real anglers is that the fellow is an impostor.

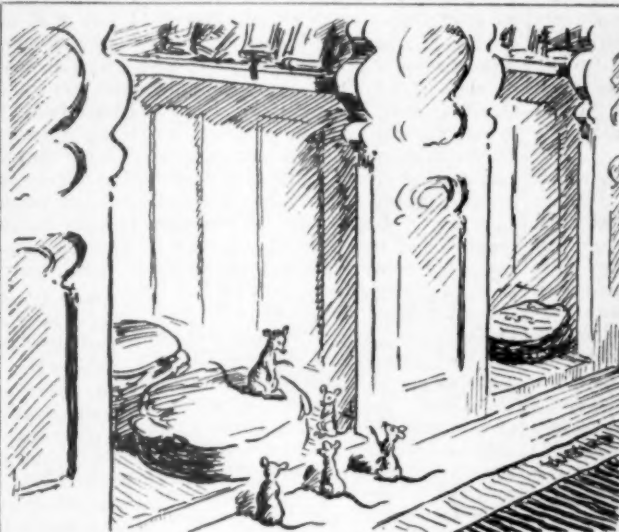
A Lambeth man has been fined two pounds for stealing a pair of policeman's boots. We can only suppose that he managed to get them away in a furniture van.

Boys are now returning to school and what fruit remains will soon ripen.

"The old saying, 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage,'" writes Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY in his manifesto from Brixton Gaol, "resounds in the ears of us all." This is accounted for by the fact that, according to the Press, an interested spectator of Mr. LANSBURY's arrest was his parrot.

At the World Poultry Congress at the Hague many exhibits were sent by reigning Sovereigns. It is rumoured that a certain Sovereign who no longer reigns, but is apparently not without hopes of being mischievous again, made an unsuccessful attempt to enter an eagle disguised as a Buff Orpington.

"An epidemic of colds is raging at several of our fashionable seaside resorts, the ladies being the chief sufferers," states an evening paper. We regret we have no sympathy with those ladies who court chills by suddenly changing from bathing costumes into their evening gowns.



Mama Churchmouse (finishing a fairy tale). "EVERYBODY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARDS, AND THE HANDSOME PRINCE MARRIED THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS."

Gladys Churchmouse. "AND OH, MAMA, THEY THREW RICE AT THE WEDDING, DIDN'T THEY? THEY DIDN'T THROW CONFETTI, DID THEY?"

Mama Churchmouse. "IT WAS A VERY GRAND WEDDING. THEY THREW CHEESE."

that he pronounced his name exactly as it was spelt aroused the suspicions that led to his undoing.

A French ex-soldier recently made an unprovoked attack on an old lady in one of the main streets of Paris. It is supposed that he was under the impression that he had at last discovered the person responsible for the knitting of the vest he had to wear during the War.

According to a news item a female fly lays ten thousand eggs. Thank goodness a female fly does not cackle.

Sir ERIC GEDDES, we note, has been elected President of the Cam Hockey Club, Cambridge. We trust, however,

LORD THANET IN AUSTRALIA.

REAWAKENING OF THE ANTIPODES.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

SYDNEY, September 7th.

THE sirens were more in evidence to-day than at any time since the days of HOMER as LORD THANET, the modern Ulysses, came up the harbour in a magnificent hydroplane, kindly placed at his disposal by the proprietors of the semi-sultanic establishment where he is taking up his quarters during his historic stay. At all points the scene begged description. No such reception has ever been accorded to any mortal man in this hemisphere, whether it be computed in square yards of bunting or concentrated red corpuscular cordiality. In all the annals of adoration there is nothing comparable to the exuberance of enthusiasm with which this majestic visitor has been greeted by the warm-hearted sons of the Commonwealth.

Landing at Fort Macquarie, which had been thoughtfully and happily renamed Fort Carmel for the occasion, LORD THANET held a hurried informal reception, at which the GOVERNOR-GENERAL was presented to him, and then drove off in a glass coach, drawn by ten cream-coloured kangaroos, to the Hydrobad Hotel, where he was received by the NIZAM and interviewed by representatives of all the leading newspapers, both white and aboriginal. A certain amount of divergence is noticeable in the impressions of the different interviewers. One compares him to NAPOLEON in his golden prime; another to Apollo; a third to the *Moses* of MICHAEL ANGELO, and a fourth to the Admirable Crichton. But they all agree in emphasizing his astonishing superiority to these forerunners.

Thus it is pointed out by one scribe that NAPOLEON never played golf; that MOSES was innocent of the art of tarpon-fishing; that Apollo did not possess a gramophone, while the Admirable Crichton was never the proprietor of a daily newspaper. All the accounts agree in marvelling at his modesty and self-effacement. As one of them said in a happy phrase, "Here you have the Saviour of the Empire, a hero who might be expected to breathe to the sound of trumpets; yet he comes among us without stars or stripes or Garters, in a simple though faultlessly cut lounge suit." Others dilate on his marble brow, his massive yet sympathetic chin, his august and opulent occiput, the Olympian contours of his princely proboscis and the lambent lightning of his aquiline optics.

But, remarkable and welcome as these impressions are as an evidence of

the eloquence and discrimination of Antipodean journalism, they sink into insignificance by the side of Lord Thanet's own voluptuously vivid conversation. He frankly disavowed any intention of removing the Southern Cross. "Nature," he finely said, "has done her best to give me a perfect welcome, mankind has nobly supplemented her efforts, and I am duly gratified by the results of this collaboration." He was much pleased by the highly creditable imitation of the cliffs of Dover presented by those of the coast of New South Wales, and the approaches to Sydney reminded him agreeably of Margate. It was not his intention, he added, to write a book. The writing of books was too often the refuge of pompous and pretentious peers of the old *régime*. "I have come to Australia not to ply the pen, but to see the sights. I want to see your Botanic Gardens, your Botany Bay. I want to ride the elusive emu, to box with a kangaroo, to spear the winsome wombat, to climb your gigantic gum-trees—in other words, to be a boy amongst your boys. I also want to see your theatres and race-courses. Have you a good museum? Have you the wooden shoes of your gardener's uncle?"

Lord Thanet, who seems to be positively bubbling over with high spirits, is going off to-morrow to practise throwing the boomerang with a party of aborigines. A battue of bandicoots is arranged for the following morning, and in the afternoon he has kindly consented to receive a deputation of "hatters from the bush." Intense excitement has been caused by the rumour that he intends to take up his residence permanently in Australia, and the competition between the various States for the honour of securing him as a resident has created something like a crisis on the Stock Exchange. *The Sydney Bulletin* in a striking article entreats all Australians, as the Roman Senate besought NERO on hearing of the assassination of his mother, AGRIPPINA, "to endure their felicity with fortitude."

"CONSTABLE ATTACKED WITH A POKER.
CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS SCENE."

Provincial Paper.

Since the Harlequinade has been dropped from the pantomime it is gratifying to learn that it is being revived in the circus.

"BLACKBERRIES.—Why is 9d. charged for a pound of blackberries? Many fruit merchants send children out to the blackberry districts. 'There is apparently a gross overcharge, on the face of it,' said a fruiterer with no blackberries on sale."—*Daily Paper.*

Personally we should avoid these orthographical difficulties by saying "brambles."

SINCERE THANKS.

I HAVE written, of course, to thank my hostess. But is it fair thus to limit my acknowledgments? After due consideration I have come to the conclusion that I cannot settle down with an easy mind to my winter's work until I have posted the following letters also:—

DEAR SAM,—On my return to London it must be one of my first duties to send you a line of thanks for the delightful holiday I have spent at Creamcombe. Your expert and amiable companionship added much to the pleasure of my visit to "The Pilchards." The seven-pounder which, thanks to your counsel, I was able to land on the morning before I left gave me one of the supremely happy moments of my life.

By the way, I think you mentioned that you could do with an old jacket. I have found what I hope is exactly the thing you want, and I am sending it. I hope that Mrs. Biggins is well and that Sandy is none the worse for the gunshot wounds which I had the misfortune to inflict upon him. Again with my best thanks,

Yours truly, ANDROCLES BROWN.

DEAR COOK,—I hasten to send this brief note of thanks for the good time I had at "The Pilchards." Of all my holidays this has been the one I have been most reluctant to relinquish—thanks chiefly to your contributions to its pleasure. I shall never forget the kidney soup on the 28th ult., while the *pêche Meiba* on the following night was, allow me to say, a triumph. It must surely be the principal reward of your life's work that you are able by your genius to give daily delight of such intensity.

May I express the hope that you have not again been troubled with an attack of the spasms? The work you have been called to is too valuable to be interrupted for a single day, and I sincerely trust that you are now fully restored to health. With renewed thanks, I am,

Yours truly,
ANDROCLES BROWN.

An Altruist.

"—Town Council has decided to prohibit smoking in the borough cemetery. Councillor —, a Quaker and non-smoker, said he would not object to smoking when his bones lay smouldering in the grave."—*Evening Paper.*

Notice at country railway-station:—

"Passengers accompanied by luggage can now be collected or delivered by the Railway Company's teams within the carting area at the following charges:—

Under 56 lbs. . . . 6d. per package.
57 lbs.—112 lbs. . . . 9d. per package."

But for a short distance Sir ERIC would still find it cheaper to take a taxi.



SOMEONE HAS PLUNDERED.

CONSUMER. "WHOLESALE PRICES HAVE COME DOWN. WHY HAVEN'T YOURS?"

MIDDLEMAN. "THAT'S MY DEAF EAR."



First Lady (in village shop). "Would you mind if I made my small purchase first? We have a horse outside and he won't keep quiet."

Second Lady. "Certainly; but you won't be very long, will you? I have a husband outside and he's rather restive too."

THE IRISH QUESTION.

"Good morning, Ma'am. I just let fall the great bread-knife, Ma'am. A man will call to-day. He'll likely be a fair-haired man, as Ailie read one in me cup yesterday."

We had engaged Maureen, somewhat against our judgment, owing to her perfect manners. We differed in politics; but she at once developed an attachment to us and our interests and, even when unsuitable happenings occurred, showed us gently and clearly that it was best for us and best for her that she should remain with us. Her sister Ailie, a girl of attractive grace, took sewing work in the City. They were orphans and refugees. Their house had been burnt. They described themselves as "the annacent suffering for the guilty."

One of our difficulties with regard to this ardent patriot was that we corresponded regularly with a young soldier—a faithful friend all through the War, and homeless—then posted in the West of Ireland, but awaiting final demobilisation. Letters may be put away, but postmarks cannot be hidden from an early and eagle eye. We were in

the position of being friends with the enemy.

Maureen's private ambition was to be a detective, and she certainly, without word passed, knew all our affairs and balanced up the detective work by devotion to the household.

We had, the day previous to the fall of the large knife, received word that our young soldier, now set free, would call as soon as possible.

"I thought that," said Maureen.

He did call—a tall Highlander with fair curly hair.

He was regaled sumptuously at tea with startling dainties produced by Maureen's own hands.

After tea Donald walked through our garden to look it over—for he is a gardener—as he always did on a visit, and found Maureen knitting on the green, where, to be fair, she always did sit.

Later Maureen informed me:—

"I told Mr. Donald, Ma'am, how I didn't like soldiers. 'What's wrong with me?' he says; 'I'm not in soldier's clothes.' I up and told him I was a Raypooblican. 'A Raypooblican,' says he; 'what's a Raypooblic going to better you nor me? What'll a Raypooblic do for the likes of us?' he says."

"Did he, Maureen?" I said in trepidation. "You know there's a truce on."

"Well"—slowly—"I'm thinking what *wud* it better him nor me."

Reappearing round the door: "He's asked me to take a walk with him, Ma'am; but I've not said 'Yes.' And did I tell ye, Ma'am, that Ailie is walking out with the young polisman, Mr. Carfox, that showed us the way from the boats? He's struck on her. He says he wouldn't take a gerl from here, not if one was sitting on a twig waiting for him. But there—life's all quare, right through. Sure he's a rale respectable young man, and I hope she'll take him. Is it aggs for breakfast in the morning, Ma'am?"

Maureen walking out with a soldier and Ailie with a policeman—our Irish Question was staggering. My Saxon intelligence was humbled.

"Eggs," I said, "please, Maureen."

From a prospectus of the Welsh National Exhibition:—

"The expression 'Etc.' and any other general term is to be disregarded and treated as a nudity."

All they want are the bare facts.

A CAUTIONARY TALE.

WE keep four hens on the semi-intensive system. They have got a disease which is accurately, but not euphoniously, called scaly-leg. Poultry experts can tell you many remedies for this unpleasant trouble, and after much thought we adopted the one that seemed to have the most solid phalanx of competent opinion behind it. For one thing it was so simple, for another we were led to believe that it left no evil effects behind it.

You had to get a jar half-full of paraffin, and quietly—or as quietly as the scaly-ones would permit—to dip the affected legs in the jar. You then anointed the perches with oil, as if they were Kings of Israel, and the deed was done. Well, we did these things, and did them with a lavishness unequalled in the history of semi-intensive poultry-farmers.

Our four hens are called Mary Pickford, Mary Bickford, Mary Carmichael and Me, and they submitted to the treatment without any violent display of misgiving. When night had fallen we anointed their legs and their perches; then we left the patients to enjoy their release from suffering, and congratulated ourselves on a good deed well done.

I call the Marys and Me at 7.30 A.M., but on the morning following this night of paraffin not one of them was on her anointed perch. Mary Pickford, looking anything but beautiful, was huddled in a corner, apparently engaged in a sorrowful effort to get her legs as far away as possible from her organ of smell. Mary Bickford with obvious difficulty lifted a reproachful eye in my direction and then concentrated the whole of her attention upon the floor. Mary Carmichael and Me, in another corner, were, with all the intense earnestness of those who have drunk not wisely but too well, indomitably intent upon propping each other up.

I offered food and the opportunity to take the open air; my offers were rejected not exactly with scorn but with an indifference equally final. Corn had no meaning for them. Their scaly-legs may have been a minim less scaly, but they were feeling too debauched to be grateful.

We have been told since that it is a mistake to do anything semi-intensively. But there were no half-measures about our paraffin treatment. And its effect, otherwise deplorable, has led to a negative discovery which should be of great interest to poultry amateurs who desire to check any tendency in their hens to lay eggs. Prior to our night attack the Marys and Me had laid regularly. They have not laid since.



Sympathetic Lady. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR HAND, MY LITTLE MAN?"
Boy. "SAWED THE TOP O' MY FINGER OFF."
Sympathetic Lady. "DEAR, DEAR! HOW DID YOU DO THAT?"
Boy. "SAWRING."

A Halting Compliment.

"Your letters," President Wilson wrote to the Ambassador, "are a limp to my feet."
Evening Paper.

"A Boring Engineer, shortly returning from strenuous work abroad, desires a rest, with homely people."—*Local Paper.*
 And we guess the homely people will soon want a rest from his boring stories.

"It is thought in America that [boxing] champions should be required to defend their tiles at least every six months."
Evening Paper.

The latest Queensberry rule, of course, is that hats must be retained during the contest.

From an article on "The Poacher's Moon":—

"Noiselessly he slips from tree to tree, keeping the full orb of the moon between himself and the trees into which he is peering."
Daily Paper.

It is very difficult to do this with the ordinary or Astronomer's Moon.

From a local guide-book:—

"As a Holiday Resort Hythe possesses many advantages, amongst which may be mentioned its comparative quietude as against its modern neighbour, Folkestone, its close proximity to which brings the more noisome pleasures of that town within easy reach should a yearning for same be experienced."

We await Folkestone's retort.

THE ARRIVAL OF CHARLES.

WHEN about to sail for England, which he has not seen during the nine years which have built up his renown, CHARLIE CHAPLIN is reported to have said that he needed a rest and also that he intends to film a play in English scenery, with "not so much of the custard pies" about it. I have tried to put these aspirations into verse in the way in which Sir HENRY NEWBOLT might, or might possibly not, have celebrated them. This has been exceedingly difficult, and I must ask you to attend most carefully, please. Any little inaccuracies about the port of disembarkation or the method of landing must be excused for the sake of the poetry:—

Laden with spoil of the screen, girt round with the magic of the movies,

In comic coat and comic trousers dressed,
Wearing the boots that are loved throughout the length and breadth of England,

CHARLES CHAPLIN came a-swooping from the West.

Tired was his heart with the making of a multitude of pictures
When now the laughing cliffs began to show

Faint, and the Lizard bellowed loudly on the far dim blue horizon,

"Say, CHAPLIN, art tha sleepin' down below?"

There lay the land of his youth, the long-lost country of his boyhood,

Whence hope of glory plucked him by the heel,
Hurled him with conquering cane to Los Angeles, city of the gold dust,

The roaring Eldorado of the reel.

Featured him star above stars, with a nimbus of fame never dying,

A fame that comes not to the fair nor fat;
Now he was gazing on England, his own land, and, touching his moustaches,

He slightly lifted and turned round his hat.

Oh to have calm for a while from the sudden commotion on the side-walk

And butting into men of monstrous size,
Respite from falling in dough and from fighting with humorous policemen,

And peace from ever flinging custard-pies!

Oh for the Old Kent Road and a drink at the "Elephant and Castle,"

Where only raucous "Specials" rouse the noon,
Kennington, Camberwell—softly he went through the titles of the suburbs—

And Poplar underneath the rising moon!

Oh for a ride on a tram or the Underground Railway at rush hour,

To hear the clanging lift receive its load,
Gallopers bursting the gates, the roar and the rattle of the Tube train

Passing Gillespie Road, Gillespie Road!

Here let me linger a while till I throb with the fury of creation
And film a comic play undreamt before,

Funny, but breathing a sense of the infinite funniness of England,

Without the dough-tank and the pea-nut store.

So he was silently thinking when now, as the ship drew into harbour,

He heard the shouting mobs that roared his name,
Tumbled and tripped and buried a farewell tomato at the First Mate,

Over the gangway CHARLIE CHAPLIN came. EVOE.

QUICK CHANGES

(For the Better).

IF there is even a modicum of truth in the claims made for the latest invention a very fair substitute for the old-fashioned miracle-worker should soon be on the market.

To be concise, a gentleman named SAMOILOFF (Smiths or Joneses never think of these clever things!) has perfected a stage-lighting device which, it is thought, will revolutionise stagecraft. The following are a few of the wonders it performs, once or twice nightly as required:—

"Changes a negro into a white man.

Converts a table piled with books into a mossy bank.

Transforms dresses and scenes in colour, pattern and shape.

Abolishes all stage waits."

The above are, of course, only a few of the things it can do. In all probability it is equal to much more exacting metamorphoses. It may even be capable of making a "boo" sound like a cheer to Mr. BOURCHIER, or of throwing an Aberdonian into a paroxysm of mirth at the more exotic jests of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY. But why should Mr. SAMOILOFF's inventive genius be confined to the stage? There are other walks of life equally in need of his miracles.

The political arena, for instance, offers unlimited scope for an invention of this kind. The ordinary brand of official whitewash is growing a trifle thin and an efficient substitute, which would really make things seem what they ought to be, would no doubt be warmly welcomed in Downing Street.

Before being taken into general use, however, it would have to undergo exhaustive and drastic tests. A demonstration of its ability to transform Sir ERIC GEDDES into the semblance of a stern and ruthless economist would probably be considered more than adequate proof of its powers. After that labour of Hercules it would be child's play to convert a Budget deficit into a nice fat surplus, or the limpet-hatcheries at present maintained in London's open spaces into ideal homes for heroes.

The invention might also be adapted with the view of ameliorating the hard lots of commoner clay.

Imagine the rapture of a citizen if included among his household effects was a device which would convert—

Income-tax demand notes into cheques for the repayment of overpaid income-tax.

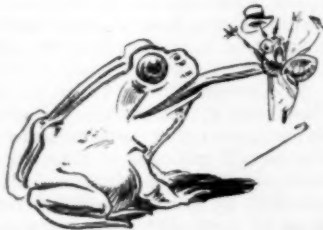
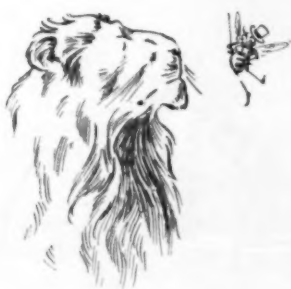
The yells of a numerous progeny playing at Red Indians into a first-class rendering of the "Hallelujah Chorus."

"Accounts Rendered" into receipts. Telegrams stating that the bread-winner is "detained at the office" into convincing statement of fact.

Obviously there is no limit to its usefulness in the home. Then there is the literary world—what marvels such an invention might perform there! How pleasant it would be to pick up a volume by any *vers librist*, pop it into the machine, and after due incubation take out a book of POETRY! It might even be equal to the task of eliminating the improbabilities from the masterpieces of Miss E. M. DELL.

To the mere journalist its value would be simply incalculable. If it only converted "rejection slips" into warm editorial letters of thanks (enclosing cheques) it would have amply justified its existence.

The more the hidden possibilities of the idea are explored the more indispensable it becomes. Mr. SAMOILOFF should get to work on the lines indicated without further delay, and as a beginning he might bring out a "Transmogriker" for journalists at a popular price.



ONCE TOO OFTEN.

THE BLUEBOTTLE PAYS A FLYING VISIT TO THE ZOO.

THE PHANTOM ANNIVERSARY.

It was a brilliant September morning. Following the noble rule of the lifeboat—women first—I was lying in bed enduring with great fortitude the half-hour's start which I usually concede to my wife in the daily struggle for existence.

About eight o'clock my Nirvana was rudely disturbed by a series of calls from the depths of domesticity below. From previous experience I have learnt that it is wise to get quietly out of bed, wait until the crescendo has reached its loudest note and then to answer gently but firmly, "Yes, dear, I am up." This reply establishes a Fund of Moral Ascendency which may be usefully drawn upon later in the day.

It was one of those mornings which revive one's faith in Nature. Faith, I determined, should be accompanied by works. Diving to the bottom of my drawer I unearthed a shirt of "livelier iris," which had been hibernating.

As I entered the dining-room my *joie de vivre* was simply overflowing. The sun was shining in at the window; the coffeesmelt delicious; my wife looked radiant. Slipping my arm round her, I kissed her "Good morning."

"How nice of you to remember, Mark! I wondered if you would."

The sun seemed to go in; the room felt stuffy; the tide of *joie de vivre* ebbed. It was evidently one of the many red-letter days of our family circle. Ah, but which one?

My mind rushed wildly through the calendar. The fifth of September. No, it wasn't Miranda's birthday, nor our wedding-day, nor the day on which we plighted our troth.

Still, I thought, it was good to know I had remembered. Hadn't I got up early? Wasn't I resplendent in a bright blue shirt? Hadn't I kissed Miranda before breakfast? I must continue the celebration. Time would no doubt disclose the *cause célèbre*.

"You see, my dear, there are some things one can never forget," I said, with an outward brightness inwardly dimmed by a consciousness that there were some things one didn't seem to be able to remember.

During the remainder of a hurried meal my chief endeavour was to keep the conversation to general topics. I had skilfully skirmished over a field of

generalities, when I scented danger in Miranda's apparently innocent question as to whether I would be home to lunch.

I got up quickly, glancing at my watch.

"Oh, yes, of course; must come home to-day;" and, seizing my hat, I dashed for the train.

Once at the office I tried to view the matter calmly. Ha, I thought, what about the Law of Association? I sought the aid of *The Business Man's Diary*, *Whitaker's Almanack* and *Old Moore*, but got no suggestions, though *Old*

theatre, or one on which honour would be satisfied by the carrying home of a basket of peaches or figs or a couple of rosebuds?

When in doubt play trumps. At the lunch table I produced an exquisite bunch of roses.

"These, my dear, are a little remembrance of an occasion which shall be nameless. I have also entered into an agreement with the lessees of the Theatre Royal that seats C 10 and 11 shall be reserved for our use this evening."

"Oh, Mark, how lovely of you! I've been dying to see 'The Maid of the Molehills.'"

The trump had won the trick. The entry of Jane with the cold joint cut short a touching Pickford-Fairbanks representation featuring Miranda and myself in the leading rôles.

During the course of the afternoon I was not able to decide whether it was the effect of the roses on Miranda or of the lunch upon myself that accounted for my peaceful frame of mind. . . .

It was in the taxi, on the homeward journey from the theatre, that the crisis came. Miranda leaned towards me.

"Mark, dear, we've had a simply gorgeous time. I know it's awful of me, but I've been trying all day to remember what it is we're celebrating, and I can't."

I gasped. "But you knew this morning."

"When?"

"When you said it was nice of me to remember."

"Oh, that was because it was washing-day and you'd remembered to put on a clean shirt. But do tell me what to-day really is?"

"No, Miranda," I said firmly,

"I won't spoil everything by telling you. You must think and think till you remember."

And I knew that for weeks to come there would be a balance to my credit in the Moral Ascendency Fund.

"10,000 Russian Roubles, Genuine 1919 issue, for 5s. 6d., post 2d.; face value, £1,040; 20,000, 10s.; 50,000, 22s. 6d.; 100,000, 4s." *Evening Paper.*

We suppose the mice got at this last little parcel.

A great Egyptologist, while he was staying in Yorkshire, was highly amazed and distressed

When his hostess confessed That she couldn't tell Philæ from Filey.



J. H. DOWD. 21.

Voice of nervous and trying patient at 3 A.M. "DOCTOR, I'VE TAKEN A DOUBLE DOSE OF MEDICINE; AM I POISONED?" Doctor. "AFRAID NOT."

Moore, it is true, laid down the general rule that no enterprises should be started on the 5th, 13th and 20th. I agreed with him about the 5th, but, having started one at breakfast-time, it was too late for me to cry off at 11 o'clock.

Association having failed, I tried Classification. There are, of course, major and minor anniversaries. It was clearly not one of the real red-letter days. Such days are always preceded by Miranda asking me to think of a number, and after she has doubled it the cheque is drawn. No, I knew it must be one of the lesser days of roseate remembrance. But it was the sub-classification that worried me. Was it the occasion for a night at the

TACT.

SOME years ago, when I was a humble member of a cadet battalion stationed at Cambridge, our O.C. Company improved one of the many shining hours by lecturing us on the subject of Mess etiquette. To illustrate the tact and hospitality of a regimental Mess he related a story which impressed us mightily, and, by stating that the incident occurred in his presence, guaranteed for us its authenticity.

It was about an old Russian General on a visit to this country. He was the guest of honour at a certain Mess, and this apparently carried with it the doubtful privilege to a foreigner of being served first with all courses. The old fellow started off badly by endeavouring to cool his soup with a large piece of ice intended for his champagne. International complications were brilliantly prevented by the C.O. placing a piece twice as large in his soup, and every member of that Mess, down to the junior of subs., following his example. Thus their guest was not shamed, and finished his dinner sweetly unconscious of any *faux pas* committed.

I repeat that this tale made a great impression until a little later when it came out that a similar incident had also occurred to another officer. He told that tale in a lecture on "Presence of Mind," only this time its subject was an Australian V.C., who, poor fellow, drank the contents of a finger-bowl. His face was saved likewise through the tact and courtesy of perfect gentlemen. Every officer and gentleman present lifted his finger-bowl and loyally drained it.

Since then Johnson, my next-door neighbour, has given me another version. He is a stockbroker and an ex-captain. It was something about horse-radish sauce and college pudding, "and believe me, old fellow, every Johnny in that Mess followed suit, led off by the Old Man."

Is it to be wondered that I have come to look on this recurring story as—well, not exactly a myth, but ranking with the Angels of Mons' class: something that, if it did not, ought to have happened?

But now, truthfully, I have learnt my lesson, for, most wonderful to relate, the following incident was enacted under my own eyes. It was Alan James who was the hero, a stout fellow of some fifteen months. I must admit he cannot walk, but it has been said by the most competent judges that at a crawl-sprint he could defeat all comers. Peter came to tea last Friday. He can give Alan James two weeks and is a confident toddler. After tea an adjourn-



Husband. "YE'RE GLAD, JEAN, WHEN I LIGHT THE FIRE FOR YE IN THE MORNING AND BRING YE UP A CUP O' TEA BEFORE YE GET UP, EH?"

Wife. "OH, AY. AA'M GLAD A' RIGHT."

Husband. "WHAT WOULD YE DAE IF I WERE TA'EN AWA'?"

Wife (promptly). "GET A WEE GAS-RING."

ment to the garden was made. Alan James contented himself by sitting in the middle of the lawn, from which vantage point he could watch his guest. Peter however sped to the tomato bed, plucked a large cluster and then trampled all over my carefully-tended marrows. For one second it must be admitted that Alan James could not disguise his horror and amazement, but, like the perfect little gentleman he is, he soon realised what was due from him. Recognising that marrows and tomatoes were beyond his possibilities, he executed a lightning crawl to the edge of the lawn and pulled up two large ivy-geraniums by their roots.

Our Pugnacious Labour-Leaders.

"Mr. J. H. Thomas usually hits a nail on the head as well as the next man."

Daily Paper.

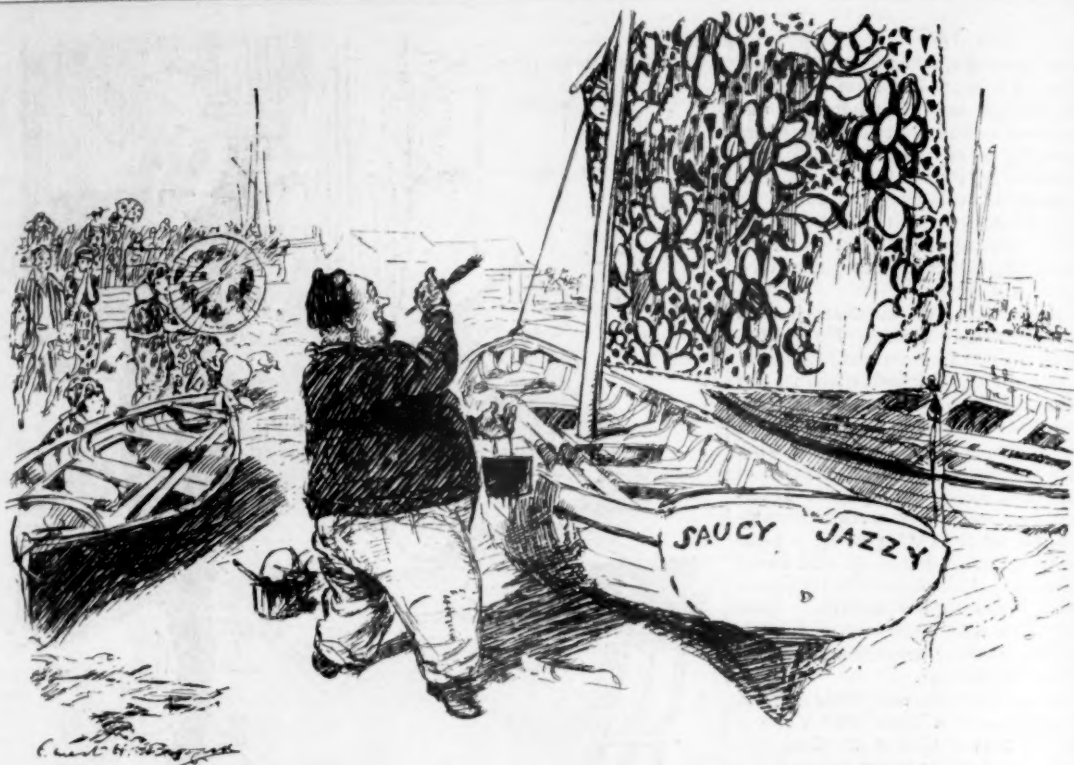
"Special harvest hymns were sung, and the choir and organist helped very materially in the musical portion of the service."

Local Paper.

An unusual phenomenon, apparently.

"The practice of the hunt, in Lakeland as on Exmoor, is to cart the stag and to liberate it for the chase."—*Daily Paper.*

Followers of the Devon and Somerset who read this libel on their sport would probably like to cart the correspondent who penned it.



DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF A DAZZLING SEASON.

CHARLIVARIA.

SEVERAL schools, including Eton, Winchester and Haileybury, have failed, up to the present, to trace any evidence that CHARLIE CHAPLIN was at one time among their pupils. Among the boys due to return to these there is much dissatisfaction, and the opinion that Kennington as a centre of education has its advantages has made great strides in the last few days.

There remains one school in Kennington which has not been mentioned hitherto in the newspapers. It has come to our knowledge that its records include an entry relating to a CHARLES CHAPLIN who was a pupil there when the film-star was twenty-six years of age. We purposely refrain from naming the school in deference to the wish of the headmaster, a man of retiring disposition, who would like the secret to be kept until after the termination of the great comedian's visit.

At a time of so much unrest among the industrial classes of this country the Government is alive to the possible consequences of disappointment in those schools not selected by CHARLIE CHAPLIN as eligible for the promised holiday. The situation will probably be met by

the proclamation of a general holiday in honour of the film-king's return.

The manager of the Kineseum is making efforts to induce CHARLIE CHAPLIN to appear at that place of entertainment with CHALIAPINE, the great Russian singer, who at the time of writing is due in this country. "CHARLIE AND CHALI" would make an excellent "top of the bill," and a programme including Russian songs by the former and knockabout business by the latter would certainly draw all London.

THE INSPIRATION.

It was essential to me to reach Bimblecombe, a matter of ten miles, but unfortunately I missed the last local train. I am not a good walker, but to hire was beyond my means and I prepared to tramp it. "It's a main road with a sight o' traffic; I'll be bound you'll get a lift," the porter said cheerily.

I started, and during the first three hundred yards I was equally confident. Cars, lorries, vans, char-à-bancs, automobiles of every description were whizzing along in the direction of Bimblecombe. "Why fag at all?" I said to myself. "Why not just sit down under the

hedge until a suitable car with a vacant seat comes along and then hail it?"

I selected a spot as free from stinging-nettles as I could find and sufficiently prominent to command a view of a long stretch of the road. Seated here I watched with eager eyes every approach of a car. If I saw that it contained accommodation for an extra person my breath came quick and short; as it came near enough for me to decipher the expression of the driver and I noted that it was genial my heart leapt tumultuously; when it was close upon me I rose, took a trembling step forward, opened my mouth and let the car flash past without making a sound or a sign to stop it.

It wasn't like stopping a horse and cart. My courage wouldn't have ebbed away before a dog-cart with the highest stepping steed, or a victoria or a landau or even a wagonette. But the thought of holding-up that lordly roaring engine, of bringing to a standstill all that rushing pomp and power, paralysed me.

For an hour I waited and saw automobiles of every description roll along to Bimblecombe, and at each one with a vacant seat I stared with hypnotic helplessness, the while my heart throbbed,



THE PROBLEM PLAY.

OUR EVER-JEUNE PREMIER (*conning his part*): "NOW HERE AM I, A WELSHMAN, LOOK YOU: AND I HAF TO COME ON IN A HIGHLAND 'SET,' AND PLAY A SCENE IN ENGLISH—ALL ABOUT IRELAND—WITH A SPANISH AMERICAN—AND LEAD UP TO A HAPPY ENDING. WELL, WELL, I HOPE IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT ON THE NIGHT!"



AMBIGUOUS.

Bride. "WILL YOU GIVE US YOUR BLESSING, GRANNY DEAR?"

Granny. "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. MAY YOU BE SPARED MANY YEARS TOGETHER."

my knees shook and my lips refused to utter a sound. One car, it is true, pulled up dead as I was in the act of making a nerveless step towards it, and the occupants were thrown forwards on their faces. From the violent expressions made use of by the driver I gathered that he thought I intended to commit suicide. I could only raise my hat and assure him to the contrary. I felt that it was impossible under the circumstances to ask a favour. Another car slackened speed at sight of me, a silver-grey luxuriously-appointed car entirely empty at the back. I was so excited that my breath forsook me entirely, and when the chauffeur leaned sideways and shouted, "Right for Bimblecombe?" I could only nod my head in response.

Then, on the opposite side of the road, there lumbered along a lorry with "W. D." painted upon its side. I followed it with my eyes until it was out of sight. Memory woke. "I was a man once," I said to myself, "I haven't always been a paralysed worm huddled under a hedge afraid to stop any miserable insignificant civilian car on the

road to Bimblecombe. By heaven! no! I have held-up staff-officers on the road to Ypres." The recollection inspired me, my knees stiffened, my mouth set in a firm determined line. A car swept into view. It was going like a hurricane. I stepped directly into its path. I shot out my left arm. "Halt!" I commanded. It obeyed on the instant. The driver went pale, the girl by his side looked on the point of swooning.

"Oh, I say, are you a plain-clothes Bobby? Don't run us in, there's a good chap. I only let her rip when the coast was clear. I wasn't drivin' to the danger."

"Thirty-five to forty," I said.

"She can't do it, not if she burst. Thirty's her limit."

The girl lifted imploring eyes to me. "Please believe him. We couldn't get to Bimblecombe under twenty minutes however much we tried."

"I will ride with you to Bimblecombe and test the truth of your statements," I said.

It was a delightful ride. They were a charming young couple and it was

pleasant to know that they had not deceived me. The speedometer did not go beyond thirty at any moment.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Punch, in the merry month of May, Suggested in his quipsome way That Mr. JOHNSON perhaps "might try To make an English summer dry." By now 'tis evident to all That Mr. JOHNSON heard the call. And thus we know, beyond a doubt, To whom is due this summer's drought.

From the minutes of a Scotch Education Authority:—

"The Committee had under consideration the arrangements for Physical Training next session, and it was agreed to recommend that they be placed temporarily in the hands of Mr. David Cowe, formerly Superintendent of Physical Training under Leith Education Authority, in consultation with Miss Bull, Assistant Superintendent of Physical Training."

Under whose care there should be a notable development in the pupils' calves.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR."

At last we have found somebody who, writing the drama of hustling incident and conventionalised character, really plays the game and unties instead of crudely cutting his knots. Mr. CHANNING POLLOCK, citizen of U.S.A., a hardened playwright and therefore old enough to know worse, has done this thing. May it be accounted to him for righteousness and may his bank balance wax fat! It will.

Ann is a typist, very pretty, very ignorant and oh! so good. Her employer's son takes her to supper at a dubious restaurant, wherein, during a police raid, a Press photographer snaps them. Don Juan Devereaux buys—and keeps—the negative, which by the way marks him blackguard unqualified, whereas the author later tries to present him as something of a good sort ruined by his philandering appetite (but let that pass).

Five years elapse. Ann has married a good man, a rich, strong, jealous ex-cowboy, "Lafe" Regan. She dare not mention the little incident or there would be no play. So that when Devereaux, now a bemedalled Captain home from the wars (and incidentally from an intrigue with the wife of a Colonel Gaunt who is after him with a gun), arrives at the Regans' house there is an awkwardness; "Lafe," who is that kind, readily suspecting the worst.

Devereaux however is hunting, not Mrs. Regan, but her step-daughter, Helen—evidently he has a touch of collectors' mania, this sportsman—and proposes dinner at his rooms, for which he has prepared a sign to be put on the door, "Not to be disturbed," whereby of course hangs a complication. As Mrs. Regan, frantic to save Helen, and "Lafe" urgent to save Gaunt from killing Devereaux, rush off to said rooms, you have your usual kettle of fish. But different cooking. You will be shocked, thrilled, impressed and not let down with the curtain. I dare, and need, say no more.

But I have just one horrible suspicion—which is that the ingenious Mr. POLLOCK is also ingenious enough to think "Lafe" Regan a hero. I hope I do him an injustice. "Lafe" is one of those primitive sentimental wooden-headed mutts (*idiom*) who can't think or argue except with fists and guns. His first wife, we are told, ran away from him. I am not surprised. Ann he thoroughly deserved to lose. Of course women lie to such an oaf. He asks for it and is not happy till he gets it; nor then.

The acting was extraordinary effective

and the production (by the author) smooth and finished. A lamp blew up prematurely over the head of the "fifteenth-century Buddha, supplied by Messrs. So and So"—the one tiny blemish. Miss GLADYS COOPER (Ann) plays sweetly the gentler passages and rises to the height of her opportunity in her "scene." Mr. GODFREY TEARLE ("Lafe") has a telephone conversation that is a little masterpiece; and throughout he is effective. Mr. LESLIE FABER (Devereaux) was quite admirable in his handling of the quarrel between the two men. The rest of the cast was



"TRAVEL ANYWHERE BY UNDERGROUND."

Neri (Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL) IN A MEDICI DUNGEON, EXPECTING A JOURNEY TO ANOTHER WORLD AT ANY MOMENT.

adequate. However it is chiefly the author's triumph. He has written a play quite first-rate of its unambitious kind, which is better than second-rate of any other. SARDOU without the Sardoodle.

"THE LOVE THIEF."

The Love Thief, out of the Italian of Signor BENELLI's flamboyantly cinquecento melodrama, was excellent in patches—patches of playing, of writing and of décor. It is indeed a stout yarn. *Giannetto*, the Florentine, poet and coward, has been tied in a sack and pitched into the Arno after being shamefully punctured with stilettos by two hectoring Pisans, Neri, a libidinous bullying giant; and *Gabriello*, his well-loved brother, tarred with the same

brushes. It is the culmination of a series of outrages, and *Giannetto*, pitting his cunning against the brothers' strength, plans a full revenge. The pivot of the plot is the adorable cat-like *Ginevra* whom Neri has openly stolen from *Giannetto* and whom *Gabriello* secretly hopes to steal from brother Neri.

Neri, the bully, full of his own conceit and his host's wine, makes a boast that he will do thus and thus to the magnificent LORENZO's white-livered Florentines. *Giannetto* craftily passes the word that the rash swashbuckler is out of his mind. He is overwhelmed and haled to a Medici dungeon—for homeopathic treatment by the Court physician.

Meanwhile *Giannetto* in Neri's cloak (in which is Neri's latchkey) consoles himself with *Ginevra*, who only discovers her embarrassing mistake next morning, when, on the loggia, she is telling the dawn how attractive her clumsy bully of a husband has suddenly become, and is duly embarrassed when the wrong man trips lightly from the bedroom. (*Non lo credo!*)

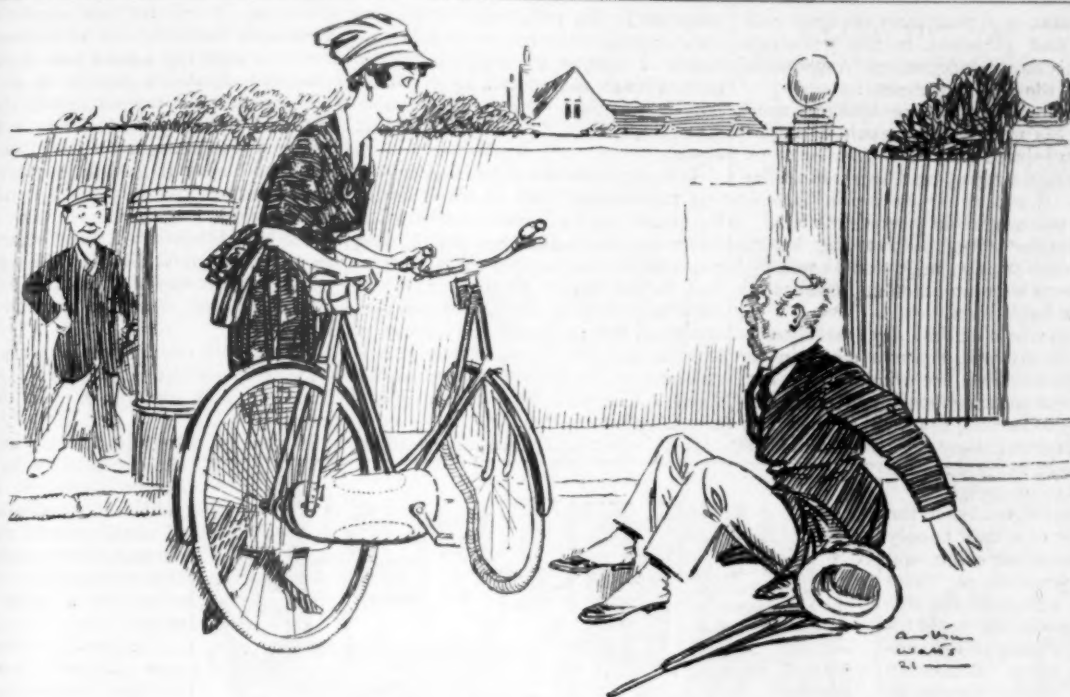
Neri, feigning real madness, is released by the not deceived *Giannetto*, whose benevolent idea is to let him find *Gabriello* in the fair *Ginevra's* arms. More business with cloaks; and Neri, coming from his dishonoured bed-chamber with dripping poniard, meets what he naturally assumes to be *Giannetto's* ghost explaining blandly the little plot, and makes his exit babbling and dribbling into the sultry night. A story after the brazen *BENVENUTO's* own heart.

But *The Love Thief* doesn't quite come off. Apart from Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL's Neri, Mr. ERNEST THESIGER's *Giannetto* and Miss CATHEEN NESBITT's *Ginevra* the playing was of the crudest, and nobody seems to have troubled to pull the thing into one key. The translation, too, occasionally sadly lacked atmosphere, avoided the *mot juste*, was halting in rhythm. The décor seemed to me derivative, the result of an effort to be in the mode rather than sincerely felt and expressed.

The story however is so good that, if a few drastic cuts be made, in the dungeon scene especially, the play ought to please the general town as it mightily pleased the first-nighters. T.

Swinburne Revised.

From dread of too much drudging,
From dearth of doles set free,
I thank, with zeal ungrudging,
The generous Powers that be—
That no man is so silly
As to put up with skilly;
That even the Weariest Willie
Finds somewhere jam for tea.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Lady Telephone Operator (who has just run into old gentleman). "SORRY YOU 'VE BEEN T-R-R-R-OURLED!"

NORTHWARD BOUND
(Once more).

Does your heart still beat with the old excitement

As you wait where the Scotch expresses are?

Does it answer still to the old indictment

Of a fond delight in the sleeping-car,
As it did when the rush through the autumn night meant

The Gate of Desire ajar?

Or has the enchanting task grown tougher,

And has that arrow beyond you flown?

For the hill that was rough enough is rougher,

The steepest climb that was ever known,

And the forest appals a veteran duffer
Sorely beaten and blown?

Oh! the years, the years, they be rusty and mothy;

Oh! the flesh it is weak that once was strong;

But the brown burn under the stone falls frothy

And the music it makes is a siren song;
Then the pony 'll take you as far as the bothy,

And that 'll help you along.

See! from the tops the mist is stealing,
Out with the stalking-glass for a spy;
Round Craig An Eran an eagle's wheeling
Black in the blue September sky.
A fig for the years! Why, youth and healing
At the end of your journey lie.

THE INDIAN COW.

A NON-CO-OPERATOR.

THE calf died last night. It came to the morning's milking no longer a pathetic little scarecrow straining at a rope, but an acquiescent plethoric effigy stuffed with straw and tipsily supported on four sticks. For a moment I felt the pang which one mother must always feel for another, be she never so bitter an enemy.

But the cow was content; the coat was the coat of Esau; she licked it fondly and gave her milk, tricked by the low cunning of a milkman—she who has worsted me so often.

The Indian cow reminds me of TENNYSON'S "flower in the crannied wall"; if I could understand what she is all in all, I might know something about India.

She is not merely an animal, quiet, cud-chewing, milk-giving. She is a woman; whimsical, yet never moved

by whim to act according to my wishes; unreasoning, yet perfectly consequent in her obstruction of my will; unreliable, yet fixed and unswerving in her determination to do nothing that is wanted of her; conservative, yet infected with non-co-operation, the latest of Indian fads—so violently infected that I doubt whether Mr. GHANDHI himself, supposing him to wish it, could persuade her to co-operate.

My acquaintance with her type—unless drinking a cow's milk can be said to constitute acquaintance—dates from the time that I first went on tour. I happened to intercept our milk supply one morning; it was carried in a bottle thrust into the waist cloth of an unclean youth; the bottle was corked with a dirty rag; the milk was half milk, and the village it purported to come from was said, quite incidentally, to have small-pox raging.

We moved camp that day; at the next halt I announced, quietly but firmly, that all milk for our use would be drawn in the compound of the travellers' bungalow.

At 6.15 next morning I awoke as usual to the sound of a soft rustling. "Thank you, ayah," I murmured, keeping my closed eyes to the dawn breeze and savouring that peculiar sense of being well-served which belongs to the

appearance of your early tea-tray, well-laid and punctual, in the wilderness exactly as at headquarters. A wonderful being the Indian servant . . .

"Memsahib, please see that cow won't give his milk." The ayah whined it on an injured note.

I opened my eyes; there was no tea-tray. I sat up. "Nonsense," I said; "let some sensible person milk her."

"Butler trying, peons trying, bungalow man trying; milk won't come."

There were no limes, so I drank rank black Indian tea.

The whole of that day, meekly subject to my will, the cow stood in the compound, and the whole of the day, at great inconvenience (one must suppose) to herself, she withheld her milk. At nightfall they took her home and brought us milk for the next morning's tea.

I was now alive to the terror of a milk supply of uncertain origin and my position as "one-who-makes-all-the-difference-in-the-world-to-a-man's-happiness-and-well-being" demanded that I should combat it. In each camp I began the struggle afresh, with the same ignominious results.

At head-quarters I reopened battle, with this slight success, that the cow consented to be milked in the compound provided the butler and not I superintended the operation. If I approached she either fell

into a trance, lost to all memories of milk-giving, or she became a fury, snorting, glaring, lashing about her with her tail, threatening, if I persisted, to uproot the tree to which she was tied.

As every cow behaved in the same way it was gradually borne in upon me that I am an object of intense dislike to Indian cows. They carry their animosity to the point of refusing to consume on my premises the extra oil-cake for which I pay. The butler made this clear to me.

"I very sorry to tell Memsahib," he said, "the cow doesn't care to take food in Memsahib's compound; the milkman is 'bliged to take the food and give it in his house. Memsahib please see if not believing."

Seeing was easier said than done; any attempt on my part to be present at the cow's meals would probably have induced convulsions. And my oil-cake, though it might serve many useful

purposes in the milkman's house, was very unlikely to be fed to my milk-cow there. I stopped the supply; but the milk, though still drawn in my compound, assumed such a disagreeably grey tinge that I hastily started it again.

With any animal but the Indian cow one might have read in these things the proof of a transaction between the butler and the milkman—some trifling arrangement concerning the quality of milk to be supplied or the quantity of oil-cake to be consumed. But this presupposed the co-operation of the cow, and to suspect that passionate non-co-operator of collusion was impossible. Besides, the men were obviously annoyed by her contumacy.

No, it was merely that life, for what-

willing to do this for the reassurance of anxious mothers; he has arrangements for carrying a good deal of water concealed about his person, to be introduced into the can unobtrusively as he milks.) The nurse stood by with a jug, ready to seize upon the precious liquid and bear it uncontaminated to the nursery. The only thing wanting was the milk.

The baby breakfasted, remonstrating, upon a patent food diluted with water.

Later in the day the milkman called with an apology, conveyed to me by the butler.

"Memsahib must please excuse; it is that cow's first child, and she is shy. Therefore she prefers to give milk privately."

It was an astounding revelation of the complexities in the bovine character. And yet the mother capable of such delicate reticences has been deceived this morning by a dead skin and a truss of straw!

For this is the same cow. I knew of no argument likely to prevail against a heifer's modesty, and in my despair applied to the Military dairy for help.

And the very day that their supply began the non-co-operator overcame her shyness; she still objects to consuming my oil-cake in my compound, but she has consented to be milked in my presence, night

and morning, ever since.

Yes, I know what you think; there was collusion; the cow was co-operating with the butler and the milkman; they, in fact, not she, were the non-co-operators. Well, supposing it to be true; if she was co-operating in non-co-operation, does that make her less a non-co-operator, or more? It is very confusing.

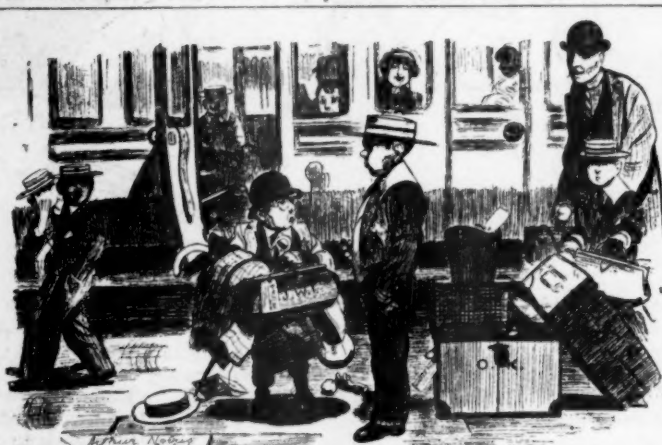
"General Sir William Pulteney is Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to the House of Lords."—*Provincial Paper*.

He shows the Coal Barons, presumably, how to get there.

"Please give magnolia trees and everyone, great and small, approached after the matter has been thoroughly written up and the duty of everyone to contribute pointed out in advance by the leading Allied newspapers."

North China Daily News.

Or, as Mr. KIPLING might have put it, "You must particularly remember the Magnolia Trees, Best Beloved."



Harassed "New Boy." "Oh—ER—EXCUSE ME—AM I RIGHT FOR 'BINDLES'?"
Captain of the School (a keen traditionalist). "NOT QUITE, YOUNGSTER; BUT
THAT TRAIN WILL TAKE YOU THERE."

ever animal happened at the moment to be my milk-cow, had resolved itself into a determined effort to subdue my will. I accepted the situation, and, contenting myself with the humble rôle assigned me, put a special fervour into the regularity with which I saw the milk boiled.

Then the day came when I returned from a visit to the hills, the proud possessor of a new anxiety.

"Baby's cow will be milked before the nursery window, and I shall see it done." I said it with the dignity and ferocity of the young parent.

An impressive group gathered next morning. The calf was present, at a cruelly calculated distance which just allowed of its being licked, but not of its forestalling the baby. The butler carried a basin of *sol. perman. pot.*, in which the milkman with obvious reluctance washed his hands. The milkman turned the milkean upside down, ostentatiously, twice. (A milkman is always

THE ANGLER'S WIFE.

I sit among a swarm of flies
Waiting for the evening rise;
It grows a trifle dark to read;
A rat now slithers down the bank,
A plop! then circles where it sank—
The trout begin to feed.

My husband is no more the mild
Good creature almost like a child
That I for worse or better took.
With savage mien he softly treads
By trees and through the osier beds
Along the silent brook.

Here, I am bites from head to toe;
Deeper the shades of evening grow
And chill and chillier yet I feel.
That was a chafer; that the breeze
Moving among the ghostly trees;
That was the white owl's squeal.

But when at last with fright I shiver,
My husband down the misty river
With bursting creel comes back to me.
To-morrow morning, what delight
To eat the trout he's caught to-night
Washed down with breakfast tea!

DUGALD.

DIRECTLY I met Dugald I admired him. He filled me with a sense of perfect confidence. True, I realised, not without regret, that our acquaintance would be of the "Ships-that-pass-in-the-night" order; indeed I had barely time to do more than catch his name. But in that brief moment of introduction what an impression of strength and steadiness did I receive!

He was a braw Scot, of course, and proud of it too, I know. His name must have satisfied his Celtic pride with something of the same thrill that I, a mere Sassenach, experienced in that instant of meeting. Sturdy, square-built and strong, his was none of your fashionable loose-knit frames, but one made for endurance, power and the rough side of life. I gazed at him perhaps a moment longer than was really necessary.

We moved away after a minute's pause, and I leant back wondering at the difference between the poetic Celt and the prosaic Saxon. For who but a poet would have bestowed, in letters as large as life, the name Dugald Dalgetty on a thick-set North British Railway shunting engine?

[Sold again, reader! You thought it was going to be a dog. So did I.—Ed.]

A Discard from Length.

"Dress Suit, build slight, chest 36 in., height 7 ft. 8 in."—*Advt. in Australian Paper.*
The owner is unquestionably a "Corn-stalk."



THE SEER OF THE FAIR.

Palmist. "YOU HAVE HAD A GREAT ILLNESS."
Patron. "I NEVER 'AVE."

Palmist. "WELL, YOU WILL HAVE."

More About the Swiss Navy.

From a description of the Jutland film:—

"The film has already been sold to the United States, France, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland. The admirals of the last-named country, it is to be hoped, will pass it on to Germany."—*Daily Paper.*

"To the army of reporters who met him [Lord Northcliffe] he explained that he was in Australia to see the country, especially the back blocks."—*The Times.*

We understand that his verdict was that, while somewhat larger, they were less arresting than those in *The Daily Mail*.

The Patient East.

"Steamer Sicilia with outward mails of July 28, expected to arrive 9 a.m.
Steamer Sicilia with outward mails of July 28, expected to arrive 2 p.m."
Bombay Paper, August 16.

"The mail steamer Sicilia, with the outward mails of the 28th ultimo, is expected to arrive in Bombay at 2 p.m. yesterday."
Same Paper, next day.

"September in London mixes new colours on an old pallet."—*Daily Paper.*

Thus accounting, no doubt, for the "crazy-quilt" effects which meet the eye just now in the Metropolitan thoroughfares.

MY ITALIAN.

AMONG the knick-knacks in the rooms which Meyrick had lent me was one that pleased me particularly—a baby boy in bronze kicking the void with tremendous gusto and glee. Standing in the window, as he did, he was the first thing one saw against the light: a symbol of lively energy and fun. The name of the sculptor—Goali—was in capitals on the front of the base, rather more in evidence, I thought, than is usual; but one has so often to hunt, and many times in vain, for the signature on a bronze that such prominence could not offend.

Some names, as you know, cling to the memory as surely as others evade it, and whenever I caught sight of the figure I thought of its moulder, and I used to peer about in Art shops for other examples of Goali's work. I even inquired of two or three Bond Street dealers if they could show me anything by him. But I was out of luck.

Goali? No, they had nothing of his; not at the moment. They could show me a figure by Pomeroy. A mask of Reid Dick's. Did I care for Wells's peasants? Haseltine's bronze horses? I was interested, I said, in Goali. Figures of merry romping children.

Yes, yes. But at the moment they had nothing.

In idle moments I used to wonder what Goali was like and where he worked—was even now working. Probably in Rome. To any one who causes me to think of Rome I am grateful, and I was grateful to Goali. I would sometimes fancy myself living with him. A walk in the Pincio Gardens before he settled to work in his studio somewhere off the Via del Babuino. Then his modelling, with probably one of his own olive-skinned brood as sitter, and Signora Goali there to keep it happy and exchange gossip with her husband. I could see his rumpled black hair and his hands all over the white clay. Lunch in their own apartment and then Goali would hurry off for coffee at that noisy friendly place in the Corso, where all the *habitués* know each other and have so much to say. What is it called? Oh, yes, Aragno's. There he would smoke uncountable cigarettes and glance at the paper and laugh and gesticulate and discuss. After lunch more work, and then he might (at any rate I preferred that he should) make for the *pallone* court a little way outside the Porta del Popolo and win or lose a few *lire* over the games, putting his money on the giant *battitore*; and at evening I would see that he dined, as an event, with the Signora and a few of their artistic

friends, at that curious old restaurant in Trastevere with the long name that begins with "P," where the fish is so good and you are waited upon by a hunchback with sparkling eyes.

Another time I would make Goali a Florentine and share his life in his own beautiful city; and one very hot day I made him a Venetian and we bathed at the Lido. After all, he might easily be a Venetian. And in those sculpture shops in the Piazza the works of Goali are probably the principal stock-in-trade.

Everybody who came to see me liked the little bronze boy with his chubby foot in the air—the blithe spirit of him and his rounded grace.

"That's a jolly thing," they would say. "Who did it?"

"Goali," I would reply. "The name's underneath."

Sometimes a guest would know all about him. Jack Raynor, for instance, who early made omniscience his hobby, was delighted to find that I had an example.

"Oh, yes: Goali," he said. "He's made a corner in children. Dashed clever thing to do, because kids are so popular. You get nice easy lines too. I forget where he comes from, either Milano or Torino, I fancy."

"Are you sure?" I asked, a little sadly, for I was disappointed; "I should so much rather he came from Rome."

"I believe he's a Northerner," Jack Raynor replied. "But I'll find out for certain."

And then after his long holiday Meyrick came back and I had to find rooms elsewhere.

"I hope you've been comfortable," he said, "and all those odds and ends"—he included his beloved articles of virtu with a sweeping hand—"haven't bored you?"

I reassured him. "And as for that bronze baby," I said, "he's been the apple of my eye."

"Oh, the little kicking cherub," he replied. "Yes, I like that too; but I've always rather resented the football idea. He so obviously represents the sheer joy of life that it's silly to give it that title."

"What title?" I asked.

"Why, 'Goal'!" he said.

"'Goal'!" I examined the bronze more closely. "Is that 'Goal'?"

I asked. "The lettering's very poor, isn't it? The exclamation mark's exactly like an 'I.' I always thought—Well, no matter what I thought. Who do you think is the sculptor?"

"I haven't a notion," he said. "It's unsigned. But I fancy it's English."

Signor Goali, my friend, farewell.

E. V. L.

THE BUILDERS.

[*"There is not much poetry in a shipyard as a rule."*—*Times*.]

NOR here the grace of the sonnet's flow,
The blithe ballade and the smooth
rondeau,
The minstrel's tale and the wooer's
sighs
And the lovelorn lay to a lady's eyes...

Here shall a lordlier rhythm be found
In the throb and beat of the hammers'
sound,
A rugged chant with a bold refrain,
A rougher rhyme and a sterner strain:

The ancient rune of the venturer man,
Builder of ships since the world began,
To brave the perils and dare the ways
Of the sea that serves him, the sea that
slays.

Centuries gone it was shaped and sung,
Centuries gone, when the world was
young,
When first he launched on the trackless
tide
His cockleshell craft of boughs and
hide—

The same old song that is always new
(Be it liner, longship or bark canoe),
The same to-day in a world grown old
As it was when they sailed for the fleece
of gold;

A song of strength and a song of speed,
Of the dream made true and the word
made deed,
In bow and bulwark and ribs and keel,
An epic in iron, an ode in steel.

C. F. S.

Magni Nominis Umbra.

"While Mr. August Johns was motoring in Kingston on Friday, his car came into collision with a piano organ, which was being played by an ex-Service man, who was knocked down and slightly injured."—*Sunday Paper*.

"Mr. Augustine John, the artist, figured in a motoring mishap at Kingston during the week-end."—*Daily Paper*.

In spite of a chapter of accidents the famous artist is still recognisable.

"RETURN OF KUBELIK.—After an absence of over eight years, Jan Kubelik, the world-famous violinist, is about to begin an extensive tour of the British Isles. He will bring with him 'Emperor,' the £25,000 violin specially made for him by Stradivarius."

Sunday Paper.

A more suitable heading for the paragraph would have been "Return of STRADIVARIUS."

"The judges, testing roots of apparently excellent quality sent in for competition, disliked the sound of some healthy-looking mangolds."

Times.

So it really is possible to go into a field and make a noise like a turnip!



A HEATHER MIXTURE, CONSISTING OF ONE WASP (ANGRY), DITTO COLONEL (MORE SO), DITTO GILLIE (SAIR AFRAID), DITTO HOST (PEPPERED) AND SEVERAL GROUSE (UNHURT).

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. A. J. EVANS, while flying over the German lines, was, owing to the failure of his engine, taken prisoner on July 16, 1916, and only a few weeks passed before he embarked upon the wonderful adventures which he tells us in *The Escaping Club* (LANE). "I don't think," he writes, "there is anything that I have ever done quite so exciting as escaping from prison." This from MR. EVANS means a lot; he has played cricket for England, and in his undergraduate days I remember him as one of those enterprising people who belonged to an Alpine Club at Oxford, and who constantly broke rules and risked breaking their necks in their endeavours to become more intimately acquainted with the roofs of colleges. His first attempt to escape was made from Clausthal, and he was only beaten by a few yards in his effort to reach the Dutch frontier. This is exciting enough to read, but it is almost dull when compared with the account of his successful escape to the Swiss frontier. Subsequently MR. EVANS, again through the failure of his engine, was taken prisoner by the Turks, and again he escaped. What he thinks of the Turks may be gathered from the concluding sentence of his book, "The Turk, however, still remains to me the unspeakable Turk." So great indeed is his contempt for the Turks that he takes not a vestige of credit for his escape from them. MR. EVANS gives me the impression of being first, last and all the time a sportsman, and nothing is more delightful in this volume than the way in which he emphasizes the loyalty of his fellow-prisoners in his many attempts to escape. *The Escaping Club* will be almost as difficult to guard as its author, but I mean to take special precautions to keep it a captive on my shelves.

In *David the Son of Jesse*, Miss MARJORIE STRACHEY tries To depict the monarch of Israel as envisaged by modern eyes.

"My sources (she says) are the Bible, the critics (*Sneer, Dangle and Puff?*)

And my own imagination." Well, the first source is noted enough,

For there isn't a child who is worth a pin But has followed DAVID through thick and thin, Glad of his deeds and sad for his sin;

So I'll just tell you where the critics begin

And how Miss STRACHEY herself comes in,

And then, if you think it would do you good to procure a blend of the three,

Well, the publisher's name is JONATHAN CAPE—but don't lay the blame on me.

The critics seem down on DAVID. Imagine it solemnly said That another man killed GOLIATH and cut off the giant's head!

But they let him in other directions, as the journalists say, "make good,"

"Getting Yahweh to back up his wishes," as a tribal deity should.

But it takes a writer of Georgian fiction

To make DAVID's lapse extend to his diction

(He addresses his partner in dereliction

As "My little girl"), which last infliction

Was the ultimate cause of my firm conviction

That, critical questions of false and true and the fitness of things apart,

I shall stick to the epic in Holy Writ, for it scores as a work of art.

Mr. Waddington of Wyck (CASSELL) is a very pompous

egotist, never able to see himself as in the wrong, and, what is really worse, never able to see himself as ridiculous. His charming wife, *Fanny*, laughs at him a little, but his secretary, *Barbara Madden*, and *Fanny's* cousin, *Ralph Bevan*, laugh a great deal, discovering in the study of *Mr. Waddington* an exquisite and particular joy. *Miss MAY SINCLAIR*, being *Miss MAY SINCLAIR*, has naturally succeeded in passing on a great deal of the delight which *Ralph* and *Barbara* take in this pursuit to her readers, so that *Mr. Waddington's* "League of Liberty," his portraits, his great book on the Cotswolds, are all ours to enjoy too. But unfortunately *Mr. Waddington*, in common with many other materialists, cannot grow old gracefully. He clings to passion as a proof of youth and persistent virility, and he seeks it first in an intrigue with the grasping *Mrs. Levitt*, and then in a romantic attachment for *Barbara*. That neither lady responds to his avowal is a bitter experience, but even here his superb conceit saves him; *Mrs. Levitt* is "cold . . . simply wooden"; it is *Barbara's* virtue, not *Barbara*, which repulses him. The foam of *Miss SINCLAIR's* amusing comedy is cast up by a sea of deep and true psychology. "If I'd loved him I could have kept him young," says *Fanny* wistfully; "it was my fault." Because I have enjoyed him so much as he is I am, wickedly, glad that she didn't; but I do wish that *Miss SINCLAIR* could have kept him just as funny as he is and yet never let him be quite as disgusting as, now and then, readers who attach some importance to morality must find him.

A rare combination of qualities was required to make the ideal interpreter of Japan, old and new, to the Western world.

That wayward Bohemian, *LAFADIO HEARN*, had the good fortune to be British by birth, with just a sufficient admixture of the alien to brighten his perceptions. As a matter of fact he was the son of an Irish surgeon and a Greek wife, and was born in Leucadia (whence his remarkable first name), at a time when the Ionian Islands were under British occupation. Then, at the age of nineteen, he went to America and American journalism. It was not until 1891, when he was sent to Japan as a newspaper correspondent, that he really found himself. He resigned his appointment almost at once; married a Japanese wife, became a naturalised Japanese and a lecturer in English at Tokyo University. Thence, for some dozen years, he issued book after book on Japan, its people and its folk-lore. I do not know that *Karma* and *Other Stories and Essays* (*HARRAP*) will add greatly to a still living reputation. The story that gives its name to the book appeared originally in *Lippincott's Magazine* and is worth preserving; the four short Japanese tales at the finish supplement those given in *Shadowings*. Pace the editor's introduction, I doubt whether it was worth while to include the long article, "China and the Western World," which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1896. It has a purely academic interest now. On the other hand, as it takes up more than one-fourth of a very slender book, I can understand the editor's reluctance to

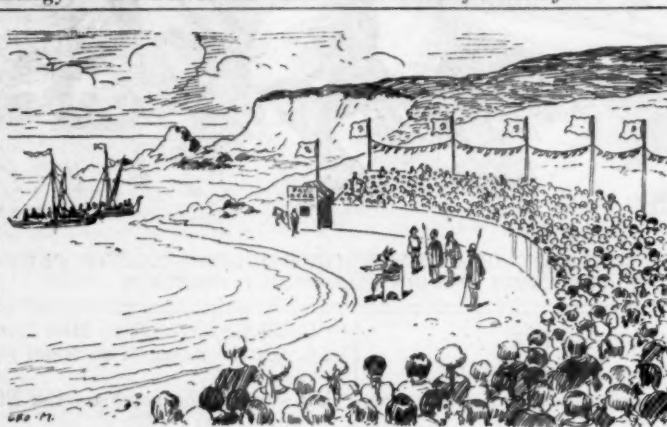
leave it out. *Karma* is well produced and has a positively terrifying portrait of the author for frontispiece.

Mr. W. DOUGLAS NEWTON has found an American publisher (*APPLETON*) for his *Low Ceilings*, but he has to submit to lose the "u" from "colour," "honour" and "behaviour," and suffer other little things like that which give his story of some odd people in a South London suburb rather an alien air. I don't really suppose there ever were, anyway, quite such unutterable and unredeemable suburbaners as the *Majors*. *Mr. NEWTON* deals rather with types and symbols than stark actualities. I feel sure that the urchins of the Walworth Road never addressed to the hero (*Donald Harbour*) and his friends the utterly unlikely jeer, "Overgrown schoolboys!" because they were wearing cricket-caps. However the author's main theme is the tussle in *Donald's* soul between love of the social butterfly, *Barbara Major*, and of the worthy intelligent *Agnes*; it is a question, too, whether architecture shall go to pot as it threatens to do under *Barbara's* influence or soar to glorious heights as it does finally under *Agnes's* star. Our hero, by the way, talks

about architecture in the expansive manner that has been hitherto sacred to music and painting, and makes me doubt whether I really should like to live in one of his model cottages on the estate of his friend the Baronet (how that *Bart.* fluttered the suburb!). Quite a readable novel of the romantic school.

It is now getting on for a round thirty years since *Mr. E. F. BENSON* sprang into fame with the publication of *Dodo*. Since then he has pursued his profession with commendable

steadiness, avoiding with success the Scylla of over-production and the Charybdis of laziness. I always take up a new *BENSON* with a tolerable certainty of finding something in it worth reading. I know no living novelist, grazing on the lower slopes, who proceeds round his mountain (nibbling here and there a succulent patch) at so equable a pace and so steadily level a height. I do not know that *Mr. BENSON* is a great contriver of plots. The story interests him, I should say, less than the characters. In *Lovers and Friends* (*FISHER UNWIN*), though the publisher labels it on the jacket as a "story of love and intrigue in high society, told with all *Mr. BENSON's* subtle charm of style," there is even less of a story than usual, and no intrigue worth mentioning. But there are several well-observed characters. I like *Celia* (afterwards *Lady Matcham*), and her adoring friend, *Violet*, who is also sister to *Bernard*, *Lord Matcham*—though I am not in love with his title. He is quite a good chap, even if he happens to be in the Foreign Office and therefore must be made a bit of a prig. And it comes all right in the end, though *Celia* wastes a lot of time regretting that she cannot adore him in return—after they are safely married. Her little story is not at all on the lines of the customary novel. And that, to my mind, is *Mr. BENSON's* chief praise. He contrives, somehow, to take a surprisingly fresh view of life with each recurring book.



EARLY ENGLISH PHILANTHROPY.

KING CANUTE, BY SPECIAL REQUEST, GRACIOUSLY REPEATS HIS FAMOUS REBUKE TO HIS COURTIER FOR THE BENEFIT OF A LOCAL CHARITY.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the man who last week openly boasted that he never knew CHARLIE CHAPLIN as a boy has at last consented to see a doctor.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, while on holiday, has spent many days fishing. It is said that the sight of the trout all lining up in a queue anxiously waiting the honour of being caught almost brought tears to the eyes of the PRIME MINISTER.

It has been discovered that extreme cold promotes the growth of hair. Sir E. SHACKLETON might take a few bald-headed gentlemen on *The Quest* as paying guests.

At the meeting of the British Association attention was drawn to the preponderance of red-haired people in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen. We can only say that it is a pity a body of scientists can't go to Scotland without making personal remarks about the inhabitants.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR has admitted that, years ago in Carlsbad, he was the first to bring together Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and M. CLEMENCEAU. Still, we don't hold him solely responsible for this Peace.

"Scotsmen's eyes blazed; Englishmen bit hard at briar pipes," says a newspaper description of a Highland Gathering. Here and there an Englishman who had let his pipe go out in his excitement might have been seen relighting it at the still smouldering eyes of a kindly Scot, thereby saving a match.

The Press has observed that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has taken to wearing brown boots with white uppers and pearl buttons. That is yet another reason why your income-tax is six shillings in the pound.

Old top-hats are being sold in Pimlico at twopence each, and it is feared that *The Daily Mail* will have a lot of "Sandringhams" left on its hands.

It is reported from Bombay that GANDHI is trying to popularise a cap of distinctive shape. The "Gandhringham," of course.

A man who last week concealed him-

self in a West End stockbroker's office is reported to have thrown the caretaker off the scent by making a noise like Can. Pacs. falling two points.

Doctors are recommending motoring as a cure for nervous complaints. Artful fellows, they know it will bring them in a nice steady trade in damaged pedestrians.

An actress who collapsed on the stage whilst performing at a New York theatre was given brandy by a doctor

man, however, who aroused the suspicions of the hall-porter attached to a well-known club by always taking away his *own* umbrella, was questioned and warned off the premises.

The new flying-machine, the Helicopter, is able to land on any flat roof. Householders are looking for something new in the way of scarecrows.

A London taxi-driver has been summoned for acting suspiciously. That ought to teach him to butt in with his "Thank you" when receiving his fare.

"Einstein's Theory of Relativity," says *The Rand Daily Mail*, "is well known to every Englishman." Indeed we are informed that it can now be sung in public without fee or licence.

We cannot help admiring the Warwickshire race-course "Welsher" who asked the magistrate to let him retain five pounds of his money for running expenses.

Things are now so quiet in Mexico that you could almost hear a revolver go off.

"What," asks "A Traveller" in a morning paper, "is a man to do in a temperance hotel when he wants a drink?" The answer, we fancy, will be a lemon.

"Two and two make four," says a leader-writer. Audited and found correct.

"Is a man who neglects his home for his golf really selfish?" It is certainly better than swearing at home in front of the children.



Reggie (instructing fiancée in billiards). "YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW WHICH YOUR BALL IS BECAUSE IT HAS TWO BLACK SPOTS ON IT."

Kitty. "THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU. YOU MIGHT HAVE GIVEN ME THE CLEAN ONE."

from the stalls. Whereupon, we learn, half the audience fainted.

American millionaires are arranging to change the style of hats every month, instead of twice a year. Why mention that they are millionaires?

A new play just produced claims to contain the best church scene ever put on the stage. So true to life, we understand, that practically the entire audience sleep soundly throughout the scene.

Non-members and uninvited guests are said to be freely entering and making use of London Clubs. One gentle-

America has always been known as the land of "hustle." This no doubt accounts for the report that a newly-married couple of New York recently spent their honeymoon in the Divorce Court.

A variation in the fox-trot introduced this year, we read, is the "Dover-slip." Evidently the movement is in the direction of the Pas-de-Calais.

A bookmaker has been discovered to be drawing the unemployment dole. This is particularly mean at a time when but for the dole many a backer would be without a shilling to bet with.

ANDREW.

Andrew and I have been friends ever since the zephyrs of April ushered in the trout-fishing season. To claim that we have been close friends *would be to say too much*, for we have never, save on one occasion, been within ten yards or so of one another. Nor have we ever exchanged a word. There have been times when my inability to interest Andrew in my little offerings at his shrine has moved me to words that sometimes flowed as a hill burn flows in time of spate; but there was never any answer from Andrew. Human beings exasperate by their words, but such a fellow as Andrew can drive one into a frenzy without uttering a sound. He lived just above a stone bridge over the Tryall, in an alder-shrouded nook of his own choosing. He was as portly as any City Alderman and his colouring was as bright; but Andrew knew none of the worries or the cares of civic life, for he was a trout, the wildest, the most leisurely, the most desirable of all the trout that inhabit the clear waters of the Tryall.

It was on the opening day of the season that I first saw him, as I descended upon that charming stream, filled with glorious visions of trutticide on a scale undreamt of in the previous years of my career as an angler.

The first solemn rites were duly accomplished. The line was greased; the fly, chosen with care to match those provided by Mother Nature, was delicately baptized with oil; and then I saw Andrew. Plain to the view he lay within easy casting distance, rising lazily ever and anon to suck down a passing insect. Could mortal man ask for more? The opening day, a hatch of fly and a six-pounder at the sanest estimate simply waiting to be caught.

My iron-blue fell just as a well-thrown fly should. Andrew was not excited; he waited until it had reached his dining-room, then without haste or fuss he raised himself in the water, examined it with a practised eye and gently pushed it aside with the tip of his nose.

Thereafter for many days Andrew and I fought a battle of wits. The wits were on his side. He suffered from an insatiable hunger. I have never known a time when Andrew was not rising. If every other trout in the stream was quiescent, Andrew alone was always taking the interminable meal that his proportions demanded.

But he was no fool. The "ravening belly," that even cunning ODYSSEUS found so demoralising, never for a moment led Andrew into indiscretions. Every time that I approached the Tryall

by the stone bridge he was there to welcome me. The thrilling splash of his rise always gave me the glad feeling that I was about to have a day of days. The same disgusting flop always rang in my ears as I retired fishless at the fall of eve.

I learnt a great deal from Andrew; in fact I really believe that he set himself the task of teaching me to fish as a dry-fly man should. Did I mount the wrong fly he would not even look at it; if my cast fell clumsily on the water he would dash off in a simulated panic, returning within three seconds to his lying place. If a cast was of superlative merit he would signify his approval by gently nosing the fly as it passed over him.

Once or twice, when he judged that I was about to depart in disgust, he seized the fly in his teeth, and played me—I did not play him—for a minute or two. Then when the game had gone far enough he opened his jaws and that was that. He never broke me. Andrew was a gentleman.

And thus it was for the whole of the season. Then, on the last day but one, I stood once more on the bridge, and there, faithful to the tryst, was Andrew. But did my eyes deceive me? Was it? Could it be? . . . Yes, it *was* a length of gut hanging from his mouth! Somebody must have hooked Andrew; he had been broken, it is true, but the fact remained that Andrew could be deceived. If it meant using every fly in my box, Andrew should that day be mine.

Grimly, methodically, I settled down to my task. None but the purest of pure methods should be used. The fly on the water was caught, examined and imitated. The result was *nil*. Slight variations produced no response. My purist morals went to the wind. Fancy flies of all kinds followed one another with amazing rapidity. Still no result. Andrew was not put down. He even rose at a real red spinner just to show that his appetite was reviving.

In a frenzy I offered him all kinds of out-of-season delicacies as one offers January asparagus to a super-fatted and *blasé* profiteer. But Andrew cared for none of these things.

Then came a temptation of the Devil. Carefully looking round to see that no purist was in sight I lopped off the fine point and attached to the stout gut that remained a vast amazing multi-coloured wet atrocity that for years had decorated my fishing hat. I made no attempt to cast lightly. It fell with a splash just above Andrew's nose.

Whether he was suffering from temper owing to the presence of the fly already affixed to his jaws, or whether

the sight of my monstrous offering was an insult that could not be borne, I cannot say. All I know is that Andrew rushed upon it open-mouthed. Next moment we were connected, not by your flimsy *4x* stuff, but by a cast that would have held a salmon. It certainly held Andrew. His tricks availed him nothing, though he tried for every stump and weed patch within reach. At the end of a breathless quarter of an hour he lay gasping in my landing-net.

I removed both flies and weighed him—five and three-quarter pounds. Already I had pictured him in a glass-case. Already I was composing the tale of his capture. And then I saw his eye. It was fixed upon me in a sorrowful glare, a look that spoke more of reproach than of anger. "Anything fair," it seemed to say, "but, my friend, *was* that playing the game?" I steeled my heart and prepared to administer the last tap on the head. But I could not. That eye held me. I simply could not do it. I patted Andrew on the head and put him back.

No one was there to see me catch him. No one believes my tale. And the next day Blogsopp, the biggest bungler in the club, bore his corpse in triumph to the fishing hut. Andrew, I like to think, had committed *hara-kiri* on Blogsopp's fly; his proud spirit was broken and life was not worth living.

EXALTED.

A SIMPLE Dominic was he,
His only skill to rule
The latter-day Democracy
Epitomised in school.

Upon the plaudits of his kind
He made no sort of claim,
Nor ever hoped or wished to find
The penalties of fame.

Yet notoriety may fall,
If only by a whim,
To those who never heed its call—
And so it was with him.

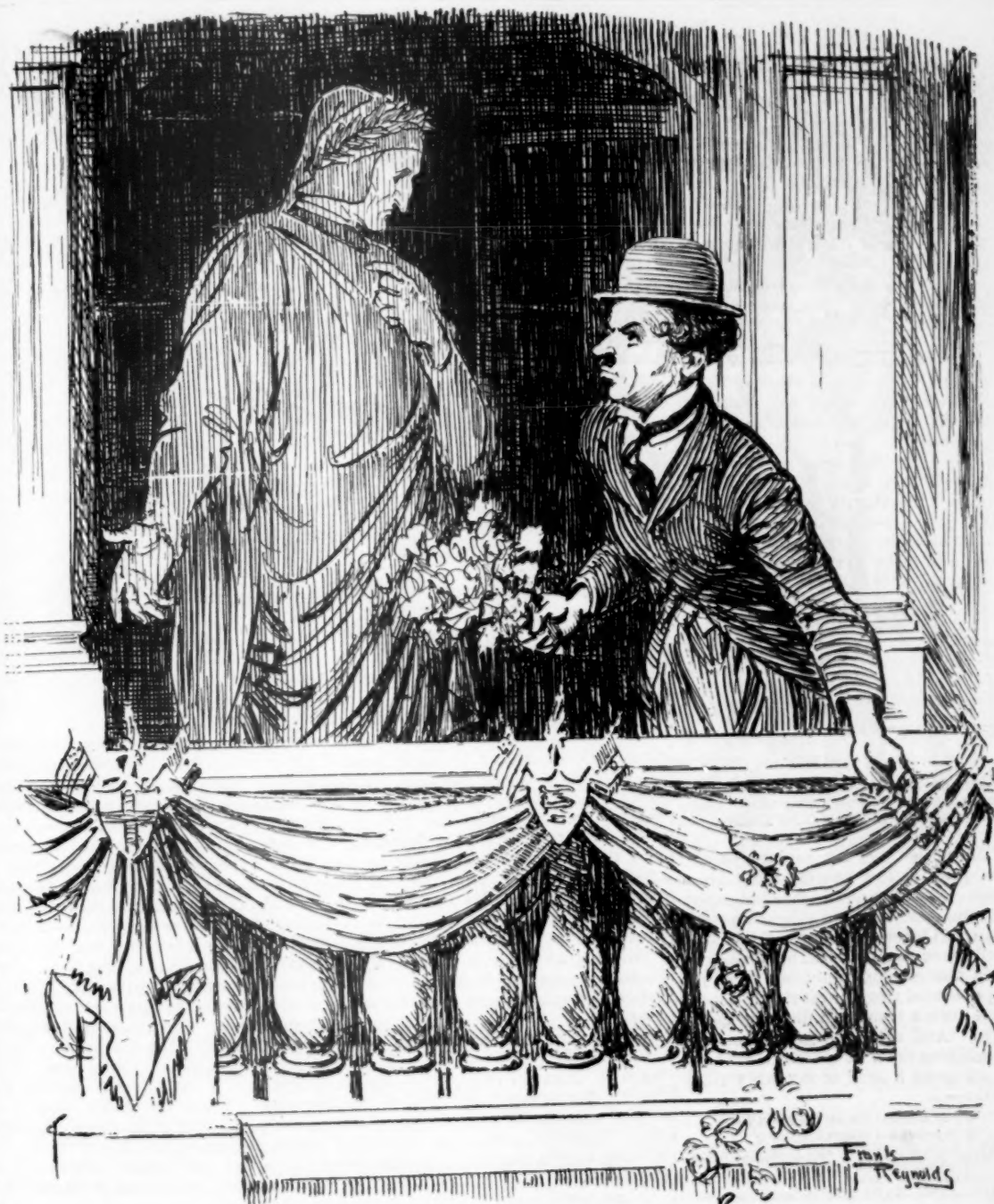
For he it was who never sought,
Alone of all his race,
To rear a tender CHAPLIN'S thought
And train his early grace.

A Brief Way with Bureaucrats.

"The rabbit and the inspector again appear on the farm. No need for anxiety. Kill two birds with one stone with Toxa rabbit poison or eradicate the pests with strychnine."
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

"BANDSMEN WANTED.—Men used to pick-and-shovel work; long job.—Apply Secretary, Town Band."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Some musicians would regard this offer as *infra dig*.



HERO-WORSHIP.

DANTE (on the sixth centenary of his death). "VERY GRATIFYING, THIS CONCOURSE IN HONOUR OF THE AUTHOR OF THE 'DIVINE COMEDY.'"

CHARLIE. "I'M SORRY; BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S BECAUSE THEY THINK I'M A DIVINE COMEDIAN."



Father (under cross-examination). "I CAUGHT ONE ABOUT TEN POUNDS."

Small Boy (really impressed). "WHAT A WHOPPER!"

Mother (stern but sceptical). "YOU MUSTN'T DOUBT YOUR FATHER'S FISHING EXPLOITS, FREDDY."

THE THIEF.

LOST, on the foreshore, a Diamond Dress Ring, wrapped in a ten-shilling note. Finder is requested to return to Miss Drabble, Sea Lawn.

The notice met my roving eye as I was passing the bathing-huts—those small wooden erections which well-meaning but misguided owners have named "Oozineer," "Myut," etc.; and I fell to musing first of all upon what exactly a dress ring might be. Was not any diamond ring a dress ring? Or was there such a thing as a diamond utility ring? And next I mused upon that ten-shilling note. Unbidden there came to my mind a song of my early childhood:—

"The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea

In a beautiful peagreen boat;

They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note."

In those days there were no ten-shilling notes, hence the extravagant five-pound one. But why, oh why had Miss Drabble wrapped her diamond dress ring in a note at all?

Then in a flash it came to me—these valuables had been placed carefully together while she was bathing, given to Aunt Jane (or Cousin Kate) to look after, like as not. And Aunt Kate (or

Cousin Jane) had put the little parcel on the beach beside her and left it there. It was all very human and very pathetic and very—

I stooped to pick up a pebble to throw into the sea, for, like so many people at the seaside, I hate to think of the sea wasting all that trouble to wash up a fresh lot of pebbles every tide expressly for us to cast them back again. I picked up a likely sized one, and there, beneath it—no, this is not one of those catches—there actually was a *diamond ring!*

Whether or no it was a dress one I could not say. But, so far as I am a judge of diamond rings, it seemed to deserve that appellation. And anyway it was improbable that any ring but Miss Drabble's would be wandering without visible means of support upon the beach.

I had never found anything of value before and I was thrilled. Yet even as I thrilled I felt at the back of my mind a vague discomfort, a sense that all was not wholly well. Where was the ten-shilling note?

In vain I searched on the beach, under the bathing-machines, at the edge of the waves. No ten-shilling or any other kind of note was to be seen.

But it was not till I started in the direction in which I had an idea that "Sea Lawn" lay that I began to realise how very awkward was the absence of that ten-shilling note. For it would surely appear to Miss Drabble that I had pocketed it. The more I thought of it the more certain it became. The thing would be to the unbiassed mind so obvious. Whoever found the ring must of necessity find the note—how could the ring unwrap itself? The ring would be for an amateur rather difficult to negotiate. But the note would disappear quietly into the pocket. Nor would my general appearance allay suspicion. I rather give way at the seaside. From my hair, wild from bathing, to my sand-shoes I looked thoroughly disreputable.

I believe still that if this aspect of the case had never occurred to me I might have carried conviction to Miss Drabble. As it was I went in beaten. "I think I have found your ring," I said.

She was delighted.

"But"—I hesitated, stammered, blushed—"but not the note."

"Oh, never mind that," she said graciously. "I am so very pleased to get my ring back."

If she had actually said, "I don't mind your keeping the ten-shilling note at all," her meaning could not have been clearer.

I retired with as much dignity as I could muster, but it was little enough. I feel myself a much-wronged man.

ALL ABOUT "POGO."

"Pogo" is derived from the Anglo-English word "Pogo," which means "Pogo."

Up to the time of writing three men and one titled lady had already expressed their intention of "Pogoing" the Channel on the first Spring day next year. (Spring is a joke.)

The past tense of "Pogo" is not "Powent."

It is rumoured that *The Daily Mail* is shortly to make special provision in their Insurance Scheme for any pedestrian knocked down and run over by a "Pogo-Jumper."

It is said that CHARLIE CHAPLIN intends to give a "Pogo" to each of the children who are now attending his old schools, and several new forests have been planted to meet the resulting wood-shortage.

Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON decided not to take a "Pogo" with him, as he hopes, with the help of a small spring, to convert the South Pole into one.

The proper dress when "Pogoing" is a monocle and one spat for men, whilst for women a ho (singular of hose) and one goggle is the correct thing.

A baby girl born a few days ago has been christened "Pogo." The N.S.P.C.C. has the matter in hand.

One up-to-date fashion-paper promises to supply next week a pattern and full directions for knitting a "Pogo-jumper."

It is reported that a small girl has "pogo-ed" five hundred miles without dismounting. Guess where the report came from. America? Right.

A small boy has succeeded in looping the loop on a Pogo-Jumper. He was assisted by a greasy road and two ambulance-men, who took him to hospital.

The wife of the new "Pogo" champion has just presented her husband with a fine bouncing "Pogo-ette."



"OH, MUMMY, WOULDN'T THOSE LITTLE DUCKIES HAVE ENJOYED A DAY LIKE THIS?"

The "Pogo" altitude record is held by a small schoolboy, whose unconscious form was found on the other side of a six-foot wall situated at the bottom of a steep hill.

The particular merit of the "Pogo" is its enlivening effect on the circulation. This is probably the reason why *The Daily Mail* took it up.

It is not true that a South-Eastern railway is selling its rolling-stock and buying "Pogos." Or "Pogi"?

Freedom—but not of Speech.

"Mr. Sean Etchingham, M.P., in opening a Gaelic festival at Courtown Harbour, Gorey, Wexford, said that under a free Ireland no one but those conversant with the Irish language would get positions."—*Ulster Paper*.

At a ladies' golf club:—

"Much interest was evinced in the recent golf match, Captain v. Secretary. The captain, Mrs. —, was wearing a black skirt and lemon jumper, with a lemon amethyst check skirt, an amethyst jumper, and a fawn hat."

New Zealand Paper.

We hear that the secretary thought her decidedly overdressed.

JIMMY AND GEORGE.

For personal reasons I always take my summer holiday in the early part of July, and the end of that month usually finds me *in loco parentis* to the dog, cat, parrot, canary or rabbit belonging to one or other of my neighbours; I have even had ferrets left with me "till called for" at that seaside season.

When August arrived this year with no Signs of the Zodiac appearing on my doorstep, I began to wonder whether my friends considered that advancing years had rendered me less docile than formerly.

But by August 20th I discovered that I was still regarded as tame. A wooden box was brought to me with this note:—

DEAR MR. ANDERSON,—The Pratts have taken a house at Dunwich and have just written asking us to go down at once till the 8th, so we are going by the eleven train this morning. As we have no time to make other arrangements and do not care to leave them in the empty house we shall be awfully obliged if you will look after Jimmy and George during our short absence.

In great haste, Yours sincerely,
EVA INGLETON.

"Not guinea-pigs, I trust, because," I said removing the lid gingerly, "I don't know what to feed them on. Canaries and rabbits I know backwards, ferrets I've learnt about, but guinea-pigs or a duckbill platypus would mean some library research. There is no mention of food in the letter. "No, it's none of these," I added, removing the last of the coverings. "Now which is James and which is George?"

It was no wonder that I asked myself the question, because the two very large Georgian silver muffineers, exactly similar in size and design, with the same initials, H. E. I., engraved on each, which met my astonished gaze, offered no clue as to their identity.

"Well," I said, "this is something new in guardianship for me; no feeding, no smell and, above all, no noise to disturb me."

But in a sense I was wrong there, because Jimmy and George spent the first few hours of the night shouting out to any chance burglar who might be passing. "We're in the bureau, we're in the bureau!" Of course it may only have been my imagination, a trick of the nerves, but it kept me awake, and at 2.30 A.M. I went downstairs to see if they were really safely ensconced in the drawer in my bureau. Yes, they were there all right and pretending to be fast asleep.

"Come, you silvery-haired ruffians,"

I said, grasping each one by the neck, "I've had enough of this nonsense. You shall share my room for the rest of the night."

I put them both under my pillow, but they made me so uncomfortable that I rammed them down to the bottom of the bed under the clothes, and when I fell asleep I had nightmare, during which I dreamed that a burglar came and lifted up the bed-clothes and, after extracting Jimmy and George, tickled my feet till I woke up.

I wrote after breakfast to Mrs. Ingleton as follows:—

DEAR MRS. INGLETON,—Thank you so much for giving me the company of your charming pair, Jimmy and George, though I have not yet discovered which is which.

They did not have a very good night, I am afraid. Perhaps it was through being in a strange place, and I fear I disturbed them by being rather restless. They seem quite bright this morning, however.

Hoping you are having a good time,

I am, yours sincerely,

ALFRED ANDERSON.

P.S.—Which is which?

Perhaps I am rather nervy, but so many finely-strung natures suffer from over-anxiety.

I tried Jimmy and George in every room in the house during the day, but, though they fell in contentedly with every arrangement I made, I remained unhappy, and Mrs. Ingleton's reply to my letter did not help matters. It ran:—

DEAR MR. ANDERSON,—Thank you ever so much for looking after Jimmy and George. Both Harold and I are most grateful. Don't bother about which is which; we don't know them apart ourselves. We only speak of them collectively as Jimmy and George because they were given to us on our marriage by two brothers named James and George Robinson, and we value them very highly. I simply don't know what we should do if we lost either of them. We shall be home on Monday fortnight and Harold will call for our treasures on Tuesday morning.

Yours gratefully, EVA INGLETON.

It was not until some nights later that I slept soundly, for by that time I had found the ideal repository for the twins. Henceforth I was gay and light-hearted and, when Ingleton arrived I was giving a fine rendering of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," in my best *basso y basso*.

"Jimmy and George? Certainly, my dear fellow," I said. "Come this way," and I led him towards the back garden.

"Where on earth are they?" he gasped.

"In the water-butt behind the house," I said. "Positively the only place where I could drown their voices. They have been simply aching for a burglar."

By means of a hidden string I hauled them out, wet but cheerful. "Delightful creatures," I said. "You and I would have been bored to death, but they don't look the least bit dull."

"Er—quite," said Ingleton.

"Good-bye, Jimmy and George," I said, wiping them on a cloth I had brought with me for the purpose. "Come and see me again soon."

"Ever so many thanks," Ingleton said, "but I'm afraid they can't. They're booked for an immediate visit to a relative—er—an uncle, and will be there quite a long time, I expect. Even a short holiday costs a deuce of a lot in these days."

THE DREAM DEAN.

METHOUGHT, while walking down Cheapside

Amid the jostling human maze,
A sombre figure I espied

That strangely rivetted my gaze;
And suddenly the impulse came
To follow him and learn his name.

So, to accomplish my intent,

I passed him, turned, his path to bar,

And asked him, "Reverend Sir, consent

To tell me who you really are?"

He fixed me with his haggard een

And said, "I am the doomy Glean."

Sore puzzled and perplexed in mind

I caught him gently by the sleeve;

"Oh, Sir," I begged, "be frank and kind

And my uncertainty relieve—

Who are you?" Like a sullen boom

Came the reply, "The gleamy Doom."

Thereon a happy thought occurred;

"Are you," I hazarded, "the Snark,

Or he, lord of the jumble-word,

Oxford's great Metaphasiarch?"

"No, no," he said, "I never Spoon;

I am the only deamy Gloom."

Loth to relinquish my desire

Once more I pressed him to explain

The mystic words that lit a fire

In every fibre of my brain;

And he replied, "I grant the boon.

Know that I am the gleamy Doon."

Dumbfounded by this final stroke,

I stood aghast at my mishap,

When, on a sudden, I awoke

And found, still lying on my lap,

The book that solved my vision's meaning:

Outspoken Essays—author, Dean INGE.



"INHERITED AND BORROWED TYPES."



"NONDESCRIPT DRAPED TYPES, STANDING."



"MALE AND FEMALE SEATED TYPE, DRAPED."



"WINGED FIGURES."

TERMS FROM A HANDBOOK OF GREEK SCULPTURE ADAPTED TO THE MODERN
SEASIDE HOTEL AND ITS ENVIRONS.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—THE CONQUEROR.

EVERYTHING about the Most Popular Man in the World must have been said, yet I have missed any reference to the fact that it is his peculiar privilege (and that of his colleagues of the motion picture) to realise BURNS's familiar aspiration. "O wad some power the giftie gie us," wrote the poet, "to see oursel's as others see us!" CHARLIE CHAPLIN has this power, and it was my fortune to be with him while he was exercising it. No actor of the theatre proper can mingle with the audience and watch himself on the stage. No singer can be on the platform and in the auditorium at the same time. But CHARLIE CHAPLIN can. The real man—quiet and *soigné* and slenderly graceful—can sit at a performance of *Shoulder Arms* and not only see the remarkable figure that he has created—which is known from Spitzbergen to New Zealand, in Hong Kong as in Hornsey: part *gamin*, part adventurer, part scarecrow and all fun and mischief—but hear what the people are saying about him. CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a modest man, but he is without affectation too, and now and then he had to laugh. He had to.

II.—THE DILEMMA.

After one of his visits to his old childhood haunts in Kensington, he escaped in a taxi which carried him to the Adelphi Terrace, where the friend who was standing between him and too persistent adoration was to show him the river. As they left the cab a boy dashed up on a bicycle. He was exhausted and breathless through having followed them all the way, but he was able to proffer a piece of paper and a pencil and gasp the one word, "Autograph!"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, who is the soul of cheerful willingness, having learned of the heroic act of devotion, searched his pockets for a greenback on which to write his name, but, having nothing smaller than a hundred dollar bill ("which," he said, in recounting the story, "my native prudence wouldn't let me give him"), he signed instead a ten-shilling note, and the boy bore it off in ecstasy.

But what of the boy's feelings later, when he wants with all the desire of a boy's heart something that ten shillings will buy? CHARLIE CHAPLIN has put him into a quandary indeed. The glory of the autograph is one thing, but the locked-up inaccessible fortune is another. I can see the hero-worshipper and the capitalist at grips again and again.

III.—THE CHESTNUT.

That story of mine about the young Frenchman and the pawnbroker seems to be not only old but (as several readers have pointed out with sorrow if not with anger) to have actually appeared in Mr. Punch's own pages. I learn that CHARLES KEENE illustrated it as long ago as 1874. Ignorance being no excuse, I have nothing myself to say in extenuation; but one of the *vigilantes* who nailed the chestnut to the counter, and to whom I made my apologies, put, in his reply, the case for the defence so charmingly and humanely that I am constrained to quote from his letter: "It was the coincidence and no thought of robbery which inspired me to write. Since good stories are scarce and must suffer rebirth (like good souls), they could not choose a better fate than to be reborn into their original home. One can imagine them settling down with a sigh of satisfaction and saying, 'Dear me, it is nice to be back again.'"

IV.—A TESTIMONIAL.

It is one of the favourite weapons in the domestic armoury—this English irony of ours. It is also the chest in which to conceal our deeper emotions. How much

affection these young wives and husbands have for each other the stranger can never know, so dazzled are his eyes by the play of light railery that is now so general. For to make fun of each other is the rule.

"Some people say that Jack is an idiot," said a pretty modern Jill the other evening; "but I don't think that's fair. He's not an intellectual giant, I admit, but there's one thing he's perfect at, and I won't have him underrated. No one's so wonderful at changing gramophone needles."

E. V. L.

AFTER DROUGHT.

LAST week I wanted you

From hot dawn to aching evening,

Wanted just one tiny cloud of cool refreshing grey—
Just to hear the rustle of the gentle soft rain calling,

See the little rivers down the thirsty gutters crawling,
Just to smell wet air, to watch the yellow lamplight falling
Into quivering puddles all along the shining way.

Ah, how I wanted you!

Then you came! One happy evening

I wore my dear old grubby coat and pattered through
the town,

Watched the golden rain against the haughty street-lamps
showing,

Watched the soaking pavement like a giant mirror glowing;
Underneath my feet I watched the drenching people going
Mirror-wise, most gloriously wet and upside-down.

There how I greeted you

In the gleaming autumn evening!

Joyfully I cheered the grey battalions of the rain,
Watched you levy tribute in the land you had invaded,
Saw the sleek umbrella-tops complacently paraded. . . .
That was days ago. I think the novelty has faded;

I'm sorry; if you don't mind, now I'd like the sun
again.

ONE CROWDED DAY.

"WHAT about the Extranuclear Electrons?" said Moira, "or the Demonstration of the Simple Harmonic Analyser and Periodoscope? That should be interesting. I wonder how it works."

"Great Scot," I said, "not in weather like this, surely. Besides we shan't get into anything; we're not members. Let's take a char-a-banc to North Berwick or somewhere."

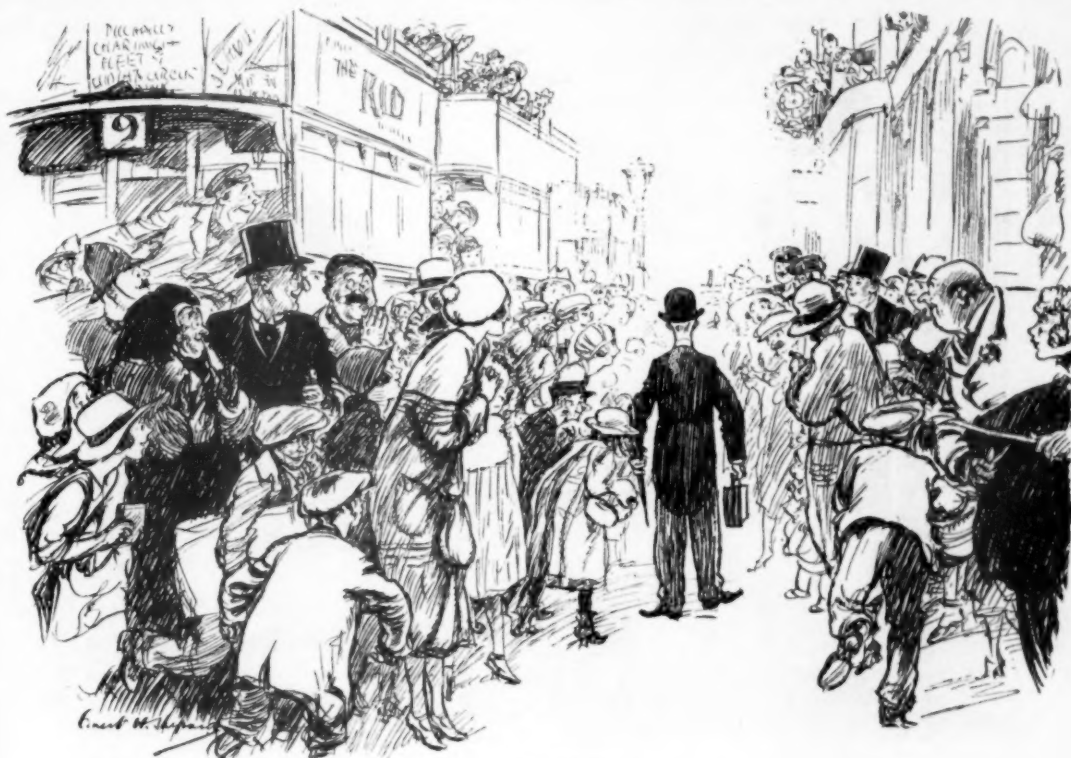
But Moira was adamant. We do not run across the British Association on every holiday, but char-a-bancs we have always with us, and Moira will get in anywhere.

"We might manage these and the Polychaet worms before lunch," she said; "I should love to see one. Then in the afternoon, let me see—"

"Oh, come on and let's get it over," I cried, seizing my hat; "we'll sample the lot."

It was quite interesting in a way. We learned from one gentleman, the first we called on, that it is not necessary to call a man a liar in an abrupt fashion. One may simply tell him that his blood pressure is above normal. This invariably accompanies deception and untruthfulness. Moira was annoyed when she learnt that the blood pressure of women rises higher than that of men, and we slipped out quietly and entered the next cubicle.

The savant in it was stating that "carbohydrates, alkaloids, glucosides and purines, complex as they seem when viewed from the plane of their constituent elements, are but the molecular *debris* strewing the path of enzyme action and photo-chemical synthesis, while the enzymes produced in the cells and applied by them in their ceaseless



CHARLIMANIA.

EMBARRASSING SITUATION FOR A HARMLESS CITY GENTLEMAN POSSESSED OF BAGGY TROUSERS AND ENDOWED BY NATURE WITH SPLAY FEET.

metamorphoses are so far from having been synthesised by the chemist as to have not even yet been isolated in purified form, although—

I looked at my watch and found it was half-past eleven.

"Excuse me, Moira," I whispered, "while I go out for a breath of fresh air. I'll be back before the end of the sentence."

Thank goodness for the new licensing hours. I met Moira about ten minutes later. She was hesitating between Historical Geography of the Black Earth Regions of Central Russia and the Mechanism of Sex-Reversal in Frogs. I assured her that both were dismal subjects, and steered her over to the stall showing Structure, Development and Origin of Feathers, which I thought would be more in her line. Moira was greatly relieved to learn that a study of the nestling feathers (*preppenne*), which precede the true feathers (*pennae*), removes all ground for belief that feathers are the descendants of the scales of reptiles.

"I should hate to think that a nightingale is only the modern form of some prehistoric slimy snake," she remarked as we came out; "but I didn't quite understand what he said about the teeny wee feathers being three a penny and the big ones a penny."

"Never mind, dear, I didn't follow the argument myself," I said; "let's go and have lunch."

The afternoon was the same, only more so. When the tea-hour arrived I heaved a sigh of relief. The performances were over for the day, but Moira flourished a newspaper which the previous occupant of the table had left and shrieked with delight.

"How splendid!" she said; "there's to be a lecture this evening in the Usher Hall by Professor DENDY on 'The Mystery of Life.' We must go."

"Moira," I said sternly, "put down that cup and listen to me. Nature in all things is wise and foreseeing. Where fevers abound she carefully plants the cinchona trees to provide us with quinine, and so on. The British Association, which has not met in Edinburgh for twenty-nine years, has in a like manner very considerably arranged its conference to coincide with the visit of an equally distinguished antidote, who has not been here for nearly as long. To-night we do not go to the Usher Hall. We go to the King's Theatre, and hear about life and its mysteries from GEORGE ROBEY."

More Headaches!

From a criticism of a new revue:—

"... not so much sorry to say it was booed as to say that it deserved to be ... the noise was not confined to the gallery ..."

Daily Mail.

"The booing indulged in by the pit (there is no gallery at the —) was rather ungenerous ... their efforts deserved more kindly recognition."—*The Times*, same day, same revue.

Suggested telegram to Lord —: "Come home at once, everything going wrong."

"Swansea Town have a first and second eleven. Each has an unbroken record, the record of the first eleven being Played, 0; Won, 0; Lost, 0; Drawn, 0 (it will be noticed that not a single defeat has been sustained)." — *Welsh Paper*.

Yes, we noticed that.



Employer (rebuking employee for slackness). "HAVE YOU ANY IDEA OF THE MEANING OF ESPRIT DE CORPS?"
Employee. "No, I HAVEN'T, AND IF IT'S ANYTHING VULGAR I DON'T WANT TO."

CRITICS THAT COUNT.

[Dr. C. W. KIMMINS, Chief Education Inspector of the L.C.C., in his address at the British Association last week on the sense of humour in children, stated that, in spite of all competition, Punch and Judy was still the favourite with children in the infants' school.]

THE pundits of the British Ass.,

Although the times are topsy-turvy,
Aloof from all that's crude and crass
Conduct their serious annual survey.
They bid the old World tell her age;
They peer into the dim Hereafter;
Then turn for solace to the page—
The golden page of children's
laughter.

So cheerful and humane a choice

By those who look on life austere
Makes the old heart of Punch rejoice,
Who loves the little dears most
dearly,

And from his very earliest days
Has been among the friendliest
scanners

(Though never fulsome in his praise)
Of their engaging ways and manners.

So let him candidly confess
That from the anecdotic trimmin's
That decorated the address
Of the ingenious Dr. KIMMINS

He learned with pride that little folks,
Whose minds are seldom mad or
moody,
Take special pleasure in the jokes,
The ancient jokes, of Punch and Judy.

They do not always comprehend
(So KIMMINS says) the quips of
ROBEY.

But find a joy that has no end
In witnessing the pranks of Toby;
And though grave Montessorians weep
At scenes so far from edifying,
These elemental humours keep
On every age a hold undying.

So Mr. Punch, who, long ago,
Drew his initial inspiration
From the immortal puppet show,
May claim a share in its laudation;
Four-score, yet on the active list,
Though from the first *donatus rude*—
The staff that in his stalwart fist
Still regulates the world and Judy.

"Since the Peace Conference took him
abroad so much, Mr. Lloyd George has de-
veloped into a bit of a dandy. But I should
never dream myself of ranking him as a
Premier who dresses before Lord Rosebery."

Irish Paper.

And, if he did, would he be a hero to
his valet?

FIRE.

I was in the midst of a brush-up before
dinner, the other evening, when the
sudden information was given. First,
a yell from Peggy reached my ears—a
horrible yell that made me shiver.

I rushed from the room and peered
down over the banisters. She was by
now half-way up the stairs.

"Quick, John!" she gasped. "Oh,
do come! *There's a fire!*"

"Good Heavens!" I gasped.

At that moment a great shouting
arose from our small son.

"Mummy," he bawled gleefully, "it's
blazing up. It's crackling. It's lovely."

I descended the stairs three at a time.
"Who did it?" I called back to my
wife. "Where?"

Then Tootles grabbed my hand.

"Mummy lit it," he said. "It's in
the drawing-room. Come on."

And I was straightway introduced to
our first fire of this winter.

"On the arrival of the fire brigade it was at
once apparent that the pavilion was doomed."
Daily Paper.

So there is nothing in the story of what
the Jew said as the fire brigade passed:
"There they go—interfering again."



THE WARNING.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE (in response to Tino's appeal)—

LORD OF ATHENS, ERE WE "PART"
OR ASSIST YOU FROM THE CART,
MODERATE YOUR TRANSPORTS, OR
"CONSTANTINE MUST GO" ONCE MORE.



Patient (receiving bill). "GOOD LORD, DOCTOR, HAVE I BEEN AS NEAR DEATH AS THAT?"

WATER ON THE BRAIN.

["It appears from the researches of two American workers that the volume of the brain can be sharply reduced by injections into the veins of what is called 'hypertonic' salt solution. So-called 'hypotonic' salt solution has the opposite effect. The brain swells. Ordinary water also causes marked swelling of the brain when it is injected. Further work has given us the interesting fact that the effects produced by injection into veins hold good when the various liquids are swallowed."—*Times*.]

Be warned in time, O Uncle Sam!

Nor deem that, having interdicted
Alcohol's deleterious dram,

All dangerous drinks you've thus
evicted.

That brew which Hellas called "the
best"

(For so the poet PINDAR taught her)
Breeds perils deadlier than the rest—
I speak of ordinary water.

To this assertion, kindly note,
No Anti-Pussyfoots impel me,
But, Uncle Sam, I merely quote
What certain of your pundits tell me.

Water injected in a vein
Or taken by the mouth produces
A marked tumescence of the brain;
Such venom lurks in simple juices.

Beware the symptoms of swelled head,
So foreign to your natural shyness,
But recognised among the dread
Sequels of excessive "dryness."

The climax we should all deplore,

If, having shunned the "old and
crusted,"

You swelled, like froggy, more and more
Until you ultimately busted.

"Sydney, Thursday.—Viscount Northcliffe has stated that he could not conceive a subject of reater moment to Australia than the disarmament conference at Washinton or a reater disaster than its failure. He was convinced that an agreement could be reached."

Provincial Paper.

His lordship, having left his principal
STEED behind him, appears to have now
parted with all his other gees.

"The death occurred yesterday of Dr. William —, one of the most killed surgeons in the south of Ireland."—*Daily Paper.*

Evidently it is as hard to kill an Irish-
man as it is to make peace with him.

"Ireland is as difficult to understand as
Epstein on Relativity."—*Daily Paper.*

Or, to take an example from the world of
Art, the baffling sculptures of EINSTEIN.

THE PROGRAMME.

THE proof of the programme of "Liberty Hall" had just been produced by Jones, who was stage-manager, advertising agent, etc., to the amateur society. All the company crowded round to see their own names in print, except Bowlby, who had a soul above programmes. The large smoking room, lent for rehearsals, was Bowlby's; the numerous articles required as "properties" were collected from all over the house of Bowlby; Bowlby's too were the light refreshments and cigarettes which the company consumed during rehearsals.

Afterwards it was generally agreed that Bowlby had presumed too far on this admittedly strong position.

"By the way, Jones," said Captain Mendip, who was cast for the part of the old bookseller, "do you mind putting 'R.N.' after my name? You see 'Captain Mendip' by itself might mean simply a Captain in the Army."

"But you surely wouldn't mind it being thought that you were in the Army," said Sybil Trench, looking admiringly at Bobby Pinkard, to whom

she had just become engaged—secretly as she thought.

"The Army!" said Captain Mendip. "Why, a Captain in the Navy ranks with a Colonel in the Army, whereas a Captain in the Army ranks with— with something like a ship's carpenter." And, looking defiantly at everybody, Captain Mendip helped himself to Bowlby's whisky and Bowlby's soda, produced his cigarette-case, put it away again and took one of Bowlby's cigarettes, lit it with a match from Bowlby's box and carefully pocketed the box.

"Yes, certainly," said Jones; "I'll put that in."

"I say," said Bowlby testily, "hadn't we better begin rehearsing?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones," said Diana Clayton,

"will you put me down as 'Miss Diana Clayton'? My aunt, Miss Clayton, of Clayton Hall, you know, gets so annoyed if I call myself 'Miss Clayton.' Only last week somebody wrote and congratulated her on seeing in the paper that she had been running with the Beagles. Poor old soul, she's nearly seventy."

"Very well," said Jones, amending the proof; "now I think that's all right."

But Jones's optimism was premature. Bobby Pinkard picked up the proof. "I say," he said, "you might shove 'Rutland Fusiliers' after my name. Plain

Mr. Robert Pinkard looks as if I were a beastly civilian. Oh, I beg everybody's pardon, but you know what I mean."

"Oh, hang it all," said Bowlby, striding angrily back from the corner where he had been making love to a flower-stand, "stick 'M.A. (Oxon)' after my name, and my club and my telephone number and the number of prizes I won at school. Add a whole biography of each of us on a separate sheet, but for Heaven's sake let's get on with the rehearsal."

Audibly on the awkward silence which ensued broke the voice of Sybil Trench in earnest conversation with Diana Clayton.

"But really," she said, "you must none of you say a word about it, because we have decided not to announce our engagement till after the performance. Don't you think that would be rather romantic?"

"You see," put in Bobby Pinkard

in a hoarse whisper, "I've already had a devil of a rumpus with the old man, my Colonel, you know; said he wouldn't have his officers fooling about on the stage. I fixed him up all right in the end; told him I was sure he'd get a complimentary ticket. If he gets to know about this engagement stunt now, it'll just about put the lid on, and he'll probably stop me acting altogether."

"Well, at any rate," said Bowlby, "you won't any longer have to kiss the air about a foot and a half behind Miss Trench's head."

"Well, I think we might begin the rehearsal now," said Jones.

But just then the door opened and Mrs. Naylor came in. She was the inspirer of the performance and had

"Higgins and Waltham," continued Mrs. Naylor, "very kindly lent us the oak suite in Act I. I think that ought to go in. Then the curtains used in Acts I. and II. are kindly lent by Hink and Son."

"I don't think we want to draw attention," said Jones, "to the fact that they are the same curtains, because, you see, Act I. is in Chilworth Hall, and Act II. in the back parlour of a second-hand bookshop in Bloomsbury."

"Very well," said Mrs. Naylor; "I'll send Mr. Hink two tickets instead."

"Isn't it usual," asked Diana Clayton, "to say who made the dresses worn by the ladies?" She had had two new dresses made in Bond Street.

"And I think," said Bowlby, "that we ought to let people know where

Pinkard got those riding-breeches that he wears in the first Act."

Bobby Pinkard blushed and muttered something about lying low about the breeches, as the tailor was dunning him for the bill.

Jones looked disconsolately at his proof, amended all over.

"Now is that all?" he asked.

"One thing more," said Mrs. Naylor, "the carpet. It really belongs to Simmons, the caretaker at the Assembly Rooms, and he always lends it. He's been so good about arranging the seats, I really think we ought to mention it."

"I know," said Bowlby; "I always trip up over the same old hole in it."

"I think," said Mrs. Naylor, "I will procure a small rug to cover up the hole."

"And where will you get that from?" said Jones, producing his pencil once more.

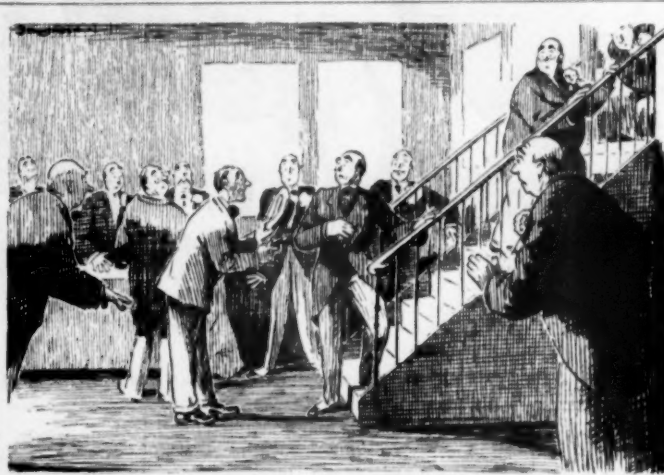
"Look here, Jones," said Bowlby, "you've got the deuce of a lot to do; hand over the programme to me. I'll fix it up and get it printed. I think I know all there is to go in it, and I'll make a thorough job of it."

"It's very good of you," said Jones; "I should be awfully glad if you would."

So Bowlby took the whole thing in hand and nobody thought any more of the programme until the audience were paying the exorbitant price of a shilling for this:—

PROGRAMME.

Mr. OWEN Mr. George Bowlby
(M.A.Oxon., Automobile Club, Barrister-at-Law; telephone City 5502; any brief accepted).



"PARDON ME, YOUR LORDSHIP, BUT BEFORE GOING ON TO THE PLATFORM WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO PLACE SOME OF THIS YELLOW OCIRE UPON YOUR FACE? IT WOULD SO MATERIALLY ASSIST OUR FILM OF YOUR SPEECH."

undertaken to do the advertising and borrow everything from everybody.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she said, "I have been thinking that there are one or two things which ought to be inserted on the programme."

Jones, taking out the proof and his pencil again, turned to her with the deference due to the lady whose husband would have to pay the deficit on the performance, besides sending a cheque to the charity.

"First of all, the Ladies' Orchestra," said Mrs. Naylor: "you must not forget that Miss Bevan takes such pains with it."

"The Orchestra, under the entire direction of Miss Edith Bevan," wrote Jones.

"Then there are one or two things the loan of which we ought to acknowledge."

"Certainly," said Jones, looking anxiously at Bowlby.



TRIALS OF A KEEPER.

Keeper. "I'LL TAKE THE BEATERS ROUND AND WE'LL DRIVE THE BIG STUBBLE TO YE, SIR."

New Sportsman. "WELL, TELL THEM IF THEY HURRY THEM THE SAME AS THEY DID LAST TIME, I'LL SACK THE LOT. THERE'S NO NECESSITY TO SEND THEM SO BLOOMING FAST."

GERALD HARRINGAY . Mr. Robert Pinkard (Rutland Fusiliers). (By kind permission of his Colonel.)

WILLIAM TODMAN . . Captain Mendip, R.N. (Ship's Carpenter.)

BLANCHE CHILWORTH . Miss Diana Clayton (Not to be confounded with her Aunt, Miss Clayton of Clayton Hall, Miss Diana being far younger.)

AMY CHILWORTH . . Miss Sybil Trench (whose engagement to Mr. Bobby Pinkard is just announced. Friends please accept this the only intimation).

Remainder of cast and synopsis of scenery crowded out by the following advertisements:

The oak suite in Act I. is an advertisement for Messrs. Higgins and Waltham, whose annual sale, at great reductions, commences next week.

The expensively-bound books on the table in Act I. commandeered from Mr. Bowlby's library; the second-hand books on the shelves in Act II. mostly painted on the scenery.

The matches used in lighting the fire in Act II. by BRYANT AND MAY; those used by Captain Mendip to light his pipe in Act III. taken from Mr. Bowlby's smoking-room.

Dresses worn by Miss Diana Clayton are by Madame Celeste.

The Riding-breeches affected by Mr. Pinkard in Act I. are on credit from Messrs. Falcon and Co., Army Tailors.

The suit worn throughout by Mr. Bowlby is his own. He has had it for years.

The kiss imprinted on the cheek of Miss Trench by Mr. Pinkard is a real one; enlarged prints may be seen behind the scenes between the Acts.

The Orchestra, which drowns Mr. Bowlby's best lines, is entirely out of the control of Miss Edith Bevan.

The carpet used in all three Acts is the one always lent by Simmons, and the small cheap rug which just covers the hole in it is the only thing that Mrs. Naylor could be induced to lend.

Bowlby acts elsewhere now.

The Bane of Unbelief.

"Jenny," the favourite elephant of Bostock and Wombwell's menagerie, has died from septic poisoning."—*Local Paper.*

"Bed-Sittingroom (superior), nice locality; central; use of kitchen; lady who dines preferred."—*Scotch Paper.*

We too prefer a good trencher-woman to the anæmic creature who is content with "something on a tray."

"Whatever changes may pass over nations in regard to styles, the artistic temperament is governed by the national tendency of the people, and fashion follows in cyclones."

Trade Paper.

Evidently a case of the "tempestuous petticoat."

"Who Feeds Fat Oxen. . ."

From a restaurant prospectus:—

"Mons. —, the famous chef, has just returned from the Continent replete with a selection of new and exclusive dishes."

"He claimed that all his papers were taken from him when he joined the British Army, and now he was neither an Englishman nor a Dutchman."—*Evening Paper.*

But apparently a Double Dutchman.

From an Indian bookseller's advertisement:—

"De Bello Gallico" by the late General J. Caesar."

Dear, dear! Another hero of the Great War passed away.

A contemporary, in search of a pronoun to avoid repetition of the cumbersome "he or she," suggests as a universal toast, "Heshe a jolly good fellow." An irate country correspondent writes from the North that the toast is always heard in this form at the village inn, and thinks it bad taste for a newspaper to ridicule a simple local custom, but for which the income-tax would be much more than six shillings in the pound.

THE TRADITION.

EVERY woman knows that the best and most well-meaning man goes astray when it comes to choosing her a present. But when Henry brought me a magnum of Roysterer et Cie as a birthday gift, though I was secretly yearning for a new silk jumper, I must admit to feeling rather chilled.

"You were saying the other day that you wished we could afford champagne again," he said, his face glowing righteously in the joy of giving, "so I knew I was getting what you wanted this time."

One hates to be taken literally. I had also said that the woman next-door ought to be shot for allowing her hens to get into my garden, but I didn't expect Henry to get down his gun on that account.

"Thank you so much, dear. It's.... it's.... just what I wanted," I said, repressing a sob.

"We'll drink your health in 'it to-night," suggested Henry.

"My health will be much better without it," I said hastily. "We'll keep it—the champagne, I mean—for a really important occasion."

Now it is surprising, when you come to think of it, how devoid life is of really important occasions. I never before realised what a quiet sober existence ours is. Nothing seemed to happen to us which justified our placing that champagne on our table.

I suggested offering it up as a sacrifice to Henry's uncle—our only rich relation—when he came to dine; but Henry said it would look like reckless extravagance on our part and might incur a codicil to uncle's will. Then Henry wanted to open it for the benefit of some poor relations, but I pointed out that it would certainly encourage them to borrow if we appeared so flourishing. In fact that magnum of Roysterer et Cie became, in time, an obsession—a Tradition in the house. Whenever I planned a little dinner-party Henry would ask, "Shall we have the champagne?"

"We can't—not for the Browns. It would look so ostentatious," I would reply, or "The Smiths will never ask us back if we do."

And then—unexpectedly—the great occasion arrived when the Hobsons came to dine. These were our greatest

friends, you will say, to whom we wished to do honour.

Not at all. We cordially dislike them. Henry once saved Hobson's life, when they were boys at school together, by fishing him out of the deep end of the baths—an officious interference on Henry's part. Fate is always getting her benevolent plans interrupted in this way. Ever since then Hobson has "kept in touch" with Henry, though they have no interests in common. Hobson went into business and made money; Henry, on the contrary, became a journalist—his work is described with contempt by Hobson as "scribbling."

Hobson is the sort of man you secretly long to get the better of, but never do. He is bumptious and self-satisfied. And on this occasion he was unusually boastful and abhorrent. He did not hesitate

bottle. "The pop always gives me such a start," she giggled.

She needn't have been afraid. A pin dropped in Piccadilly would have sounded like a bomb above the roar of traffic compared with the awful silence when Henry took the cork out. It fell as flat as the Desert of Sahara.

"Stop!" cried Hobson as Henry, going rather white about the gills, began to pour out the liquid; "it's corked, old man. Don't attempt to drink it for Heaven's sake!"

I looked at Hobson, wondering why, instead of rescuing from the deep end of the baths, Henry had not held him down—down—down until he suffocated, or, better still, have strangled him while.... Henry's voice broke on my thoughts. "I'm sorry, old chap," he began, launching on the confession that there was

no more champagne in the house, "but...."

"Well, I'm not sorry, if you don't mind my admitting it," interrupted Hobson. "Fact is Mrs. Hobson and I never touch fizz—it's against the doctor's orders, but we didn't want to appear unsociable. Now don't open another bottle on our account, please. We'll take the word for the deed, eh?"

I am still wondering if Hobson has tact after all—or merely a liver.



Brown. "I WAS A GREAT FRIEND OF YOUR LATE HUSBAND. HAVE YOU ANY LITTLE THING OF HIS YOU COULD LET ME HAVE TO REMIND ME OF HIM?"
Disconsolate Widow. "THERE'S ONLY ME."

to draw our attention to a fine pearl necklace Mrs. Hobson was wearing. "I gave it to her only to-day," he said complacently; "it's her birthday, you see."

"Mrs. Hobson's birthday—why didn't you tell me before?" exclaimed Henry. "We must open the—a bottle of champagne for the occasion, old chap."

He spoke quite calmly, even nonchalantly. Henry can grasp a situation in a truly Napoleonic way at times, and I saw that Hobson was impressed.

Henry went out of the room and returned bearing the Tradition in his hands. "This ought to be all right," he said, examining the label with the air of one who has just come from sauntering through subterranean lanes of finest vintages. Hobson lost his superior air. Such opulence from mere "scribblers" was unexpected.

Mrs. Hobson, who is that loathsome combination, a fat woman who gushes, put her fingers to her ears with a little squeal as Henry began to open the

A Dress Rehearsal.

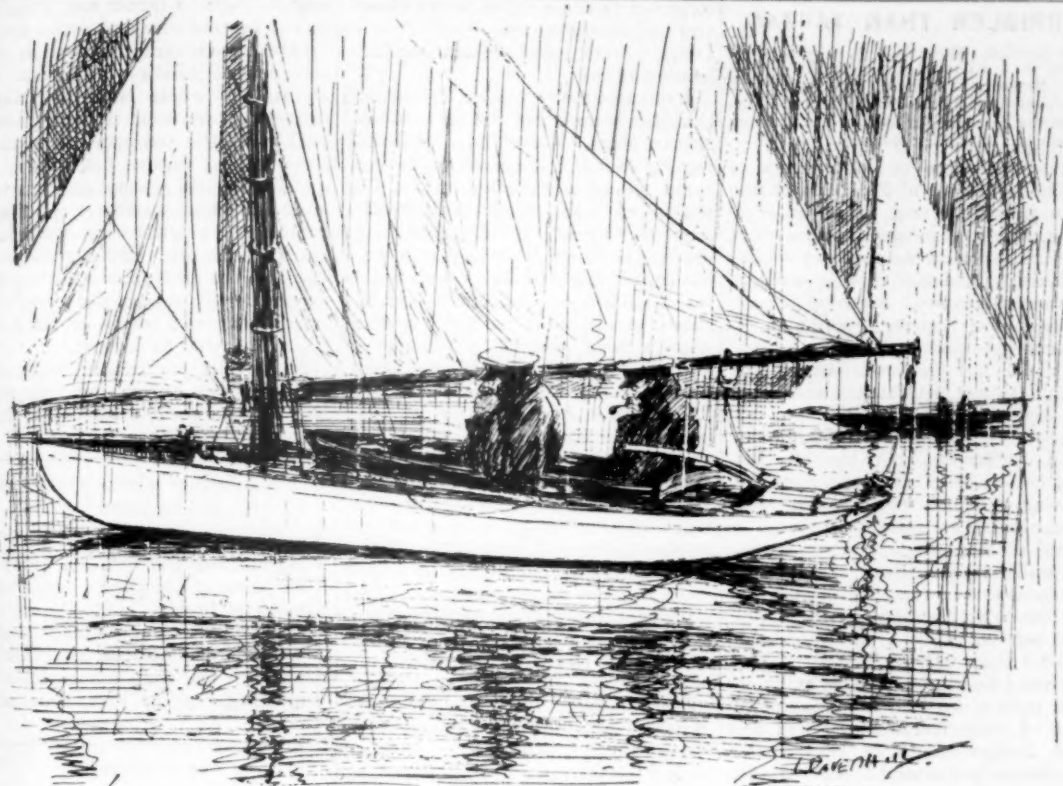
"Kidderminster and district is a good deal indebted to the Local Operatic Society for what it does. 'Les Clothes des Comeville' is to be the next effort, and rehearsals have commenced."—*Local Paper*.

Extract from the official notes on the Finance Act, 1921, issued from Somerset House by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue:—

"PART II. (ii.).

Where the quantity of any particular class of trading stock which is in hand on the 31st August, 1921, exceeds the quantity of the same class of trading stock sold during the 'sales period,' the realised sum is to be taken to be sum realised on the sales of stock of that class with the addition of an amount equal to the value as on the 31st August, 1923, of a quantity of stock of that class equal to the quantity by which the stock in hand exceeds the quantity of stock of the same class sold."

"The time of payment, the manner of payment, the quantity to be paid, ought all to be clear and plain to the contributor and to every other person."—ADAM SMITH ON TAXATION.



REFLECTIONS.

Owner. "THIS IS AWFUL! MIGHT AS WELL HAVE STAYED IN THE CITY AND MADE A LITTLE MONEY."
Pessimistic Friend. "OR LOST IT."

FAR ENOUGH NORTH.

HAVING written much of the ordinary holiday resort, such as Blackpool and Switzerland, I will now tell you about the Shetlands.

To get there, take a boat which, on leaving the Thames, turns to the left. Those turning to the right are not reliable and might land you in Lisbon or even Honolulu.

In far more time than it has taken me to write you will arrive at Aberdeen, a city of granite even to its accent. It is well worth a prolonged stay. But you cannot possibly get to the Shetlands by visiting Aberdeen. The only use you have for Aberdeen is to find another boat waiting for you, so that you may put to sea again.

Arrived at Kirkwall, you are no longer in Scotland. Neither are you in the Shetlands. You are, in fact, in the Orkneys; and you will be well advised therefore to press on.

Arrived at Lerwick, however, the situation is quite different. While you are still no longer in Scotland, bear in mind that you are not in the Orkneys either.

You are in the Shetlands. I mention this because the Shetlands, like the Orkneys, are islands, and the newcomer is liable to be overtaken by confusion.

You will recognise Lerwick by the seagull on every roof, the peatstack by every backdoor and the picturesque bay almost entirely surrounded by fish-barrels. There are also shops where Shetland shawls are sold. (This is not the last line of a music-hall song, but a plain statement of fact.) Lerwick is pronounced "Ler-wick." Make the most of this; it is one of the few easy ones.

But the Shetlands extend beyond Lerwick. Northward again, ever northward, until the needle of the compass on your watch-chain is sick of staring "N" in the face, the little steamer will carry you. You pass Whalsey and Fetlar and Yell, amusement increasing with every new name; and when you get to Unst you may, if you wish, indulge in a paroxysm of laughter. Visitors sometimes call it Twicet and laugh again. If you have the energy to reach Muckle Flugga remember that this is the point at which you should certainly turn back. Beyond Muckle Flugga are icebergs, the

aurora borealis, frostbite and other perils.

Enlightened in many respects, the people of the Shetlands do not know a squirrel from a rook, except perhaps by hearsay, certainly never by seecsee; for neither creature dwells on the islands. Also there are no trees there, excepting a small family of father, mother and five children, of poor physique, and kept alive against their will.

No coal is found there. Peat is the principal fuel, rendering the islands very uncomfortable to live in during a great peat strike. During the summer months the islands are dotted with men in plus-fours and holding fishing-rods. Wherever you go you will see Shetland ponies. It is indeed from these islands that the Shetland pony takes its name.

A Limerick of 19—.

A savant arrived at Mount Everest
 And vowed till he climbed it he'd never rest;

And though from the crown
 He couldn't get down,
 He clearly of climbers was cleverest.

TERRIBLER THAN TARZAN.

[In grateful appreciation of a happy hour or two in a railway train with Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, whose latest series of books show us that the day of the gentleman adventurer in fiction is not yet dead, at any rate not on the roomier spheres.]

STANDING there on the summit of the Sacred Tower of Posh and gazing at the illimitable vista of scarlet vegetation, mainly anthropophagous, which lines the shores of the dead sea bottom of Mars, I wondered that evening whether there were anything yet left for me, John Snorter, gentleman, of Arkansaw, to dare or to do.

I could not help telepathing my thought to my faithful follower, Pogo, who replied instantly with a loud and resonant "Wuf," which is dog-Martian for "I wonder too." At the same moment brandishing his tremendous tail, one wag of which would be sufficient to annihilate an earthly elephant, he fawned on me with his fifteen toeless feet, and, if a gape splitting a monstrous hippopotamus-like head from ear to ear and disclosing five rows of formidable tusks can be called a smile, I should say that Pogo smiled.

When I recovered from his embraces I fell once more into my mood of reverie. I remembered how I had first fallen mother-naked on to the Red Planet close to the mighty incubators in which the Martian young are hatched. I remembered the millions of duels I had fought, long sword in hand, with green, purple, pink and spotted Martians, mostly fifty at a time and gnashing their tusks, until the day that I won the hand of the Princess Googoolia, and the even more notable day when my own darling egg, Prince Yelko, had been hatched out, some day to become a Nark of Sozodont, Ruler of the Yaps of Gup. I thought of the times when I had leapt from the pinnacles of strangely-carved temples to catch the rope that dangled from a Martian flier by my teeth, and, hauling myself up, had cut it short at the top, dashing my countless eight-armed pursuers to death on the radium-boulders beneath.

I thought of the labyrinthine catacombs I had thrived in the bowels of inaccessible mountains and the number of spiral runways they had contained. I was always finding spiral runways in the catacombs of Mars, usually by pressing a radium-stud in a concealed alcove. Few men can sense a radium-stud in a concealed alcove so swiftly as I, John Snorter of Arkansaw, and few bound so lightly up the spiral runways of an interminable catacomb. It is a kind of knack I have. It had been well also for me, I reflected, that my earthly muscles enabled me to leap thirty or

forty feet in the air at a single bound, and had earned me the title of Drât of Drâts, "drât" being the Martian for a leaping animal.

I thought too of thoats. I calculate that thoats are about the best proposition on Mars. When I say, "suddenly moving over the soundless violet moss came riding a battalion of hairless hekkadors, their leader mounted on a pure white thoat," I reckon that it gets the reader where he lives. If it were not that it has four legs on each side and a tail like a beaver and is about the size of a mastodon on a sky-scraper, with a head resembling the Day of Judgment, a thoat would be a horse. As it is, it is just a thoat. And it was I, John Snorter of Arkansaw, who had been the first to tame thoats by kindness, until they nibbled biscuits from my hand, and my thoatmanship became almost as renowned among the Martians, thoat-lovers to a man, as my leaping and my longsword play. I have the fastest thoats on Mars, and I have made a bit by betting on them. One way or another, there is very little I cannot do with a thoat. My only trouble is how I am going to get them filmed.

There came also to my mind the recollection of how I embroiled the pink Martians with the purple, aided by Bare Barca, Boojum of Banth; how I had sacked the platinum temple of the false goddess, Phi, dammed the sacred river Muk, from whose shores no traveller may return, dynamited the condensing plant of the ape-faced men of the Outer Isles and generally made myself a bit of a nuisance on the planet in the course of my constant searches for Googoolia, who was always whiffing away just when I wanted her most.

Engrossed in thought I scarcely noticed the arrival of a blue Martian messenger, shot from a hydraulic catapult out of the War Office at Helium. He struck the earth at my feet. Loitering, as we know it on earth, does not exist on Mars.

"Wao, Drât of Drâts!" he cried; "I have dreadful news for your ear."

"Not Googoolia again?" I gasped, leaping, in my alarm for my loved one, about fifty feet into the air.

"No, Thark," he continued when I came down. ("Thark" is the Martian word for ruler. I do a good deal with Tharks as well as with thoats). "An even more serious accident has occurred. The planet Mars is going slick into the sun."

If a brave man be one who sees at the same time the timid course and the bold and chooses the latter, then am I a coward, for never in my life has more than one possible line of action heliographed itself to my brain. Whist-

ling to Pogo to follow me, I leapt on to my private flier and made straight for the huge aluminium dome in which the central heating apparatus that warms the whole planet of Mars is preserved. Without it there would be no life, as the temperature would be three million degrees below zero. In a moment I had grasped the controlling lever and stood anxiously conning our course as we hurtled on towards the blazing solar orb. My purpose was to slack off the heat upon Mars exactly in proportion as we approached the sun, thus giving me a respite whilst I could figure out what to do next.

Meanwhile my faithful Pogo stood by me, gazing up into my face with a look of intelligent anticipation in his rows of devoted eyes.

The further adventures of John Snorter will be found in

A SCRAP WITH THE SUN.

By shifting the centre of gravity on Mars at the psychological moment of impact he mitigates the severity of the concussion, and, after various gripping episodes, in which he loses and finds Googoolia with amazing rapidity, he wins out once more.

EVOC.

TO A MIOCENE MOSQUITO.

(Found enclosed in amber in Burma.)

"SURVIVOR from the earlier days

When hides were hairy
And three-toed horses used to graze
The primal prairie,
When, free from scientific doubt,
The mammoth grew a longer snout
And flying dragons wheeled about
Their mountain aerie,

"Long have the pterodactyls ceased
Their dismal chorus,
And where is now that fearsome beast,
Tyrannosaurus?

The mastodon has gone from view,
The cave-bear and the aurochs too—
How comes it then that pests like you
Still bite and bore us?"

"The hides those creatures grew," he said,

"Appeared to render
Our chance of ever getting fed
Extremely slender;
Starvation seemed the likeliest plan,
But, when the Pliocene began,
Kind Providence invented Man
And made him tender."

"A 'meal' has never been definitely defined by the courts."—*Evening Paper*.
And indefinite definitions are so very unsatisfactory.



He. "IT BE NICE AUTUMN WEATHER, MISSUS."

She. "IT BE THAT; BUT I CAN'T FORGET WE GOT THE WINTER AFORE US."

He. "AN' THE SPRING AFTER THAT."

She. "THAT BE A VERY TRYIN' TIME, BUT NOTHING LIKE THE 'EAT OF THE SUMMER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I NEVER knew before reading *Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan* (CONSTABLE) that the Japanese were anticipating the eighteenth century in romantic sensibility when we were leading a bluff and hearty existence under ETHELRED THE UNREADY. However, such is the fact; and this precocious era, clearly reflected in the memoirs so sympathetically translated by Mrs. ANNIE SHEPLEY OMORI and Professor KOCHI DOI, is put into just the right perspective by Miss AMY LOWELL's charming and conscientious preface. There are three diaries: the pathetic *Sarashina Diary* of a provincial governor's anonymous daughter; the diary of MURASAKI SHIKIBU, a born Court lady with a vivid eye for etiquette, chiefly sartorial; and the diary of IZUMI SHIKIBU, which embroiders a single love-affair with a series of those rhymeless and unreasonable little "poems" to whose merits the recent efforts of half-a-dozen indefatigable reviewers have failed to rouse me. The *Sarashina Diary* is delightful. It is the ROUSSEAU *belle âme* at its best. A much more appealing thing in literature than in life, certainly. But the diary is literature and the appeal is there. And whether its heroine stays up star-gazing with her sister or capping verses with her official parent, I am reminded of that Genevan dawn when little JEAN-JACQUES and his father, after a long night over his dead mother's romances, hear the first twitter of the swallows. It is the same note.

nouncement that a good novel never has a purpose, I certainly do maintain most stoutly that, in order to succeed, any purpose it may have must be well concealed. It was because the purpose which inspired Miss E. SHAW-COWLEY to write *Prisoners of State* (LANE) was much too openly displayed in my sight that the book's pleasant atmosphere, well-conceived characters, and even its dearly familiar setting with the Wrekin in the background, failed to satisfy. Its purpose is to point out the hardships inflicted on the illegitimate child by the fact that no subsequent marriage between its parents avails to alter its condition. The child in the story would, but for the baton sinister, have been heir to a title and lands, but the marriage between his father and mother is delayed by the spite of his father's first wife, who will not apply for her decree nisi to be made absolute until it is too late. The author would have done more towards encouraging popular support for Mr. WIGNALL's Illegitimacy Bill had she taken the case of a child born under less exceptional conditions. Margaret, the mother, is a delightful person, but for Jimmy, the father, I was unable to feel much sympathy, in spite of his first wife's hardness, his own tendency to take to drink or his frequently expressed yearnings for fatherhood. Miss SHAW-COWLEY seems to expect me to agree that he was justified in asking Margaret, in order that they might eventually be married (with an incidental prospect of his redemption), to endure the many agonies of her equivocal position for his sake. On the whole I don't.

If I don't altogether agree with the time-honoured pro-

John Drogue and Penelope Grant, the hero and heroine

of *The Little Red Foot* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), were admirably suited to each other, but I protest that Mr. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS reports their philanderings too freely. For the verbosity of *John* and *Penelope* I allot Mr. CHAMBERS one bad mark, and I feel inclined to give him another because he has confused me by introducing several characters who are unessential to his story. "All Americans," he tells us, "were little celebrated, excepting locally," in 1774, and his novel deals with those years in which local celebrities became famous throughout the world. It is a careful study, and the part of it in which we are told about the Indians is both informing and attractive. Indeed I was so captivated by these Indians that more than possibly they account for my impatience with the loquacious and love-sick *John*.

I don't exactly myself see Mrs. PHILIP SNOWDEN as *A Political Pilgrim in Europe* (CASSELL). It is the pilgrim that I can't envisage—the politics are there all right. To be a pilgrim in the good old days of scrips and cockleshells meant having a very intelligible idea of what you were finally making for; and this was, if I remember rightly, a settled and well-defined beatitude towards which Jerusalem and Compostella and Walsingham and all the rest of them were so many stages and stepping-stones. Now what I feel about Mrs. SNOWDEN and her fellow-internationalists is this—they have none of them any very clear notion of their objective; and all these eloquent forays on Paris, Berne, Zurich, Lucerne, Vienna, Moscow, Batoum and Cork are neither ends in themselves nor stages towards anything else. The book, however, is both generous and genuine: and though Mrs. SNOWDEN, like all inveterate publicists, suffers from a glut of her own impressions and other people's judgments, neither are without their value and suggestiveness. Of the former, the portrait of Frau ROSIKA SCHWIMMER, the first woman Minister in Europe, is at once the most salient and the most relentless; of the latter, the shrewdest saying of all—or so it struck me—comes from the Viennese Jew, OTTO BAUER, "The social problem of Europe for a generation or more will be the town against the country."

More Essays on Books, written by Mr. A. CLUTTON-BROCK and published by the house of METHUEN, consists of fourteen essays of some two to three thousand words apiece, reprinted from *The Times Literary Supplement*. Mr. CLUTTON-BROCK is a considerable critic, and he deals this time with such authors as GEORGE MEREDITH, WHITMAN, POE, MARVELL, TOLSTOY, HENRY VAUGHAN and GEORGE HERBERT. A mixed bag, all neatly grassed, with no runners—bearing witness to a practised eye and a catholic taste. I like best in the collection, however, the essay on *Worldly Wisdom*, which deals (in a rather lighter vein than most of the others) with that classic work, the *Oraculo Manual* y

Arte de Prudencia of BALTASAR GRACIAN, a certain Spanish Jesuit who died in the middle of the seventeenth century. The comparison of this accomplished professor of the Art of Worldly Wisdom with the *Auntie Hamps* of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is full of pleasant touches. There are good things too in the paper called "The Defects of English Prose," as this of Mr. W. H. HUDSON: "He makes his dearest friend of the reader, and confides in him with speech that has the beauty of a wild animal's eyes." Mr. CLUTTON-BROCK perceives and commends the good, but does not always follow it. Sometimes he is a trifle too parsonic in manner. I cannot help picturing him in the act of composing these weekly sermons with half an eye on the study clock, wondering whether he ought not to have just one more paragraph to

make up the twenty minutes. And, as they are all cast in the mould of the *Literary Supplement's* front page, it is hardly surprising if his method betrays a certain lack of variety.

The compilers of *The History of the London Rifle Brigade, 1859-1919* (CONSTABLE), in managing to efface themselves so completely that one cannot attach the name of author or editor to their work, present a practical instance of that submergence of the individual soldier in the continuing life of the regiment that is typical of the *esprit de corps* for which this famous unit conspicuously stands. The story begins with the dim days of the Volunteer movement and deals faithfully with all the earlier years, solemnly chronicling, for instance, that in 1878 the Easter training was spread over four days and corporals were given permission to wear bronze chains and whistles, a record which contrasts strikingly enough with that of 1916, say, when the first battalion alone suffered some fifteen hundred casualties in the Somme engagements between July and September. The regiment was in the thickest of the fight at Gommecourt and Leuze Wood, and later at Vimy, to mention only a few battle-names, so that, if the object of the historians had been the glorification of themselves and their fellows in the eyes of the world, they might well have shouted with the best; but, seeing that their book is meant only for the men who were "there" and who need no heroic writing to remind them of the conditions under which their work was done, probably they have been well advised to confine themselves almost entirely to a mechanical record of facts.

"The first big cheer went up as Mr. Chamberlain's eyeglass and Lord Birkenhead's cigar were recognised. They bowed to the crowd's hearty greeting."—*Evening Standard*.

In consequence of these courtesies, the eyeglass was shattered into fragments and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had to bring his Stepney into play. The LORD CHANCELLOR's smoke however was not interrupted, for he favours cigars of a long strong kind, which may bend but will not break.



AT THE MAGICIAN'S DOOR.

"PLEASE, SIR, FATHER WANTS THIS LOVE POTION RENEWED, AND PLEASE MAKE IT STRONGER THAN THE LAST, 'COS MOTHER BEAT 'IM AGAIN THIS MORNING."

CHARIVARIA.

AN Inverness dentist, after administering an anæsthetic, removed one of the PRIME MINISTER'S teeth last week. It is reported that several Anti-Coalitionists offered to pull it out without an anæsthetic just for the fun of the thing.

"Germany," says a trade paper, "is preparing to flood this country with cheap cigars." We hope the Disarmament Conference at Washington will bear this in mind.

A fire which broke out at the War Office the other day was reported to the London Fire Brigade by letter. It is only fair to say that the official writing the letter had the sense to mark it "Urgent."

With reference to the much-advertised film version of *Kipps*, an old lady writes to ask us if she is not right in supposing the title to have been Mr. WELLS'S pet name for Mr. KIPLING when they were boys together.

A large quantity of coal has been damaged by fire at a London Electric works. If they care to try the non-inflammable sort we shall be happy to recommend a dealer.

"Marriage is a lottery," announces a lady-writer in a weekly paper. As we still have two million surplus women, the writer looks like being inundated with requests for tickets.

In a New Zealand egg-laying contest an Indian runner duck is stated to have laid three hundred and sixty-six eggs in three hundred and sixty-five days. The odd egg is supposed to have been a sighting shot.

A City lift-man has been fined twenty shillings for assaulting a stockbroker's clerk who omitted to say 'please' after indicating his destination. Lift-men are of course there to teach the public patience, not politeness.

Sir A. CONAN DOYLE tells of a dog in Australia that had the power of divining the number of coins in a man's pocket. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is believed to have made an offer for it.

All the members of the British Association have returned home safely from Edinburgh, says a contemporary. The

fact that not one of them was kidnapped speaks well for the honesty of the natives.

In Esperanto, we read, the word "Ko" means "My soul is pierced with the liquid wonder of your eyes." Try it on the rate-collector when he calls.

A Communist has been arrested for biting a policeman. He has denied the charge, explaining that he never eats policemen with their uniform on because they don't agree with him.

will, we understand, run under some of the finest scenery in our Metropolis.

Three perfectly-developed yolks were found in a pullet's egg in Bedfordshire. It looks as if it is about time for *The Daily Mail* to take up the "shortage of shells" scandal again.

The Municipal Tramways Association has pronounced in favour of the Trackless Tramway. Their decision is thought to have been influenced by the success of the Trackless Telephone call.



Resting Operatic Star (reflecting on the recent boxing contest at Covent Garden Opera House). "Ah! WOULD THAT I HAD BEEN DESIGNED FOR A PUGILIST, INSTEAD OF A ROMANTIC YOUNG LOVER IN OPERA."

While fishing for mackerel at Mevagissey, Cornwall, a woman hooked a blue-nosed shark. We had no idea the cold weather had set in so early in the south-west.

An American recently sailed for New York after being in Europe exactly two hours. There is still a possibility that he was able to make arrangements to have it sent on after him.

A burglar who recently broke into a house at Hampstead was discovered helping himself to some home-made cake. We understand that the husband with great presence of mind telephoned for the doctor.

Another Impending Apology.

"In introducing Sir E. Thorpe as his successor, Professor Herdman said that in the scientific world they associated the name of this eminent chemist with his colossal and indefensible undertaking 'The Dictionary of Applied Chemistry.'"

Provincial Paper.

"The lightning behaved very curiously. It caught part of a fence and threw it into a garden three doors off; it struck a chimney stack and sent it hurling on the roofs; it tore out a small room and twisted a rain pipe.

Observers of the appearance describe it as a ball of fire with violent rays."

Canadian Paper.

The description does not seem too highly coloured.

"Government by consent of the governed, to which flag Mr. de Valera has nailed his colours."—*Evening Paper.*

We commend to the Cubists this new method of laying on paint.

"Speaking generally, it may be truly and fittingly said of Professor — that whilst telegit quis non overarit."—*Canadian Paper.*

There are not many professors of whom we should venture to say the same—in their presence, at any rate.

Correspondents of a daily paper attribute the decline of the London Stage to a shirking of hard work by theatrical beginners. Few of the stage-struck seem to appreciate the motto of the Profession: *Per ardua ad astrakhan*.

After a consultation about a patient in Carlsruhe two medical men disagreed and one shot the other. In our country of course this would be a breach of medical etiquette.

Far-reaching plans for Tube extensions are under consideration at the Headquarters of the London Underground Railways. The projected lines

LORD THANET IN TASMANIA.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

HOBART, September 22nd.

"The island owes its name to Tasman, but it has been re-discovered, rehabilitated and revived by the great Jazz-man of journalism, Lord Thanet." In this pregnant phrase the Governor of Tasmania sums up the electrifying results of a visit unparalleled in the annals of this marsupial Paradise. The gratitude of the inhabitants knows no bounds. There are unfortunately no aborigines left, but I am assured on the best authority that, if only the last representatives of the race could have postponed their demise until Lord THANET'S arrival, they might have been saved from extinction and enjoyed a new and regenerated lease of life.

Apart from this curious lack of consideration nothing has occurred to mar the pleasure of Lord Thanet's trip, which culminated in an exhaustive motor survey of the entire island. He has communicated the impressions derived from this tour to *The New Thanet Trumpet*, a journal started since his arrival and already enjoying a resounding popularity; and by the courtesy of the Editor I am able to reproduce some of the most striking passages in a document which combines the terseness of CÆSAR'S *Commentaries* with the sonorous eloquence of GIBBON and the wit of VOLTAIRE. In particular I may note the generous recognition of the efforts of the Southern Hemisphere to creep up to the standard of the North. Lord Thanet has been constantly reminded of other scenes and climes—of Naples and Florida, of Margate and Nice, of Paris and the Cornish Riviera. Yet with characteristic magnanimity he admits that the island has a distinct individuality of its own. "The aborigines, who are only just recently extinct, are said by local ethnologists to have been unique."

No word of complaint or reproach mingles with this tribute. The fleeces of the merino sheep, the profuse blossom of the gorse, the vermilion beak of the so-called robin, the beautiful liquid note of the so-called magpie, and the joyous cachinnation of the so-called laughing jackass—all come in for unstinted praise. Lord Thanet also speaks kindly of the wombat, the kangaroo and the opossum, and admits that the Tasmanian so-called devil is not so black as he is painted. The beauty of the bush in springtime evokes his felicitous homage. He applauds the decorative contributions made to the general colour scheme by the rainbow trout and the snow-clad mountains. Yet he is no fulsome panegyrist, and wise words of counsel and

advice temper his appreciation. For example, in a masterly digression on the geology of the island, he observes, "It is stated on the best authority that the Mesozoic system is not well developed. This is not as it should be." And again, after noticing that the basalts "produce a very rich chocolate soil," he deplores the lack of enterprise which has hitherto been shown in cultivating this palatable and nutritive comestible. The waste of fine timber fills him with sorrow, in view of what might be done in remedying the present shortage of wood-pulp.

In a most illuminating excursus Lord Thanet speaks frankly of the eccentricities of Tasmanian nomenclature. "Sunny Tasmania" ought not to be disfigured by so gloomy a name as Cape Grim. Cape Wickham, at the northern extremity of King's Island, clamours for the addition of the obvious equestrian suffix. He regrets the Paganism of Mount Olympus in an island which boasts a Jordan. The rivers Pieman and Piper seem to him to savour of puerility. He notes that the island has twice changed its name, but with typical reticence refrains from alluding to the fact that a strong movement is on foot to rechristen it finally and irrevocably as Thanetia.

As he remarks in a truly luciferous epigram, "Sunny Tasmania is fruitful but densely unpopulated." The total number of inhabitants only amounts to two hundred and twenty thousand—about the population of Peckham. Yet the civic receptions accorded to him wherever he went were well attended, and it was noted that at Corinna, Triabunna and Pillinger the gatherings were swelled by a considerable number of intelligent marsupials. At the last-named place a pathetic effect was produced by the performance of a highly-trained duck-billed platypus, which sang, "Will ye no come back again?" to a *bouche fermée* accompaniment by four winsome wombats.

Down Sussex Way.

"A hen belonging to a Wannock (Sussex) farmer flew to the top of a straw stack, where she laid twenty eggs. From these she hatched twenty birds, and twelve hours later carried them to the ground on her back."

Sunday Paper.

And now let us tell you about our fox-terrier.

"One of the strangest experiences of the war befell him [Sergeant Baeyens]. Engaged in air intelligence work, he was simultaneously attacked by Allied mair aenearsmGn dEngageinshm airmen as a German and by the Germans as a spy."—*Sunday Paper*.

The evident confusion of the Allied airmen seems to have been complicated by engine trouble.

THE LIFEBOAT.

WHEN the south-west gale set in at Beachborough I let Jervois go and play golf alone. He reaped the reward of his folly. He met a man with a flame-coloured head who was looking for a partner and played left-handed without a cap to screen the glare of it. Every time that Jervois and he came to the eleventh hole, which is known as "The Devil's Porringer," this man said, "Ha! the Devil's Porringer; I shall need my long spoon here;" and every time he said this Jervois, who up to that point had been halving in sevens, dropped what he still regarded as his game and lost the next four holes. So at least I gathered from Jervois. For myself I was otherwise employed.

I did not bathe. A number of people contrived during that period to breast—I think that is the right expression—the brine. They said that the sea was like champagne. People who have just bathed will say anything. I may have a short memory, but I have not forgotten the taste of champagne so completely as that.

I did not, again, fly kites. Quite a crowd of grown-up persons flew kites, pretending that they did so for the sake of their young children, but not really allowing their young children to hold the string, except when it came to the winding-up part at the end. For some reason or other, when I was packing up for the seaside, I had omitted to put in my kite.

No, I remembered that the late Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE had presented Beachborough, at a time when housing accommodation was not so scarce, with a Free Library. I went there and found by good luck the novel I desired. But I did not try to read it in the Free Library. There may be people who can read a novel in a Free Library and there may be people who can read a novel in a morgue, but I am not one of them. In return for a small deposit I persuaded the librarian to let me take the novel away.

When I got back to the rooms I was sharing with Jervois there still seemed to be something wrong. The storm blustered and the rain lashed the windows. There was a sediment of sand on the floor. All the chairs and sofas were of the shiny kind that is, I believe, stuffed with horsehair. It seems to me a sad thing that people should take the hair of a dead horse and stuff it inside the skin of a dead cow and ask one to sit on it. I put on my mackintosh again and tried the glass shelters on the marine parade. They were all of them quite full, full of superfluous women casting on one and purling two and minding child-



THE DOUBLE-DEALER.



Visitor. "I THINK THAT YOU ARE VERY LUCKY TO LIVE IN SUCH AN IDEAL VILLAGE, MRS. GRIMES."
Old Lady (pessimist). "THAT MAY BE, MUM, BUT YOU WASN'T DOWN 'ERE FOR THE 'OOPING-COUGH IN THE SPRING."

ren and casting off two and wondering what pudding to order for dinner tomorrow and purling two again. And then I noticed an open door.

The only man in the Lifeboat House was big and bronzed and had Ancient Mariner written all over him. I may be exaggerating when I say this, but, at any rate, he had a large anchor tattooed on his right wrist.

"I wonder—" I began deferentially (I am always shy of ancient mariners, because at any moment they may begin to talk about centre-boards, and I don't really know what a centre-board is).

"You want to see the lifeboat?" he said.

"I suppose I do," I replied.

The lifeboat stood, as lifeboats do, on a kind of cart, with its tail pointing to where the horses' tails would be, and the mariner took me up a step-ladder and showed me the inside. I have seldom seen a more cosy-looking place. Everything shone with the warm mellow resplendence of seasoned wood and well-polished brass work, shone like oak-panelled parlours and the coffee-rooms of ancient inns. And all the time that the ancient mariner was telling me how the pumps worked and what the different ropes were for, and

explaining the vicissitudes of wrecks, I was coming to a decision. The gale roared louder than ever, and all the other buildings in Beachborough seemed to have been dedicated to the goddess of Discomfort; but here there was a windless calm.

"Would you mind very much," I said to the ancient mariner, when I had duly paid a small contribution to the lifeboat fund and a little more as a lecture fee, "if I stayed here for an hour or two and read my book?"

He didn't mind at all, so I collected some heavy pieces of matting—"fenders," I think they are called—and made a kind of settee near the little tub where the line and lead-stick were coiled, and began to read *Barchester Towers*.

He let me come back the next day and the day after that. Now and then we had a few words of conversation about ropes and tides and queer craft, and life on the ocean wave, but for the most part I read and smoked while he smoked and polished. Even Mr. CHAPLIN at the cinema and a matinee of *The Private Secretary* in a kind of wooden theatre with the wind coming in along the floor did not drag me away. Jervois mocked at me, of course, and called me a traitor to the links, but I said I

had always longed for a seafaring life, and told him to go back and play golf with his college friend the beacon. After three days the storm subsided.

As one goes down Charing Cross Road in the evening one perceives a lighted window, in which there is a moving canvas sea with a model lifeboat heaving on it, made fast to a model wreck. A small crowd is always gathered about this window, and I hope its members are urged to contribute to the Lifeboat Fund. But I always pass them by with a touch of the sea-dog's scorn for ignorant land-lubbers. Very few of them, I imagine, understand a lifeboat as I do. EVOE.

From a Variety programme:—

"BELLA —, just a delightful artiste.
(Matinees excepted.)"

Ah, well, we all have our limitations.

"A SLIGHT ERROR.

The manufacturers of the 40-50 h.p. — quotes us as having written that 'it is not for nothing that an enthusiast styled it as the aeroplane of the world.' Actually, we wrote 'aeroplane of the road,' which explains an apparent lapsus lingui."—*Motoring Paper*.
And now they've side-slipped again.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

ONE of the penalties of being a writer (even of alleged humour) is that one is suspected of pedantry.

There are people going about (I wish they would keep still) who have credited me with being an authority on all sorts of abstruse and recondite subjects. They notice in one or other of my articles a passing remark on some high-brow topic (probably all I know of the matter) and write to me about it. They are a nuisance. I received a letter from a clerical person, a few weeks ago, which ran:—

DEAR SIR,—I read with great interest your article in *The Passer-by*, in which you refer to the Zwinglian Heresy in a way that suggests some knowledge of the matter.

I am writing a book on the Early Reformers and shall be grateful for any help you can give me. I shall be in town next Tuesday, and shall be delighted if you will lunch with me at the Refereum at 1.30, when we might have an interesting chat.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
(Rev.) HENRY RATSBAKE.

I tried to silence him with this:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your charming letter.

Much as I should like to discuss with you the views of the late Mr. ZWINGLE and exchange ideas on the Big Three (or was it Four?) of Geneva over a bottle of anything iced at the Refereum, I must deprive myself of the pleasure, as I am booked for a hot afternoon, I fear, at the monthly meeting of a Literary Society, where I have to read a paper on "The Symbolism of the Neo-Vorticists."

Yours very truly,

JAS. J. WEAVER.

P.S.—Have you noticed what lovely brown eggs Minorca fowls are laying this season? I am wondering if the atmospheric conditions caused by the drought are responsible.

The following week I received this letter:—

DEAR SIR,—Your article in this week's *Stand-Still* was most amusing, and your happy reference to HENGIST and HORSA convinces me that in your serious moments you are a keen student of English History.

This has prompted me to write and ask you if you will be kind enough to settle one or two points in dispute between my brother-in-law and myself, namely: Was VORTIGERN justified in surrendering London to HENGIST in or about the year A.D. 477, and what were the exact terms of the treaty between them?



Philanthropist. "AH, SO YOUR HUSBAND ALSO SINGS?"

Lady. "HO, YES, SIR. WHEN I STOPS TO COLLECT 'E GOES ON WHERE I LEFT OFF, SO AS NOT TO INTERRUPT THE BEAUTY OF THE 'YMN.'"

Any information you can give me on these points will be greatly appreciated by

Yours gratefully,
SEPTIMUS COLE-MASON.

To this I replied:—

DEAR SIR,—Your interesting and welcome letter has reached me, as most letters do, in course of time.

I should hardly care to go into the questions you ask without more leisure than is at my present disposal; and, as

the affair in question is so remote and any ill-feeling entertained by the supporters of either side must by now have passed away, it seems a pity to rake up old prejudices.

Yours faithfully, JAS. J. WEAVER.

P.S.—Our butter is running terribly in this hot weather. Is yours?

The latest letter of this kind I received as recently as this morning:—

MY DEAR SIR,—In reference to the problem mentioned by you in your

humorous article in the current number of *Jane Cow* I gather that you know something of the difficulties of squaring the circle, and may therefore be interested to hear that I have devoted the leisure of several years to this knotty question. I have already reached my seven hundred and twenty-third decimal place, but have not arrived at a satisfactory solution, and am rather in despair over it.

If, with your mathematical knowledge, you can put me on to any likely formula I shall be eternally obliged.

Meanwhile I remain,
Faithfully yours,
J. EVERARD WAGSTAFFE.

I have answered as follows:—

DEAR MR. WAGSTAFFE,—If you cannot break the habit to which you refer, why not try to de-obess yourself by attempting to circle the square, if you know of a nice quiet one for the experiment? Have you thought of Bryanston Square? The exercise, if taken at the double, should be good for the liver.

Yours in sympathy,
JAS. J. WEAVER.

P.S.—If you are a married man you will be glad to learn that the price of knitted (all silk) jumpers is down six points (not decimal) in the shops here, as it seems to indicate a return to a more or less normal scale of expenditure on the necessities of life.

Commercial Candour.

"The design of these cars is based upon the demands of the most fastidious, most critical of motorists—the man who always expects something better than he gets."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

More Autobiography.

"THE DEVIL WAS SICK."

By JAMES DOUGLAS.

Who has been absent from the 'Sunday Express' for six weeks on account of illness."

"In compliment to the delegates from overseas who are attending the Ecumenical Methodist Conference, a winner was given last evening, at the Hotel Cecil, London."

Provincial Paper.

The gay dogs!

Trials of a Poultry Farmer.

Extract from the letter of a native orderly on the Gold Coast:—

"Sir,—I am glad to put this letter before you. The cat has born five chickens and she has eat one remaining four on the 13th of January, 1921. Again the peagons also sleep on her eggs. Everything is up to date in your house."

A GOOD FORM.

I HAD always thought that this country held all records in the making of Forms. But there is a gentleman in America who has us beat.

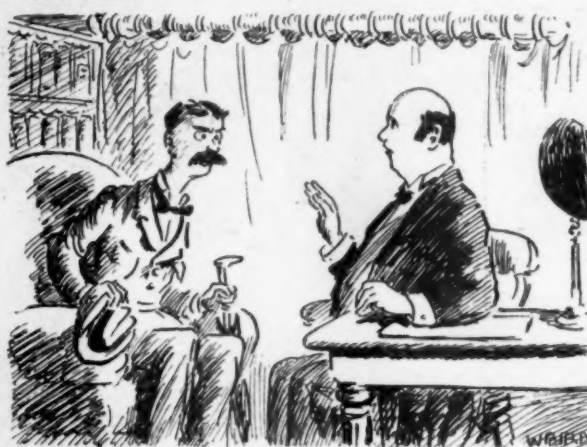
Two of my acquaintances have decided to go to America. One of them, whom I will call Professor Scruby, is a renowned philosopher and has written books about Logic. The other, his nephew, who may be called George, is one of those flippant young men who never seem to be able to take serious things seriously—a most distressing type, don't you think?

He did not take this form seriously at all; the Professor, on the other hand, took it portentously. The form, by the way, was sent to them by the Steam-

self, or the idea of an image, or just a large number of rather unpleasant sense-impressions. Human error being so profound and reality a term of purely psychological relativity, it is almost certain (not that anything is certain, of course) that there is something fishy about that looking-glass, so it is fairly clear (not that anything is clear) that he is not perceiving *himself* in it. But, if not, what *is* he perceiving? The daily worry of this problem was so grave that he finally gave up shaving altogether and grew a horrible beard.

Such a man ought not to be asked to decide things, and he certainly should not be asked to answer thirty-three distinct questions in a definite manner, especially if he is terribly conscientious and precise and understands that, if he

gives a false answer, he may be arrested at New York, or sent back in the steerage as an undesirable alien. However, after a day or two, he wrote down hesitatingly his Family name, Given Name (he scratched out "Given" and put "Christian"), Age, Sex, Whether Single, Married, Widowed or Divorced, Whether Able to Read or Write, Nationality, Race or People. "Calling or Occupation" bothered him, for he flattered himself that he had a natural calling to be a great business-man and regretted that he had never answered the call. So he put down "Calling—Finance and Industry. Occupation—Philosophy." To Question 13—Final Destination (Intended Future



SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?

"Now, Doctor, before we go any further I want you to understand that, under the professional secrecy rule, I rely on you not to tell anyone that I have a cast in my eye."

ship Company to fill up for the satisfaction of the American authorities, a huge pink thing about the size of a page of *The Times*. I watched them filling it up.

There were only thirty-three questions to be answered, and the first twelve gave little or no difficulty. The Professor is one of those people who have gone so deeply into the subjects of Reality and Knowledge that they are quite sure that nothing is real, and would not like to say that they *know* anything. Old Scruby has the gravest doubts about his own existence, for he thinks that nothing exists except in the perception of somebody; an uninhabited island in the middle of the ocean does not exist at all unless somebody is perceiving it from a ship, or perhaps an aeroplane; and even when he looks at himself in the glass he frets himself to death with wondering whether he is perceiving his real self, or the image of an idea of him-

Permanent Residence) he answered simply:—

"This is a question to which I can scarcely give an adequate reply within the present limits and without some further definition of the terms employed.

"The term 'Final,' for example, is ambiguous, and attributes to human purpose a degree of certainty which I for one am not prepared to claim. Do you mean my final destination in England, or in America, or on the earth, or elsewhere? Again, the words 'Permanent' and 'Intended' raise a number of interesting problems. 'Permanence' is, of course, a purely relative term, and one which I should not care to apply to any action of mine. Again, 'Intention' signifies a knowledge or foresight of an act coupled with a desire for that act. That being so, you will appreciate that I can only say that, assuming I reach America, my inclination would be to return to Oxford quite soon."

George gave much the same answer in slightly different words:—

"Heaven knows!"

"By whom was passage paid?" ("Uncle, I am glad to say," wrote



Sympathetic Father (to son returning to school). "I KNOW THE FEELING, OLD MAN. I USED TO FEEL JUST THE SAME WHEN MY LEAVE WAS UP AND I HAD TO GO BACK TO FRANCE."

Son. "YES; BUT THEN YOU HAD A REVOLVER."

George), and "Whether in possession of fifty dollars, and, if less, how much?" were fairly easy; but then there were two questions which raised the fatal problem of the Professor's "intentions," and he wrote a small essay on Purpose and Fallibility. Number 20 was a terrible thing—"Whether alien intends to return to country whence he came after engaging temporarily in laboring pursuits in the U.S.?"

The two answers were as follows:—

The Professor. This is an interesting example of the Fallacy of Many Questions, or *τὰ πολλὰ ἐκαστὸν ἀποκρίνεται ἰσχυρῶς*. It is often recounted how CHARLES II asked the members of the Royal Society why a live fish placed in a bowl already full of water did not cause it to overflow, whereas a dead fish did so, and how they gave various ingenious reasons for a difference which did not exist. I should like, if I may, to include this question in the next edition of my "Logic," in place of the rather hackneyed example, "Have you left off beating your grandmother?"

George. Yes or no. There is a catch in this; but you may take it from me that the answer's a lemon. Anyway, no laboring pursuits for me.

Then there was "Ever in prison, or almshouse, or institution for care or treatment of the insane, or supported

by charity? If so, which?" The Professor had visited all these places, so he wrote "Physically, yes—but not professionally."

Then, blushing hotly, they answered Questions 22 and 23.

"Whether a Polygamist?"

The Professor. This is a question which ought not to be put to me. I am not even a monogamist.

George. Not really.

"Whether an Anarchist?"

The Professor. A meaningless term.

George. Only on Mondays.

By the way, it would be nice to know how many people answer "Yes" to those two questions, and what happens if they do; and what happens if you put "No," and afterwards are caught being a polygamist. I suppose then somebody digs up the form and says, "Yah! you said you weren't a polygamist." Then you are deported for falsehood. However, I suppose this is really the only way of keeping anarchists out. Real anarchists, who throw bombs, may pretend they care nothing about law and order; but, of course,

they think twice before they make an inaccurate statement in a form.

The full text of Question 24 contained 124 words, beginning—

"Whether a person who believes in or advocates the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the U.S. or of all forms of law . . . or who advocates or teaches the duty, necessity or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers, either of specific individuals or of officers generally, of the Government of the U.S. or of any other organised Government?"

The answers to that were:—

The Professor. I have now spent five days completing this form, and for the first time I feel a certain sympathy with the state of mind indicated in the question, which, if I may say so, is framed with admirable precision.

George. Just one officer, please: the one who did this form.

I doubt if either of them will be allowed to land. A. P. H.

From a paragraph entitled "Good Things":—

"Really cheap foods found by one woman in London to-day included:—

s. d.
Bar scrubbing soap 1 3"

We propose to stick to margarine.

THE LAST WICKET: AN OPERA.

THE presentation of Mr. HAROLD BRIGHOUSE's Football Play, *The Game*, may possibly create a new vogue in stage productions, in which some of our other national sports will figure largely. For example, an Opera on Cricket might help to keep interest alive in this greatest of all games during the winter months.

The plot (if any) would present few difficulties. Percival Vere-Casserole (Amateur) loves Angeline (Act I.), daughter of the Squire, who consents to their betrothal only on condition that Percival's County, Blankshire, wins the Cricket Championship; while Hubert Bunn (Professional of a rival County), having been bribed by the villain (Act II.), swears that this shall never be.

In Act III. the scene is the Blankshire County Ground. The deciding match is drawing to a close; nine wickets down; eight runs to win. It is all very exciting.

Chorus of Fielders (to outgoing batsman).

You're out, you're out!
Beyond a doubt
The bowler tricked you neatly;
He tied you up and round about
And baffled you completely.

Away, away,
No longer stay;
We view your going gladly;
And may we be allowed to say
You batted very badly?

Umpire. Ah yes, ah yes, I must confess
You batted very badly. [*Exit Batsman.*]

A Slip. But who is this who midst resounding cheers
In the Pavilion doorway now appears?

Umpire (rather indelicately perhaps).
'Tis young Vere-Casserole, serene and stately,
Who loves Sir Jasper's daughter passionately.

Chorus of Fielders.

We marvel that the crowd applaud him greatly,
Merely because he loves her passionately.

Chorus of Spectators (off).

Hail him, then, with acclamation
As adown the stairs he trips,
Sprightliest of willow-wielders,
Bane of contemplative fielders.

Bowlers, guard your reputation,
Soon to undergo eclipse,

If he flicks his
4's and 6's

Through the unretentive slips.

[*Enter Percival Vere-Casserole. The Fielders gather round him.*]

Chorus of Fielders.

Stranger, let not pride, inflating you,
Dim your reason. Turn, oh turn.

[*Percival expresses indifference.*]

Would you learn the fate awaiting you?

Tarry, then, and you will learn.

Soon upon a retrogressional

Course you'll go with cheeks aflame,

Bowled by Hubert Bunn (Professional);

Cower and tremble at the name.

Bunn (stepping forward).

I am Hubert Bunn (Professional);

Cower and tremble at my name.

Percival (bowing to him politely).

I'm Percival Vere-Casserole.

(*To Chorus*) Will somebody kindly enlighten me?

Has Hubert come hither to bowl,

Or is he here merely to frighten me?

My prowess I hate to extol,

But I'm bound to confess I can bat a bit;

So, what though his pace

Be as fierce as his face

I'll never be troubled by that a bit.

Chorus of Fielders.

His style is erratic and fast,

And, though you presume to make light of it,

Full many a man in the past

Has fled from the field at the sight of it;

While others stood gaping, aghast,

Such a deadly and dangerous swerve is his.

(*Angrily*) And after all, damn it, you're

Only an Amateur;

Bunn has been paid for his services.

Bunn (furiously, as he prepares to bowl).

Now with my wiles will I quickly confound you.

Umpire. Guard, Mr. Casserole. Dangers surround you.

Percival. Line me my bat with the wicket precisely.

Umpire. Middle and Leg.

Percival. That will do very nicely.

Bunn (commencing his run).

Villain, have at you. [*He bowls.*]

A ball in a million!

Percival (smiting it).

Tra-la-la-la, it is in the Pavilion.

Chorus of Spectators (off).

Bravely smitten, bravely smitten!

In the score-book be it written,

Opening wide his brawny shoulders

He delighted all beholders,

And surprised the bowler greatly,

Scoring six immaculately.

Bunn (again commencing his run).

Brief shall your triumph be.

[*Enter Angeline suddenly. She rushes to Percival.*]

Angeline. Promise me, Percy,

You won't be impetuous.

[*Percival embraces Angeline—and is bowled.*]

Percival. Heaven ha' mercy!

[*He falls senseless into the arms of the wicket-keeper.*]

Chorus of Fielders (as they troop off the field).

You're out, you're out!

Beyond a doubt

The bowler tricked you neatly . . . etc.

[*Bunn approaches and exults over his defeated rival.*]

Angeline swoons.

CURTAIN.

"ILFRACOMBE.

One outcome of the phenomenal drought has been the decision of the council to consider the question of raising the dam impounding water in Llyn Dwyln, the lake at the foot of Carnedd Llewelyn, from which the water supply of Llandudno is derived.

With the extensive improvements carried out at the gasworks a good supply of gas is now available. The council propose to defer for the present the scheme of installing vertical retorts."—*Daily Paper.*

But they will probably get one from Llandudno if they persist in pinching its water-supply.

From an article on the ROCKEFELLER Foundation:—

"In France it brought its anti-tuberculosis work to a high rate of efficiency . . . in nine Southern States of America and eighteen foreign countries it battled against the book-worm."

It would appear that the ROCKEFELLER policy is the exact reverse of CARNEGIE'S.



Stalker (who has been given the usual explanation after a miss, "Ye shot over him, Sirr"). "BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE SHOT WENT, McDONALD?"

McDonald. "WEEL, IF YE HAD GONE AHINT HIM HE WAD 'A' LEPPIT FOR'ARD, AN' IF YE HAD GONE IN FRONT OF HIM HE WAD 'A' LEPPIT BACK, AN' IF YE HAD GONE BENEATH HIM HE'D 'A' LEPPIT UP; BUT AS HE JIST WALKED AWAY THERE'S NAE IITHER PLACE FOR YE TO HA' GONE, I'M THENKIN'."

LARNING THEM POLITENESS.

It is rather disheartening to most of us to learn from the lips of lugubrious divines and uplift merchants generally that this is a sordid age of materialists and that ideals have vanished from the earth.

What a rebuke it must be to them, therefore, to read in last week's paper of the liftman that assaulted the impolite passenger. We have no reason to believe that this liftman made a hobby of assaulting passengers. Hundreds of them daily went up and down with him without his laying a finger on them. But his noble impulses were stirred when a certain individual failed to conform to the usages of polite society and, without fear of the consequences, he gave the offender what-for.

He paid the legal penalty—and gladly. He suffered in a good cause, and the world is richer for his splendid example.

Would not the whole community benefit greatly if the same spirit were displayed in other circumstances and reports of the following kind were customary?—

"The waiters' strike at the Splitz Restaurant has, we learn, been satisfactorily settled. The waiters, it will be remembered, downed napkins in order to protest against the table manners of Sir Elles Dee, the millionaire tripe merchant.

"Yesterday, Sir Elles, who is one of

the best known patrons of the establishment, yielded to the advice of his friends and agreed not only to tackle curry with a spoon and fork in future, but also to undergo a course of correspondence tuition in spaghetti eating.

"A contract to this effect having been signed, the restaurant resumed its normal activity this morning."

* * *

"The Savage Rugby Football Club has, it is reported, cancelled its return fixture with the Tomahawk Fifteen on account of a gross breach of good manners on the part of a member of the latter team. It appears that the stand-off half of the Savages was tackled and grassed by some of the Tomahawk forwards, and whilst he lay on the ground one of them trod on his ear, without, it is said, employing the customary 'Do you mind?' or even 'May I?' If the charge is proved against the Tomahawks it is doubtful if any of the other clubs will carry out their fixtures with them until a full apology has been received."

* * *

"Our representative called to-day at the town residence of Mr. Blundell-Bumpit, M.P., in order to inquire as to the condition of the Honourable Member, who, it will be recalled, underwent a severe ordeal at the House of Commons last Thursday.

"As was fully reported in our columns of Friday last, Mr. Blundell-Bumpit,

who has not yet quite adapted himself to the usages of the House, was guilty of an unprecedented blunder in referring to the MINISTER FOR LABOUR as 'that Johnny,' instead of 'The Right Honourable, etc.'

"This untimely reference so incensed the SPEAKER, whose zeal for the usages of Parliament is notorious, that he flung the Mace at the erring Member. The weighty weapon caught Mr. Blundell-Bumpit amidships and brought him to earth. On recovering consciousness the Hon. Member saw at once that there was some high motive behind the SPEAKER's action, and allowed himself to be conveyed home in an ambulance. He is now, we learn, progressing favourably."

"MURDER GANG IN BERLIN.

HOUSE PURCHASERS LURED AWAY AND KILLED."
Daily Paper.

In the interests of comparative criminology we should like to know exactly how the killing was carried out. In our country, of course, this kind of victim is usually bled to death.

"The *British Industry* will sail from the Thames in the summer of 1923. She will go first to the West Coast of South America, where there will be four ports of call, viz., Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires."—*Morning Paper.*

The British newspaper industry, to judge by our contemporary's geography, appears to be already at sea.



Boy (who has heard that his aunt is "reading for the Bar"). "THAT'S MY AUNTIE WINNIE. SHE'S GOING TO BE A BARMAID."

A TRAGIC BLACKBERRYING.

WHAT, is it time for tea? The hours are winging
Right swiftly on this golden afternoon;
And this is blackberry jam you hand me, bringing
Sad thoughts before me? (Kindly pass the spoon.)

Ay, bitter thoughts it brings of last September,
When several people—I forget their names—
Set out to blackberry; I well remember
Herbert was there and dear old Uncle James.

Yes, Uncle James. Though stiff in joint and muscle,
White-haired and portly, he was nothing loth
To join the deadly never-ending tussle
With every different form of undergrowth.

The lion-hearted one! I saw him scramble
Far, far away, a dauntless pioneer,
Beating aside the yet untrodden bramble;
I called him, but he did not seem to hear.

When evening fell we met where we had scattered;
The girls were wearing what had once been frocks;
My shirt was quite irrevocably tattered,
And blood was oozing out of Herbert's socks.

And Uncle James? Ah, now at last you're able
To grasp the sorry reason why I wince
When blackberry jam confronts me on the table:
It is because we haven't seen him since.

Perhaps he spied a beauty, reached to pick it
Waving above him luscious and alone,
And so mislaid his balance in the thicket,
And then the brambles claimed him for their own.

Our grief was great—impossible to mask it;
For hours we searched and, with the rising moon,
We found his walking-stick and little basket,
But Uncle James? Ah! (Kindly pass the spoon.)

Avenging the "Ashes."

"GAMES OF CRICKET FOR THE DAVIS CUP."

Various games of cricket have been played in Toronto (England) for the Davis Cup, with the following results:—Australia, 6-6-6; Canada, 192 'rounds' for 2 wickets. In the first innings—unfished-Essex, 128 'rounds.' (In the first innings)."

Translated from an Argentine Paper.

"With regard to force of stroke [in lawn tennis], a child can hit no harder than it can. Nature thus ordains that there is no excess of strain."—*Weekly Paper.*

Another of Nature's mysterious processes disclosed.

"The Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Temple), on holiday at Dolgelly, strained his left ankle in climbing Cader Idris, and is now walking with the aid of sticks.

Bishop Welldon, alluding to the debate by the British Association on the subject, expresses the hope that the future international language will be English."—*Provincial Paper.*

So do we; but what *was* the Welsh word the Bishop of MANCHESTER used?



L'UNION FAIT LA FARCE.

UNEMPLOYED WORKMAN. "GOT A JOB FOR ME, GUV'NOR?"

RATEPAYER. "YES; I WANT MY HOUSE DONE UP."

UNEMPLOYED WORKMAN. "CAN'T TAKE LESS THAN UNION RATES."

RATEPAYER. "CAN'T AFFORD 'EM; BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A FAIR LIVING WAGE."

UNEMPLOYED WORKMAN. "WHY, I'M TOLD I OUGHT TO GET THAT FOR DOING NOTHING!"



Talkative Stranger. "YES, THERE'S A LOT OF GRUMBLING, BUT MY EXPERIENCE THIS SUMMER 'AS BEEN THAT, DROUGHT OR NO DROUGHT, MY LITTLE PLACE IN SURREY 'AS SUPPLIED ME WITH ALL MY REQUIREMENTS IN THE WAY OF VEG."

Fellow-Passenger (driven desperate by boredom and asphyxiation). "REALLY? IT MUST BE VERY CONVENIENT TO GROW YOUR OWN CIGARS."

UNO FIASCONE.

My friend Goali, even though he never lived and modelled in fancy long enough to bring back very vividly old days in Rome. In particular, those rooms over the shop not very far from the famous flight of steps where the flower-girls sit with their big blossoming baskets; not very far from the house where KEATS died.

When one is in Rome, to do as Rome does is not enough. So I had argued. One must speak as Rome speaks, too, otherwise how can one have any fun? Of what use to sit outside Aragno's (which *The Times* has been calling "Araganc's") if every word trilling and rolling in the circumambient air is incomprehensible? How elucidate the titles of pictures? How conduct disputes with the traveller's natural foes? And worse almost than useless to meet the beautiful Roman ladies. I determined therefore that I would stay in a polyglot hotel only just so long as it took me to find rooms in a truly Roman house, where nothing but Italian was

talked, so that I should be forced either to overcome my natural linguistic indolence or suffer every kind of discomfort. Thus should I learn the language. All hotels are alike—no matter where they are—and so long as I was in one of them I should not acquire a single indigenous phrase; but in rooms the vocabulary would grow and the syntax gradually be acquired. That (I said) is the only way—to live in rooms among the people.

I had a few words, of course. One can't frequent London restaurants and be utterly ignorant of Italian. But they were very few, and all, or nearly all, bore rather upon physical requirements than, say, philosophy. Signor BENEDETTO CROCE's wisdom remained a sealed book to me, although I could make some kind of a success in ordering either a *collazione* or a *pranzo*. But such words as I had were, so to speak, single bricks. There was a total lack of mortar. I could command *spaghetti*, but I could not then say, "I don't like this *spaghetti*. It is insufficiently cooked. Perhaps I could have some-

thing else instead." By going into residence in rooms in a thoroughly Italian house I felt that all these little defects would be put right.

Cheaper too.

Having decided upon the neighbourhood I preferred—somewhere near the famous flight of steps—I began to look about for placards with notices of apartments to let. (I forget the phrase, but I knew it then.) There were many, and I visited them all, but some obstacle always intervened. Often it was merely personal distaste, but usually it was the circumstance that English was spoken. Most English people seeking rooms in Rome prefer, it seems, that their own tongue should be the only one that is employed. Hence a smattering of English was common among the landladies, and they freely boasted of it.

At last, however, I struck a piece of good fortune. I came to a large and what must have been once a patrician mansion, with the whole first floor to let. The rooms were vast, with high white walls and cold red tiles. There



The Younger Woman. "PERFECT GODSEND THESE BELL SLEEVES AND LONG FULL SKIRTS TO SOME PEOPLE. PERSONALLY I SHAN'T ADOPT THEM TILL I'M DRIVEN TO IT."

was a gigantic sitting-room, a palatial bedroom and a little annexe in which a bath had been placed. Ancient and massive furniture was scattered frugally about. Outside the sitting-room was a balcony, over which at the moment—it was autumn—a vine was clambering, with little purple grapes within reach of an idle hand, and below was a tangled and very foreign garden. Two centuries ago some important Roman had lorded it here; to-day it was in the tenancy of a tailor, or rather two tailors, a father and son. And it was the father, an aged man without a word of English, who showed me round. Thoughts of ANDREA DEL SARTO made the idea of living at an Italian tailor's rather attractive, and as I liked the place we began to bargain.

This we accomplished with the assistance of pencil, paper and a dictionary; but I need tell no one familiar with Italy that the old man never ceased talking all the time. The two controlling words of the discourse were *figlio* and *moglie*; and, although as to what he said I had no notion, I was conscious that it was something that he clearly thought I ought to know and should like to know.

I forget what was decided upon—how many *lire* a week—but we came to an

arrangement and I intimated that I would bring my things there during the afternoon and settle in at once. I also paid a month in advance.

At half-past five, therefore, I arrived in a loaded four-wheeler and entered the tailors' shop. The old man was delighted to see me and at once began to call upstairs.

In a minute or so a young woman hurried down and greeted me.

It was his son's wife.

"Good afternoon," she said. "I put the kettle on in case you wanted some tea. I'm sure we'll all do our best to make you comfy while you're 'ere."

The tailor's son had married a girl from Islington!

That was many years ago, and I am still unable to ask for something to take the place of undercooked *spaghetti*.

E. V. L.

"MOTOR CYCLIST FAINTS."

He was picked up in a semi-conscious condition by his undamaged machine."

Welsh Paper.

We must get one of these automatic ambulances.

"Offer wanted for — Car; owner getting larger; inspection invited."—*Provincial Paper*. We are prepared to take his word for it.

"Sir Eric Geddes, in a grey suit and dispatch box, arrived by car."—*Daily Paper*.

The MINISTER OF TRANSPORT must have shrunk a good deal since we last saw him.

"Lost, Tabby Cat, near Tram Depot; six paws on front feet."—*Local Paper*.

With all this accommodation in front, the cat is surely not "lost," but only "gone before."

"Companion Nurse Required (at once) for boy. Good listener, tall. £40, all found."—*Nursing Mirror*.

The boy, we gather, is a good talker, with a preference for monologue.

"There was a sequel yesterday to the Birmingham train robbery. A man travelling by a local train Friday night . . ."—*Daily Paper*. This looks as if it had been printed on a local Saturday night.

From an article on "Football Plays":—

"I have vivid memories of taking the place kick myself at a wrong angle one night, and nearly hitting the conductor of the orchestra, who received the ball full on the top of his head."—*Evening Paper*.

The conductor himself was probably under the impression that it had quite hit him.



Dentist. "NOW WHERE HAVE I SEEN YOUR FACE BEFORE?"

Patient. "PERHAPS YOU'VE SEEN ME WORKING AT THE INCOME TAX OFFICE; BUT DON'T TAKE IT OUT OF ME FOR THAT, PLEASE."

SOHO.

BRIDLE LANE.

IN Bridle Lane, at set of sun,
Beau Buckskin's race was almost
run,

The Law was on his track;
He'd stopped for wine and a hunk of
bread,

When Moll came in and softly said,
"Some runners at the back!
They've slipped the saddle from your
black mare,

But they've left the bridle on her;
Jump from the window up that stair,
You'll find yourself upon her."

The runners are in, but up the stair
Beau Buckskin shows a lively pair
Of heels not yet in hobbles;
A clatter of hooves in the stable
yard,

A kiss to Moll, and he's off as hard
As his mare can kick the cobbles.

Buckskin and Moll passed long ago,
Whether or not to glory,
But Bridle Lane is in Soho
To witness to my story.

STAR COURT.

My Lord passed through one sunny
day,

With a star upon his habit;
Alack! the star's clasp came away;
But a girl made shift to grab it
As it fell and twinkled to the ground;
She dimpled, "Look, Sir, what I've
found!"

"Pink me! A pretty wench you are,"
Declared my Lord and caught her;
"A bargain. You shall keep the
star

If I may have your garter."
And so, with blushes from the maid,
They did exchange (or so 'tis said).

SOHO SQUARE.

When hedge and field existed
Where red-brick now abounds,
The fox ran as he listed
Until he heard the sounds
Of "Ah, so ho!" and "Oh, so ho!"
And "There, my pretty, gently, so!"

That warned him, as he twisted,
Of men who rode to hounds.
His Grace of MONMOUTH he has gone
And set the West in flames;

But God ha' mercy when he's done!
What weeping for the dames!
With "On, Soho!" and "Up, Soho!"
As when a-hunting they did go,
He cheers his peasant pike-men on
To oust his Uncle JAMES.

The Old Irrepressibles.

"General Strenger declared that all he had
done was to defend German military honour
and concluded: 'Glory to the brave German
soldiers of 1914.' The throng dispersed sing-
ing 'Deutschland rubber Alles.'"

The Straits Times.

Perhaps the loveliest of all the ancient
Teuton hymns.

"POPLAR ARRESTS HITCH."

Evening Paper.

We presume that the Surrey bowler
had no difficulty in producing a "bailer"
at the right moment.

It is reasonable to deduce that the public are
willing enough to buy other than standard
patterns, if the right type is offered.

"The London Standard in its recent issue
mentioned the fact that the public are
willing to buy other than standard
patterns, if the right type is offered."

Daily Paper.

In this case the right type appears to
have been offered, but in the wrong way.

AT THE PLAY.

"NOW AND THEN."

WHEN that garrulous old vulgarian, *George Gridd*, who had made millions out of matches, bought the historic estate of *Bablocke Towers*, lock, stock and barrel (including those in the cellar), he might well have afforded to let his daughter *Barbara* marry *Lord Henry Bablocke-Hythe*, the penniless son of the noble vendor. But his commercial instincts disapproved of poverty, however illustrious, and he rejected the alliance. This aroused the indignation of the family spectre (*John de Bablocke*, ex-Crusader), who arranged to teach him a lesson. He would translate this parvenu into Elizabethan times (1593, to be exact), and show him something of the dignity of the great house in those days, and also of the *VIRGIN QUEEN*'s method of dealing with those who fell under her disfavour. By a great piece of luck it chanced that the *Gridds* were giving a fancy-dress dance confined to this very period this very evening; so the ghost would have no difficulty about the costumes.

We go back, then, to the age of *GLORIANA*, who presently arrives to dine and sleep, as was the recognised habit of this unlimited monarch. *Barbara Gridd*, most modern of flappers, is commanded to execute a dance before her. In this *pas seul* more leg is shown than the *QUEEN* is used to, and she expresses a frank opinion of its impropriety. That her modesty is merely affected for public consumption is shown later by her attitude, in private, to young *Lord Henry*, to whom she makes overtures, brazen and authoritative. His rejection of them means confinement of the young lovers in the Tower, to be followed in due course by the loss of their heads.

At this juncture the family spectre intervenes and restores the *Gridds* to their own period, having done what he set out to do. For the match-maker, still a little dazed by his sixteenth-century experiences and labouring under the impression that Royalty has actually intruded into his private affairs, insists that his daughter shall marry the man of her choice. So he makes one more match, and all ends nicely with the entry of his guests in the identical costumes worn by the characters that had been revived by the machinations of the ghost.

The Elizabethan interlude—need I say?—occurred during the course of

one of those dreams or trances which are now *de rigueur* on all the best British stages. In this case it had been caused by an electrical disturbance of the atmosphere which had affected the telephone at which the old man was engaged, and produced a temporary shock to his system.

Mr. *HASTINGS TURNER*, who wrote the book, did not seem to have made up his mind very logically as to the mental attitude of the *Gridd* family towards the Tudor contingent. Did they regard them as contemporaries in fact, or only in play? In some respects they seemed to treat the whole thing as a game. They preserved their own modern manners (or the lack of

period and amenable to its laws. Why else, for instance, should the young lovers have harboured serious plans to escape the *QUEEN*'s vengeance? However, Mr. *HASTINGS TURNER* is clever enough to know his Vaudeville, and that one doesn't look too closely for logic in the Home of Revue.

There were only two figures in the play that made it worth while. Mr. *GEORGE GRAVES* (as *Gridd*) was in his best pantomimic vein, and I could never tell how much of his eloquence was gag and how much book. Many of his pleasantries escaped my ear, which was located in the immediate vicinity of the pit; and I could only judge of their merit by the laughter that followed.

When *Barbara Gridd* permitted herself to use the word "guts," in some such phrase as "The men of to-day have no guts," and her scandalised father protested, in the name of the Deity, against this licence, my neighbours were greatly exhilarated. But, when he told *William Shakespere* that he thought he must have seen him once in the Isle of Man, I think that mine was almost the only audible smile in the house. But I ask no credit for that; it was quite easy.

Mr. *GRAVES*'s inveterate and indomitable sense of fun was the making of the play; for only the most hardened *habitués* of Revue could have borne without this mitigation the tedium of those Georgian Elizabethans and their sentimental songs. These last must have thoroughly bored their author, Mr. *REGINALD ARKELL*, whose *métier* is light verse, as he proved in that

excellent gay lyric with the refrain, "But what will the harvest be?"

The only other figure of interest, and certainly the only one that brought any real distinction to the play, was the *Elizabeth Tudor* of Miss *LAURA COWIE* (most welcome on her return from domesticity). I don't know why she should have made herself up like an idol out of a Burmese pagoda. But she is a student of authorities and does nothing on the stage without good reason for doing it. And of course the piquancy of her own nice face, that went so well with *Anne Boleyn*, would never have suited the part of this soured and exigent vestal. I am not sure that I found her very regal, or any too prodigal of allure in her amorous advances to *Lord Henry*; but she was admirable in her tantrums and in her cynical self-exposure. Altogether a very fresh and engaging study.



PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Elizabeth Tudor (Miss *LAURA COWIE*), ominously, to *Gridd* (Mr. *GEORGE GRAVES*), who has failed to bring off his promised miracle of striking a match: "WE ARE NOT AMUSED."

them); talked their own modern jargon (to the great confusion of the ancients), and seemed in general fully aware that they were ahead of the times in which for the moment they were moving. Thus, when introduced to "a struggling author" of the name of *William Shakespere*, old *Gridd* recalls having seen his *Amlet* at the Vic, and is surprised to find that the playwright had never so much as heard of this well-known drama. As this was supposed to be 1593 Mr. *HASTINGS TURNER* was, of course, right in treating the period as "pre-*Amlet*," and it was a pity to spoil this proof of erudition by making *William Shakespere* subsequently throw off a line from this same play of *Hamlet*—"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"

On the other hand, there were times when the *Gridd* party appeared to regard themselves as actually of the



Kindly Old Gentleman. "AND WHAT IS YOUR FATHER, MY DEARS?" Boy (proudly). "E'S POACHER TO LORD VILLERSH."

Perhaps it is unfair to Mr. MILES MALLESON not to include his *William Shakespeare* among the figures of interest. It was a quite intelligent performance of a part that could not have been very easy either to write or to act; but Mr. MALLESON's restless and exotic gestures (somehow I picture D'ANNUNZIO like that) made it difficult to realise in him the personality of one who, under any name or spelling of it, is generally admitted to have been an Englishman.

Mr. HASTINGS TURNER would not thank me for pretending that he has made a masterpiece. Perhaps he aimed at too much variety in too small a compass. He might have got amusement enough out of a comparative study of the manners of Now and Then; he chose, however, to sacrifice this chance to the buffooneries of one character. But he has given us fun tempered with literary intelligence, and that is a rare thing. I sincerely hope that so unusual a combination will not prove injurious to the prospects of his play.

O. S.

Better Late than Never.

"LAST—CHOYCE.—On the 6th inst., at Barrow, Frank Bernard Last to Annie Choyce, both of Barrow."—*Local Paper*.

Our Hard-worked Officials.

"This production represents an attempt to show to the public, in a light and readable form, the Post Office at work. Amongst many other features it will contain illustrated articles showing—Portraits of the Winners of the Post Office Beauty Competition. Judged by Mr. Owen Nares."—*Advt. in "The Post Annual."* Just the thing to look at while you wait for your twopenny stamp.

"Of 885 children born in Peterborough in 1920, 700 are unvaccinated."—*Local Paper*. It seems too late to worry about it.

"'Be a Good Cake Maker.' One Session at the Confectionery Class will give you a career or make you an expert."—*Local Paper*.

What to do with our surplus women!

"Hundreds of thousands of women are looking in vain for unemployment up and down the country."—*Provincial Paper*.

In the case of our cook, however, there is just a chance that she may get it.

RESIGNATION.

It was the most puissant of Peers
Who traversed the two hemispheres;
And wherever he went
The populace lent
Him the gladdest of eyes and of ears.

For they said, "O miraculous man,
With rapture your visage we scan;
Too long from afar
We have worshipped your star,
Now we'll keep you for good, if we can."

Yet the tidings created no scare
In the central abode of Hot Air;
And they did not stampede
The high-spirited steed
That is stabled in Squinting House
Square.

No, the staff did not get in a stew,
But expressed (*sotto voce*) this view:

"If he really stays,
There'll be peace in our days;
But we fear it's too good to be true."

"We all know that the word 'oblige' was once pronounced 'oblige.'"—*Weekly Paper*. True.

THE LANGUAGE OF CLOTHES.

MY DEAR SNIPS.—Doubtless you, as a sartorial expert, have been greatly intrigued by the statements made to the Press by an enterprising dressmaker to the effect that our women-folk should wear frocks designed to express their individual characteristics. Personally I wish the movement every success. It will be so helpful to be able to recognise at a glance a "quiet, shy, rather nervous woman" by the fact that (according to this dressmaker) she will be wearing a frock "in nut-brown crêpe de Chine with cross-over top, long sleeves and skirt," or a "common-sense married woman with several children" by her "royal blue éolienne made without fastenings. Tucks as decorations."

I must confess to not being absolutely certain in my mind as to what éolienne looks like, or whether the number of tucks in the thing will indicate the number of children possessed; but the scheme, as a whole, has most engaging possibilities. Thus, a bright blue colour, the dressmaker explains, interprets the mother's joy in finishing her household duties. This beautiful little touch of imagery conjures up a very delightful domestic picture: the happy mother, ecstatically rapturous at the end of a busy day, dancing blithely about in her royal blue éolienne, merely pausing from time to time to embrace her several children and check them off by the tucks in her frock, just to make sure they are all there and that none of the neighbours' progeny has got mixed up with them. But what happens, my dear Snips, should the unfortunate woman, having light-heartedly donned her royal blue éolienne, suddenly recollect that her day's labours are incomplete and that she has forgotten to wash father's shirt? Must she slink out of it (the éolienne, I mean, not the shirt) into some horribly sombre garb made of elephant's breath charmuse or Government aero fabric, and so parade her shame and depression before her weeping incumbrances and the cold caustic suburb, while her heart-broken husband, who has been lightening the weary hours from ten to four with blissful thoughts of a clean shirt, stands regarding her penitential attire with stern silent reproach? It would seem so.

I understand that "an abrupt woman who can, however, be very gracious," should wear "a roomy frock in navy blue shantung in chemise style with touches of sealing-wax red. Girdle to match." Even my lay mind can appreciate the far-seeing proviso that the frock should be "roomy" in view of the evident tendency of the wearer suddenly to swell with indignation; but I should like to know how I may tell whether the lady is in her abrupt or her very gracious mood in case I wish to propose to her or ask her for a donation towards the Institute for Demoralised Importers of Cocoa. I would suggest that the girdle, provided it is not really holding up anything (they do not

females, forgets or confuses the book of rules out of sheer nervousness, and attempts to discuss infant foods with a "superior type of woman" (whose grey gaberdine coat and skirt, wide at foot with elastic waist, proclaim her to be an inveterate misogynist and big-game hunter), would be far from enviable. But all great movements, my dear Snips, have their risks. *Toujours le faux pas*, as the poet says.

I trust that you and your fellow-craftsmen will see to it that we men have our share in this vogue of self-expression by means of dress, especially as it should help forward very effectively the agitation for brighter colours in masculine wearing apparel. The City

would be a pleasant sight of an evening if business men, satisfied that their day's work at the office warrants an exhibition of *joie de vivre*, were to don royal blue, or maybe vermillion, trousers before setting out to catch their train. Employees, instead of having timorously to venture on a doubtful interview, would be able to tell merely by glancing at their chief's tie and socks whether his mood were such as to invite an application for an increase of salary or permission to attend a cremation at Stamford Bridge. Commercial travellers, informed that Messrs. Binks are wearing their blood-orange trousers and tiger-skin waistcoats, would murmur something about calling another time and escape without personal injury.

The mere sight, again, of a newspaper proprietor entering the office in an all-red cutaway coat with skull and cross-bone facings would be enough to make the leader-writers get busy with a ferocious attack on the Government.

By the general adoption of clothes-language we might eventually come to be spared a lot of this psycho-analysis business so dear to the hearts of the little writers of to-day. They will simply state that the heroine is wearing "a sleeveless frock in black shantung, with coatee in brilliant red edged with black waxed ribbon," and we shall know that she is "a woman of lively temperament, full of fun and originality." If she is not, she ought to be.

I note your remarks to the effect that it is now seven months since you first presented your account. How time flies! Your sincere PANTAGRUEL.



SITTER FOR PORTRAIT CONTRIVES TO GET HIS KNEES IN AT HALF-LENGTH RATE.

appear now-a-days to be designed for that purpose), be left off when the lady is feeling very gracious. She could easily gird herself about in the event of being seized with a spasm of abruptness, and I should then tactfully change the subject.

I should say that, by taking full advantage of the cretonne craze, quite a lot of detailed information could be conveyed by means of this sartorial code, and a mere man should be able to tell at a glance whether the lady to whom he has been introduced is good or bad-tempered, fond of bridge, babies, chicken-farming, trombone-playing, BERNARD SHAW, bimetalism, numismatics, pathology or pogo-jumping, and so frame his conversation accordingly. On the other hand the position of the unhappy male who, plunged suddenly into a sea of unknown and variously attired



"SO THIS IS THE NEW BABY. AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO CALL IT?"

"WE THOUGHT, MUM, OF CALLING IT 'ORATIO.'"

"AFTER NELSON, I SUPPOSE?"

"WELL, MUM, WE WAS REALLY THINKING MORE OF MR. BOTTOMLEY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE orthodox view of sequels is neither encouraged nor yet disproved by *General Bramble* (LANE). If it does not enhance, at least it does not impair, the repute of M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, and I have found it a delightful and illuminating supplement to his earlier masterpiece. For there is the same blending of wit and tenderness, the same freedom from the old conventions of interpreting the British character. The types are not worn-out formulæ, they are drawn from the quick. That noisy cherub, the "infant *Dundas*," is no caricature of the young sporting English subaltern, but an incarnation at its best of the charm of our ingenuous youth. *Dr. O'Grady*, again, is a wholly original variant on the hackneyed traditions of Irish exuberance; his calling and his studies have inclined him to materialism, yet he remains a good Christian or Samaritan in practice. *Colonel Bramble*, though promoted, is still wedded to his *amica silentia*. Our only criticism of *Colonel Parker*, who has a great deal to say, is that he says it almost too well; that the combination of an old Tory, traditionalist, historian, philosopher, wit and poet would be hard to parallel in real life. But, unless I am much mistaken, this is only an illustration of the virtue of M. MAUROIS as an interpreter. He ascribes to his British types some of the peculiar qualities of the French, and *vice versa*. This fusion of qualities is the outcome of the brotherhood of arms. As the scenes are laid in the latter stages of the War and after

the Armistice, the seeds of discontent and divergence are already evident; but they will never ripen if M. MAUROIS can help it. He earns both gratitude and admiration, and he is to be congratulated on his translators, JULES CASTIER and RONALD BOSWELL, who are always good and reach a superlative level in "The Conversion of Private Brommit," a study of a "regular" of the old school, which might have been signed by the KIPLING of *Soldiers Three*.

If you persist in reading steadily Lord ROSEBURY'S *Miscellanies Literary and Historical* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) you will feel a little bewildered as one who should go to some twenty public meetings in one afternoon or gorge consecutively a dozen prefaces of books he had perhaps never seen. Here is indeed rather a monument than a book—a monument raised by the faithful hands of the permitted rather than selected editor, Mr. JOHN BUCHAN; the author having apparently preserved to this day a detachment for which he has long been famous. A monument also—a little mournful—to a day that is departed, a day when there was more scholarship and sonorous oratory, less hustle and camera-facing; when statesmen had time to win Derbys and plough lonely furrows. It seems to this ignorant person that no one could possibly have so much knowledge or use it so gracefully on the set occasion as the author of these essays and addresses. With the malicious glee of the literary urchin I note however a "so unique," and hope no one will quote so sound an authority for so recently fashionable a lapse. With the publishers I

would pick a deadly quarrel. Twenty-five good minutes did I expend in cutting these two volumes; my study and clothes were covered with a colourable imitation of snow; the books themselves are fringed with long grime-collecting tentacles of woolly paper. It is too much!

I don't think that "BERTA RUCK" gives *The Arrant Rover* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) a fair chance with the honest reader when she devotes her first half-dozen chapters to his infatuation for *Miss Lucie Joy*, "the run-after Screen Star," and leaves his more exalted entanglements to follow later. If you have the hardihood (I hadn't) to skip the "corn-flower-blue kid shoes," "white jazz voile," "foil-wrapped bon-bons," "rivers of Bubbly," and "treble shrieks from Mummie" of the preliminary idyll, you will find the remaining three or four adventures take a considerably less unattractive turn. Number two has for its heroine a well-bred young Welshwoman, who cultivates rock-gardens and Minoreas, "a nineteenth-century belated specimen," as her public school and ex-service gallant somewhat unfortunately puts it when his interest is waning. Episode three hinges on an American widow in a pension at Dinant; but here the whole establishment falls at *The Rover's* feet, and its Danish chaperon acclaims him as "typical of an Empire which, having received hard knocks, is not under yet." Such being our hero's symbolic value, you will be relieved to learn that he finally comes in for a wholly unforeseen five thousand pounds a year, and marries an ex-V.A.D. of unimpeachable antecedents. I only wish the credit and morals of his prototype could be re-established with equal facility.

Eddie Thorne, one of the *Thornes* of Upcott and a county cricketer (ladies' brand), prophesied from the first that *Mary Trefusis* would "follow wandering fires" and return to him in the end. Consequently I was not surprised to find her going the pace a bit, for was she not also the only daughter of a man who was pretty hot stuff in his day? When he suddenly died *Mary* was left with little but a good wardrobe and a slight acquaintance with a (male) cinema star. Miss DOLF WYLLARDE uses this to take her heroine into the film world, of which she writes as one having some knowledge of the subject; and there *Mary* meets Mr. Block, the producer, and also Jeff Bromley, who is a better sort than most of the men in this book. However, Jeff is a married man. So is Eddie Thorne for that matter, but he had only married a Russian dancer, and she had the good sense to run off with a Cossack colonel. So all came more or less right in the end. *Wandering Fires* (HURST AND BLACKETT) should prove a good seller, since there are many women (like Mrs. Smythe) who love the pictures and will be interested in the training of a beginner. Personally I am not certain that

Mary Trefusis is quite so charming as Miss WYLLARDE appears to think. But she is almost excessively modern, and her language is sometimes calculated to bring a blush to the modest and middle-aged cheek. So all should be well.

The hero of *The Magnificent Mr. Bangs* (APPLETON) was a distinguished archæologist and in matters of every-day life a mere child. In the hands of a strenuous humourist he would have been a figure of fun, a man at whom we should have been invited to throw our mocking laughter. Fortunately, however, for us and Mr. Bangs, Mr. JOSEPH C. LINCOLN treats his hero so lightly and cleverly that we can feel more affection than contempt for him. For the sake of his health *Bangs* was ordered to go "to some resort, either in the mountains or at the seashore," and in his hunt for a quiet spot he found himself at Cape Cod. There he fell into the arms of *Miss Martha Phipps*, who first of all mothered and eventually married him. I am giving away no secret in mentioning this, for from the start it is as certain as

anything can be in fiction that *Martha* will become *Mrs. Bangs*. It is a simple tale, but it is exceedingly well told, and I see no reason why it should not add to the popularity which Mr. LINCOLN already enjoys in America.

I have found it a little difficult to make up my mind as to why Miss ADRIANA SPADONI has called her novel *The Swing of the Pendulum* (HUTCHINSON). I think that it must have some reference to her heroine, Jean Norris, whose attitude towards passion changes gradually in the course of the story from shrinking to eagerness and again to a reverent acceptance combining the best of



The Novice (going forth to slay a dragon). "WELL, WHAT'S WRONG?"
The Beater. "YOUR OUTFIT WON'T DO, SIR—NOT FOR DRAGONS. YOUR ARMOUR'S TOO LIGHT AND YOUR SPEAR'S TOO SHORT AND YOUR HORSE ISN'T THE RIGHT KIND. STILL, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO WASTE YOUR DAY, I'LL CHASE OUT A RABBIT FOR YOU TO PRACTISE ON."

both her former states of mind. Here and there Miss SPADONI has succeeded wonderfully well in presenting an aspect of life to her readers; but her book on the whole impresses me as being tediously long-drawn-out and rather too full of hot and gritty scenery to make enjoyable reading—at any rate in hot weather. As I followed *Jean*, who in every other respect seemed a fine creature and was obviously intended to be equally fine in this one, from love to love, I began to feel that, whoever the last-loved was and in whatever ecstasy I took leave of them, I should be unable to regard the arrangement as final. Two loves to one heroine are, I find, my limit; after that it becomes a habit, instead of an evolutionary process of the soul, and ceases to be interesting. A great deal of the book is devoted to *Jean's* social work in New York and San Francisco and left me wondering whether her adventures, in marriage and out of it, would, in real life, have made her particularly well able to understand other people's tangles or particularly ill-fitted to deal with them.

MOTTO FOR MRS. WINTRINGHAM, THE NEW LADY M.P.:
Sic itur ad Aston.

CHARIVARIA.

THE United States Postmaster (Mr. HAYS) is offering money prizes for criticism of his Department. Our own Mr. KELLAWAY gets it for nothing.

It is rumoured that, as a protest against Lord LEVERHULME's disrespectful attitude towards eminent portrait painters, Chelsea has resolved to boycott the soap industry.

"Is stage fright dead?" asks a headline. No; but we recently saw several in the back row of a revue chorus who can't have much longer to live.

Mr. EDWARD SCOTT is of the opinion that dancing softens the features. The only danger is that it might irritate the man whose features are being danced upon.

"The bagpipes," says a weekly paper, "were introduced into Scotland four hundred years ago." And Scotsmen have not yet seen the joke.

However, Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK, who has come from Canada to give lectures on humour, has announced his intention of visiting Scotland.

A Poplar resident told the magistrates that his neighbour kept throwing coal at him. The remarkable thing is that people can afford to quarrel so expensively these hard times.

The *Daily News* points out that the PRIME MINISTER has a perfect right to see film pictures. It is reported that the news of this concession was broken to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as soon as he was strong enough to bear it.

The custom of heckling speakers seems to have been revived in Hungary. While M. STEPHEN RAKOVSKY was speaking in the Hungarian Parliament somebody fired five shots at him.

A bull-fight of extraordinary splendour has been held at Madrid in aid of the Spanish Red Cross. We understand that the equally spectacular Moorish War is intended to benefit the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Spaniards.

A travelling showman has been fined two pounds ten shillings for beating his wife every day for three weeks. The odd ten shillings was for the entertainment tax.

We are pleased to report that at the recent Brass Band Contest at the Crystal Palace not one of the bassoon players was reported to have burst.

A Bedfordshire motorist charged with excessive speed admitted that he had knocked the same man down twice in one week. This seems to suggest that more skill comes into the question than one would think.

The Dail Eireann's Ministry of Education announces that it is not in-

Lord CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH has expressed his belief that the date of the Deluge was B.C. 5419. The possibility that he may be a year or two out is rather unsettling.

"Labour," says the President of the National Federation of Boot Manufacturers, "is entitled to say that they ought not to work all their lives and then be thrown off at the whim of an employer." For the present we think the question of industrial relations in the next world had better be left to the Rev. VALE OWEN.

It is understood that the later suburban train service has no connection with the relaxation of the liquor laws, but has been arranged in anticipation of a rush of business that is likely to detain many City men late at the office.

"Whist drives are not always won by good play," asserts a daily paper. We know one lady who, when unsuccessful at a recent monster whist drive, put down her bad luck to the fact that she had thirteen cards dealt to her at every table.

A quarrel between two Paris journalists has culminated in a revolver duel. Both were later reported as missing.

South Croydon is suffering from a plague of flies. The suggestion that the Mayor should go to Gairloch and see Mr. LLOYD GEORGE about it has been discouraged by the PREMIER.

Mr. S. STEVENS, an authority on wasps, declares that these insects cannot sting if the breath is held. The trouble, of course, is to get them to hold their breath at the critical moment.

"Cries of 'Welsh! Welsh!'" assailed the Rev. Edwin Jones, of Holyhead, when he attempted to address the Bangor Diocesan Conference yesterday in English.

The Bishop of Bangor: "Order, Order! We are here to do business. Every delegate can understand English." (Loud cries of 'No! This is the Church of Wales'.)

The Bishop said that any aolegde was at liberty to address the conference in either tongue.—*Welsh Paper*.

We think his lordship got out of it rather neatly.



Dear Old Soul. "I AM SOLICITING FOR THE NEEDY, MR. JONES. WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR OLD CLOTHES?"
Mr. Jones (one of the New Poor). "I BRUSH AND FOLD THEM CAREFULLY, AND THEN PUT THEM ON AGAIN IN THE MORNING."

tended to make the Erse language compulsory. It is hoped that out of consideration for hard-worked Sinn Feiners of foreign extraction the Irish brogue will also be optional.

A writer in an evening paper has observed that many humourists are dull companions. Others, however, are reputed to brighten up a bit in private life.

A daily paper recently reported that a person named Charles had proclaimed himself King of a Tibetan village after impressing the natives with a gilt crown. There seems no limit to the popularity of Cinema idols.

A contemporary explains that the comets with double names are those that have been discovered by two observers simultaneously. It is satisfactory to have these hyphenated celestials acquitted of mere suburban snobbery.

THE PREMIER'S HOME-COMING.

O WELCOME back with strength as good as new,
Your system saturate with Highland weather,
Upon your feet the trace of mountain dew
And in your eyes the glow of purple heather,
While still the zephyrs which are Gairloch's
Seem lovingly to play among your bare locks.

Not as the sportsman comes do you return
With bulging bag and gore about you spattered;
For you no rabbit fell with riddled stern,
No stationary fowl by you was shattered;
Nor from his beetling forest-erag
Did you displace the perforated stag.

But stranger far than any beast or bird
That ever came within a hunter's purview
The things that in your neighbourhood occurred
When lethal weapon you had none to serve you;
No gun-room tale, I think, compares
With your encounter with the Labour Mayors.

Of other strange adventures I could tell
Not scheduled in your scheme of sheer enjoyment;
Though at the time not feeling very well
You have communed with MOND on Unemployment;
And from his rakish yacht have seen
F. E. debouch, that galloping marine.

Pressmen have privily lurked below your eaves
Or underneath your bed, collecting data;
From Ireland streamed, as thick as Autumn leaves,
Her "sovereign" Government's penultimata;
Your bitterest foe, I dare to say,
Would hardly grudge you such a holiday.

Yet you come back to us with youth renewed;
And of the treatment which relieved the tension
One phase will live for ever—I allude
To Mr. WINIK's brilliant intervention;
His was the final cure you did,
Featuring CHARLIE CHAPLIN in *The Kid*.

Yes, if you come restored in health and hope,
This was the crowning tonic, this the medicine
That most revived you, made you fit to cope
With the old mess that England (as I've read) is in;
You laughed—that's how the cure was done—
Having imbibed the Scottish sense of fun.

And I am glad that, back at No. 10
(Itself, I gather, lately renovated),
Though Gairloch lies beyond your yearning ken,
Its movable delights have here migrated;
These joys at least are with you yet—
The Press, the Pictures and the Cabinet. O. S.

"Professor — was announced as the only physicist who can make the Einsteiny theory intelligible to the non-mathematical mind. The Professor defined the theory in the sentence—The curvature of the universe in all directions and in all places is constant, and added *tahtionheedrmpefidudeonni*."—*Glasgow Paper*.
We fear the Professor's reputation has been exaggerated.

"Mr. Srinavasa Sastri (India), in well-chosen and faultless English, praised the League for not biting off more than it could chew."
Daily Paper.

It is understood that on the same occasion another delegate in equally graceful and chaste phraseology remarked that no nation ought to secure a dead cinch on a rival, but that all should endeavour to boost one another.

MR. PUNCH'S WOMAN'S PAGE.

ON MAKING THE MOST OF THINGS.

(With acknowledgments in the right quarters.)

How many of us leave our holiday happiness behind us at the sea! Hypatia, a friend of mine, tells me how she contrives to carry hers on right through the year. She has what she calls her "Marine Joy Box." This is an extra strong steel-banded trunk filled to the brim with many-tinted pebbles, golden sand, small boulders, seaweed of every sort, rosy shells and a dozen or so skeletons of crabs which busy Hypatia has collected during her fortnight's stay on the coast. When distracted with household cares and worries and longing for rest and relaxation, she flies to her box and arranges its treasures in a corner of her boudoir. She builds the boulders up in form of a pillow and strews around trails of seaweed which she has previously damped in her bedroom ewer. The crabs she dots about here and there. The sand, pebbles and shells she masses in heaps upon the floor so that she may run them through and through her slim fingers as she lies stretched at her ease with her head upon the boulders and reads *The Daily Sale*. "I often drop off to sleep," she says, "with the briny scent of the seaweed in my nostrils and awake—oh! so soothed and refreshed. I advise all tired mothers to try a 'Marine Joy Box.'"

People who enjoy a life of variety look younger than those who lead a humdrum existence. Netta will never see thirty-five again, but she looks twenty because she has a talent for weaving into her dull life all sorts of delightful changes, and so she banishes wrinkles from her pretty forehead. Here are some of Netta's secrets. She never gets out of bed twice running in the same manner. One morning she will leap out, on another she will roll, on another she will wriggle through the bars at the foot. In the bathroom she suffers no sameness; always she courts variety. She will splash in two feet of foamy lather one day and on another she will not wash herself at all.

Netta has no fixed time for breakfast; sometimes she breakfasts over-night. She has no regular place at table either; if the mood takes her she eats her rasher off the floor. Her wardrobe is very limited, but she banishes monotony from it in a thousand subtle ways. She will wear a hat back to front or, in the case of a felt or velours, inside out. And so on through the day Netta contrives to bring excitement into her drab life and feels no envy of the Alpine climber, the millionaire motorist or the shooter of big game. Clever Netta!

Betty, a young bride of my acquaintance, has a wonderfully practical method of making the most of things. The other day she evolved the smartest of toques from a leaky saucepan by swathing it in folds of plush and trimming it with a feather laid across the front and carried up to the end of the handle.

We can all learn a lesson from Hypatia and Netta and Betty.

More about Mixed Bathing.

From the Official Bulletin of the International Labour Office at Geneva:—

"The use of a pool for the purposes of private entertainment would give rise to numerous questions of delicacy and difficulty."

"James Chamberlain claims to have discovered a unique way of increasing the flow of milk from his cows. The Chamberlain farm has been the scene of many dances, and Mr. Chamberlain avers that he finds on the morning after the dances, particularly when the music has lasted until the early morning hours, that his cows are more generous with the milk."—*California Paper*.

This must be the *lait* of the last minstrel.



DISARMAMENT AND THE MAN.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (late Minister of War by Land and Sea). "OF COURSE MY TRUE GENIUS IS BELLICOSE; BUT IF THEY INSIST ON MY REPRESENTING MY COUNTRY AT THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE I MUST MAKE THE SACRIFICE."



A LAPSE OF HEREDITY.

THE SON AND HEIR OF A FAMOUS JOCKEY.

A HOTBED OF MANHOOD.

SCENE—Piccadilly. TIME—Last Week.

Lord Sparklestone. 'Ullo, Glossop, I thought you was up in the 'Ighlands eatin' 'aggises an' wot not. An' I desay you 'ardly expected to run across me.

Glossop. No, indeed. Only this morning I read in the paper that you were busy among the partridges at Sparklestone Hall.

Lord S. So I 'ave bin. But if you looks in the papers to-morrer mornin' per'aps you 'll read that Lord Sparklestone, accompanied by Lady Sparklestone, 'as passed through Town on rowt to an' from installin' 'is son, the Honorable 'Arold 'Iggie, at Sparetherod Place, the 'Ampsheer preparat'ry school selected by 'is lordship. I 'ave a notion it's me valley 'oo supplies the noospapers with them sort of items about me. Not that I 'ave any objection to 'is makin' a few 'arf-crowns that way, 'ere an' there; it hinterests the public an' it doesn't 'urt me.

G. In this case it won't hurt the school either.

Lord S. Well, they're welcome to a free advert. Not that a school like that there wants advertisin'. On the

contrary, it's a good job their fees is 'igh enough to keep it select. A preparat'ry school der lux—that's wot Sparetherod Place is.

G. That must reconcile Lady Sparklestone to parting with her son.

Lord S. Ah! you've 'it it there, Glossop. 'Er ladyship wouldn't 'ear of it till she'd satisfied 'erself the Honorable 'Arold was goin' to 'ave all the comforts of an 'ome. She was all for 'avin' a tooter for 'im till 'e was old enough to go to Heton. But I says, "No," I says; "Miss Butterscales, 'is governess, 'as learned the Honorable 'Arnold 'is A B C an' wot not; it's 'igh time 'e started to make some chums of 'is own age 'oo 'll be useful to 'im in arter life."

G. I think you were very wise. I'm sure the bond between Old Sparetherodians will stand the strain, in later years, of even an Eton and Harrow match. I hope your boy's taking kindly to the knitting of life-long friendships.

Lord S. Well, 'e's bin brought up to be partickler 'oo'e gits matey with, but w'en I left 'im 'e an' the other noo boys was a-chummin' up together. There was 'im an' little Lord Dumtweedle, the future Hearl of Tweedledee, an' Sir Lazarus Schnorrer's boy, Cedric, an' two or three more, all with

'andles to their names, or will 'ave. In fact there's 'ardly a boy in the school 'oo won't 'ave an 'andle to 'is name some day. So w'en the Honorable 'Arold succeeds to my seat in the 'Ouse of Lords 'e 'll find 'isself among a lot of 'is old schoolmates. I'd that in mind w'en I decided to send 'im to Sparetherod Place.

G. A strong Old Sparetherodian element should certainly make for harmony in the Upper Chamber.

Lord S. That's right, Glossop. I often feels as 'ow I'd a-bin 'appier in the 'Ouse if me an' Lord Curzon 'ad bin schoolmates an' I'd bin in the 'abit of callin' 'im Old George.

G. I fancy that's a privilege enjoyed by comparatively few Peers. Still, it would give one a tremendous pull in debate to have punched the head of the Lord President of the Council at his preparatory school—if he ever went to one.

Lord S. Yes, that's 'ow I looks at it. I've told the Honorable 'Arold 'e's there to make chums, but not to allow no liberties to be took with 'im. "If any o' them other boys gits uppish with you," I says, "a clump in the ear-ole 'll remind 'im as you've got a 'andle to yer name the same as wot 'e

'as, an' per'aps more money." I'm only the founder o' the family, I am, but me son an' hair 'e's another matter. I started from the bottom o' the ladder, I did, an' proud of it, but the Honorable 'Arold 'e begins at the top. 'E's bein' brought up as an ekal among ekals. Money 's no objeck in 'avin' 'im edicated up to 'is position.

G. You are lucky to have found a school which seems to specialise in that.

Lord S. Well, Sparetherod Place was 'ighly recommended to me as a top-'ole school at a top-'ole price; but I didn't let 'em 'ave charge o' the Honorable 'Arold without lookin' into it careful. Me an' 'er ladyship we paid 'em a surprise visit in the middle o' last term to make sure there wasn't no winder-dressin'. 'Er ladyship inspected the grub and that, an' I satisfied meself that the 'ead master, the Rev. Percy Sowsear, was accustomed to 'avin' noblemen's sons through 'is 'ands.

G. It's a grave responsibility.

Lord S. I can see 'e realises that, an' so does 'is assistants. They're all qualified Oxford College and Cambridge College fellers. W'en I took the Honorable 'Arold there to-day I sounded the Rev. Sowsear about tippin' 'em. 'E said 'e thought they was a bit above that, so I give 'em a cigar apiece an' told 'em my wishes. "You look arter the Honorable 'Arold," I says, "an' you won't regret it. I want 'im learned somethink o' Latin an' aljebbera an' that," I says; "but I won't 'ave 'im overdone in the way o' lessons."

G. Then you don't believe in a good sound commercial education?

Lord S. If 'e takes arter me 'e won't need it, an' if 'e don't take arter me it wouldn't be no good to 'im. Wot I believes in is lettin' 'im 'ave a good time with chums o' 'is own rank. 'E can 'ave all the pocket-money 'e wants, an' the Rev. Sowsear believes in games to keep 'em 'ealthy. They 'ave cricket an' football an' a little nine-'ole golf-course an' lawn-tennis an' two minachure billiard-tables for w'en it's wet. 'Orseback ridin'-lessons an' jazzin' can be 'ad extra.

G. Your boy will be very hard to please if he finds much to complain of.

Lord S. 'E 'adn't no faults to find. It goes a bit agin the grain 'avin' to be called "Iggle" an' not the "Honorable 'Arold," an' 'e'll be lost at first without the personal attendant 'e's been accustomed to at 'ome, but the Rev. Sowsear says as 'ow they couldn't make an exception in favour of one, even for extra money, an' they 'aven't no accommodation for a lot of menservants. 'Ow-ever, it'll learn the Honorable 'Arold independence to 'ave to tie 'is own bootlaces an' that. Well, now I must



HORRORS OF THE GREEN.

OUR DENTIST FAILS TO FILL A CAVITY.

pop off an' order an 'amper to be sent 'im every week; 'e's give me a list o' things 'e's partial to, like a relish o' patty-der-four-grass, w'ich is one o' the few delicacies w'ich ain't supplied.

G. Well, I can congratulate you on having chosen for your boy's development a school which should prove a veritable forcing-ground for the manly virtues. The future wars of England promise to be won on the playing-fields of such schools as Sparetherod Place.

"Lady with young Antique Business, West End, desirous of Meeting Another Lady with capital, who is interested in Old English furniture."—*Advt. in Morning Paper.*

"Young" is good.

Our Village Concert.

(Communicated.)

The concert was an immense success. Everybody worked hard; there was something for every willing hand, even if only to fetch chairs; but our special thanks are due to the Vicar's daughter, who laboured at the piano, which as usual fell upon her.

"M. Kubelik, the great violinist, gave a graphic story of the collision when interviewed at his hotel in London to-day. After the collision his first thought was for his Stradivarius violin, which he values at £25,000."

Evening Paper.

Age cannot wither this famous fiddle nor custom stale its infinite stradivariety.

LORD THANET IN AUSTRALIA.*(From our Special Correspondent.)*

MELBOURNE, September 28th.

Lord Thanet's visit to Melbourne ended to-day. For reasons which I explain later on it was inevitably brief, but of incalculable value as a stimulant to the national consciousness and as a revelation of a lovable, invincible and indefatigable personality. His popularity, already attested in many unprecedented ways, has been still further heightened by his memorable comment on the rumour of Dame NELLIE MELBA's retirement. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed with volcanic vigour; "the Napoleons of to-day know better than the Corsican, for none of them wants to escape from Melba." This happy jest, in which wit and geniality are so wonderfully combined with historical knowledge, is thoroughly typical, as *The Melbourne Age* remarks, of Lord Thanet's myriad-mindedness. One does not expect to find the attributes of a TALLEYRAND combined with those of a JULIUS CÆSAR and a GIBBON; but the miracle is accomplished and incarnate before us.

I ought to add in this context that nothing has surprised Lord Thanet more than the feverish interest with which his world-pilgrimage is followed in the British Press. He does not disguise his gratification, but it is eclipsed by his surprise. As he said to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL the other day, "I simply can't understand how these things get into the papers."

High affairs of State have engrossed by far the greater part of Lord Thanet's waking hours during his stay in Melbourne; only an indispensable minimum being devoted to the relaxation of golf. Otherwise every moment has been devoted to the study of national affairs, to plucking the heart out of the mystery of the Antipodes. He has established a new record in the number of deputations received, and it was with sincere regret that he was obliged to cable to the London Mayors, who proposed to fly to Australia for his advice and assistance, postponing the interview until his arrival in the Philippines.

In proof of his extraordinary powers of endurance it is worthy of notice that on the eve of his departure for Sydney Lord Thanet lunched with Mr. HUGHES, the Prime Minister, and did not return to his hotel until sixteen hours later. Replying to interviewers he declined to disclose the results of the conversation, but mentioned that the topics discussed included the alleged retirement of Dame NELLIE MELBA and its influence on the Washington Conference; the mentality of Mr. DE VALERA; the urgent need of supplying the Kana-

kas with Sandringham hats; the possibility of applying EINSTEIN'S Theory to the flight of the boomerang; the development of golf in the Northern Territories; the age of the world; the lessons of the Napoleonic legend; the literary style of Mr. WILLIAM LEQUEUX; the dangers of psycho-analysis; and the need of promptly terminating the miserable political existence of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The latest bulletin of Mr. HUGHES' condition is very grave indeed. The doctors in attendance state that the patient remains in a state of the utmost prostration, the convolutions of his cerebellum exhibiting a degree of lassitude and laceration suggesting an heroic but ineffectual effort to bear up against an irresistible and overwhelming deluge of intensive interrogation. At times he murmurs in a faint voice, "I don't know," "Take me home," or "Poor LLOYD GEORGE."

Naturally, while a certain amount of sympathy is expressed for Mr. HUGHES, there is a good deal of ill-disguised disappointment at his inability to cope and keep pace with the superb vitality of Lord Thanet; for it is not too much to say that since his lordship's advent Australia has worn a different aspect; the air has been more exhilarating, the sky has been bluer and the Southern Cross more distinct and decorative. I do not deny that to some Australians his personality has been almost too stimulating. To be perfectly candid I have heard people say that after his departure rest-cures will be crowded and the sale of antidotes for insomnia will reach an unprecedented height. Contact with a super-man of such marvellous radio-activity, of such dæmonic fascination, has its penalties as well as its privileges. It reduces natures of low vitality to pulp, and though, when we consider the shortage in the raw material of paper, this conversion may have its commercial advantages the process is somewhat painful to the subject. Lord Thanet is himself conscious of this disintegrating influence, and, as might be expected from a man of his magnanimity, it was one of the governing factors in his decision to bring his visit to Australia to a close.

The Unrest in India.

"The High Court of Calcutta has appointed Mr. Robert White, of 45, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, a Solicitor, a Commissioner for Scotland, to take off devils."—*Calcutta Paper*. A very important promotion.

From a notice in an Alpine Hotel:—

"It is defended to circulate in the boots of ascension before seven hours in the morning." Who says English is not a beautiful tongue?

NO TROUBLE TOO GREAT.

[A daily newspaper announces that "Mr. L. C. Ward, a chemist, of Lima, Montana, U.S.A., is asking the Yellowstone Park authorities to search the 3,300 square miles of the park in order to recover a set of false teeth which he lost during a recent visit."]

This striking example of simple faith and trustfulness in an over-sceptical age cannot be too highly praised. If such is the attitude of the average American towards his fellow-man we can readily grasp the true meaning of the phrase, "The Land of Trusts."

Mr. WARD is entirely without guile. He is in all probability the greatest living exponent of the Do-unto-others principle. I am perfectly sure that, if the Yellowstone Park authorities suspected that one of their buffaloes had strayed into Mr. WARD's back garden, he would spare no effort to discover and restore the truant beast.

Again, for all he knows, a member of the staff of the Yellowstone Park may take the same size in teeth as himself and may be sorely tempted to retain the set. Mr. WARD has no fear apparently. All he asks is that the park may be thoroughly searched—he doesn't mention it, but I'm sure he'd be frightfully annoyed if the search were conducted in a slipshod fashion—and, when the teeth are found, it will be no surprise if a half-dollar or so reward awaits the lucky finder.

On this side of the Atlantic, I fear, the same noble spirit of trust in one's fellow-man is not so prevalent. Still now and then instances of the kind arise, and I have been privileged to reproduce the following examples, which show that the Old World can sometimes rise to heights of idealism:—

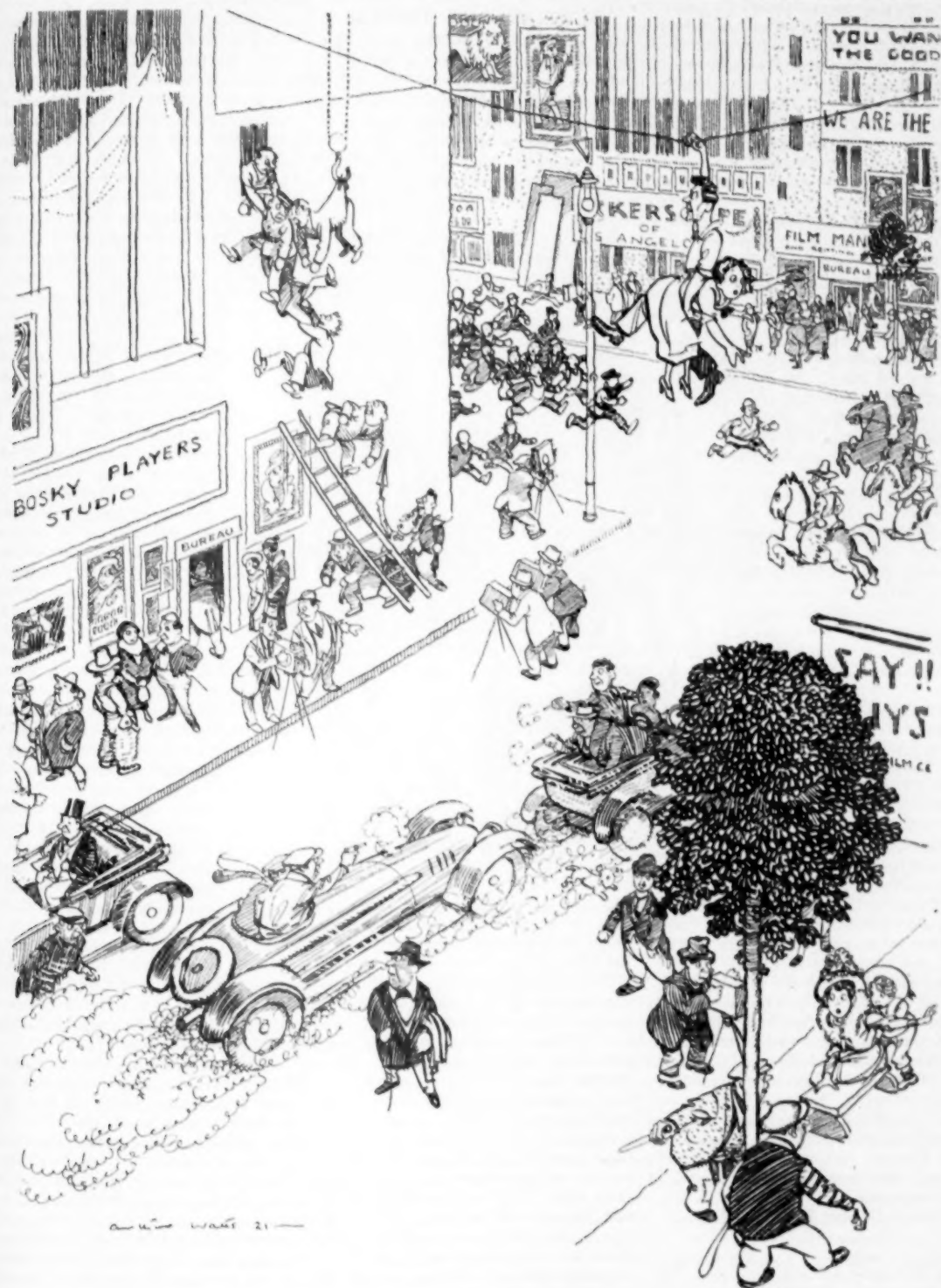
DEAR MR. LLOYD GEORGE,—Would you be so kind, on your next trip to France, as to drop off at Boulogne and inquire at the Grande Taverne, if my aunt's umbrella has yet turned up? She thinks she left it there one morning last July when she was having a cup of coffee. I have written twice in French to the proprietors but could get no reply. You'll recognise the umbrella by a silver band with the initial "J" and by a dent in the handle where dear little Fido bit it in play. Auntie and myself will be awfully grateful if you post it back to her at this address. We'll pay postage, of course.

Yours, with kind regards,

HAROLD DILL-JONES.

To Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky, Ltd.

GENTLEMEN,—I know you're terribly busy just now with murders and executions and things, but I thought you wouldn't mind helping me when you learned that it's a case of losing Maud,



A BUSY DAY AT LOS ANGELES, THE CAPITAL OF FILMLAND.

our cook, if I can't succeed in getting some news about her sweetheart, Ivan.

They met here in London some time in 1915, and he looked so nice in his blue uniform that Maud says she fell madly in love with him. They met three times and he proposed. It had to be all in sign language, because he didn't speak any English, and Maud knows no Russian except Ivan's name, and she's not sure of that. But the language of the heart can't be mistaken, can it? And Maud accepted him.

She never heard from him from that day to this, but she has dreamt of him three times running this week, and it has upset her frightfully. She thinks she hears him calling to her and that sort of thing. So, if she doesn't get some news of him soon, she says she'll go crazy or else leave service and either take the veil or go on the films.

Would you please look up your list of soldiers and see if you can find Ivan Ivanovitch?

When you find him tell him to write to Maud at once. She has her bottom drawer all ready. I helped to fill it.

We're having quite lovely weather here. Hope you are too.

Thanks so much in anticipation. Yours ever,
(Mrs.) ELLA CHARTERS.

Honourable Head of Privy Council (Imperial), London, England.

HONOURABLE AND NOBLE SIR,—Humble and miserable servant makes appeal. Loyal and friendly, full of trust and the milk of human kindness, despatched as per post office (Bombay) sum of Rs. 3 (4s.) to individual, fatuously promising to make writer's fortune beyond dreams of avarice. Said individual herewith as per cutting from advertisement: "J. Doeem, 9451, Holloway Road, London (Box 15)." Twelve months flown by and no reply. Sharper than the serpent's tooth, etc. (SHAKSPEARE). Please apprehend and cast into durance vile said Doeem and restore Rs. 3, plus postage, to miserable and gnashing of teeth servant,

BAHOO BAHEE, Bombay (Box —).

"Vacant. Well-built 6-roomed bungalow, stands on two plots, 2 minutes from main road, bus services, hot and cold."

Advt. in Evening Paper.

We know both sorts.

TURTLES AND TRICKS.

As a household pet the turtle possibly leaves something to be desired.

There are, of course, turtles and turtles, even if we exclude the Byronic variety (rhyming with "myrtle"), which I imagine to be a distinct species. Some, as the snapping turtle, appear from the prints to have grown out of their shells, no doubt from a perpetual eagerness to snap.

Ours is probably the smallest of its tribe. I confess that I regarded it indifferently at first. To tell the truth I

see if they can keep it up." A moment's rash enthusiasm and your tortoise might be let in for a century of repentance.

Pat, the turtle—I find a convenience in these epicene names—is probably of the same opinion. Its early environment, however, compelled it to act with something less than Evelyn's monumental calm. When it first came to us, in early spring, we found a warm place for it in the kitchen, above the range. Considerable disturbance was caused next morning by Pat's disappearance; for a long time it was not to be found anywhere—not, in

fact, until the saucepan was required for making soup. Then he (I really cannot hedge any longer over this question of sex) was seen to be lying inside, covered with water, mercifully not too warm. At first it was conjectured that he had fallen off the plate-rack, and we congratulated ourselves that he seemed none the worse for his immersion. It was not until the same thing occurred the next morning, and again the day after, that we began to realise what Pat was trying to tell us.

There were, of course, some who thought it funny to pretend that he recognised the soup-kettle as his proper destination—that he was practising, so to speak, for an aldermanic apotheosis. But I am glad to say that one of us understood the mute appeal. Pat was transferred to the garden and found his way almost immediately to the lily-pond, as we call, in our moments of magnificence, the old iron bath sunk in the ground some thirty feet from the drawing-room window. I saw him there the other day

sitting on one of the leaves, which are just large enough to support him comfortably.

Phyllis maintains already that he recognises her footstep, and has been known to come up from the slimy depths of the bath to greet her when she makes her first appearance in the garden of a morning. She is hopeful of inducing him, in time, to do something for his living. With Phyllis a pet is nothing until it has bowed itself to her imperious will and consented to become one of our performing troupe. Our dogs have always been known in the neighbourhood as the most accomplished of their race; it is painful to a humane man to see the long and varied



The Reader. "LISTEN TO THIS, BILL—WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT SOME CLARET. 'THE BODY IS ROUND, FRUITY AND SOFT AS SATIN. AMONG RECENT VINTAGES THE 1914 CLARET WAS OF SPLENDID QUALITY.'"

The Listener (sadly). "A-A-H! AN' 1914 BEER."

thought it was merely a tortoise, and we have had a tortoise before. Nor was Evelyn (as we christened it) altogether satisfactory as a pet. These chelonians are all a shade too unresponsive, perhaps because they feel so much time lies before them. Tradition has it that they are the most inveterate centenarians, though it is true that Evelyn was cut off at seventy, a comparatively early age. They see no necessity for rushing into these swift and violent friendships. Evelyn recognised our kind attentions but was in no hurry to reciprocate them. "Time enough for that," it used to reflect, slowly munching what young and succulent shoots it could discover in the rose-bed; "we will



Doctor. "HAS YOUR HUSBAND RELIGIOUSLY FOLLOWED THE DIET I PRESCRIBED?"
Cottage. "WELL, SIR, 'E ALWAYS SAYS GRACE AT EVERY MEAL."

programme they have to go through before they are permitted to attack their daily platter. Tricks are so much a part of their daily life that the more esurient of them practise throughout the day that they may reduce the time of waiting at night. It is with difficulty sometimes that they can be induced to stop.

But Pat, I imagine, will not lend himself readily to this kind of thing. He is one of those strong silent turtles to whom mere aimless "accomplishments" (as we foolishly term them) are inherently obnoxious. If there were anything about them that would help forward the general scheme of things, even to the smallest degree, he might be induced to overcome his reluctance. It was much the same, I remember, with Evelyn. He liked us well enough—I think Phyllis has a certain way with the lower animals—but he too had a sense of dignity. He would go so far as to protrude his head sometimes when she tapped his shell in a peculiar manner, but he gave her to understand quite early that he did not mean to go farther. Phyllis had thoughts of teaching him to dance; it is much to his credit that she never even succeeded in getting him to stand on his hind-legs.

Tricks are well enough for dogs and

other light-hearted frivolous youngsters; but they do not suit with the staid and sober mien of the turtle. That double shell should protect Pat and his tribe. As well might you expect a conjuring entertainment from a gentleman clad in a complete suit of plate-armour.

I noticed Pat the other afternoon, when we were having tea out in the garden, close to the lily-pond. He preserved his customary impassive demeanour, but I could tell pretty clearly what he thought. We had a few guests, and Christina (our present dog) was showing off, what with greed and feminine vanity, rather well—so well that Phyllis began to boast of her skill as a trainer. Already, she said, Pat was beginning to understand what she said to him; in a day or two she would have him swimming across the bath for a piece of bread. I was just near enough to note the expression of Pat's face at this; I saw it for one moment before he hastily withdrew beneath his carapace. Never before had I seen that mingled look of contempt and mortification on the face of any turtle.

When Phyllis attempted to make Pat show his head to the assembled guests afterwards he obstinately refused. I was not surprised. The poor beast was wounded. As I read him, he had been

thinking out something that should display him to us in his true colours—something really worth while. He could afford to wait, and one of these days it would happen, sure enough. The house would catch fire, or there would be a midnight attack by burglars. That would be his opportunity. Slowly and painfully he would climb out of the bath, cross the lawn and pull himself up by the creeper to the open window on the first floor. In the dead of night Phyllis would be awakened by the thud of a turtle falling on her pillow. The alarm would be given; the house (or property) saved. And for Pat himself—well, possibly he dreams of a gratefully commemorative silver plate on the middle of his upper shell.

"NOTICE.—I, ———, hereby give Notice that I will take proceedings against the senders of any anonymous letters received after this date."—*Welsh Paper*.

We never go further than taking a note of their names and addresses.

"Wise politics should long ago have devised or contributed some great scheme for the conversation of the gold and silver resources of America."—*Irish Paper*.

Not a difficult task, if it be really true that "money talks."



Small Girl (continuing argument as to bedtime). "BUT, MUMMY, HOW DO YOU KNOW THE BIRDS HAVE GONE TO SLEEP?"

Mother. "WELL, I EXPECT THEY HAVE."

Small Girl. "WELL, I DON'T. I B' LIEVE THE MUMMY BIRD HAS JUST GONE INTO THE NEST AND HAS HUNG UP HER WINGS AND IS READING TO THE EGGS."

LOOKING FORWARD.

Mrs. Purdey died at the age of ninety-three. She was in full possession of her faculties to the last, her memory being particularly good, and often delighted her descendants with vivid accounts of her experiences in the European War of 1914, when she was employed as a girl-messenger at the War Office, an institution familiar to us as the Ministry of Firm Remonstrance.

It was while she was thus serving her country that Miss Tonkins, as she then was, developed her extraordinary appetite for tea, which is rarely drunk at the present time, but of which she habitually took large quantities, infused in an earthenware pot after the fashion of the later Georgians. In her youth she was a frequenter of the old Kinema, and confessed that the Atomic Materialisations of to-day, which have dispensed with the archaic screen and projector, never thrilled her so much as the flickering tortures to which our ancestors cheerfully submitted.

Thanks to her eldest son's position as Sub-Director of Metropolitan Air Services, she was able, during the revolution of 1968, which established the hereditary dictatorship in the Royal House, to deposit her valuables in the guard-room at the top of the Hyde Park pylon. Amongst them was a steel box, which she bequeathed to her grandson, Dr. Durst, in whose company I was when he first opened it. It contained some love-letters from her husband, many interesting cuttings from newspapers now extinct, a complete set of London General Omnibus Company tickets dating from 1915, and an old autograph album. Durst's small son, aged eight, was an excited witness of the proceedings. The love-letters were returned to the safe keeping of the old box, the omnibus tickets wondered at and admired and the newspaper cuttings kept for further perusal. Then Durst opened the autograph-book. Some old family autographs had been recognised when the boy asked his father what was on the first page. He turned to it.

There, surrounded by a hand-painted border of violets and forget-me-nots, evidently the work of Mrs. Purdey herself, was a single faded signature, and below, in her handwriting, the words "September, 1921." Durst looked up at me with a smile, for to both of us she had confided some of her juvenile enthusiasms. His son was regarding the page with a puzzled frown, his chin cupped in his hand.

"Father," he said suddenly, "who was CHARLES CHAPLIN?"

"Brillat-Savarin, the celebrated French gourmet, is to have a statue erected in his honour at Belley."—*Daily Paper*.

And where better?

"Brenzycatechiumethylbenzylether is one of the articles on which a duty will be levied under the Key Industries Act."—*Daily Paper*. Serve it right.

"The golfing Ethiopian cannot change his spots."—*New Zealand Paper*. There is nothing about this in our copy of the Rules.

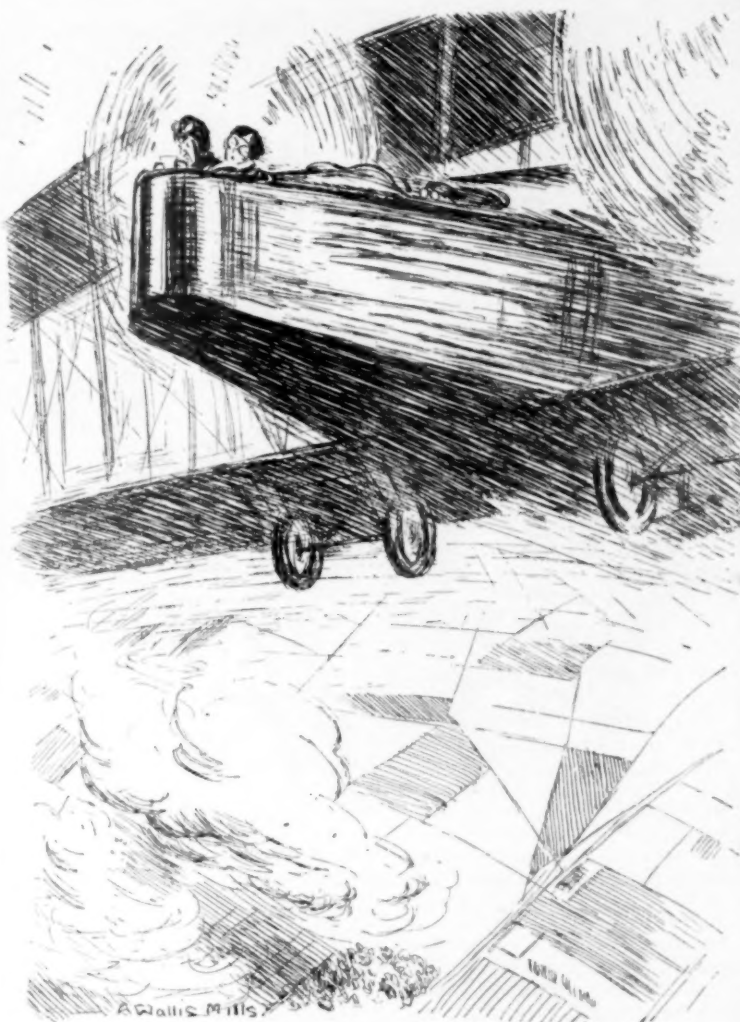


WORK FOR ALL.

PRIME MINISTER. "COME ON, EVERYBODY, AND LEND A HAND. THIS ISN'T A ONE-MAN JOB!"

HALOES.

RIDICULOUS Victorians!
 No longer now sublime,
 But mouldier than the Saurians
 In mesozoic slime;
 From Caesar after Caesar
 The outworn laurels slip
 Till each vain god
 Whose courts we trod
 Becomes a harmless geyser
 Or else a strange old rip.
 No doubt with painful wriggling
 You lift a fossil head
 To hear the Georgians giggling
 About the things you said;
 They rifle antique caskets,
 With ruthless hand they turn
 The notes and scraps
 You left, poor chaps,
 In old wastepaper baskets
 And told the man to burn.
 You had your hour as idols
 (Of course your feet were clay),
 But no compunction bridles
 Biography to-day;
 In Binks's careful studies
 How low your radiance sinks,
 How soiled you look
 In Baggs's book—
 Nobody knows what mud is
 Better than Baggs and Binks.
 And Miss Sapphira Popping—
 She has her stories too
 Of how, without eavesdropping
 (A thing she'd scorn to do),
 Searching for something missing
 Behind a large settee,
 She heard a smack,
 Looked round the back,
 And saw two persons kissing;
 And one was Mr. G.
 One shares her perturbation,
 One feels she simply must
 Have told the island nation
 This incident or bust;
 She longed to shout "Good
 gracious!"
 She longed to call the cook;
 But deep suppressed
 It lay at rest
 Till tradesmen grew rapacious,
 And then she wrote a book.
 Yet now and then I wonder
 If all these strange affairs
 Found out by crouching under
 The dustier parts of chairs,
 If all this idol-shattering,
 This squirting with a pen
 At "X" and "Y,"
 Who can't reply,
 Isn't extremely flattering
 To great Victorian men.
 At least they had their haloes,
 They wore no humdrum hat,
 Each scandal-bearer's tale owes
 Its envious point to that;



THE LONDON-PARIS AIR ROUTE.

Husband (reading from slip of paper passed to him by wife). "FEEL FAINT. GET MY SMELLING-SALTS. SOMEWHERE IN CABIN NEAR THE TAIL."

What heroes is time bringing
 Out of our modern crush
 To need such gibes
 From jaundiced scribes,
 To call forth so much slinging
 Of retrospective slush?

When all our modern tribal
 Leaders and lords depart
 Beyond the Rules of Libel
 Into the Realms of Art,
 Will rude hands tear the portal
 And desecrate the grot
 Where Mr. —, yes!
 And—you may guess—
 Stand shining and immortal?
 May be. And may be not.

EVOE.

Perils of the Chase.

"Erbistock Gorse proved disappointing, and then hounds were next thrown into the Drury Plantation, where they encountered a stubborn club who made a great fight for his life."
Provincial Paper.

What is it to be "class-conscious"?
 When you are travelling in a first-class compartment with a third-class ticket and see the inspector approaching.

"The first supper dance of the season at the Hotel, Liverpool, on Saturday night, proved a very successful function. There were about five hundred diners and at least two hundred on the floor."
Provincial Paper.

We assume that all these people who had dined too well were removed before the supper dance began.



Lady (buying hat). "YES, I LIKE THEM SMART. BUT DON'T MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A FLAPPER."

MR. STRING.

No man, however lonely, could feel himself without friends who had Sarah to cook for him. Sarah has cooked for many persons and forgotten none of them. And she has introduced me to all of them. Not in the flesh—I have never seen one of them—but in the much more satisfactory fashion of the spoken drama. Sarah is a good speaker and her drama is continuous, like the movies, though much more varied. Endlessly across the endless screen of Sarah's reminiscences they flit, those shadowy figures, shadowy but absolutely real: Mrs. Hawkins and the Maxwells, and Colonel Fowlks (*alias* Foulkes), and old Miss Withering, and Mr. String. I know them all so well.

Mr. String best of all. Sometimes I feel that I have known old String for years, though it is only six months since I made his acquaintance. I am drawn to Mr. String. Perhaps that is because he is so like me, and his way of living so like mine. A man of wide experience and no mean intelligence, I fancy; for whenever anything of interest

happens in my household (and that is nearly every day), whenever I make some amusing remark (and that is really every day), I invariably find that something of the same kind, only much better, has long ago been said or done by Mr. String. It is extraordinary how he caps one's jokes and aphorisms and adventures. A lesser man might well harbour a certain envy against the fellow. But not I. And, after all, there is that curious sense of sympathy between us.

Nevertheless at one time we had a good deal of friendly rivalry. In the Spring, by an inspiration, I took to keeping newts, and, as I popped the first batch into the tank, I felt that I was one up on String at last. For String is a solicitor, and a solicitor who kept newts was to me an inconceivable thing.

Sarah regarded them with distaste through the glass, and "Orrible slippery things," she said. "Mr. String 'ad frogs; dozens and dozens of them, 'e 'ad—give me the fair shivers."

One day one of the newts, or "mutes" as Sarah prefers to call them, escaped from the tank. Sarah rushed up the

stairs calling from afar, "Mr. Simpson! Mr. Simpson! one of them mutes is out," with as much excitement as if she had been announcing that a mandrill was abroad. I went down and found a large black "mute" happily exploring the kitchen floor. "Oh, it *did* give me a turn!" said Sarah, panting. "Reminds me of Mr. String's frogs. There was a great fat feller, as big as that butter-dish 'e was, an' 'e used to come right upstairs into the drawing-room; come right upstairs, 'e did. Mr. String *did* laugh. When I was doing the grate 'e jumped right out of the scuttle and made one bold dash for the door. Mr. String 'e fair split 'imself laughin'."

So I abandoned that line of country. I thought once of purchasing an axolotl to live with the "mutes," but I felt sure that String would counter with a salamander or a nanny-goat or a poisonous snake, and it seemed unfair to crowd out the fellow's house with strange animals.

Not that String would mind; for he is a jolly humorous soul, like Sarah, and he is always laughing. That is his charm. I never knew a man (certainly



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not a solicitor) who spent so much of his time laughing—and laughing so violently. He never laughed at Sarah's stories in an ordinary way, like you and me (or rather like you, for I know now that I have grown like String in this respect); but he split himself laughing, or he split his sides with laughing, or he fair burst himself with laughing. Sometimes Sarah thought he would have a fit laughing, and sometimes she was even afraid he would die of laughing. String had endless methods of expressing amusement, for Sarah is a creature of infinite resource; but perhaps they both surpassed themselves on the occasion when Sarah told String how loud Mr. Maxwell had laughed at her story about old Miss Withering and the cat. You will never guess what String did; it is perhaps the most vivid description of hilarity in the English language. "Oh, 'e *did* give 'is face a treat," said Sarah.

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goes to see Mr. String, and on those days I feel very near to the old fellow. For I know that Sarah is telling him how she told me about String's frog going slap-dash out of the drawing-room, and how I gave my face a treat. When String hears that, he will start splitting himself again, and Sarah will come back and tell me all about it. Nourished in this way there is no reason why any story should ever die.

There is a wonderful sense of companionship about those Sundays; it is as good as if I had actually visited Mr. String myself. Better, in fact.

Curiously enough, Mr. Maxwell was like me too, and so was Colonel Fowlks—at least I am constantly reminding Sarah of them. Like me they were not particular; though one of them was a one for tomatoes and the other was a one for stuffed hake (personally I am a one for cold chicken). Sarah has skimmed off our petty differences and boiled us all down to our essential resemblances. I like to think of the lot of us as a jolly little community, scattered, remote, loosely united but united indissolubly. Like the Empire. The only sure solution of the Irish problem that I can see is that Sarah should spend six months' cooking for Mr. DE VALERA and then six more months' cooking for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Then they really would get clear about each other.

Anyhow, and, alas, she will pass on

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For a moment Sarah wavered. But custom was too strong.

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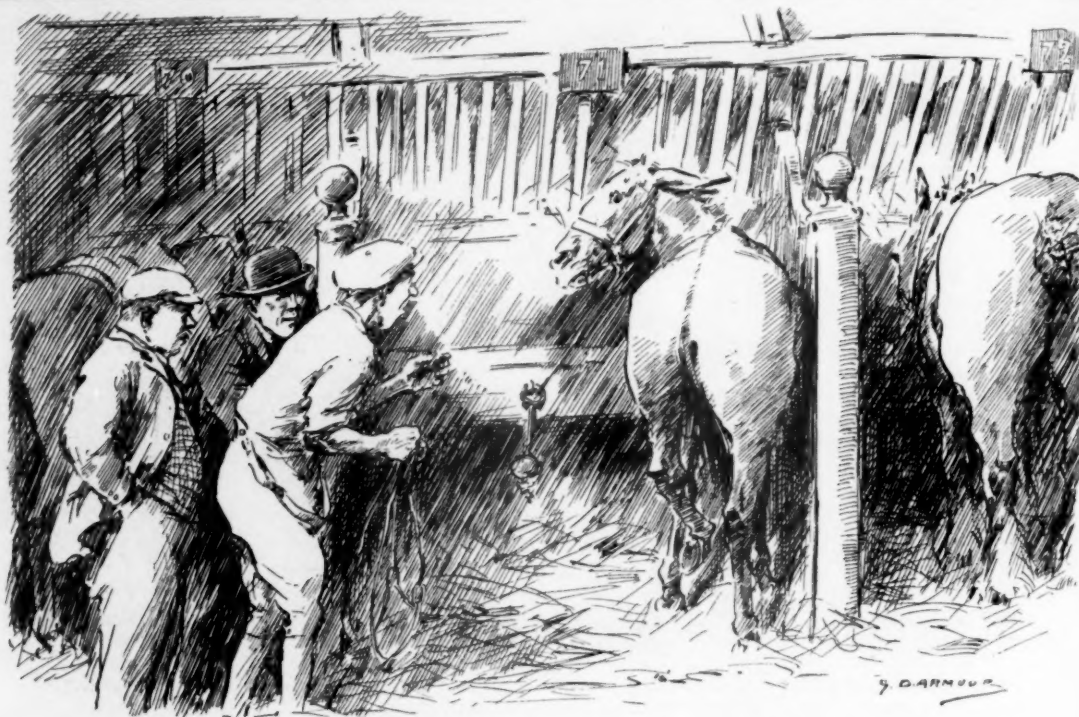
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Irish Groom (in Horse Repository). "Woa, harse—woa!"

Onlooker. "DON'T YE SEE IT'S A MULE?"

Irish Groom. "ACH—HOULD YER TONGUE! ISN'T IT JUST FLATTERIN' 'IM I AM?"

THOUGHTS BEFORE DAWN.

A LAY OF INDIAN SHIKAR.

Now is the hour when folk in other latitudes
Waken a while, then, turning to the wall,
Compose their frames in comfortable attitudes
And undisturbed await the morning call;
Or the late reveller, homing from the spree,
Looks at his watch and, seeing half-past three,
Reflects "How very pleasant bed will be!"
But no one thinks of getting up at all.

Now is the hour the bards acclaim most sable,
That hour before the curtain lifts on day,
When cattle fret and fidget in their stable
And life is lowest, so the doctors say;
Now fox-trots flag and floors begin to clear,
And the brave band imbibes a final beer,
And host observes to hostess, "Well, my dear,
We won't get up to breakfast anyway."

But I, insensate idiot, must be riven
By my own bidding from the cheerful bed,
By some infatuated impulse driven
To seek the jungle ere the east be red,
And steel myself to quaff this noisome brew—
Said to be tea, but seeming more like stew—
And wonder feebly, "What will now ensue:
Shall I get up or go to sleep instead?"

Last night I said, "Yea, call me at three-thirty;
I will arise and blithely go to kill;"
But now how dark the hour, how very dirty
The elements without, how truly ill

The prospect! Hark! the rain upon the roof!
By all the game that ever walked on hoof,
This morning from the hunt I hold aloof;
I will *not* go out shooting! . . . Yes, I will.

For oft have I in this insane existence
Issued in drowsy dawnings from my lair
And vainly sought through some stupendous distance
The subtle tiger or the devious bear;
And tramped elastic miles in rain and fog
Hoping to find the bison in his bog
Easy to shoot as falling off a log—
Or so he would be if the brute was there—

And ever have exclaimed on such occasions,
"No more this midnight knocking at my door;
No more these insupportable invasions
Of bearers bringing tepid tea at four;
No more shall I endure this fruitless fag;
Nay, sell the rifles, burn the cartridge-bag!"—
And then, of course, I'd shoot a decent stag
And the sad cycle would begin once more.

My tea is cold and very, very nasty;
I will arise with one last potent curse.
Little they gain who take life over-*asti*;
Let day proceed its blessings to disburse.
The rain falls sourly; bitter blows the wind;
I know I am an idiot. Never mind;
Haply the god of hunters will be kind;
And if he isn't—well, one might be worse.

H. B.

* Leisurely.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

John's big homely face shone as the sun; his unremarkable eyes were rapt; upon his lips dwelt a smile both fixed and sawny.

"I can hardly grasp it," he murmured in maudlin ecstasy; "I can barely believe it; I can scarcely credit it——"

"You mean Nancy has accepted you?"

"Nancy has accepted me," he chanted low. "I can scarcely——"

"Congratulations," I cut in briskly. "Nancy's a charming girl."

John jerked back his head as though I had struck him.

"'Charming'?" he repeated with sickly pity. "'Charming'? Oh, my dear man, what a stilted, colourless, uninspired adjective! But there, there—I forgive you; you never had the gift of words. But—'charming'!" and he laughed in an intensely irritating superior way. Then once again the syrupy coma of love closed in upon him.

"She called me 'Honeybird,'" he crooned. "'Honeybird.' Oh, I can scarcely——"

"'Honeybird'?" I echoed, with difficulty suppressing a guffaw.

"Yes; and"—John's voice sank to a reverent whisper—"and 'Sweetie-tail.' 'Honeybird' when I put the ring on her finger, and 'Sweetie-tail' when she kissed me Good-night. Ah, I can scarcely——"

I did not see John for two or three days. Then he dropped in after dinner. His face was still shining, but—it may have been my imagination—I did not think it had quite the same dazzling polish on it as when he had first announced his engagement.

"Well," I asked cheerily, "how's Nancy?"

"Wonderful," whispered John, "absolutely wonderful! Always so bright and—and bright. I'm the luckiest man on earth. I can scarcely——"

"What does she call you now?" I asked casually.

He evaded my eye.

"I don't see what it's got to do with you," he answered with an awkward little laugh; "but as a matter of fact she calls me—er—'Pumpkin Fritter.'"

I fell back in my chair with a sort of sob.

"She—she's awfully fond of—of them," he urged shyly.

"But," I ventured, "do—do you like being called by these—these pet names?"

Again he evaded my eye. "Oh, I don't mind," he lied sturdily. "You see, Nancy's such a brilliant creature, she——"

"Nancy's charming," I said.



Peter (after Harvest Thanksgiving Service). "MUMMY, WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO WITH ALL THOSE APPLES?"

Mother. "THEY'RE GOING TO THE POOR PEOPLE AT THE HOSPITALS, DARLING."

Peter (recollecting a recent orgy). "BUT I THOUGHT PEOPLE WENT TO HOSPITALS TO BE CURED OF TUMMY PAIN?"

He wagged his head. "A good deal more than that," he reproved me. Then he took a photo from his pocket and within three seconds the sawny smile was contorting his lips. "When I look at her," he mused, "I can scarcely——"

A week later John was again with me. This time the gloss was right off his face and his eyes looked harassed. His lips were set perfectly naturally.

"Old man," he said brusquely, "I want your advice."

I nodded understanding. "What's Nancy's latest name for you?" I asked.

He looked at me suspiciously.

"I don't know how the devil you guessed it had anything to do with—names," he grumbled, "but—well, it has. Look here—Nancy's a perfect dear, of course, and I couldn't be fonder of her, but——"

"Nancy's charming," I said.

"Quite. But—well, she's taken to coming to the office, and you know the sort of sense of humour clerks have. I mean to say, it's not conducive to discipline when the ledger-clerk calls the cashier 'Pumpkin Fritter,' and the

cashier retaliates on the typist with 'Pouffe-of-Pouffes.' Is it?"

"'Pouffe-of-Pouffes'?" I stammered, aghast.

"Yes; a 'pouffe' is a big fat thing you sit on in front of the fire."

"I see," I said meaningly.

John made a gesture which strove to be tolerant.

"Of course," he hesitated, "when we're alone it's—it's all right, I suppose. But—in the office! Dash it! In front of the clerks——"

"Well, why don't you ask her to drop it?"

"Oh, I couldn't. I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world. She—she thinks I like it. In fact, I told her I did." He got up wearily. "Thanks for your advice, old man. P'r'aps she'll—she'll grow out of it."

A fortnight elapsed and then I got a shock when I saw John. He looked like EUGENE ARAM—very thin and pale and hollow-eyed.

"I must go," he cried hoarsely; "I must flee the country. My wedding was to take place a month hence, but——"

I looked a question.

"'Tota,'" he wailed as though his heart would break.

"'Tota'!" I cried. "Why 'Tota'?"

"Tarzan Of The Apes," moaned John. "A word compounded of the first four letters of that accursed combination of words. It's all over the clubs. Good-bye."

With difficulty I prevailed upon him to postpone his exile for two days. On the evening of the second he burst into my room, his face refulgent.

"She calls me 'John'!" he clariomed.

"'John.' Just 'John'!"

"Nancy's charming," I said.

With a boyish hoot of rapturous protest he flung himself upon me and indulged in the crudest horse-play.

"I'll give you 'charming,' you old fossil!" he bellowed.

This is a copy of the letter I had written to Nancy. Perhaps I should add that I had forged the fashionable parson's signature.

DEAR MISS * * *.—I have been requested to publish the banns of marriage between yourself and Mr. Honeybird Sweet-tail Pumpkin Fritter Pouffe-of-Pouffes Tota Jones. As this, to me, savours of a cruel practical joke, I await confirmation by you of the request before proceeding further.

Anyhow, I shan't have to give John another wedding-present.

The Longevity of Margot.

"MRS. ASQUITH'S NEW DIARY."

It is the story of 'A Little Journey' undertaken with her father and mother in the autumn of 1821.—*Liverpool Paper.*

PERSECUTION.

"A TIME comes when the Book of Life is a more interesting study than any printed page; but too few people understand this."

The speaker was my friend Golateer, a specialist in this kind of sententiousness and a literary man whose years are now numerically equal to those bunches of minor prophets for whom OBADIAH catered in a cave.

"Nothing," he explained, "is so tiresome as to be asked, as I continually am, if I have read this and that new book, usually a novel, and what I think of it; when I read, except in manuscript, no new novels at all, and very few books of any kind any more. By the time my own compulsory reading and writing are done I want to see anything rather than a book. The country; the streets; men and women; cricket; salmon leaping; Mr. HAWTREY; sunsets; CHARLIE CHAPLIN; the National Gallery; walled gardens; barges on the Thames. New novels? Perish the thought! Time is too short and the visible world is too interesting."

"Not only do I want to live life, but I want to talk life too; and that is what, except among total strangers, one can never do. The rule is that a man who writes must want to talk about writing. We are credited with understanding or desiring nothing more exciting than a busman's holiday."

"Useless, however, to state the contrary: the examination still goes on."

"Have you read *Sexuality Made Easy*?"

"'No.'"

"I think you ought to. It's so extraordinarily clever and handled with such discretion too. Of course you've read *The Happy Mormon*?"

"'No.'"

"How odd! But there's a treat in store for you. And Mr. Hyacinth Gore's new story—you've read that?"

"'No.'"

"You surprise me. I always thought that writers were so eager to read what their rivals are doing, even if they don't care much for sheer beguilement, as I do. But you can't have missed Ora Fedora's *Passion Fruit*? It's the modernest thing and the most ancient. Surely you've read that?"

"'No.'"

"And so it goes on."

"The worst of it is"—Golateer is still talking—"that to keep on saying 'No' to the question, 'Have you read——?' is to set up a reputation either for appalling ignorance, for offensive superiority or professional jealousy, or for all three together. Unfairly, of course, but that does not affect the

result. Not that false estimates about oneself matter very much after one is fifty; but they are a bore none the less, particularly as the reason for one's detachment from the circulating library is so honourable—nothing more unworthy than the wish in the few years that are left to put action before perusal."

"I am going to get some placards printed with a list of the newest books—the books that come on with the fish—and on it a very distinct statement that I have no knowledge of them whatever and therefore nothing to say. Like this:—

I HAVE NOT READ:—

EINSTEIN'S *Relatives.*

Mrs. LLOYD GEORGE'S *Autobiography.*

The Life of Baron Stockmar.

My Memoirs. By JACKY COOGAN.

Messalina of Mayfair.

Grilled Souls.

"But it won't be any use. My partner will simply read down the list and then ask me what I think of some of the books I have omitted from it."

"'Surely you have read *Temptation For Mine*?' she will begin."

"'No.'"

E. V. L.

SCABIOUS TIME.

If I were a scabious,

In the Autumn grass

I'd see, with a blue stare,
Lovely things pass.

I'd wake in the morning

My face wet with dew,

The field white round me

Till the sun broke through.

Like spun-silver spiders

I'd watch the thistle-down

Fly all day past me

Till the sun went down.

I'd hear, if I listened,

Very small and low,

Clear through the darkness

The mushrooms grow.

I'd see in a green ring

Fairy feet whirl—

If I were a scabious

And not a little girl.

More Reaction.

"Professor Sir Frank Dyson, Astrologer-Royal."—*Daily Paper.*

And ready, we understand, to cast a horoscope with anyone.

"Wanted to Exchange: Motor Bike for Housemaid-Laundress."

New Zealand Paper.

We trust she won't be a scorcher too.



MORE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Fool (who has begun a story and forgotten how it ends). "RUN QUICK, MY SON, TO MY ROOM, AND UNDER THE PILLOW YOU WILL FIND A BOOK CALLED *THE JESTER'S COMPANION*; OR, *THREE HUNDRED SURE THINGS TO SET THE TABLE IN A ROAR*."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is curious how much of the mid-Victorian still clings to. Mr. W. B. MAXWELL, in spite of his most strenuous efforts to become thoroughly modern. His romantic feeling is of the good old kind, and there is sometimes an almost childlike simplicity about his methods. Yet I suspect that it is precisely this old-fashioned touch that has given him his enviable popularity. His latest book, *A Little More* (HUTCHINSON), is characteristic. It is written according to a somewhat ancient formula, popular in the days of our youth, which consists in bringing the chief characters, after a host of adventures, back precisely where they started. "And so," the writer used to declare at the close, "once more the wheel has come full circle," etc, etc. You remember Mr. MAXWELL's *Mrs. Thompson*, whose wheel also brought her to prosperity again after the most heart-rending vicissitudes? It is much the same with the *Welbys*, an amiable and fairly prosperous family dwelling Brixton way, who come into sudden wealth through the demise of a most unpleasant and Mephistophelean cousin, who makes an appearance in the *Welby* dining-room as it were through a trap-door, with a strong smell of brimstone. Suddenly rich, the *Welbys* become with one accord thoroughly disagreeable. Fortunately the War comes and they lose all their money as quickly as they had found it. You may trust Mr. MAXWELL to put

them through the mill now. He spares them nothing; makes them descend into the darkest depths, old and young, father, mother, son and the two fair daughters. It is curious that the book begins to improve from this point, perhaps because the author feels he is once more on familiar ground—the ground of *Vivien*. But his characters change with a hardly credible rapidity from good to evil and back again, and the supernatural touch in the apparition of *Cousin Nicholas* roused all my worst instincts. Readable, but not a really good MAXWELL, must be my verdict.

I can assure Mrs. ALICE HEGAN RICE that I shall remember the amiable resourcefulness of *Quin* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) long after that hero's local habitation and his name have vanished from my mind. It stands alone, like the Cheshire Cat's grin, and, to do it justice, is almost as taking. *Quin* is *Sergeant Quinby Graham*, a lumbering Galahad from the backwoods of Maine, wounded, bemedalled and left stranded by a too disinterested participation in the Great War. On his first twenty-four hours leave from the hospital he dances himself dizzy with the rich and beautiful *Eleanor Bartlett*, with whose poor relations, the theatrical *Martels*, he shortly afterwards finds himself lodging. A resolution "to start in to-morrow morning and make love to your whole darn family" is so ably seconded by fate that the very same day finds him rendering first aid with umbrellas and table-napkins to the broken

leg of the redoubtable *Madam Bartlett*, who at seventy odd still has, as she ironically puts it, "some say-so" in the family, the firm of *Bartlett and Bangs* and the future of her ravishing grand-daughter. How this future, as schemed by *Eleanor* and the *Martels* to include a theatrical career of meteoric brilliance and marriage with *Captain Phipps*, dramatist and cad, is diverted to comprise the ineludible *Quin*, I will leave you to find out, only recommending the subsidiary romances of *Aunts Isabel* and *Enid* and *Uncle Rannie* as well worthy of the authoress of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*.

Mr. BEN AMES WILLIAMS is one of those vivid young American writers who tell a story with no waste of words and with the effortless clarity more often found in an eye-witness than in a creator of events. The poverty of language which has rendered American effort negligible in the higher branches of literature has made them the best of novelists.

If there is a story to tell they cannot smother it with verbosity. If there is no story they cannot fashion one out of mere words. If *Evered* (MILLS AND BOON) should prove less popular than *The Great Accident* it will be because tragedy and not comedy provides the theme. *Evered* is a New England farmer of the cave-man type whose violent and jealous passions and morose disposition compel him to make life an intolerable burden even to those he loves. In a paroxysm of jealous rage at finding his wife with a stranger he allows her to be killed by a savage bull, though well able to save her. Thereafter he forces himself to believe that his wife was unfaithful to him, but he knows in his heart it was not so, and when at last he is confronted with evidence to this effect that cannot be gainsaid the volcano in him has become extinct, and he goes forth an aged and broken but no longer unhappy man to meet death at the horns of the same bull that had killed his wife. This is the central theme of the story, a gloomy one indeed; but Mr. WILLIAMS is not out to harrow us and tells the tale with a simple directness that takes the sharp edge from the tragedy of it.

In *Joab the Lover* (HUTCHINSON) Miss DOROTHEA FLATAU gives the spirit of romance its head. A stripling of mixed Gaelic and Spanish descent, visiting kinsfolk in eighteenth-century Cadiz, buys a thirteen-year-old gipay of superlative beauty, greed and ferocity from a Moor in a back street, and, having exhausted his maternal grandfather's fortune on amber silk and balas rubies for his garish inamorata, takes to piracy on the High Seas to keep *Sariona* in the style to which she has become accustomed. A pacific descent upon his paternal home in the Highlands furnishes *Joab* and his band with a somewhat dispirited chaplain in *Father Tori*. Here Miss FLATAU should have gone to *SCOTT*. I miss the *Friar Tuck* element. However she does her

best with STEVENSON when *Joab* and *Sariona* make for the Island of Doi on the Ventura de Oro, and rifle with much Spanish rhetoric and cosmopolitan bloodshed the *cache* of the opposition buccaneer, *Derskze*. *Joab's* capture by his step-brother, *Alan MacBeath*, and his three days' trial at the Old Bailey are more or less after THACKERAY. His final acquittal on making a firm purpose of amendment and promising to hand over his excess profits to the Government is a more modern touch. But there seems to be little here of Miss FLATAU's own except her portrait of the PRINCE REGENT, who comes off as badly as ever in a brief passion for *Sariona*, and vents his chagrin on at least one occasion in the well-known Georgian expletive "Zounds."

Makers of the New World (CASSELL) will no doubt set the curious guessing as to who "One Who Knows Them" may be. It is interestingly written and pointed with well-selected anecdote. If it exhibits no profound gift of crit-

cism or intimate knowledge of the various personalities it discusses—not perhaps much more than could be contrived by an adroit journalist out of fairly well-informed current gossip—it is just the gossip we all delight to share. Perhaps too the exigencies of international and social courtesy necessarily keep this kind of thing politely on the surface. The most frank studies are those of ex-President WILSON and Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON; the most enthusiastic appreciations are of the PREMIER, Sir MAURICE HANKEY, Mr. PHILIP KERR, Sir HENRY WILSON and Maréchal FOCH. The other "makers" dealt with are M. CLÉ-

MENCEAU, M. BRIAND, Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. HUGHES, Mr. BONAR LAW and Lord RIDDELL, all in the friendliest of moods. One thing certainly "emerges" from the study of the admirable illustrations of these distinguished subjects (at least of the civilians among them), that whatever gifts providence showered upon them it withheld the faculty of choosing a decent tailor—a testimony perhaps to their fundamental seriousness.

Readers of *In Red and Gold* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) will not feel inclined to argue with Mr. SAMUEL MERWIN when he states that "strange beings of many nations dig a footing of sorts on the China coast." Some of his characters in their complete lack of moral sense are truly amazing, and one may without prudishness hope that it is difficult to find, even on the China coast, a woman as "strange" as *Miss Dixie Carmichael*. Mr. MERWIN's main concern, however, is not with this nest of criminals. He tries to explain the East to the West, and I think you will find that he stimulates both your curiosity and your sympathy. Certainly he writes with knowledge, and as his book can be regarded either as a story of adventure or as a small mine of information it should have the success which, in spite of its overcrowded stage, I feel that it deserves.



Husband (on visit to Country House). "I SAY, SOMEONE'S FORGOTTEN TO PACK MY EVENING CLOTHES."

Wife. "WELL, IT WASN'T ME, DEAR. IF ANYONE DIDN'T YOU MUST HAVE YOURSELF."

CHARIVARIA.

"ONE way to encourage employment," says the PRIME MINISTER, "is to establish trade credits." We thought of that one years ago, but our tailor wouldn't listen to it.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN has expressed regret that he has not had time to visit Russia. Any other countries that have been inadvertently overlooked will kindly accept this explanation.

It is rumoured that the Spanish Government has got wind of a Carlist plot to produce a film entitled *El Cid*.

East of Scotland master-painters have agreed to a settlement of a dispute on a basis of one shilling and five-pence-halfpenny per hour. Unless Chelsea comes into line, large portrait contracts are certain to be placed north of the Tweed.

It seems that a hot-potato man has appeared in Tooting before the departure of the ice-cream merchant—a grave breach of social etiquette. The local branch of the Middle Class Union must wake up.

We understand that one difficulty about the arrangements at Gairloch was the scarcity of hairdressers." Mr. CHURCHILL had to wait until his return to London before he could have his halo shampooed.

"In this neighbourhood," says the Thames Police Court magistrate, "as soon as a couple start courting the young man gives his sweetheart a pair of black eyes to impress upon her his great affection." Silly sentimentalism, we call it.

The French Minister of Justice has decided to stop all duelling combats. To get some idea of what this means we have only to imagine our own HOME SECRETARY making it illegal for people to play Ludo.

"Should a German resident in London be compelled to pay Income Tax in the same way as the Englishman?" asks a contemporary. Though we do not love the Germans we feel that we owe it to

ourselves not to subject them to treatment savouring of barbarity.

A laundry has been started in Upper Norwood which will mend any garments before returning them to their owners. This is, of course, a great improvement on the laundry which tears the garment before despatching it to the wrong address.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, says a gossip-writer, will not be home for Christmas. There is some talk of its being sent out to him.

During excavations in Huntingdon a skeleton was found buried near an old Roman pavement. As some ancient

by thirty bureaux at Washington. Our own feeling is that Alaska had better remain quiet, or one of these days she may have a real bureaucratic Government like ours.

The metal trade has protested against the sale at low prices of the Government's scrap brass. Still, at current rates all those Generals would surely be a drug in the market.

During the recent gale in Montreal the wind lifted a Ford car and hurled it through a shop window. But probably, if the owner hadn't let go of it, he would have lost his hat.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is reported to have told Signor BONOMI, the Italian Prime Minister, that, if he had to change his nationality, he would become a Neapolitan. In any case we should never be surprised if he set up a peroratory on the slopes of Vesuvius.

Beo wine, we read, contains more alcohol than beer does. We can easily believe it.

At the dinner given by the Feltmakers Company to the Lord Mayor the toast of "Literature" was proposed by Dean INGE. We understand that he was invited to the banquet in recognition of his exceptional gift for talking through his felt hat.

During a performance at Buenos Ayres the audience threw knives at the actors. It looks as if they were driven to it by the high cost of eggs.

MR. MACPHERSON, Minister of Pensions, has appeared at a Glasgow concert in a kilt. It is expected that Sir HARRY LAUDER will apply for an injunction.

According to a Parish Magazine, "he who loves his wife and family and puts business before pleasure is generally a happy and prosperous man." But is, of course, a wash-out at golf.

"Many women of fifty," says a writer in *The Daily Mail*, "always appear to be as fresh as paint, without resort to artificial ruses." On the other hand we know several with whom it is ruses, ruses all the way.



Innkeeper, "THAT CYCLIST WHO'S JUST COME IN WANTS NEW-LAID EGGS FOR HIS TEA. CACKLE A BIT WHILE I RUN OVER TO THE GROCER'S."

lead-piping work was also found in the cavity it is thought that the skeleton was that of a Roman plumber who perished of exhaustion while waiting for his mate.

A New York man has applied for a patent for a doll which sheds tears in a natural way when squeezed. We know the very ratepayer who gave him the idea.

MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has decided to visit London, but, in order to cause no disturbance, he has now definitely decided that he was not born in the Metropolis.

The only way to ensure everlasting peace is for the world to decide not to have another war until the last one is paid for.

Alaska complains that she is governed

"THE GONDOLIERS."

[After assisting at the first night of the new GILBERT-AND-SULLIVAN revival.]

You may boast of your Georgian birds of song
And say that never was stuff so strong;
That its note of genius simply mocks
At yester-century's feeble crocks,
And floods the Musical Comedy stage
With the dazzling art of a peerless age.
But for delicate grace and dainty wit,
For words and melody closely knit,
Your best purveyors of mirth and joy
Were never in sight of the old Savoy;
They never began to compete, poor dears,
With GILBERT-AND-SULLIVAN's *Gondoliers*.

For me, as an out-of-date Victorian,
Prehistoric and dinosaurian,
I hardly feel that I dare reflect
On the art of the day with disrespect;
But if anyone asks me, "Who'll survive—
The living dead, or the dead-alive?
Which of the two will be last to go—
The *Gondoliers* or the latest show?"
I wouldn't give much for the latter's chance;
That is the view that I advance,
Trusting the public to bear me out
(The good from the bad they're quick to sever);
Of this I nurse no manner of doubt,
"No probable, possible shadow of doubt,
No possible doubt whatever."

O. S.

OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

THE DOWNFALL OF SIR OTWAY BUFFINGTON.

IN the Royal Navy the prevailing note in the relationship between the various ranks and ratings that make up the diverse *personnel* of the Fleet is one of kindly consideration and jovial good-fellowship. Ashore, maybe, and on ceremonial occasions a certain disciplinary reserve is loyally practised, but out at sea, in the homely confines of a battleship, much of this melts away, and it is no uncommon sight to see a Rear-Admiral in his shirt-sleeves enjoying a jolly game of leap-frog round the quarter-deck with a laughing party of ship's boys; or to observe the senior warrant-officer seated on a coil of rope reading extracts from the poems of CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to a mixed audience of ordinary seamen, midshipmen and lieutenant-commanders. There are, of course, unfortunate exceptions. But it is almost universally noticed that, if any officer or petty officer attempts, out of pride or overweening arrogance, to disturb this prevailing *bonhomie* of the White Ensign, sooner or later he comes to a bad end. The Nemesis of the Navy swiftly and suddenly scuttles him. Take the striking example of Admiral Sir Otway Buffington.

Admiral Sir Otway Buffington, privily known among his subordinates as The Snorting Buffalo, was the terror of the Fleet. A youthful passion for discipline, intensified and provoked in later years by the vindictive promptings of a turbid and mutinous liver, had made him a personage to be avoided by all peace-loving sailormen. Gold-cuffed Captains wilted under the glare of his ferocious eye, and weather-beaten Commanders, tanned and hardened by the spray of many seas, turned pale and trembled before the bellowings of his voice in wrath. It was said, and Sir Otway did not deny the soft impeachment, that on the China station he had caused more stewards to be flung to the sharks for faulty cooking than any other three senior officers in the Service. He frequently proclaimed his dis-

like of a command in home waters because it gave no scope for adequate disciplinary action. "No sharks," he would add with a sinister scowl.

At the time of our story Sir Otway was commanding the—th Squadron (Flagship, *H.M.S. Inexorable*), operating in the Channel, and they chanced to be anchored in the bay of a popular South Coast resort during the local regatta week. The balmy air of the Channel always had a deleterious effect upon the Admiral's liver, and his temper was further soured by the prevailing atmosphere of mirth and carnival which, he savagely informed the Flag-Captain, made the ship more like a floating Sunday-school treat than a unit of the premier fighting force of the world. "They want a taste of discipline," he barked, "and I'll see they get it."

From that hour the crew of *H.M.S. Inexorable* began to be certain that they had better not have been born. Not only was the full routine of duty rigorously imposed, but, on the pretence that an ordinary seaman had sneezed during divisions, all shore-leave was stopped and all visitors' passes to the ship were cancelled.

"There'll be trouble aboard this packet," prophesied the Flag-Lieutenant in the privacy of the Mess. "One fine morning we'll wake up and find the Old Man dangling at the yardarm; and you can take it from me that I for one won't go aloft to cut him down. Let him jolly well dangle."

Fortunately, however, the crew were not compelled to demonstrate their irritation in so decisive a fashion. The Nemesis of the Navy that sits up aloft had already marked down Sir Otway for its own. Relief came suddenly and from a totally unexpected quarter; it came in the kindly guise of Sub-Lieutenant Reginald Bilbury's Aunt Angela.

One bright afternoon, as the strains of the band floated enticingly from the pier and the happy crowds of holiday-makers were plainly visible to the envious watchers aboard the *Inexorable*, a small boat was observed heading across the dimpling waters of the bay. It was propelled by an aged waterman, and an old lady sat in the bows under the shade of a green parasol. As they drew alongside she waved her hand in greeting and smiled amicably.

"Good afternoon," she called out cheerfully; "I've come to see my nephew Reggie. I'm his Aunt Angela. Will someone please help me up?"

The officer of the watch leaned over the rails. "Sorry, Madam," he said, "but no visitors are allowed on board."

Aunt Angela put her hand to her ear. "I'm very sorry," she said, "but I dropped my ear-trumpet into the sea as we left the beach; would you speak a little louder?"

The officer of the watch seized a megaphone and levelled it at the visitor. "No one allowed on board," he bellowed.

Aunt Angela smiled vaguely. "I've come to take him to see the pierrots," she said; "but I'd just like to have a peep round your ship while I'm here."

"Deaf as a post," said the ship's surgeon; "let her come aboard. It can't make matters any worse."

"But The Snorting Buffalo'll gore her to death if he sees her," protested the officer of the watch.

"All the better," snapped the surgeon; "then he may get run in for improperly murdering a civilian and retired on half-pay."

"By George, I'll do it," cried the officer of the watch, "if it costs me my promotion."

So Aunt Angela was hauled aboard, her astonished and dismayed nephew was summoned and the tour of inspection began. A tense excitement pervaded the ship.

"Poor old geyser," muttered a kind-hearted C.P.O.; "she little knows how near she is to being torn to pieces. It ain't hardly fair."



THE CHARMER.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "I TRUST I HAVE NOT OVERRATED THE MOLLIFYING POWER OF MUSIC."



THE LAST BATHE OF SUMMER.

Small Daughter. "MUMMY, WHAT DO THEY DO WITH THE SEA WHEN ALL THE PEOPLE ARE GONE? DO THEY SHUT IT UP FOR THE WINTER?"

Suddenly the inevitable happened. Aunt Angela, chattering happily, mounted to the quarter-deck and came suddenly face to face with Admiral Sir Otway Buffingdon. A shudder of apprehension ran through the ship from stem to stern; many of the crew hid their faces in their hands.

Sir Otway stopped dead. A crimson wave surged up from his neck to his forehead and his eyes bulged alarmingly. "Who—who is this woman?" he gasped.

Aunt Angela dropped a little courtesy. "Good afternoon," she said; "I'm just looking round my nephew's ship. Are you one of his men?"

Sir Otway began to swell visibly, like a tyre in process of inflation.

"Who brought this person aboard?" he exclaimed hoarsely. "I'll have every man-jack of you in irons! I—I—"

"I've come to take Reggie to see the pierrots," interrupted Aunt Angela sweetly; "they're so very funny this year—and hardly at all vulgar."

Then the fury of The Snorting Buffalo burst forth in its full intensity. "Throw her overboard," he howled wildly; "heave her to the sea—damn it, the shrimps! Over with her, or I'll court-martial the whole ship's-company!" He leapt fiercely to and fro in an ecstasy of rage.

Several of the crew had fainted away; all were speechless with terror. Only Aunt Angela remained unperturbed.

"Oh, how jolly!" she cried delightedly as the Admiral stopped and stood panting before her; "I loved that. Do you know, I've always wanted to see a hornpipe danced by a real sailor, and you did it splendidly. Thank you so much," and, smiling with approval at the outraged Admiral, she tripped gaily from the quarter-deck.

"And now we must go, or we'll be late for the pierrots," she said, waving her hand in farewell. "Come along, Reggie."

That very night Admiral Sir Otway Buffingdon wrote to the Admiralty tendering his immediate resignation. Something had snapped in his head and he had just sense enough left to recognise the Nemesis of the Navy.

How to Apply for Jobs.

Extract from a West African native's letter:—

"RESPECTFUL WORSHIPFUL,—That your honoured servant is poor man in agriculture behaviour, and which depends on seasons for staff of life.

Therefore he prays that you will favour him and take him into your saintly service for the support of his soul and his family's, and on bended knee implores your worshipful consideration to a damnable lot like your worship's unfortunate petitioner.

That your lordship's servant was too much poorly during last rains and was resuscitated by medicines which made magnificent excavations in the coffers of your honourable servant, whose means are circumvented by a preposterous family, consisting of five female women and three masculines, these last of which are still eating milk at mother's chest, and are damnable noiseful through pulmonary catastrophe in their internal abdomens."

From applicant for post of elementary school-teacher:—

"DEAR SIR,—I heard you are in the paper for a female uncertificated teacher. But have not been used to nothing of that as I have not been out any where only odd days for I have one weak wrist but thought no harm in writing if it were for infants but sorry dont know what scale 11 means I dont know if I shall do turn 22 years in April. Dont know any thing about Boston nor where the place is if you think any thing would you send particulars then would have a ride over and see if I should but had no learning so I put stamped envelope in."

[We approve of the last sentence.—Ed.]

THE CELIBATE'S PROGRESS.

The Rev. Walter Newcome, Vicar of Higby, to the Rev. John Wiseman, Rector of St. Ann, Greytown (late Vicar of Higby).

10th January.

The people here are most kind. They realise that this is my first incumbency and are eager to help in every possible way. Many thanks for the schedule of suggestions. It will be most valuable. I note the final item, "Get a wife!" Excellent advice in a general sort of way, but quite out of the question in my case. First, because I do not feel drawn to matrimony. Second (and chiefly), because I believe that such a tie would be a hindrance to me in my work.

Mrs. Rawdon-Rawdon, The Towers, Higby, to the Rev. W. Newcome.

13th January.

For many years I was responsible for the good order of the brass-work (lectern, etc.) in the church, but last September, while I was away in North Wales, the duty was transferred to my helper, Miss Biggs, who has retained it ever since. So long as Mr. Wiseman remained with us, and out of affection for his sweet wife, I was content to let the new arrangement stand, but I feel that I ought now to make my position clear. The duty is a labour of love and belongs by right to me. I shall be glad, therefore, if you will kindly see Miss Biggs and induce her to consent to a resumption of things on the old footing.

Miss Julia Biggs, Ivy Lodge, Higby, to the Rev. W. Newcome.

13th January.

I am writing about the cleaning of the church brass. I have attended to this for a long time, both as helper to Mrs. Rawdon-Rawdon and as the one responsible for the duty. Mrs. Rawdon-Rawdon's share was mainly nominal. She liked the post, but actually did little more than flutter round (if she came at all) when everything was done. Consequently when she disappeared on one of her endless holidays it was not unnatural that I should be given the office. She may desire to reopen the matter, but a few tactful words from you will, I am sure, put her right.

Miss Downwright, 3, Church Cottages, Higby, to the Rev. W. Newcome.

17th January.

As an old member of the Girls' Own I wish to Protest against the tyrannical action of the New leader, Miss Scotch-ing. In Mrs. Wiseman's Time I always played the Organ for the singing; now this person Brings her sister to play, and Tells me to Go Round with the



J.H.DOWD-21.

Mrs. Brown. "That's the gown for me, dear. Doesn't it look sweet?"

Mr. Brown. "Yes, dear. But you so seldom stand quite like that."

books, which isn't fair I hardly think, for though I may Make a Mistake occasionally I can always carry on with the Tune. Please see Miss Scotch-ing and have justice done.

Miss Henrietta Badger, W.S.P.U., Mugton, to the Rev. W. Newcome.

18th January.

If your address on "Woman's Proper Place" was correctly reported in *The Mugshire Herald*, you have much to learn. Your views display an amazing ignorance of the wonderful progress of the movement and are worthy of the Stone Age. Kindly let me know when you can be seen. I will call and seek to enlighten you on a few points.

The Rev. W. Newcome to Mrs. Slimmer, The Registry, Mugton.

24th January.

Urgent.—Please find me at once a cook-housekeeper in place of the hope-

less dipsomaniac supplied by you a month ago. She is unspeakable and leaves at the end of the week—if not sooner.

Miss Ruby Honeytree, Moat House, Higby, to the Rev. W. Newcome.

Monday, 24th.

Mother asks me to say she will be delighted if you can manage to look in on Thursday afternoon and take tea with us.

From "*The Mugshire Herald*."

NEWCOME-HONEYTREE.—On the 1st April, at Higby Parish Church (by the Rev. J. Wiseman), the Rev. Water Newcome, Vicar of Higby, to Ruby, elder daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. Thomas Honeytree, Moat House, Higby.

"THE PREMIER TO LABOUR."

Headline, Evening Paper.

Why not? He's had his holiday.

LORD THANET IN AUSTRALIA.

A PLATYPODIAN ENTENTE.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

SYDNEY, October 4th.

THE steady *crescendo* of interest and enthusiasm evoked by Lord Thanet's tour in Australia has reached a climax in the momentous visit of the Duck-billed Platypus family to Sydney. The Platypus, I need not remind the readers of *Punch*, is the chief zoological treasure of the world, but it has been reserved for Lord Thanet, by the exercise of that marvellous combination of personal magnetism and vision which distinguishes him from all other living celebrities, to see in its future the true remedy for that menace which he summed up in his historic phrase, that Australia was "the most densely unpopulated country in the world."

Such potentialities in the Duck-billed Platypus family have hitherto escaped the intelligence of, or at best have been only dimly appreciated by, naturalists and men of science. They have spoken of the Platypus as a "living fossil," an "aquatic mammal" and so forth; they have wholly failed to recognise the logical corollary of their admission that its characteristics link it unmistakably with the group of which the human race is the highest achievement. This lack of imagination or sympathy has reacted painfully on these sensitive amphibians, especially upon those of the younger generation. Hitherto they have absolutely refused to be brought alive to Europe or America, and even in Australia attempts to keep them in captivity have been frustrated by a few days of determined hunger-strike.

All this has been changed by Lord Thanet. It was enough for him to express a desire to meet them in friendly converse, as mammal to mammal, and two matrons of the species, accompanied by two of their children, hurried from the banks of the Naomi river, hundreds of miles distant, to confer with Lord Thanet on a settlement of their claims to self-expression and self-determination.

Full details of the interview are withheld for the present, Lord Thanet, with a chivalrous regard for the wishes of his visitors, having refused to divulge communications of a highly confidential nature. No one else was present except Mr. HARRY BURRELL, the great Platypoditudinarian expert, who acted as interpreter, and no reporters were admitted. But I am fully authorised by Lord Thanet to state that he was most favourably impressed by the appearance, the dignified bearing, the loyalty and the intelligence of his visitors. "They are," he observed, "not only warm-blooded but warm-hearted

creatures." Although their characteristics, physiological and anatomical, are largely reptilian, "it would," he adds, "be a gross injustice to construe that term in the invidious metaphorical sense which has been applied of late years to the baser sort of journalists who wage a subterranean warfare against the beneficent activities of a fearless and independent Press." Even in their present isolated condition "they exhibit a degree of intelligence and sagacity compared with which the mind of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is infantile, and that of Lord CURZON contemptible." Lastly, as aquatic mammals, "they make a special appeal to the consideration and respect of the greatest of sea-Powers."

Other travellers would probably have stopped here and confined themselves to expressions of sympathy and admiration. Not so Lord Thanet. With that fine constructive imagination which has always marked the successive stages of his career, he has formulated and submitted to the University of Sydney a scheme for providing a course of intensive education for the entire platypodian community, which will enable them in a very short time to assume the full rights of citizenship. In particular, stress is laid on the remarkable aptitude shown by the Platypus for building operations, and the assistance they are likely to afford in solving the housing problem.

It is not too much to say that the impact of this colossal project on the mentality of Australia has been profound. It would not, however, be entirely accurate to say that it has been greeted with unanimous approval. Admiration of the gigantic brain which conceived it predominates, but in certain quarters misgiving is aroused, on the ground that this platypodian *entente*, as it is already called, must inevitably imperil the predominance of the human race. Also it would be idle to deny that the singling out of the Platypus as the special recipient of such unprecedented consideration has given rise to a certain jealousy amongst the other leading Australian fauna. The discontent of the Kangaroo, the Wallaby and the Wombat cannot be overlooked; but I have no doubt that Lord Thanet's notorious tact in handling all delicate diplomatic questions will enable him to reconcile their conflicting claims.

But his greatest asset in this and all other difficulties is his wonderful boyish charm and childlike high spirits. Only yesterday, when a pessimistic Professor warned him not to antagonize the Emu, he retorted with the lightning rapidity of a super-SYDNEY SMITH: "Fiddlesticks! Why, whatever happens, Emus are bound to have

émutes." I need hardly add, after this, that Lord Thanet keeps splendidly fit, in spite of the multifarious and exhausting claims on his energies; indeed his likeness to the Delian Apollo is perhaps the most common topic of conversation throughout the entire continent, though he is, of course, blissfully ignorant of it.

ASTON VILLA v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

[I have never tried to describe a professional football match before, so I was rather nervous about it. I felt that it would be best to imitate the style of some very famous *littérateur* in order to do justice to the importance of the theme and, after a lot of thought, I selected Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON as my model. My little review comes ten days after the playing of the game, but what of that?]

FANCY might fairly speculate on whether Association Football is not the finest product of that sturdy idealism, that truly awful sanity which is the mystical birthright of the human race. For there is nothing more certain about any ideal than that to be absolutely ideal it must be thoroughly practical. A desire may be difficult to realise, like Self-determination, or fairly simple, like apple-tart; but, if frontiers had merely been the figment of a disordered brain or if cloves and pastry had been the wild imaginings of a dadaist philosopher, there would have been no problem in Silesia and no pie for lunch.

Democracy has noble ideals, but it must have bounds. One cannot have infinite freedom any more than infinite buns. And, just as one would describe a man who expressed a desire for the latter as an incorrigible though singularly beautiful romanticist, so, if democracy as an ideal was almost attained in the closing years of the last century, it was not so much because its prophets had a strange vision of being caught up amongst the cherubim in chariots of fire, as because they did actually succeed in riding to the Angel upon electrified trams.

But football is not only an ideal in the sense that it has boundaries and rules; it is also, very definitely, a struggle towards a mark. If there is one thing more obviously true of the Middle Ages than any of the thousands of things I have found obviously true of them before, it is that they did quite consciously aim their efforts at the silence of a goal, whereas modern religion and politics almost invariably aim them at the shouts of a gallery. Indeed, as I look at this match I feel more and more how much in common there is between professional football and the purposeful surge of Gothic architecture. The delicate interweaving of passes carries the mind instinc-



Workman (to fellow-labourer who has let his end of the piano drop). "GO HON, MATE; IT AIN'T STRUCK FIVE."

tively to the tracery of clerestory windows, the swiftness of the outside forwards resembles the dash of flying buttresses, and the movements of half-backs are as agile, yet stubborn, as triforiums. One might even go so far as to say that the referee himself is fairly frequently regarded as a nave.

However this may be, no quality seems to set the game so much apart from the loose and slipshod enthusiasms of the present day as this very characteristic of strife towards a clear-cut end. Like a modern politician, the ball is uplifted, but uplifted only to be driven towards a goal. Like a modern politician it is raised aloft by the feet or heads of the people; but, unlike a modern politician, it is required after a time to come down. There can be little doubt, I imagine, that the football player who constantly endeavoured to lodge the ball permanently in the sky as soon as ever he got control of it (as is the manner of many of our political speeches of to-day) would be accused of a certain sad and cloudy mysticism by his fellow-players. They

might even confront him with a strange eschatological paradox by inquiring at the very moment when he attempted to lose the ball in heaven, what in hell he thought he was at.

I am informed by my next-door neighbour in the Press-box that half-time has arrived. Half-time, then, has arrived with the score

ASTON VILLA

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR .

I am not, to tell the truth, quite certain with what score half-time has arrived, but the very fact of the importance which is falsely attached by so many of the people round me here to a wholly irrelevant numeral is surely significant of something I shall be able to think of after a moment or two of silent repose. . . . Yes, it is this. If there is one thing in the world which is more than another typical of the nebulous monstrosity and the cold yet cruel extravagance of paganism it is this worship of a mere array of Sanscrit numerals such as 1—0 or 2—1. Everyone is agreed that a moral victory is the

only victory worth winning, yet for some reason or other we regard a moral victory as an abstraction and a numerical victory as a fact; more ridiculously still we take credit to ourselves for our sound common sense in doing so, whereas we ought rather to compliment ourselves on our exuberant funniness or our fanatical fire. A man may argue that addition is more vitally important than eternity, but he ought to admit that it is also more fantastically absurd. Figures talk, but it must be remembered at the same time that they usually lie.

I notice that the man next to me has written at the head of his report, "Tottenham Hotspur rarely succeed at Villa Park." There is, indeed, nothing to be wondered at in this, for surely the very names of the two sides are symbolical of that old struggle between feudal tyranny and the democratic instinct, in whose very helplessness lies so vast a strength. I see ranged here all the countless rows of red-brick Balmorals, Laburnums and Acacias obstinately facing the castel-



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY PLAYING ON? DIDN'T YOU CALL ME THROUGH?"
 "ER—YE-ES, I DID—BUT ONLY IN A HALF-HEARTED WAY."

lated towers of the Percys in the long patient battle for liberty and right. And whereas the uniform of the Spurs is white with the terrible blankness of a desert or the defeatism of a misty dawn, the men of Aston Villa are clothed in claret and light blue, emblematic of the two things for which men have always fought and died, and for which they always will fight and die: the tint of wine, the hue of heaven.

There is a whistle and a great roar. It appears that the game is over. Aston Villa has won. Hats are flying into the air. If there is any more beautiful human gesture than to throw one's hat into the air it is to stamp upon it when it comes down again. I have just stamped upon mine.

As I shoulder my way out I recognise in the almost mystical quietness that has succeeded catcalls and cries the instinctive reverence of democracy for noble ideas. For the shouting of democracy, like the singing of the stars, means Triumph. But the silence of democracy means Tea. EVOE.

BRITISH BALLET.

MY DEAR MAURICE,—Before venturing to associate myself (either spiritually or commercially) with your highly-commendable scheme for the encouragement of a British Ballet, I should like to know whether by British you mean: (a) any old ballet performed by British dancers; (b) a British ballet performed by any old dancers; or (c) a British ballet performed by British dancers. National art is so liable to get slightly confused over such a point as this.

Without wishing to offend against the spirit of the League of Nations I would urge you very strongly to proceed along the lines of (c). No doubt it is our natural modesty which hitherto has led us to regard the ballet as an essentially foreign possession, and has prevented us from recognising in it a very charming and practical medium for the expression of our own national soul. We pride ourselves upon being a drama-loving people, and yet it is the ballet rather than the drama that we

should have taken to our hearts. We are a taciturn race, and where will you find a more admirable and expressive taciturnity than that which characterises ballet people? The amount of useful information which ballet people can convey across the footlights without saying anything is remarkable. Even film people cannot get along without having their private correspondence thrown on the screen, but ballet people can tell you all that is necessary merely by twiddling their legs or waving their arms about. They simply take a run and a skip, twirl round and sink on one knee. Then you know exactly how they are feeling.

I like the way they conduct their love scenes in a ballet. It may be that the lady is in her garden looking at her geraniums. She does not look at them with the cold appreciation which you or I would evince. She trips up to them, backs away, waggles her arms at them and then dances round them with her head on one side. This shows you how much she likes them. Meanwhile the

man has appeared at the back and is gazing at her over the gate. He clasps his hands and looks up at the sky. You know at once that he is in love with her; there is no need for him to telephone to a friend about it. He does a sad little dance up stage, tip-toes across to the wings and sits on a stone seat. This is to let you see that he knows he is not good enough for her. She catches sight of him, picks a geranium, pirouettes with it and edges coyly away to the opposite side of the stage. The man rises and makes a little run at her, but stops, evidently abashed. She twirls up stage. He plucks up courage and twirls after her. They twirl round one another. This indicates that he is getting on. She tosses him the geranium. Were it a prize orchid it could not give him more pleasure. He runs across the stage and leaps into the air. Then he runs across to the other side and leaps again; he is so excited. While he leaps she twirls. They twirl together again. She droops in his arms. It is all over. He has won her without speaking a word, not even about his bank balance.

That, more or less, is the foreign ballet as we know it. Now your British ballet, my dear Maurice, will, of course, be a little more realistic than this. I do not mean that I wish you to rob the ballet of its romantic and poetic qualities; I merely suggest that you apply them to themes of modern life. Our national characteristics and customs should inspire ballet-writers as much as they inspire novelists and dramatists. There are many simple and poignant episodes in our social and commercial life, too fragile, or possibly too insignificant, for literary or dramatic treatment, which might well form the basis of a terpsichorean masterpiece. Let us see for example how the dumb expressiveness of the ballet would interpret such a typically British incident as that of a suburban housewife purchasing a pound of sausages.

There are the sausages hanging in all their cold chaste beauty in front of the shop. The sleek proprietor, in a series of graceful and sinuous movements, indicates that they are his sausages, the work of his hand, the pride of his heart. The lady approaches on her toes, making swaying motions with a fish-basket to show that she is shopping. He waggles his head in a sly manner and dances away to hide behind a side of bacon. The lady perceives the sausages and twirls round and round in front of the shop. Her attention is distracted by a tray of veal cutlets, and she does a tragic little dance to show that she is torn between a stern determination to have sausages and a pas-



New and Nervous Assistant. "IT'S A SPLENDID LURE, SIR. ONCE GET A SALMON ON THAT AND IT WON'T BE THE FAULT OF—ER—(Customer glares)—I MEAN IT WON'T BE YOUR FAULT IF IT GETS OFF."

sionate desire for veal cutlets. The proprietor tip-toes out of his hiding-place, circles round the shop and with seductive gestures recommends the veal cutlets. The lady shrinks from them and with wavy motions of the arms appears to be thrusting them from her. The sausages are drawing her when something about them causes her to sniff suspiciously and shake her head. The proprietor does a wild and agonised dance and flings himself on his knees before the sausages in an ecstasy of admiration. The lady's gestures are depreciative. He seizes the sausages and dances with them lovingly; he even kisses one to show her how proud he is of them. This touches her. She examines the sausages, dances with them, and eventually nods her head. The proprietor runs and leaps about the

shop for joy. He wraps up the sausages (in between leaps), gives the lady her change and places the goods in her basket. They twirl round one another, kiss their hands in mutual farewell, and then she dances off to the greengrocer.

It is by beautiful little realistic touches of this description, and not by means of romantic fantasies which have no bearing upon our practical national life, that the British ballet should seek to establish itself. Let us have little ballets of business, ballets of Bridge, ballets of house-hunting, ballets of social and holiday incidents, and so on. Then, when the influence of the art begins to make itself felt, we may find ourselves doing things in real life with some of the grace and absence of loquacity with which they are done in the ballet.

Your sincere PANTAGRUEL.



Mother (in response to loud cries). "DARLING, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Betty. "I—I WANTED TO KEEP MY BANANA FOR TO-MORROW MORNING—AND—I—I'VE E—E—EATEN IT!"

CLASSICAL COLLOQUIALISMS.

[The Secretary of the Imperial War Museum is collecting curious phrases that were a feature of the soldiers' vocabulary during the War. We are happy to render him some slight assistance in his labours.]

"— this — War!"

A well-known expression in frequent use among the lower ranks, to whom the advantages of Armageddon were less apparent than to those who were born with, had achieved or found thrust upon them a Staff appointment.

It was probably intended to convey a general disapproval of the principles of warfare and was occasioned, no doubt, by some minor hardship, such as Plum and Apple disease or Maconochie rash, that could be directly attributed to military service.

"Where the — d'yer think yer — well going to?"

Another familiar colloquialism of more definite application. The conveyance of munitions, water and provisions along the lines of communication were richly productive of remarks of this nature, and the expression was in common use amongst both lorry drivers and their victims.

It is thought to have been intended

not so much as a genuine inquiry regarding the destination of the person addressed as a frankly expressed opinion of his general capability of directing his progress in a satisfactory manner.

"Some say—Good old Sergeant."

This trite remark, found to have been accorded no small measure of popularity in the Line regiments, is refreshingly free from terms or epithets in any sense indelicate.

Merely as a good-natured appreciation of the old sergeant—a figure-head of discipline—it is typical of the spirit of willing subordination that distinguished the private soldier.

Neither should the inference of the word "Some" be overlooked, pointing as it does to the fact that the comparatively modest eulogy of "Good old sergeant" is only representative of many pretty little compliments that were freely showered on these popular N.C.O.'s.

The Business Efficiency Craze.

"POST OFFICE.—The alterations at the Rugby P.O. are now proceeding rapidly and this week a horizontal counter has been installed in the public office."—*Local Paper*. The difficulty experienced with the old vertical one was that the inkstand would keep slipping off it.

THE PORTRAIT-ALBUM.

(For Pam's First Flower-Book.)

THIS book, my Pam, I think we'll call AN ALBUM—not a book at all; 'Tis filled, you see, from end to end With portraits of each tiny friend (Yellow and green and pink and blue) That played at hide-and-seek with you All the laughing summer through, In lane and garden, meadow and wood, Or up in the sun and the solitude On the old grey Beacon's windy crest; And, though the flower that I love best Is not among the others here, You'll find its portrait sweet and clear In any looking-glass, my dear.

The Liner de Luxe.

"Her public appointments include a spacious dining saloon provided with small tables on the restaurant plan, lounge, numerous suites de luxe, a smoking-room, Turkish baths and cooling rooms, and a gymnasium. Its decorative scheme is in the Adam style."

Daily Paper.

Much the best style, really, for Turkish baths.

"Hashlight photograph showing part of the table during dinner."—*Under a photograph in a River Plate Paper*.

We have often figured in this kind of record.



Bernard Partridge.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION.

THE TRAVELLER. "IS THIS 'THE HARP'?"

THE HOST. "'CROWN AND HARP,' SIR. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL FIND IT ANY LESS COMFORTABLE FOR THAT."

SAFETY FIRST—FRENCH STYLE.

Percival and I chose Le Cartel for our holiday because it is close to Boulogne; and Boulogne can be very English indeed—so English that you can go to the hotels and hear French, American and naturalised Swiss spoken all around you. It is, however, a town to pass through, not to linger in; for it must be the very original "City of the Thousand and One Smells." What the ground-work smell—presumably "the One"—is made up of, Percival and I never really discovered; it is so overlaid with "the Thousand." We once thought that we had got down to it in a particularly fine eddy of bad fish and rotting oilskin, but it drifted slightly to one side and we discovered a fifteen over-proof odour underneath, vaguely reminiscent of dead crusader in a cathedral crypt.

But these were only the relaxations of our lighter moments. At other times we got down to the stern business of being on holiday at Le Cartel, where, according to the guide-book, the visitors "mingle with the simple fisher-folk in their picturesque costumes and disport themselves on the firm yellow sands, thereby presenting a gay and animated scene."

Referring to the guide-book again, we found that the bathing was "good and safe." I don't know about "good," because the French idea of bathing is very communistic, but it certainly was safe. The beach falls about two inches or so every mile until, I should judge, it arrives somewhere close off Folkestone. Strong men who might rashly try to walk out of their depth would be picked up exhausted by shallow-draught smacks long before the water had reached their waists. But the municipal authorities with characteristic thoroughness are not happy till they have eliminated every possible element of risk. There is therefore only one portion of the beach, about twenty yards square, where at stated hours you are allowed to bathe, and around it are stationed Alphonse, Jules and Jacques, armed with horns and a lifeboat, to see that you do not go out of it. And so, when a hundred people all use it at once and the life-savers blow their horns and gesticulate and the children shriek and Alphonse dashes madly to and fro in the boat, the scene does indeed corroborate the guide-book's account of it and achieve a certain animation.

The only time we bathed there Percival played rather a base trick on Alphonse. He began by swimming a few yards out of the ruck, where he at once attracted that guardian's eagle eye. The rest of the business went like clockwork. Alphonse blew his horn,



SCENE—Queue of Unemployed waiting to draw their pay.

"WOT 'AVE YER BROUGHT THE KID FOR, MATE?"

"SO AS TO LEARN 'IM 'OW TO DO IT."

Percival took no notice. Alphonse called to Jacques and Jules and the three gave a fine rendering of a French horn symphony, second movement, *furioso ma non troppo*. Percival merely splashed and threw up his hands. Alphonse then took to shouting, while the other two played his accompaniment; whereupon Percival sank twice in quick succession.

For the next few minutes intense excitement prevailed. A plain-clothes gendarme—if a red-striped bathing-dress can be called plain clothes—tried to take charge of affairs; the lifeboat leapt over the waves towards the drowning Percival; and Alphonse and company foamed through the water in big waders. Percival, disappearing for the third time as the rescue parties converged, swam under water back to the crowd

and came up unnoticed in a thick cluster of bathers.

He and I then helped in the search for the body with drag-ropes and shrimping nets, and later read a touching paragraph in the evening paper. Alphonse, on the whole, was rather pleased. Never in all his existence had anybody been even remotely near drowning on the Le Cartel beach; and that night he and Jules and Jacques drank uproariously to the health of a justified existence. As Percival said, he would always be glad that he had brought a ray of sunshine into Alphonse's life.

"In regard to condensed milk the prices per ton were quoted as 6d. and 6½d. for 1914, compared with 1s. 4½d. in 1920. It was clear that in this instance there was inaccuracy."

Provincial Paper.

Agreed.



Yokel (to road-hog, who has inquired the way to Poppledale). "WELL, ZUR, IT BAIN'T A STRAIGHT ROAD. BUT MR. BIGGS THERE IS AGOIN' TO POPPLEDALE. FOLLOW 'E, ZUR, AN' YE CAN'T MISS IT."

MR. STEPHEN LEACOCK.

AN INTERVIEW GONE WRONG.

I SHOULD like to explain why I was not one of those journalists who wrote an interview with Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK, the eminent Canadian authority on political economy, whose book, *Frenzied Fiction*, is a standard work.

I called one morning soon after Mr. LEACOCK's arrival in this country. I made full notes as to his eyes, their position, quantity, flash-point and colour. I took particulars of his hair, its shade, density, specific gravity and cube root. With callipers and tape-measure I arrived at the area in square millimetres of his jaw. I also made a rough sketch of the suit he was wearing and took a sample for chemical analysis. But on opening my evening paper I discovered that most of this, if not all, had been done by another interviewer.

One by one I asked the questions I had written out in advance, ticking them off with my pencil as I proceeded. "What is the difference between a paroxysm of laughter in Canada and a paroxysm of laughter in London?" I inquired, pronouncing the second "paroxysm" exactly like the first. With the eagerness of a racehorse Dr. LEACOCK dictated three pages of decimals and drew fifteen graphs, making it evident that there is in fact a good deal of difference.

"What is your opinion," I then asked,

"of the Binomial Theorem in relation to Bimetallism?"

"I am delighted to think that your readers would be interested in such a subject," he said.

But I could not allow him to labour under such a delusion, so we went on to the next: "Will you state briefly, in not more than two hundred words, what you think of the sense of humour of (a) Sir HALL CAINE, (b) Mr. DE VALERA, (c) The Editor of *The Daily Herald*?" He stated it in one—interesting but not very helpful for filling a column.

And finally, when I asked him for a few hints as to how to write humorous sketches, he responded with great readiness and fluency, yet without giving me any real encouragement to believe that now I knew exactly how to do it.

At this point I concluded my enterprise, made a courteous bow and took my leave—a little disillusioned.

"Posted at Glasgow on July 20, 1918, a postcard has just been received by Mr. N. Todd, the Scarborough relieving officer. It was franked with a halfpenny stamp, but the postal authorities surcharged twopence."

Provincial Paper.

It should be pointed out, however, that no charge was made for storage.

"Dental student desires small flat, or furnished rooms. Terms moderate, or would render services in exchange for accommodation."—*C. T. C. Gazette.*

"Harry, you must have another tooth out. The lodger hasn't paid his rent."

THE CALL OF THE CACTUS.

My garden is completely overrun with rank grasses and dock weeds. Altogether it compares very unfavourably with the little fairyland of Hardy's, next door, which is always so gay with the flowers in season. Yet, no less than Hardy, I have a passion for floriculture, the difference between us being that his taste is catholic, mine is exotic. In effect I have a greenhouse wherein I specialise in cacti, and while I admit at once that I can never hope to give a spectacular display of massed bloom—indeed I have not produced a flower since 1919, when one of my cacti suddenly blossomed while I was away on a holiday—still I claim that my speciality has advantages which make its cultivation far superior as a pastime to the all-round activities of Hardy.

To begin with, floriculture, as Hardy practises it, has something of the feverishness of daily journalism. It is not so much the love of flowers which animates him as the ambition to be the first on the 9.14 to have a show of auriculae; or the vulgar desire to effect, as it were, a scoop in gladioli or an-tirrhina. On the other hand, my branch of floriculture, in its abstruseness and spaciousness, somewhat resembles astronomy. I may spend a quiet evening going through the records of a cactus in order to verify my forecast of the year of its next blossoming; and it is worthy of remark in passing that, at the very

moment when the astronomers were so perturbed at Greenwich over the non-arrival of the comet Pons Winecke, I was in my greenhouse very much concerned because my favourite echinocereus was two years late in flowering.

It is obvious that I can carry on my craft undismayed by the vagaries of the English climate. With Hardy it is different; the weather never entirely suits his varied interests, and he is always grumbling like any farmer. I trembled for his reason during the drought of this summer when the garden hose was taboo. I, of course, was cheerful enough; my cacti only need refreshment once a quarter.

Again, in the little matter of Pests of Garden Plants you will agree that I score heavily. It would seem that there is no kind of plant in Hardy's garden whose existence is not threatened at least once during its lifetime by blight, vermin or plague. Hardy therefore is always busy. Sometimes it is with syringe and tobacco-water fighting the aphides, sometimes he is strewing salt to baulk the slugs and snails which, I fear, use my garden as a base. Yesterday he was setting earwig-traps; the day before that he was out after wire-worms. At times, impotent in the presence of fungi, he has to burn a whole crop on which he has lavished much care. As for me, if cacti have any enemies it is evidently a sufficient preventive if I smoke a pipe while I read the paper in the greenhouse.

Furthermore, cacticulture is healthy. My glass adjoins the house, and I can go to and fro without getting my feet wet or in any way suffering from exposure. On the other hand, it is not too much to say that Hardy's hobby is undermining his constitution. Every winter it gives him, on an average, a couple of heavy colds and an influenza chill. Let me describe how we have spent this October afternoon, and then judge between us. Seated in the mellow atmosphere of the greenhouse I have been studying a specimen of *C. grandiflora*, which, according to my records, last flowered at the time of the battle of Paardeberg, and now once more betrays the stirring of the life force within by throwing up a green wart-like excrescence and two minute nodosities. And Hardy? He has been in a crouching position, under a treacherous nor-east wind with occasional showers, planting his tuberous-rooted anemones for the Spring of next year, and his deep-rooted lumbago for the Autumn.

With my narrow interests, you ask, am I able to hold my end up in conversation with all-round floriculturists? Most certainly; usually I have it all my own way. Remembering that my



Lancelot Speed

Customer. "HOW MUCH ARE THOSE PEACHES?"

Stall Attendant. "I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT THE PRICE. I'M ONLY HERE TO SEE YOU DON'T PINCH 'EM."

C. melocactus—which looks like a green pin-cushion—is capable of throwing up a thick stalk crowned with a sort of hundred-petalled tiger-lily, do you suppose that I sit dumb while somebody describes an ordinary sweet pea? If any should boast that by his scientific management he produces flowers a month before their natural time, am I silenced, do you think, I, whose echinops once bloomed *four years* ahead of the schedule? And when, through indifference or laziness, I have lapsed into a listening attitude I always have the last word. Mutely I endured two

hours of Hardy on hedding-out, but finally I said, "Good-bye. And don't forget to come round and see me in 1925 when one of my mamillaria should be in full bloom."

"Wanted experienced general for Bannockburn, near Stirling."—*Edinburgh Paper*.

Would it not be better to offer Scotland Dominion status and have done with it?

"Mr. Pembroke Wilks, Secretary to the Cabinet Committee on Unemployment, who will inform the Premier of the latest atrocities of the Committee."—*Nottingham Paper*.
The sneak!

A SCRAP WITH PAPER.

ONE of these days Paper will have its revenge. For paper is the most important thing in life. And, when you come to think of it, you scarcely ever speak of paper except with contempt. Count B. HOLLWEG's *mot* is, of course, a classical example. Then think how scornfully you say that the Loamshire team is good enough "*on paper*," meaning that it is really no good at all; think how you say, "What does Smith do? Oh, I believe he writes for *the papers* . . ." People who understand about shares use the word in various ways to express instability and worthlessness. Is there a more contemptible thing in the house than the waste-paper-basket? But, I tell you, paper is the king of the world. And I don't want to alarm you, but paper is shortly about to assert himself.

A millionaire friend of mine, who objects to the present condition of the world, has almost completed his arrangements for cornering the whole of its paper supply. The details of his plan, naturally, I am not permitted to disclose; but I may say that they include the purchase of a large uninhabited island, where he proposes to have a continuous bonfire of all the waste-paper, old newspapers, rags and bones and old clothes in the world. How long he will be able to hold up supplies I don't know, but you may take it that for a considerable time there will be no PAPER. How will you like that?

Rather jolly, you think. In many ways, yes. The newspapers will soon exhaust their reserves and there will be no newspapers. Think what a glorious world we shall have then! For one thing there would be practically no strikes; for, unless everybody knows you are striking, there is very little point in striking, and nobody would know. In fact we should all go to our work a great deal happier not worrying about Russia, or about Ireland, or about the earthquake in Catalonia, not annoyed with the Mayors for going to Gairloch, for we shouldn't know anything about it (only, of course, the Mayors wouldn't have gone—for the same reason).

A jolly world, I imagine it. No cir-

culars, no bills, no advertisements. You are spared the trouble of writing cheques, for there is no more of that horrible paper-money, and everyone knows there is not enough gold to go round. Probably one uses one's cheque-book for lighting the fire—and just at that moment one misses the newspapers. But not for long, for, after all, what masses of good fire-paper one has in the house. All those shelves and shelves of bad books—what fun one can have with them! For the first time you really know which are your favourite writers. And for the first time, perhaps, you read all those shiny rows of "standard authors" which you've always pretended about before—all those THACKERAYS and GEORGE ELIOTS and WALTER SCOTTS.

in envelopes and licked the stamps. They are out of work; they have gone back to the land and are there usefully employed, and the Government goes on quite well without them.

Of course the Government goes on for ever, for without ballot-papers you can't have a General Election. Owing to the death of a Member there is an unavoidable by-election in the East End, which is decided by a show of hands; but the announcement of the result is followed by such a scene that the experiment is unlikely to be repeated.

Besides, nobody bothers about the Government nowadays; it was only the newspapers which made us think how awful it was. With no Leading Articles and no Questions in Parliament and no

Appalling Revelations they are able to do a little quiet governing—a few strong men in each office, with a few servants to carry messages.

No silly letters to answer—how glorious! No income-tax forms. The collector comes to the door and you give him anything you have on you, or a few flowers out of the garden. No more photographs; no paper-bags. One can walk about the parks or popular picnic-places without feeling ill. Carrying home fried fish is rather a problem, but somebody has devised a rather jolly cheap basket for that



Passing Rustic. "I HEAR THEY ARE HOLDING HIGH REVEL AT THE CASTLE TO-DAY. ARE YOU GOING?"
The Recumbent One. "NO—I'M COMING AWAY."

And most of us, of course, have plenty of time for reading. Many of us without paper can do no work, not only authors and editors, but billposters and stockbrokers and printers and chartered accountants and typists and nearly everybody in nearly every office. On the other hand a great deal of work is done much better and much quicker. Politicians make simple direct speeches, having no notes to help them and no newspapers to report them; Government officials decide what ought to be done quickly, and do it quickly over the telephone since they cannot refer the question to another Department, having nothing to refer it on. It is painfully clear how unnecessary most of us were: all the people who were kept busy making six copies of useless documents and filing them away in useless files, never to be looked at again; all the people who devised silly forms and foolish regulations and stuck them up

sort of purpose.

Somebody has devised something for everything. And in nearly every case the substitute is admirably efficient, and, the supply being limited, it does not lead, like paper, to horrible wastage and messiness. People do write letters, of course, but only when they simply must, and then they write them very carefully and slowly, in beautiful English, because they are writing them on a very thin and expensive sheet of metal, or a piece of parchment, or sometimes embroidering them on a silk handkerchief. People are beginning to realise that paper was responsible for nearly all the horrors of life. One lives quietly with one's neighbours, as one used to live in the good old days, not fussing about the other ends of the earth.

I shall be interested to see how it all ends, because I once began to write a sort of H. G. Wellsian romance about a



Giles. "WOT BE THIS 'ERE ABOUT T' SQUIRE?"

Jarge. "E BE O.B.E., 'E BE."

Giles. "OH, BE 'E?"

scientific man, who, like my millionaire friend, did not approve of the condition of the world. But he was much more drastic than the millionaire. He had discovered a new germ, which, once let loose, would gradually destroy *all* paper, old and new. That caused a dreadful commotion. It meant that all human records were slowly destroyed, all literature, all obligations. SHAKESPEARE was wiped out. The Allied War Debt was wiped out.

For the first time people had to use their memories. Poets madly learned the whole of KEATS by heart, while the book dwindled to dust before their eyes; Members of Parliament learned the whole of the Factory Acts by heart; shop-keepers learned all their bills by heart; pianists learned the whole of BACH by heart; ordinary people copied out their favourite books on tables and walls and marble mantelpieces.

Everybody had to make a fresh start, and it was a fair start, though just at first there was a certain confusion in financial matters; but the world at last relied on itself and not on its fathers; and young authors and musicians could do what they liked without being told that they were aping DICKENS, or influenced by TOLSTOY, or borrowing from CHOPIN; and when the Government brought in a new Bill the Leader of the Opposition was unable to say, "Look at what the Prime Minister said in 1879," because he couldn't remember *what* the Prime

Minister had said in 1879. Nor could the Prime Minister . . .

My millionaire's scheme is not so devastating as that, but still I'm afraid you'll miss my articles? Do say you will. A. P. H.

Our Modest Estimators.

From an article by Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK in a Sunday Paper:—

"Yesterday morning I was interviewed by the London Press eighteen times. I am not saying this in any spirit of elation or boastfulness. I am simply stating it as a fact—interviewed eighteen times, by sixteen men and four women."

We are not saying it in any spirit of superiority, but we make it twenty.

Underneath an illustration in a weekly paper:—

"A trio of happy fisher lassies at Harrogate, where the herring fishing season is giving them plenty to do."

Most smart herrings nowadays take the Harrogate cure.

From "Fashion Notes" in morning paper:—

"Because, whenever you sit down you merely have to raise the floating panel and sit on the under part of the coat. If this latter gets shabby, well, the floating panel will hide its shabbiness, 'viola tout.'"

We quite agree. But why doesn't "Viola Tout" write her signature with capital initials?

"SPEEDING UP THE 'METRO.'"

A late Pullman Car Theatre Train.
Daily Paper.

If this is the only late train on the system there should be little ground for complaint.

"FACTS AND FLIPPANCIES.

Raison d'Etat of Current Affairs."
Blackpool Paper.

This, we take it, would be one of the flippancies.

From "Forthcoming Marriages" in *The Times*:—

"Mr. W. Melville Orders and Miss M. Peard."

"Obeys" seems to have dropped out at the end.

"Sir Hall Caine has returned from his summer sojourn in the Isle of Man, and is staying at Maidenhead, having some time ago disposed of his house at Hampstead."

Daily Paper.

This is the nastiest hit at the riverside house-agent that we have seen for some time.

A correspondent of a daily newspaper asks, "Why do we shake hands?" and recommends the Chinese custom of joining one's own hands and moving them up and down as preferable to our present practice. For our part, it frequently happens that we shake hands with ourselves as soon as we have got past an acquaintance without being seen.

THE COWARDLY CONSUMER.

I HAD just made a selection of the remarks that fall naturally from the tongue when a match without a head is drawn from the box, and I added the statement that the headless match is becoming increasingly common. The result was that we drifted into a discussion on the general inferiority of everything—inferior workmanship everywhere and the lowering of all standards of quality. The bequest of the War, we once again agreed.

"But it isn't only the War," said our tame philosopher. "The War is blamed for everything. But my memory is sufficiently long and accurate to enable me to assure you that there was a good deal of shoddiness in England even before 1914. That couldn't be the fault of the War. What was it, then?"

To his intense satisfaction no one had any reason to suggest, and he therefore was free to supply his own.

"I'll tell you," he said. "It's our national soft-heartedness that's to blame. That's why almost everything is second-rate. The 'Two Nations' into which we might be divided are the Crafty Producers and the Cowardly Consumers. For all our bluster and nonsense about never being slaves we are cowards at heart, incapable of insisting on our rights. We may be brave for others, but we're worms for ourselves."

"But are we?" someone indignantly inquired.

"Well, I am, for one," said the philosopher. "I wish I could say otherwise, but I can't. My soft heart is the most infernal bore. It fills me with respect for other people's feelings and an unwillingness to wound that are absolutely retrograde, obscurantist."

"But why? It sounds delightful to be so understanding and considerate."

"In the abstract it may be, but in real life it produces inferiority at every turn. One never gets the best."

"But why, if you know, do you put up with it?"

"It's because our sympathetic ways are always establishing closer relations with people than are wise. We get on intimate terms too quickly. And the next thing is we are imposed upon."

"Can't you protest?"

"Protest! No. We haven't the pluck. Our fatal alloy of pity begins to work—our terror lest anything said or done by us should cause distress. I'll give you an example. I've been going to the same tailor for years, and every time I go to him he gets worse. Look at this coat."

We looked at it. The collar certainly did sit rather high.

"Well, I can't change and go somewhere else. It's impossible. We've been too friendly. I should lie awake at night filled with remorse and misery. And I'm not unique. As a matter of fact I believe I'm normal. It's because the majority of English people are like this that the quality of things is so poor. I've just been staying in the worst hotel I was ever in; but do you suppose I said anything about it? Not a syllable; I endured it all; and just because I allowed myself to feel sorry for the waiter downstairs and the chambermaid upstairs. You may all of you look stern now and affect to think me an idiot, but I'll bet you'd have been about the same. It's in the national blood."

"Another thing," he went on. "The clever ones know about it and take advantage. I don't say they know it consciously, but sub-consciously. I'll give you an instance. The other day in a restaurant I summoned up courage and sent for the manager and, very nicely, pointed out that really I couldn't eat what was set before me. I would like to, but I couldn't. He was full of apologies. He took it away and in about five minutes returned with a special dish, which he said he had superintended himself. It was disgusting—far more disgusting than the last—but under his eye I simulated relish. And all the while I was asking myself, 'Does he know I'm so weak that I couldn't complain again to save my life? Has he really tried to please me? Or is it the same dish with something foul added, and do they all know it, and are they silently giggling as they watch me pretending to enjoy it?'"

We made sounds expressive of our compassion for him.

"It's all very well," he said, "to be sorry for me and perhaps to despise me. I despise myself. But I know there's not one among you who wouldn't have put up the same pretence. We're all like this. We're all soft-hearted. A kind word can buy us. Even the Crafty Producers, when they become Consumers, are the same; they are cravens too. Nothing can ever improve in England until ruthlessness comes in. We shall go on being robbed by shopkeepers and poisoned by restaurateurs and insulted by theatrical managers and reduced to madness by the General Post-Office. Nothing can be done until our hearts harden."

"But if, as you say," someone said, "the majority of English people are like you and go about being sentimentally compassionate and tolerating and forgiving and forgetting, how did we ever become the conquering race?"

"Ah!" was the reply, "that's the mystery."

E. V. L.

MONSOON.

COORG, SOUTH-WEST INDIA.

WHEN March is gone in roses
And April spent in showers,
The sweet May season closes
With fragrance and with flowers;
But flower and fragrance numbing
A young Coast wind goes humming,
"The grey monsoon is coming,
Is coming—count the hours!"

The westward hills lie dreaming,
Abiding what may be;
And down the valleys streaming
The monsoon mist goes free;
Till sounds the trumpet thunder
That racks the earth asunder,
And hill and dale go under
As underneath the sea.

Follows the sable season,
The dismal days and dread—
Such rain as rocks the reason,
Such fog as fills the head;
While with each day's renewing
Grim cloud on cloud pursuing
Sweeps on to man's undoing
As though to drown him dead.

Now from each crag and corrie,
From sodden hills and steep,
As hounds upon their quarry
The newborn rivers leap;
Brazen of throat they bellow,
Each clamouring to his fellow,
Roaring and maned and yellow,
Like lions loosed from sleep.

Till men no more remember
The suns that shone of old;
Then sudden in September
There breaks a morn of gold,
And through the crystal spaces
Men see before their faces
The hills in their old places
To comfort and enfold.

Ah! lands where summer lingers,
In all bright days begun
Dawn of the rosy fingers
Ne'er brings you such an one;
Black months of flood and fearing,
And then the break, the clearing,
The dear hills reappearing,
And oh! the sun, the sun! H. B.

"A very beautiful Leech drawing of a boy on a gate turning a corner is one of the purchases presented to the Museum."

Morning Paper.

Alas! how seldom one sees this fine old country sport to-day.

"The present volume carries the story from the coup d'état of Brumaire, when Bernadotte stood out as the opponent and possible rival of Napoleon, to his election in 1910 as Crown Prince of Sweden. Bernadotte is perhaps the most interesting of Napoleon's marshals."

Evening Paper.

Though recently aging a little.



Gouty Grandparent. "WHAT WAS ALL YON NOISE ABOUT?"

Girl. "OH, I WAS ONLY SINGING TO KILL TIME."

Gouty Grandparent. "WEE, YE HAE A VARRA GUID WEAPON FOR THE PURPOSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON is fortunately not one of those military controversialists of whose works we have read quite enough since the War. One of the most remarkable features of *From Private to Field-Marshal* (CONSTABLE) is the absence of unkindly comments about brother-officers. The author allows himself to hint, indeed, that Sir HENRY WILSON was more of a *persona grata* with the PRIME MINISTER than he himself was because he "could devise a way of winning the War without the additional men for whom I had asked." This is perhaps the one touch of mild ill-nature that we find—at least when the author is speaking of the Army. And another remarkable feature of the book is the scarcity of comic relief. We get very few indeed of the funny stories so beloved of the common autobiographer. But then Sir WILLIAM, though born in Lincolnshire, was a Scot by origin, and it was through his typically Scottish qualities—industry, economy and self-control—that he secured each step in a career which must be a record. He enlisted in the 16th Lancers and it was only after eleven years in the ranks that he received his commission in the 2nd Dragoon Guards; but he became one of the youngest Colonels in the British Army. It is true that this rapid rise was curiously lacking in the element of romance. There has been nothing wildly exciting about Sir WILLIAM's life, with the exception of one narrow escape from murder by two native guides at the close of the Chitral affair. He did not see much fighting in his few campaigns. But he contrived always to be learning something; without being in any way brilliant he had plenty of shrewdness and native common-sense, and he made the

most of such opportunities as Fortune threw in his way. *From Private to Field-Marshal* should be in every regimental library. It offers the best possible encouragement to the young soldier who enters the Army with the laudable intention of making a career for himself by sheer hard work.

J. E. BUCKROSE (Mrs. JAMESON) has, in *The Privet Hedge* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), selected and woven into a very attractive and delicate pattern two themes that simply clamour for treatment—the effect of the social changes due to the War on the poorer gentlefolk, especially unmarried women, and upon the domestic servant, or the girl who but for those changes would have been a domestic servant. Mrs. JAMESON's real triumph is that she can at once understand with an unusually imaginative sympathy the desire of the modern young girl to be free of the restraints of "service," to leap up into another world, as did *Caroline* (a dear and for all her faults and crudenesses a sterling character), and at the same time point out that service rightly understood might be one of the noblest and most interesting of tasks. She can understand the tragedy (while regretting the narrowness which makes the worst of the tragedy) of poor *Miss Ethel Wilson*, looking out over her privet hedge with shuddering dismay at the row of little villas that is creeping up to her, and eventually compelled to sell her old home and go into one of these abhorred boxes, a necessity from which death mercifully freed her. I may have made this sound dull. It is anything but that. *Caroline*, through no fault of hers, comes between *Godfrey*, a land agent, and his fiancée, who is something of an heiress, and we are left wondering with some misgiving how these two will settle down as man and wife—as I think the author meant us to wonder, without

weighting the scales against *Caroline*, except perhaps by giving her a husband who would be a difficult proposition for any woman.

In *The Confession of Ursula Trent* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) Mr. W. L. GEORGE's heroine reminds me strongly of the notorious KASPAR HAUSER, who, having been brought up entirely in the dark for seventeen years, could smell, touch, taste and hear with extraordinary vividness and had no wit whatever for the ordinary conduct of life. If I remember any of *Ursula's* revelations this time next week—which I sincerely hope I shall not—it will be the smells she enumerates. "I think Lysol is my most permanent impression of the war" sums up her hospital life at Woking; and we encounter nothing more fragrant during her three years' career as secretary to a female novelist, clerk in a drapery shop, manicurist, mistress (1) of the novelist's nephew; (2) of *Julian Quin*, "designer of frocks," and wife of *Alec Brough*, architect. *Julian's* "near sweetness," you will be interested to hear, consisted in "honey and flowers hairwash and Egyptian tobacco," and was largely responsible for *Ursula's* putting up, for the record time of two years, with his minor foibles, which ranged from reiterated infidelities to "bilking a taxi-driver just to save three-and-six." "We are atoms lost in a void, that now and then draw together" is the philosophic comment of the last paragraph. I cannot help wishing that Mr. GEORGE would consecrate his talents entirely to the void and give the drawing together a thorough rest.

It is impossible to take *Vocations* (SECKER) lightly. If the most of what Mr. GERALD O'DONOVAN describes is true of only one Irish convent or a single Irish priest, his novel can only make painful reading. If it isn't true—fiction leaves that refuge of hope without insult to the author—the writing of such a book is in itself a very serious matter. Two sisters, *Winnie* and *Kitty Curtin*, daughters of a prosperous publican, have been devoted from birth by their mother to convent life, and we meet them first as girls at home, their education finished, *Winnie* with her vocation clear—a matter of sentiment and sensuality—and *Kitty* manfully rebellious. The man she has worshipped from afar marries someone else, however, and *Kitty*, swept off her feet by a dramatic and insincere confessor, joins *Winnie* in the convent, only to find, when her vows are irrevocable, that she has made a mistake. Much of the book is occupied with her struggles and escape; but its greatest interest lies in its pictures of the pretences and passions, the feeble pleasures and secret sins of the nuns, good, bad and merely foolish, and of a number of priests. It is a book that no one who reads it will forget. The only fault I have to find with it, apart from the pain it must give to many devout and worthy people, is that I cannot imagine that a girl as alive and resolute as *Kitty Curtin* would take three years to discover that her disappointed affection for a man to whom she had never even spoken had not exhausted for her all the interest of life in the world.

Mr. E. T. RAYMOND is a gossip, amiable, assiduous; and his *Portraits of the Nineties* (UNWIN) will be welcome to all right-minded souls. If he avoids the wit, malice aforethought and uncanny penetration of a STRACHEY he equally avoids the naïve enthusiasms and dichotomies of that fellow with a duster. It is good to hear again the terrific Lord RUSSELL countered with, "You're not in your silly [but, Mr. RAYMOND, shouldn't it be "bally" ?] old police-court now;" or Lord KITCHENER's, "Perhaps you'd rather use my Christian name;" or the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE's "Good God!"—after a ten-minutes' pause when some one informed him what napkin-rings were; or Lord RANDOLPH's "It is intolerable that the forest should lament that Mr. GLADSTONE may perspire;" or Dr. CREIGHTON's, to the vicar pleading his twenty-five years' faithful cure of souls as a reason for being allowed to use incense, "But surely you need not smoke them!" But I am taking out Mr. RAYMOND's plums—a dismal thing to do. However there

are many others embedded in some thirty detailed studies and three portmanteau chapters entitled "Some Lawyers," "Journalism Old and New," "Some Actors." And I like the author for so candidly giving his bibliography. A charming and disarming touch—for a gossip.

I should have found *Mayfair and Montmartre* (METHUEN) more enjoyable if Mr. RALPH NEVILL had not been so obsessed with the idea that "we are dragooned and policed as no civilized nation has ever been before." It may be natural enough for him to resent the various restrictions upon our liberty, but the best resentments are apt to grow tedious by iteration. For the rest Mr. NEVILL has many stories to tell, all of which are good and many of them new. And he is always interesting when he writes of *Mayfair* and of the changes which have taken place in what was once *Society*. He seems to

have studied certain phases of London and Paris closely, and in this age of quick transitions it is a good corrective to read the experiences and impressions of one whose sympathies lie so strongly with the past.

The indefatigable Mr. OPPENHEIM has turned out of his well-organised smooth-running factory a new story that is sure of its appropriate audience. *Jacob Pratt* is a bankrupt at the opening thereof. In Chapter II. he is a millionaire. On the last page he marries a *Lady Mary Somebody*, who has rescued him from the hands of a frankly buccaneering Scots peer whose family fortunes needed mending. I like Mr. OPPENHEIM's ready resource in putting in the rungs of his *Jacob's Ladder* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). If *Jacob* gets into a tight corner with some thugs the author suddenly makes him an all-but champion light-weight. And so forth. The young *Lord Felixstone* is an amusing character, *Lady Mary* is a good sportsman. Neither they or any of the others are what you would call extremely likely. But what's Mr. OPPENHEIM for but to rest the tired business-man and build a world of fancy less drab than sober fact?



SPREAD OF THE THEATRE-BOOING HABIT.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is a persistent rumour that Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN has returned to America.

"Sermons are nowadays two a penny," said a speaker at the Church Congress. We can only say that they are sometimes well worth the money.

It has been publicly asserted that Mr. WILLIAM B. LEEDS parts his hair on the left. As this statement has been allowed to pass unchallenged it must be accepted as accurate.

Among American Cinema stars the record, we understand, is held at present by one lady who is two husbands ahead of her divorcees.

"The Chairman of the Communist party," says a pamphlet, "will go far." We have heard it suggested that he should even go farther than that.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, we read, has driven his car for one thousand miles without a single mishap. Quite a number of motorists have written to say that they wouldn't be seen colliding with any member of the Coalition Government.

The latest bad news is that whisky is becoming scarce in Scotland. We have certainly seen the natives very busy making it scarce.

"Of necessity," says Mr. DE VALERA, "Ireland must stand where she is." We think the PRIME MINISTER can promise that one. Why, even Scotland is allowed to retain her original whereabouts.

"Four thousand worlds like ours placed edge to edge," says Mr. JOHN BRAY, of Paris, "would hardly reach the nearest star." In that case it hardly seems worth while trying it.

A number of rattlesnakes, the gift of New York to the Paris Zoo, have just arrived. We understand that the anti-Prohibitionists in New York were anxious to get rid of them on the ground that they caused confusion with the less objective kind of snakes.

A contemporary suggests that all taxi-drivers should pass a nerve test. The price charged by our taxi-driver the other night suggests that there is nothing wrong with the nerves of these gentlemen.

A South Coast railway company is experimenting with a new engine, which can not only go from side to side, but forward.

Two little Aldershot boys who were caught sawing through a wooden box in which they had placed their baby-sister were trying to copy a performance they had witnessed at the local music-hall. This trick should never be attempted in small families as success is only at

at Carshalton Mr. P. F. WARNER delivered a lecture on *Why we lost the Test Matches*.

Athens has a newspaper entirely written in verse. It appears that there is no law to stop it.

The Madrid correspondent of a daily paper is impressed by the cheerfulness with which Spaniards of every class have responded to the summons to the Colours. If they hadn't they would have found it difficult to answer the inevitable question, "What did you do in the Great Peace?"

A well-known artist, in an interview, has complained of the snobbery of his

confrères in trying to pose as anything but painters. We are afraid that he is too ready to judge them by their canvasses.

In a notice of a new novel a contemporary mentions that the author is the son of a "General in the Army." There have been, of course, many instances of literary talent in the families of Naval Generals.

The L.C.C. reports a drop of a million tram passengers in the last twelve months. There is also a serious falling off in the number of petitioners for divorce. We can't think where



Goalkeeper (on his way into the net). "THANK HEAVEN WE HAD A NEW NET LAST WEEK."

tained by the beginner after wasting a good many relatives.

"Our army," says TROTSKY, "with its idealistic traditions, with its revolutionary and fighting experience, will, when it learns to clean its boots and sew on its buttons, be one of the most invincible armies in the world." In Red military circles it has been suspected all along that TROTSKY's heart was with the spit-and-polish school.

In certain coalfields the miners object to using forks instead of shovels. It is thought that their point of view would receive more sympathy from some of our new capitalists if it were a question of dealing with green peas.

The recent unseasonable heat-wave produced some extraordinary effects: birds prepared to nest again, moonlight bathing was resumed at the seaside, and

all the people have gone.

The Soviet Government is said to have equipped a scientific Polar expedition. On previous occasions the Bolshevik has approached the Poles in the wrong spirit.

"People interested in meteorology," says an evening paper, "are already prophesying what the winter is going to be like." It is this gambling element that is the ruin of English winters.

"It has been an exceptionally hot summer," states a writer in a contemporary. We suspect him of reading the same newspapers as we do.

The latest attraction of a New York beauty parlour is hairdressing to music. We have seen many young men lately with their hair apparently set to jazz music.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

["The modern theatre was being divorced from its real root, that root being part of the religion of the nation."—Miss LENA ASHWELL before the Church Congress.]

How often, when I inly yearn
To breathe a purer, nobler air,
Unto the theatre I turn
In hope to find religion there;
Upon the stage, in quest of grace,
I keep my rapt attention centred,
Yet somehow never leave the place
A better man than when I entered.

Strange I should always go unfed
Who looked for soul-refreshing fruit,
For in religion, I have read,
The drama has its very root;
When for the Higher Truths I search,
Why is it that my best emotions
Have not been touched, as in a church,
By *Cairo* or the *League of Nations*?

Ah! what a different effect
Had drama of the Attic age,
When ARISTOTLE could detect
A moral purpose in the stage!
"It served," he said, "to purify
The heart with pity and with terror"
(On Mr. WALKLEY I rely
To put me right if I'm in error).

Pity, I grant, has filled my breast,
But largely for myself alone;
And terror for my reason, lest
The thing should rock upon its throne;
But am I bettered by the play?
Does it improve my tone? No, never.
Time after time I go away
With my black heart as black as ever.

O you who learnt with pained surprise
The poignant news Miss ASHWELL told,
Showing how close had been the ties
Of Church and Stage in years of old,
And how divorce had come between—
The bond of souls, in fact, was busted—
Cannot you Bishops intervene
And get the matter readjusted?

Under your own cathedral roofs
Homilies might do good (or not);
But I would recommend reproofs
Administered upon the spot;
Your voice on first nights should be heard
From serried gallery or full pit,
Bidding the drama, which has erred,
Repent its severance from the pulpit. O. S.

Another impending Apology.

"The Chairman said that they had never had an opportunity of expressing their gratitude to him [Viscount Grey] since he had ceased to be their member."—*Provincial Daily Paper*.

"Caruso lived the life of an Italian gentleman on his fine place, Usufruct, near Venice."—*New Zealand Paper*.
We understand that he never cared much for his little French Château, Mortgage.

"Men willing to work must not be allowed to starve while a crust remains in the national cupboard."
So said Mr. Lloyd George at Inverness."—*Daily Paper*.

It is just this gift for mastering foreign tongues that makes our PREMIER so popular.

OUR INVINCIBLE NAVY.

THE PIPE HABIT.

SIMPLICITY is the keynote of life under the White Ensign; it is the guiding principle everywhere, from the constructional lines of a super-Dreadnought to the cut of a midshipman's trousers; individual eccentricity or extravagance in any shape or form is rigorously discouraged. In many directions this simple uniformity is enforced by the Regulations, but where they cease to operate there it is that the weight of ancient tradition and well-established custom makes itself felt.

In normal times disciples of the Senior Service are caught young and so are brought up almost from infancy in those habits of moderation and self-discipline which are at once the Navy's pride and strength. Such, however, was not the case with that band of adventurous spirits who in the now almost forgotten autumn of 1914 first donned the blue serge of a blameless life and tried eagerly, if at first a little awkwardly, to accustom themselves to the way of a ship at sea. We knew nothing of the traditions and age-old etiquette of the Fleet; though holding quite orthodox views of the necessity of Britannia's continuing to rule the waves, we still had much to learn in other directions.

Landsmen are freely permitted to develop quaint idiosyncrasies of manner and dress; it is flattering to their vanity and adds a touch of the picturesque to otherwise drab existences. Almost every one of them has some such harmless splash of colour about his personality, and I myself was no exception.

My own slight eccentricity appeared in the matter of pipes. In style of dress and general habits a man of quiet unobtrusive tastes, there lurked within me a love of the bizarre which manifested itself in this one particular. Where other men wore pink collars or dabbled in the occult or kept peacocks, I had a penchant for purchasing and smoking curiously-wrought and ornate pipes. Quite innocently I retained this predilection when I entered the Navy.

Now there is no Regulation which restricts either officers or men in their choice of smoking-tackle, and in actual practice a reasonable latitude of selection is permitted; the only condition in this and all similar matters being that you should do nothing to make yourself stand out too conspicuously among your messmates. I freely admit that my pipes were distinctive; in point of fact you didn't often see anything quite like them either ashore or afloat. I realised later that, if a regular Sub-Loot of the R.N. itself had dared to appear with any such irregular object protruding from his face, he would have been promptly keel-hauled. A kindly sympathy and consideration for the inexperience of temporary R.N.V.R. officers spared me such a violent humiliation, and it was not until I was drafted to a patrol-boat in the North Sea that serious action was taken.

It was the gunner aboard, a Naval rating of the old school, who took matters into his own hands. In addition to his gunnery duties he was also responsible for cleaning out my cabin, and several times I observed him regarding my pipe with a pained reproachful eye; quite obviously it offended his sense of decorum, but of course he made no complaint. His method was more direct; the pipe disappeared.

On the first occasion I was distinctly surprised and questioned him closely. I felt confident that I had left it lying on the cabin table.

"Pipe, Sir?" he said; "no, I never see no pipe. I dumped some rubbish overboard this morning out o' the cabin, but I never noticed anything in the least like a pipe, Sir."

Next time ashore I bought another one, even more fantastic than the last. It vanished the second day out of harbour. My third I managed to retain for a week and



NAUGHT DOING.

KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE. "WILT NOT MOUNT BEHIND AND RIDE WITH ME TO SLAY YON DRAGON OF UNEMPLOYMENT?"

DETACHED KNIGHT OF LABOUR. "NAY. I WILL E'EN STAND APART AND MARK WHAT SORRY MESS THOU MAKEST OF IT."



Irate Old Gentleman in Pit at Musical Play (to amorous couple). "IF YOU'VE GOT TO KISS, CAN'T YOU KEEP TIME TO THE MUSIC?"

then it was seen no more. At this point in the unequal contest my perseverance broke down and I regretfully decided that, if I was to lose a pipe per trip, I must for the present be content with a less expensive variety. I purchased a sixpenny clay with a wooden stem, and, try as it would, it failed to disappear.

After a while the unpretending plainness and sound smoking qualities of this modest bowl began to insinuate themselves into my affections. I ceased to regard Black Bernard, for so I named my clay, as merely a sorry makeshift, a crude apology for a pipe in the higher sense of the word; he became my familiar friend, my solace in times of adversity and my boon-companion in hours of relaxation. An Admiral of the Fleet, I felt, would have been proud of such a pipe.

When at last the enemy had been driven from the seas and I quitted the Navy to resume my former occupation in the City, Black Bernard came with me. "We have fought together," I said, "and together we will enjoy the fruits of victory." It was only right and fair, and, although at first my friends looked rather askance at him, he quickly won their regard and, settling down to a life ashore, proved himself as staunch a comrade in the quicksands of peace as on the stormy billows of war.

But no pipe, however stout and strong, can last for ever, and a few weeks ago Black Bernard, full of years and honour, passed away, crumbling silently to dust as I was knocking him out in the grate. It was a blow to me; but I am a philosopher, and, tempering my grief with the thought that there must come an end to all things, I went out to buy a new pipe. Then in a flash my old forgotten craving for the grandiose, the sublime in pipes reasserted itself. I tingled with excitement.

"Ha," I cried, "I am again a free man, unshackled by the cramping prejudices of any Navy; I will buy myself a

pipe well calculated to gratify the highest aspirations of an artistic soul."

I was as good as my word. I obtained a delightful, a joyous piece of workmanship, wrought in the shape of an antique wine-cup, while round the brim sat little laughing Bacchanals each holding in his upraised fist what appeared to be a standard golf-ball. I crooned with pleasure when it was mine, and for three days I was the happiest man in London.

Then one evening I left it on my desk at the office. I was not greatly perturbed. "It will be waiting for me in the morning," I thought, "in all its delicate beauty." But it was not; it had disappeared. I searched high and low, but in vain. At length I summoned a fellow in a green baize apron who had just been appointed to sweep out the office and I interrogated him sharply.

"I never saw no pipe, Sir," he said stolidly, "nothing in the least like a pipe."

"Very good," I snapped; "please tell Mr. Bimbury I wish to speak to him." The man saluted and withdrew.

"Bimbury," I said when he came, "who is this new fellow that cleans out the office? Is he trustworthy? Were his previous references satisfactory in regard to the virtue of honesty?"

"Absolutely," replied Bimbury; "in fact honesty was mentioned as his chief recommendation. His service record in the Navy extending over twenty-six years—"

"That will do," I interrupted, holding up my hand; "that is good enough for me, Bimbury; I am more than satisfied."

As I walked into a tobacconist's shop at lunch-time to purchase a sixpenny clay pipe with a wooden stem the words of an old R.N.R. skipper rang strangely in my ears. "Once a sailor always a sailor," he had said.

STILL MORE ABOUT BASHBALL.

I MAY be a little deaf in the right ear and I may be rather short-sighted. But all the same I think that the trick which these people played upon me was uncalled for and unworthy, especially as I have devoted so much time during this wonderful summer to the theory of lawn tennis and to suggestions for its improvement.

All three of them were better players than I, but my partner was the best of all, so that we played fairly level, and after each side had won a set we had tea and I began to tell them about some of my new devices. The weather, of course, was more like July than October, but still it seemed unlikely that there would be much more tennis on grass courts this year, and I wanted them, during the winter, to remember and to talk to other influential people in the tennis world about these daring but much-needed reforms.

There was the high net, for instance. Long ago, I believe, lawn tennis was played with a high net on a court marked out like an hour-glass. The high net should be revived, but not in order to make the game easier for young and active players. Reproaches have been hurled at lawn tennis because it is a painless and therefore an unmanly sport. In my new game we should have a high net, but the players would be mounted on stilts, or even better perhaps on some form of pogo stick, so that the zest of danger would be added to exhilaration and exercise.

But I have a device also for ageing sportsmen who are not so quick about the court as they used to be. They can serve with great speed, but they cannot take the other fellow's service. They keep cutting it to third man or driving it over long-on's head. The result is that when two of them play a single they either have to go on playing it for ever, or else have sudden death about the third day. My proposal is that the defending player should be armed not with a racquet but with a landing-net, and if he captures the ball in this he obtains the point. Matters would thus be equalised to a certain extent as between the server and the striker-out, and something of the frenzy and uncertainty of fishing or butterfly-hunting would be added to what is now too often little better than a drudgery.

My reforms do not stop here. We had had trouble once or twice about finding balls during the game, and I pointed out how much simpler it would have been if they had been smeared with aniseed so that the bull-dog could have fetched them. Or, failing that, a small bell could be nicely adjusted in



District Visitor. "YOU'VE A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR IN YOUR FAMILY LIFE. A GOOD WIFE TAKES A LOT OF BEATING."

Rough. "YUS—AN' I CAN GIVE 'ER ALL SHE WANTS."

each ball, hung in such a loose manner that it would continue to tinkle in the undergrowth like the fairy in *Peter Pan*, thus facilitating the search. Another way, I pointed out, would be to tape all the flower-beds and hedges in numbered squares like an ordnance map. Then whoever was watching the game could merely say, "Your first service, Henry, is in Chrysanthemums, A 14, and the ball James hit out in Yew, 47 C 5," or it might be Box 24, like those things you see at the end of the advertisements in the papers.

There was furthermore my suggestion of regularising those ragged holes which so frequently appear in tennis nets and cause so much bother because nobody can tell whether the ball has gone through them or over the top. In my

new rules—the Bridge rules I call them—one would count 15 above the line and half 15 below.

During the set which we played after tea the light, owing to the recent regrettable action of the Government, began to fade rather rapidly, and the score stood at 4—3 against us when an adjournment became necessary because all the balls were gone. I had been serving and we had lost the game. Looking back now, I remember that while I was crouching in the middle of a yew hedge during the search which followed, I noticed the three others talking and laughing together over some private joke, but I did not think anything of this at the time.

On resuming I played, as I kept freely admitting to my partner, atrociously

badly, even allowing for the swiftly-falling dusk. I saw nothing of the services I received during the next game. Twice I was beaten completely, and, if it had not been that the server double-faulted against me, we should never have won. But we did. 4-4. In the next game my partner served brilliantly. There was practically no response to his efforts, and I was happy to remain an admiring spectator of his beautiful style. 5-4.

A stubborn and remarkable contest ensued, remarkable because by this time several bats were beginning to flit about the trees, and even the others observed that it was difficult to take a shot. As for me, I was simply a passenger. I missed service after service in the left-hand court. My partner, however, performed prodigies of skill, both at the base-line and at the net, and still further in shouting to me, quite unnecessarily, to leave the ball to him.

Deuce was called, and the struggle raged interminably between deuce and vantage out. I felt that, if they ever got to vantage in, all would be lost. My hope and anguished prayer was that the server would eventually double-fault at vantage out . . . An owl hooted . . . Somewhere on the mere a wild-fowl called . . . Yet still the game went on. At long last, just when it seemed probable that we should have to postpone the decision until 1922, the double-fault arrived. I did not see it myself; my partner called it. Oh joy! 6-4. Game and—

And then, as I sank on the ground with a wild shout of triumph, I observed that my partner was not sharing my elation. He was, in fact, laughing. So were the others. They were standing in the gloaming by the net, laughing and embracing each other, with tears.

"What ever 's the matter?" I asked, helping myself up with my racquet.

"Nothing," gurgled my partner. "Only—only we haven't used any balls for the last three games." Evor.

"WOMAN WINS THE CESAREWITCH."

Headline in Daily Paper.

This feat seems to establish the superiority of Woman not only over men but over beasts.

"Wanted. Smart young man with a sound knowledge of the robber and tool trade."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

This, of course, is one of the oldest devices of Sherlock Holmes.

"Tyre Salesman.—A modern Rubber Manufacturing Co. requires the services of four live, young, solid and pneumatic tyre salesmen, etc."—*Provincial Paper.*

Parents with bouncing lads should apply at once.

A LITTLE RIOT.

I AM one of those men who always know immediately what I think about everything. I have judgment and decision. Like some of the papers. I know at once whether a man is a Bolshevik or a Patriot. And I say so.

I am also a man of unusual personal courage.

So when I heard that a riot had been arranged to take place in Trafalgar Square I deliberately stayed in Trafalgar Square. I stayed near the entrance to the subway to the Tube.

I distrust the partisan accounts of riots. I distrust the Communist papers when they say that the capitalist police made a brutal and unprovoked assault on the demonstrators, felled three women and threw a baby under an omnibus.

I distrust the other papers when they say that half the Unemployed had obviously been working full time for the past six months, and the remaining half were obviously alien enemies who had never worked at all and never would.

It was time for an impartial observer to observe a riot and discover the truth. I stood by my burrow and admired the scene. It was dusk. Trafalgar Square was beautiful and dim in a blue haze. The lights came out in the shops. Lord Nelson slowly departed into the mist. I reflected on him. The lions grew black and very large. Someone told me once that all the ground under the Nelson Column and under the lions and under the fountains and under the National Gallery is occupied by vast wine-cellar. I reflected on that.

I admired the policemen, the calm magnificent men; I admired their horses, shiny and magnificent, but not so calm. (What is it they put on horses to make them shine so?). The policemen have all put on civilian expressions to make the public think that nothing is going to happen. As I reflect on this, the rumour spreads that the rioters are approaching from the N.W.

A crowd collects, waiting for the riot to begin. The man next to me tells me that if I keep moving I shall not be arrested. So we keep moving. We move round and round the railings of the subway entrance, followed by a huge policeman. It is like Musical Chairs. It is awful when we are on the far side, away from the steps; I feel sure that I shall be caught on that side when the music stops—or rather when the band begins to play. But my friend tells me that if I stop still for a moment I shall be arrested at sight. I am afraid he is a Bolshevik. But he is rather a nice one. He seems to like me. He takes me for a Bolshevik.

It is no good. I cannot move on any

more. I am going to stand still. Now I shall be arrested.

The huge policeman is looking at me severely. A nice man. He is not going to arrest me after all. He seems to like me. He takes me for a Patriot.

Down the road comes the procession, cheering aggressively. They have been told they cannot have a meeting in the Square. They have been meeting for three hours in Hyde Park already. From my experience of meetings that should be enough for any man. Why should they have another meeting here, blocking the traffic on a week-day? Especially when they have been told not to. . . . I am for Law and Order.

But why not let them meet in the Square? They can't say anything redder than they said in the Park. And it is my experience that meetings obstruct traffic much less thoroughly than riots. I am for common sense.

Thank Heaven, I know what I think about things.

The procession has become a Mob. The Mob has broken through the policemen. They have mounted the—what is it?—the lintel? No, the plinth. They are booing unpleasantly at the policemen. They have raised the Red Flag. It is the Revolution. It is all up.

The poor policemen! I'm sorry for them. It is humiliating. My Bolshevik is delighted. He says they will never get "the boys" out of the Square now. There are too many.

"The boys" are being turned off the plinth by two policemen. They go very rapidly. It is not the Revolution after all.

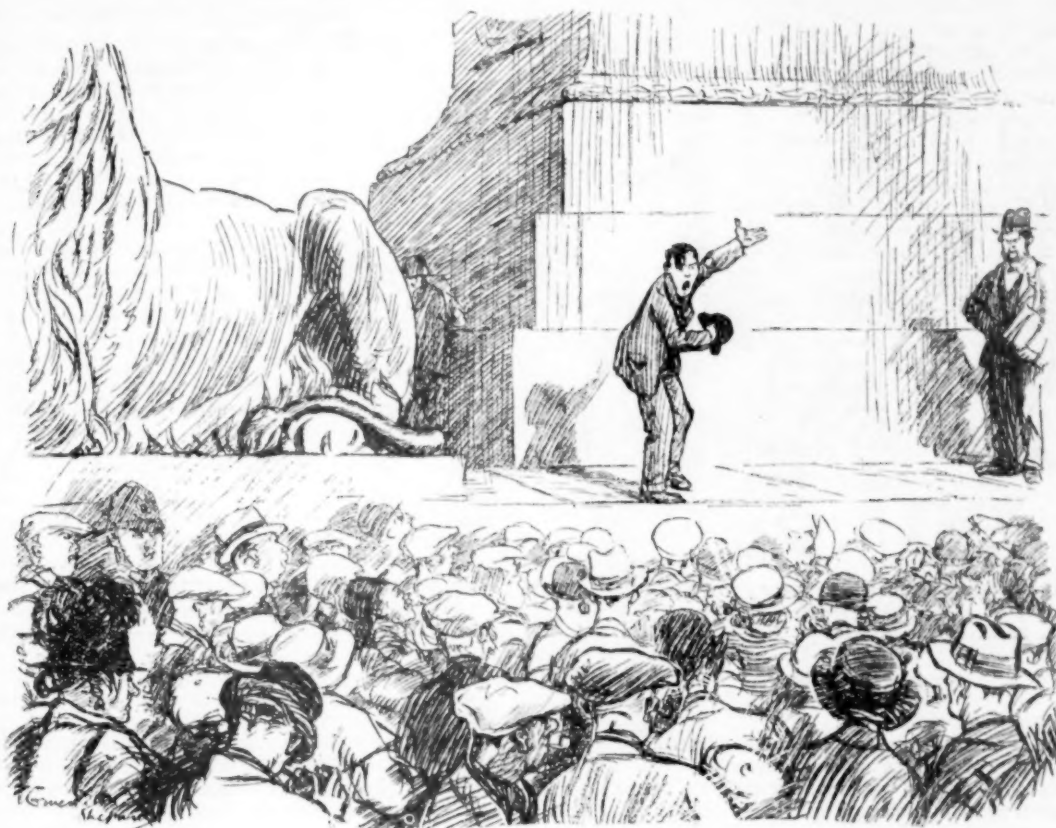
There is a poor old Englishman arguing with my policeman. He is not a good arguer. He is almost crying. He says, "Why shouldn't I go in there? It's a place of recreation, ain't it?" The policeman says, "Gerreralong outer this," and pushes him with a huge hand. I am a Bolshevik.

A dirty little alien is yowling like a wild cat at my policeman. I am a Patriot.

There is an ugly temper abroad; but nobody seems to know exactly what to do next. I am in an ugly temper too, but I know exactly what to do. I must get round these railings to the subway entrance; for I was caught on the wrong side. I knew that would happen.

Everybody about me is yowling aimlessly. My Bolshevik says suddenly, "Gaw! them something 'orses!" and bolts for the Tube. The horses are charging.

I stand firm. They are charging in the opposite direction. There they go, the calm magnificent men. They have drawn those terrible long staves, trun-



Agitator. "LORD NELSON, INDEED! 'Oo is this LORD NELSON? We should never 'ave 'eard of 'im if it 'adn't a'bin for the Battle of Trafalgar."

cheons or batons. They are hitting people on the head with them. They have knocked down an old man—the old man I saw just now. Shame! They have knocked down another man—the dirty little alien. Capital!

Why do they hit people on the head? Those shiny horses are surely enough to frighten anyone.

They are enough to frighten me. Goodness! they are charging this way. I am off. I surrender. I am a Patriot.

I am down the steps. I am underground. Thank Heaven! Now I am a Bolshevik again. Surely no horse will follow me down the subway.

Here is my Bolshevik friend again. We peer through the bottom of the railings at the flying hoofs of the policemen's horses. They strike fire from the pavement. It is picturesque—from underground.

I see two policemen with their heads cut open. Broken bottles! Ugh! No wonder they hit people on the head. I wonder if they hit the right man.

My friend says, "Ain't you glad you were born in England?" I answer

"Yes." He thinks I am ironical. He is pleased.

It is all over. The mob is cowed. I am cowed. We creep out. The Square is clear. We creep home. Wherever I creep there is a policeman on a huge horse. I cower in the doorway of a jeweller's shop. A policeman says "Move on there;" and he waves a hand to direct me towards the stern end of six other horses strung across the pavement. Of course policemen's horses are never supposed to kick or to tread on one's toes. I know that. But do the horses know it? I enter the jeweller's shop. I pretend I want to buy a diamond ring.

I emerge, having bought nothing. I creep home. I am glad I have discovered the truth. I am glad I am like the papers and know what I think about it all.

Do you?

A. P. H.

"Airedale Mastiff Lost on Sun."

Yorkshire Paper.

Poor Pongo! How thirsty he will be when he does come back.

Commercial Candour.

"ODDMENTS IN BOYS' BOOTS,

All One Price, 5/-

Lace Boots. School Boots.

Will only last a few hours."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Mactaggart Bros. report: 1300 sheep on Sunday next will be conducted by his Lordship the Bishop of New Guinea, Dr. Gerald Sharpe."—*Colonial Paper.*

It might have been worse; they might have been inducted.

"A vote of thanks to Mrs. Forbes was proposed by the Earl of Liverpool, who said they were very proud that a Lincolnshire lady had been the first white creature to cross the Libyan Desert."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Several white dromedaries who have seen this statement are protesting.

"The Mediterranean, which holds an unusual proportion of these salts, is blue to excess. The Polar seas also are described as being of brilliant ultramarine blue. So are the waters of the Equinoctial Atlantic."

Scotch Paper.

People have great fun at sea, we believe, when crossing the Equinox.



J.H. DOWD 21.

ENTERPRISING BATHING-VAN PROPRIETOR EMULATES THE EFFICIENCY OF THE FIRE-BRIGADE IN HIS METHOD OF DEALING WITH SUDDEN OUTBREAKS OF HOT WEATHER.

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY.

(Variations on an Old Theme.)

In Pre-Humanitarian days, before the blessed creed
Of Self-expression was evolved to save the human breed,
Occasional attempts were made to mitigate the rule
Of harsh unfeeling masters over horse and ass and mule;
But only in these later years and in this favoured clime
Has Man begun to hearken to the Cry of Human Crime;
Bear with me, then, my brother, while I expound to thee
Our duty to the Criminal; his right to Liberty.

Be gentle to the Burglar, as a brother and a man,
Before his bold activities you ignorantly ban;
He is not, O believe me, moved by vulgar love of pelf,
But is striving for expression of his truest, highest self.
That *meum* should be *tuum* is a very noble aim
And its logical inversion is exempt from any blame;
So be gentle with the Burglar, for, regarded rightly, he
Promotes the solidarity of A, B, C and D.

Be kind to the Incendiary and call him Pyrophil,
But never Pyromaniac—a word that breeds ill-will—
Since the desire to kindle fire, so psychic science finds,
Is "the subconscious heritage of all Promethean minds,"
And only mediæval Codes, as cruel as they're crude,
Requite this admirable act with penal servitude;
Wherefore, dear friends, to serve the ends of Celtic joy and
glee,
Encourage all Incendiaries and let them go scot-free.

Be reverent to Renegades: their actions mostly tend
To realize the yearnings of the super-candid friend;
Convinced that their own country is always in the wrong,
Unto another country they're driven to belong;
And if it comes to fighting they are bound to lend a hand
In rooting up the evils which deface their native land;
But if they're caught and—horrid thought!—kept under
lock and key,
Outside their jail O do not fail to pray on bended knee.

Be amiable to Anarchists; the odds are quite immense
That they are merely functioning in righteous self-defence,
Or were tainted in their childhood with a tendency to crime
By the pestilential nonsense of some wicked nursery rhyme.
Promiscuous bomb-throwing is an awkward game, I own,
Still it's useful to conciliate the men by whom they're
thrown;

So, if you wish to celebrate some sort of jubilee,
Be amiable to Anarchists—as an insurance fee.

Be pitiful to Poisoners; they ply an ancient trade;
The pill, as science teaches us, is mightier than the blade;
Locusta, in Imperial Rome, was greatly in request;
Her skill in toxicology all annalists attest;
And the population problem would never be acute
If her efficacious remedies regained their old repute;
So be pitiful to Poisoners, but safer it will be
To keep them from the making of your early morning tea.

Be lenient to Leninites, and, when they're on the run,
Provide them with provisions and a shelter and a gun;
And, if you meet a murderer parading in the Strand,
Say, "How's your poor old mother?" and shake him by
the hand;

For the true hall-mark of genius, as some Modernists
maintain,

Is the faculty of giving an infinity of pain;
And, since the earnest homicide can safely urge this plea,
Be merciful to Murderers, on land or on the sea.

Be kind to Kurds and with fair words encourage Kemalists,
But do not waste your sympathy on Southern Unionists;
And harry the descendants of the House of ROMANOFF,
Living or dead, wed or unwed, with savage gibe and scoff;
For even our angelic magnanimity must fail
In dealing with monstrosities beyond the human pale;
But, for the rest, this one behest is right for you and me—
Be kind to every Criminal of high or low degree.

MORE LIGHT ON THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Mr. MacGregor's sense of economy was outraged. Here he was, the only guest in the hotel, sitting on the verandah, and there, in the dining-room, a quarter-of-an-hour after he had finished his dinner, four electric lights were still burning.

It was nothing to him really. Like a good Scotsman he had bargained for dinner, bed and breakfast on his arrival, inserting a clause that after-dinner coffee must be included in the price. Still, his soul, trained in restrictions, was jarred. And in France too. They had as much need for economy there as in the home of Dora.

"Ici," he called and, when Marie came, "Mong caffey nwor," he said, "et ploo de loomyaire," and pointed towards the dining-room.

He knew he was right. In his well-thumbed grammar, on the page devoted to *Plus*, was a sentence that ran: "Absolutely and without negation, *plus* indicates that a state has ceased or ought to cease." And one of the examples was: "*Plus de lumière*: no light: coll. lights out."

"Un café noir, et plus de lumière? Bien, Monsieur," said Marie, and went into the dining-room and turned on two more lights.

"Ploo de loomyaire, je dis—ploo," cried Mr. MacGregor loudly.

"Bien, Monsieur," repeated Marie, who, if she had only known it, understood him in the sense of another rule on the same page: "*Plus* means more, again, over again; as *plus de bruit*, more noise." So Marie turned on the switches in the vestibule and the salon.

Mr. MacGregor was now thoroughly roused.

"Lichtin' up the place as if it wur a caseeno, in defiance of my orrders," he growled. "Here, gurl, do ye no ken yer ain language? Ploo de loomyaire, Ah tell ye, ploo."

Without questioning the sanity of this queer Englishman, for to Marie two sides of the Tweed do not exist, she hurried to obey him, and turned on the light in the porch, revealing an enraged MacGregor.

"Ploo de loomyaire, I'm sayin'—'ploo,'" he roared.

"Mon Dieu, c'est tout ce qu'il y a en bas," apologised Marie. "Ah! Mais non, attendez un petit moment."

She ran indoors and reappeared with the coffee-tray and two lighted candles on it.

"Voilà! maintenant Monsieur est content?"

On the contrary, Monsieur was greatly annoyed.

Blowing out the candles and leaving



First Racing Man. "THERE AIN'T NO GETTIN' AWAY FROM IT, JIM. YOUR LUCK'S DEAD OUT. CAN'T FIND A WINNER NOHOW."

Second Racing Man. "WINNER! WHY, IF THERE WAS TEN 'OSSIES BUNNIN' IN A RACE AN' I'D BACKED EVERY SINGLE ONE OF 'EM, THERE'D BE A LIGHTNIN' STRIKE O' JOCKEYS BEFORE THEY WAS ARFWAY ROUND THE COURSE!"

his coffee untasted, he strode indoors, snapped out every light, stumbled upstairs and went to bed cursing in the dark.

The Nansen Touch.

"When this heroic son of the Vikings visited this country some years ago after his Poplar expedition, he carried away with him indelible memories of a splendid British welcome."

Provincial Paper.

We forget how near he had got to the Pole, but it was very near.

"The sudden increase in our specie during the war is fundamentally responsible for the rise in prices in this country."—*Tokyo Paper.*
Merchant princes, we presume.

Commercial Candour.

"Think of it—your cutlery will be equal to anything you have seen on other people's tables at half the price."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

We are thinking.

"The Mine Workers' Union has shown the right spirit in bringing to boot those . . . who were responsible . . . for the strike."

South African Paper.

Next time you read that "a reaction is setting in amongst the rank and file of the Labour Party against the extremists" you will know exactly how it is done.



Mother (after a vain attempt to sing small child off to sleep). "WHY DON'T YOU GO TO SLEEP, DEAR?"
 Peter. "WELL, MUMMY, I WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO LEAVE OFF SINGING."

THE INVALID.

STRANGE that I can never get the real, right thing.

I don't know how often I have told myself that my latest complaint at all events is new, that I have never been quite like this before. It is surely serious this time. Men come up to me at the club and tell me I am not looking at all well. I believe them. I am not feeling at all well either. I say humorously, for I always take these things as lightly as I can, that I am probably sickening for psycho-anæmia—or any other disease that happens to be fashionable at the moment.

Then Spilsbury, most sympathetic of men, comes up and takes a seat by my side.

"Are you really feeling seedy, old chap?" he says.

I am, most distinctly, and I tell him so. I describe some of my symptoms. Spilsbury listens and nods his head, and throws in just the right questions. He is our prize invalid at the club and has been ill so often and so variously that his knowledge is amazing. Doctors agree that he ought to be one of themselves; in fact I think there will soon be a movement to get him presented with an honorary medical degree. An *agrotat* degree it should be in his case.

Not that his knowledge is altogether empirical. I think it began from the habit of reading encyclopedias. You know that feeling that comes over you

after you have been dipping into medical books, when you imagine that every organ in your body is diseased. That is sympathy, I take it. Well, Spilsbury was so sympathetic that he really did acquire these strange things. He has been through almost everything that the ordinary person never gets. He knows the names of organs that appear nowhere but in the medical Press. Most of them he has had removed by eminent surgeons. When an ordinary man would be thinking of a holiday Spilsbury has an operation, followed by a few months in a nursing-home. I dare say it does him just as much good as a holiday, and is not much more expensive. There is no accounting for tastes.

"If I were you," says Spilsbury, after he has listened to me patiently for some time, "I should see a really good man." He becomes impressive, emphasising his points on my knee with his forefinger. "It's no use whatever going to anyone but the best. Try Immingham-Bates. I went to him last month when there was that xylophone trouble." That is what it sounds like, but I have not Spilsbury's knowledge of medical terminology. "Not one of the others had diagnosed it; they all thought I was just run down—overworked." He waves the incompetents aside with a sweep of his hand. "Now Bates really takes trouble over an interesting case. Shall I give you a little note?"

I decline with thanks, raise myself shakily from the settee and say I will go home and think it over. We part as old friends who may never meet again. I admit Spilsbury's manner affects me. In a way, too, it inspires me. As I crawl to the station I picture myself in the specialist's sanctum, waiting for the verdict, buttoning up my clothes while the two men (for my own physician has accompanied me) talk *sotto voce* in a corner. They approach me with grave faces.

"Well?" I ask lightly, seeing that they scarcely know how to break the news.

And, so strangely are we constituted, it is with a certain pleasure I learn that my xylophone is in a terrible condition. If it is not removed within a few hours they really cannot be answerable for the consequences. It is not so much the operation itself. I don't greatly like the thought of that, but how pleasant it will be to look back upon. Almost like a love affair. And then it will be jolly sitting with Spilsbury and comparing notes. How we shall lord it over the other fellows! In a class by ourselves, so to speak.

I suppose my imagination is almost too sensitive. I pictured this little affair to myself so vividly that it was with difficulty I could walk up from the Tube station. At one time I began to think I never should get home. Would it affect one's obituary notice favourably or unfavourably to be picked up



THE SILESIAN GOOSE; OR, THE JUDGMENT OF GENEVA.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS. "THERE NOW; I'VE GIVEN YOU EACH A FAIR SHARE."
GERMANY AND POLAND (*together, bitterly*). "HE'S GOT ALL THE STUFFING!"



Sympathetic Customer. "OO GIVE YER THE BLACK EYE, ANTONIO?"

Antonio. "VELL, I JIST SAY TO A FELLA, 'VOT LOVELY 'OT VEATHER! I 'OPE IT VILL CONTINUE.' AN', VELL—'OW VAS I TO KNOW HE VAS A MUFFIN-MAN?"

in the street and taken to the nearest hospital? What would they say at the club?

It is remarkable, but whenever the family physician is called in to see me—it happens perhaps once a year—I feel a sudden desire to make out that there is nothing the matter after all. Possibly it is because he happens to be one of those big breezy men. I want the initiative to come from him, not from me; I should prefer his large and rubicund face to turn pallid under the tan as he feels my pulse or examines my tongue. I have a feeling that if I hint it is really something serious this time he will laugh and clap me on the back. Just now I don't want anyone to clap me on the back.

There is a hoot outside, a grinding of wheels under the brake, a ring at the bell. I sit back in the armchair and try to remember what Spilsbury said. He, apparently, always diagnoses his own case. According to him almost all doctors require a hint or two. Very little is often enough to put them on the right path. If I just said the one

word, "xylophone." Only I am not absolutely sure that "xylophone" was the word he gave me. It was something like it.

I don't know what it is about my doctor, but I see him so rarely that when he does come we usually get talking on general topics the moment he arrives. He regards me, naturally, as an authority on literature, and I have for many years been inducing him to read HENRY JAMES. He accepts all I say in the right spirit, with a becoming humility; he admits that there must be some hiatus in his own equipment. I argue with increasing warmth and, though I say it, with some brilliance. After half-an-hour or so he looks at his watch.

"By the way," he says, "I must be off. Was there anything particular you wanted to see me about?"

And I reply lamely that I have been a little seedy. A little seedy! If he had seen me crawling up from the station. But it so happens I feel a shade better now.

He takes my wrist in his hand, looks

at my tongue and begins to write in his prescription book, all as a matter of business.

"When you get these sudden changes of weather," he says, "you should be careful about catching chills. Get that made up and don't sit in a draught."

And he is gone before I can say "xylophone."

"Wanted, Diver, for Ford Van."

Manchester Evening Paper.

This is a nasty blow to those who always thought that the Ford cars were floaters.

"At Buffalo in the morning a voice on the crowded platform said, 'So here you are again.' There unexpectedly I found the two professors—full of Niagara."—*Scotch Paper.*

So terrible are the ravages of Prohibition.

"The golf of both was excellent through the green, but their putting was weak. In addition Boomer, who speaks English without a trace of the French accent, was twice stymied."—*Evening Paper.*

It was a good test but we should like to hear him in a bunker too.

REUNION.

ONCE upon a time there was a Man who spent far too much time in Beauchamp Place and kindred haunts, looking for odds and ends; by which he meant all kinds of articles which our ancestors had real use for, but which we merely hang up on the walls or set on the mantelpiece: dishes, plates, cups and saucers, glasses, finger-bowls, pistols, trivets, paper-weights, pestles and mortars, warming-pans, even skewers and punch-ladles. Such things filled his rooms, but, although the rooms were full to congestion, their owner was continually bringing in something new, and it was always "decorative" or "quaint," to use his favourite words, and sometimes both, but too often only quaint.

They had been changing hands for a century and more and would certainly continue to do so; the metal ware without any doubt at all, and the crockery and porcelain possibly if not probably. Oh, how old crockery and porcelain shudders and squirms when light-hearted maid-servants, with their thoughts on other things, chiefly their evening out, lift it and begin to dust! You have no idea. But the pistols and the swords, the ancient fire-irons and brass receptacles—they are apathetic.

When midnight came and their tongues were loosened (*vide* HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN and other authorities) you cannot conceive what a babel there was. The Man bought so much that the life of his odds and ends was really quite exciting, with so many newcomers to listen to: exciting, that is, for all but those who wanted to do all the talking and resented competition.

"Where did you come from?" was the first question put to the latest arrival.

And then: "What did you cost?"

"I came from 'The Merchant Adventurers,'" said, one night, a Bristol blue decanter.

"How much were you?"

"I was thirty-five shillings," it answered with very perceptible pride. "I've been going up steadily for years. Do you know, when I first left home—I was in a cottage in Gloucestershire, near Stanway—I was only half-a-crown. A dealer who pretended he was a cyclist

in need of tea bought me. And then I was in a shop in Cheltenham, where I fetched half-a-sovereign. Another dealer from London bought me, and I went to a shop in Bloomsbury, where I was a pound, and then I travelled westwards and went up to thirty-five shillings. Isn't it wonderful?"

But it isn't with any cheerful blue glass decanter that this story is concerned, but with a certain morose warming-pan.

You must understand that all the odds and ends so decorative and quaint that litter the rooms of these curio-hunters nourish a grievance. And that is that they are out of work. They hate being just ornamental; they want to be at their own jobs again. It never

"Hanging in a drawing-room doing nothing," it would grumble with profundities of scorn.

The worst of it was that this forced sloth had impaired its temper, and it consorted with none of the others.

"Not a soul I care to waste my words on," it would complain.

And then one day the Man led triumphantly into the room two workmen, one carrying a pole and the other an electric lamp, and after much hindering from the Man (who was a fuss-budget), the lamp was at length firmly established on the pole and connected with a switch.

"Splendid!" said the Man, and he tipped each of the assistants half-a-crown.



Shipwrecked Mariner. "COURAGE, FRIENDS; I SEE DRY LAND."
Chorus of American Citizens. "WHAT, ANOTHER DRY ONE?"

"What have we got here?" thought the warming-pan. "More nonsense. I'm blest if he hasn't torn away a bedpost from a four-poster to stick his old lamp on!"

And then he looked more narrowly and saw that the post was from the very bed that he used to warm every night for years and years all that long time ago.

And the bedpost recognised the warming-pan and twinkled with joy. (You have heard about the twinkling of a bedpost, haven't you?)

"Oh, my dear," said the warming-pan directly twelve o'clock struck that night—"oh, my dear, you can't think how glad I am to see you!"

E. V. L.

A SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.

I was relieved to learn from the maid-servant that Buxted was alone in the library. I did not wish to alarm Mrs. Buxted, and what I had to tell him was rather terrible.

"That you, Crawleigh?" he cried cheerily. "Have some coffee? And a cigar? You've come about that insurance, I expect."

"I have come to tell you of a very serious matter," I replied—"very serious indeed. But I will have some coffee and a cigar. They may steady my nerves."

"About four o'clock yesterday afternoon," I began, "we were disturbed by strange rumbling sounds coming apparently from the square garden in front of my house. It was naturally attributed at first to extra heavy lorries or

occurred to the Man that there could be any discontent among his rarities, but if he had had sharper ears or more imagination he would have known that they were all spoiling for work once more. Dishes and plates like to be eaten from; cups like to contain hot tea; paper-weights prefer to be holding down paper; pistols are miserable unless they now and then go off; and punch-ladles consider every moment lost that is not spent in ladling punch. But of all the unemployed articles in the room, that which most resented its foolish idle life was the warming-pan. There it hung on the wall for ever, with no fire in its great copper receptacle, no bustling housewife to grip its handle and thrust it about between the sheets, not even a bed in sight; its sole occupation was to be decorative and quaint.

"Of all the rot!" it used to say.

"Bed-warmers should warm beds," it would mutter.



THE MUSICAL MOTOR-HORN BRINGS THE LATEST JAZZ TUNE TO OUR VILLAGE.

some such cause; but the sounds continued, and when at about 4.30 large fissures appeared in the garden path we became rather alarmed. We went out to investigate and found that steam was issuing from the largest fissures; and when a fresh crack opened suddenly on the lawn and a stream of molten lava bubbled out we retreated hastily into the house again.

"At the butler's request I went down into the basement and found that the cellar was like an oven, and that all my fine old claret was mulled. I was just computing roughly the loss that this would entail when the cook came to me and intimated that she was certain that the end of the world had come, that this fact exonerated her from giving the customary month's notice, and that she was going off immediately to her aunt's at Brixton.

"I returned upstairs to find that my neighbour, Colonel Brassington, had summoned the Fire Brigade, and was roundly abusing the men because their efforts were futile.

"What do we pay you fellows for," he was crying, 'if you can't put out a small volcanic disturbance like this?'

"The only man who seemed to have kept his head was my neighbour on the other side, Isaacson, who was offering

seats in his windows to view the eruption at a guinea apiece.

"All night long the rumblings continued, the lava pouring from the fissures. Great cracks have appeared in the walls of my house, and—"

I stopped and eyed Buxted severely.

"What are you smiling at?" I asked.

"Don't you believe me?"

"That old claret of yours which you mentioned just now as having been mulled—have you had a bottle, or perhaps two bottles, with your dinner?"

"Don't you believe this story, then?" I said.

"Not a word of it," he replied calmly.

"You think it impossible?"

"Absolutely."

I sprang from my seat and, snatching a document from my pocket, waved it before his eyes.

"Exactly," I cried. "Just as I thought.

You have given yourself away, my friend. Here in this policy, which you call the Householder's Comprehensive Policy, and for which you propose

charging me an exorbitant premium running into shillings per cent., you solemnly declare that you insure me against Fire, Lightning, Explosion,

Earthquakes, and Subterranean Fires. Do you or do you not infer thereby that a subterranean fire is a peril

which may endanger my property? Answer me that."

"I do," he answered.

"Yet when I tell you that a subterranean fire has occurred you say it is impossible! As a matter of fact the actual subterranean fire of which I have just given you so thrilling an account did not take place. But that is beside the point. The point is that you admit insuring me against something which you confess cannot possibly occur. For pure dishonesty, for sheer commercial immorality, this far outdistances anything which I have ever in my wildest moments conceived. Thank Heaven I am on the Stock Exchange and not a member of your Fire Insurance Board. Good evening."

"You're not going?" said Buxted.

"You haven't drunk your coffee."

"Nor I have," I said, and I came

back and drank it.

"But I am going," I added. "I am going to the drawing-room to tell your wife about this."

And I passed out on my mission of breaking up this swindler's home.

"Washing. Three families wanted, washed and dried, not ironed."—Daily Paper.

We always rule our family with a rod of iron.

AT THE PLAY.

"ARAMINTA ARRIVES."

MR. J. C. SNAITH's idea of a heroine (a clergyman's daughter in the very nicest sense) of ineradicable stupidity, ravishing beauty (if the two be compatible) and a passion for cream buns is as engaging as it is, to me, novel. Add a fierce bewigged Gorgon of an old aristocrat—great-aunt *Caroline, Countess of Crewkerne*, who, finding herself too old at eighty-one for her job of unmaking Ministries and misappointing Generals, takes thus late to matchmaking; a debauched and drunken Duke; an eccentric *flâneur* of an Earl; a brilliant unknown painter and his evergreen mother; a sentimental chignoned companion of the most Victorian; a modiste; a butler and two footmen; and you have the ingredients of this farcical comedy, which had its flashes of brilliance and its patches of stodge and stickiness.

Araminta arrives in Hill Street from Slocum Magna, a miracle of bovine placidity, product of Devonshire cream, sound religious training and country dressmaking, and before the end of the First Act is recognised to be the image of *Araminta*, the GAINSBOROUGH Duchess, whose great-great-granddaughter she happens to be.

By the end of the Second, she is dressed for the part (we saw this coming from afar and there was too much of it), and excites her old aunt to a white heat of match- and settlement-making; influences old "*Gobbo*," the disreputable Duke; manifestly intrigues the tedious Earl and plants the barbed arrow of true love in the heart of the impecunious painter (ex-squire of Widdiford, contagious to Slocum Magna—old boy-and-girl love and all that).

By the end of the Third (which is as rapid, not to say hasty, in action as the Second is slow) *Araminta* has been engaged over her stupid head by her masterful aunt to both Duke and Earl, and slips into the arms of her painter, who apparently is quite unable to visualise the sort of divinity she will be after a few more years of cream buns and pink ices.

Naturally, when your heroine is a creature of unredeemed stupidity like *Araminta*, she is apt at times to be more than a little dull. And when your Countess is praised so freely for her brains she is apt to be judged a little harshly when she betrays no particular signs of intelligence beyond saying a

number of quite amusing things—which I admit gratefully is quite a good deal.

Lady TREE played the Countess just a little too well. The very cleverness of her performance helped to show up rather than conceal the general flimsiness of the affair. It gave an effect of patchiness which was enhanced by various difficult feats of compression on the part of the adapter, Miss DOROTHY BRANDON, necessitated by the conversion of the book into a play.

Miss EILEEN BELDON (*Araminta*) conveyed with a very considerable skill an effect of artlessness, appetite and adenoids. She hadn't much difficulty



THE ELDERLY BEAU AND THE DESIGNING DOWAGER.

Lord Cheriton Mr. E. LYALL SWETE.
Caroline, Countess of Crewkerne LADY TREE.

in outshining the beauty of the property GAINSBOROUGH, which was (perhaps naturally) not quite up to that master's topmost form.

Mr. LYALL SWETE chose his most bizarre mood, and played the unbelievable Lord Cheriton plausibly. Mr. ROY BYFORD ("*Gobbo*") made very diverting and unducal noises (hence his nickname). Miss LOUISE HAMPTON reminded us what some of our aunts looked like and how they were inclined to behave. Miss MARGARET HALSTAN had little to do as the artist's mother and did it most attractively. Mr. CRONIN WILSON, the young painter, was quite unashamedly 1921 in an 1887 setting, and the orchestra played, between the Acts, a series of melodies which made some of us feel very old indeed.

T.

AN ANGLER'S DREAM.

(In which he revives an actual experience.)

THE River called. I wandered out
 Below the singing waterfall,
 Where, in the deepest pool of all,
 You reigned, O most gigantic Trout.

I marked you well, how like a stone
 You lay on that dim gravel bed;
 And, when the setting sun was red,
 Still, shadowlike, you loomed alone.

The glimmer on the water ceased
 Ere you came cruising from your rest;
 I saw your lazy turn and quest,
 And thought you'd be three pound
 at least.

Came dusk with all its court of
 flies,
 And with the dusk you seemed
 to grow
 A phantom monster deep below;
 Then suddenly you deigned to
 rise.
 No frenzied rush—no wanton
 race,
 For your ascension to that fly,
 Whose struggles pleased your
 languid eye,
 Was marked with a majestic
 grace.

I chose a dainty little blue,
 And cast—it gaily cocked its
 wing;
 And slow you rose and took the
 thing,
 And breathlessly I struck for you.

That mighty plunge! I wondered
 how
 A strand of gossamer could
 stay
 The sullen purpose of your
 way
 Beneath the dusky alder bough.

The good gut held; your golden gleam
 Came near—and, dreaming, I forgot
 How I mislaid my landing-net.
 And that is why I choose that dream!

Life in our Suburbs.

"Woman Seeks Position as Manageress, Wet, Dried, Fried, with Daughter; excellent references."

"Housekeeper to Bachelor or Gentleman."
Advt. in Suburban Paper.

From the report of a speech by a
 Labour Leader:—

"A great social wave, perhaps born of unrest, irrigation, disappointment, or despair, might land the Labour movement into a position of power."—*Scotch Paper.*

We had gathered that lack of irrigation was a prime cause of social unrest.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

"Under a more enlightened system of education children are to be taught to laugh."—*Daily Paper.*



Chairman of Selection Committee (to Candidate for Headmaster-ship). "HAVE YOU A SENSE OF HUMOUR?" Candidate. "OH, YES, I THINK SO." Chairman. "GO ON, THEN—MAKE US LAUGH."



TEACHER OF ANCIENT GREEK HISTORY SEEKING HUMOROUS MATERIAL FOR HIS NEXT LECTURE.



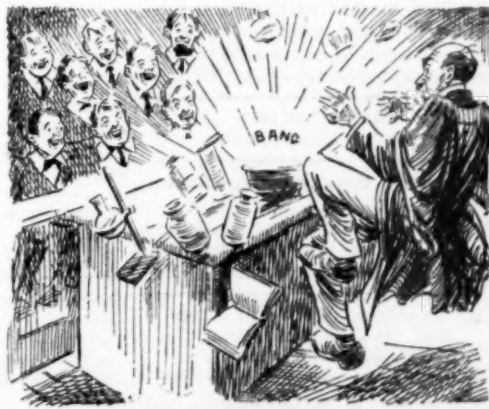
Fourth Form Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, WE HEARD THAT JOKE WHEN WE WERE IN THE FIRST FORM."



"LEND ME A JEST, OLD MAN, WILL YOU? I'LL TAKE PREP. FOR YOU TO-NIGHT."



JOCOSE HEADMASTER TEMPERING THE WIND TO THE LAMB ABOUT TO BE SHORN.



AFTER ALL, THE SCIENCE MASTER WILL REMAIN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HUMOURIST ON THE STAFF.

A NEW USE FOR OUR LEADERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I recently came across a copy of a Colonial newspaper whose interesting habit it is to lighten its leading articles with a line or two of advertisement placed judiciously here and there. Thus it not only encourages its advertisers but provides restful little breaks in the editorial when that feature is inclined to be of a ponderous character. I suggest that this idea might be used with a happy result in some of our more solid dailies, particularly those in which carking care seems most to abound, and I enclose a short example of how it would work out.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
BASIL BRIGHTYE.

THE LATEST CRISIS.

We are not of those who at this juncture regard an optimistic outlook as a virtue. Even for those who do

USE RICHARDSON'S RESTFUL
UPHOLSTERY.
AS SUPPLIED TO ALL GOVERNMENT
DEPARTMENTS

the practice of this virtue grows steadily more and more difficult day by day. The manufacturers of rose-coloured spectacles have a hard task before them, since their customers must require a brighter and ever brighter tinge of rose to overcome the greyness of the prospect that lies ahead. We make no apology for again directing our readers' attention to the lamentable Timbuctoo incident, for we venture to predict

MORE MUSINGS BY MR. MUTTONLEY
IN TO-MORROW'S "SUNDAY CIRCUS"

that the evil effects of this affair will be not only far-reaching but absolutely incalculable. However willing we may be to forget what is past and irrevocable there are certain things no Englishman can be expected to tolerate in our present terrible position. They are

BINGLEY'S BISCUITS.
BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

too much for even our long-suffering patience.

When we proceed to ask what steps the Government has taken we learn with the utmost astonishment that

NINE DOCTORS COULD NOT CURE
MRS. TIGG OF TULSE HILL.
TUPPER'S TABLETS DID IT

they have been absolutely supine. Nothing whatever has been done in the way of checking the abuses or punishing

the offenders. And we can only ask with the deepest misgiving: What of the future?

Here the keenest eye can discern no gleam amid the gathering gloom. No one can deny that the forces of Revolution and Anarchy are gaining strength daily. For many disastrous years we have watched them grow unchecked and

BRIGHTEN LIFE BY USING
PUNK'S PERFECT PLATE POWDER

the fatal weakness of the Government is now glaringly reflected in this latest achievement of the thoroughly disreputable elements in society.

When such situations are allowed to continue the destruction of England and of the British Empire is not only certain but is brought within measurable distance. And yet the Prime Minister neglects all precautions and will not

LEARN TO PLAY THE PIANO IN ONE LESSON BY MALLORD'S MELODIOUS METHOD.

abandon in his treatment of the subject the levity that invites the danger it affects to despise.

Neither can we as a nation afford to ignore the financial aspect of the matter. The country has suffered and is suffering huge losses, and our plight will soon be desperate. Even now, perilously poised as we are on the brink of national bankruptcy, a single false step may plunge us into

STEPHEN'S INVALUABLE SYRUP.
WILL SWEETEN ANYTHING

the abyss. It is a monstrous idea that in this deplorable position our interests should be so mishandled. Here, then, is a situation charged with

WINTERTON'S TEETOTAL WHISKEY.
WARRANTED PURE

the potentiality of untold mischief. We are going through bad times now, but there are worse times ahead. And unless the Government at last begins to wake up, rubs its eyes, girds its loins, puts its foot down and its house in order, the next few years—perhaps even the next few months—will see

EINSTEIN'S THEORY IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.
SIMPLIFIED SCIENCE SERIES

the end of us all.

"Witness examined by Mr. Ries: It transpired in evidence that Gold Band was one or other or both of two other horses."

South African Paper.

This is just the way one gets had. It's a mug's game.

A EURIPEAN COMEDY.

"An operation for appendicitis was successfully performed on the ship's barber during the voyage of the Aberdeen liner *Euripides* to Cape Town."—*The Times*, October 7th, 1921.

EURIPIDES, if in the Shades

Your "droppings of warm tears" continue

And human nature's escapades
Still touch the sense of pathos in you;

Whether in Pluto's sultry pit,
Or in Elysian circles well up,
Or with the gods themselves you sit
To watch the human plot develop;

An oarless barque you may have seen
Sail from a Hyperborean haven
(Barbarians term it "Aberdeen")
And on her prow your name engraven.

But when, upon the wine-dark wave
With pains at his appendix gnawing,
The Barber ceased to shear and shave,
Saw you the Fates *their* scissors drawing?

Musing that life's a doubtful boon
And death a still more doubtful jest is,
Saw you stark Thanatos come too soon
To claim his prey, as in *Alceste*?

Perhaps you gave the plot a twist,
Against Melpomene's taste offending,
Inveterate sentimentalist,
To bring about a happy ending.

For you Poseidon stilled the seas
During the Barber's operation,
So the good ship *Euripides*
Preserved her well-kempt reputation.

Thus once again upon the scene
(A stage device you loved to wangle)
You brought a god from the machine
And deftly snipped a hopeless tangle.

"To-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock, Mr. J. G. Dick, auctioneer, sells on the Hexagon, 5,000 years of print, more or less damaged by hooks and sea-water."—*South African Paper.*

Can this be *The Outlines of History*?

A vain little lady of Pisa,
Who thought she was like Monna Lisa,
Expected each day
To be stolen away—
But nobody wanted to seize her.

"Collars, lie-down, for Gentlemen."
From a Clothing Catalogue.

Other words of command are: "Collars, bark for LLOYD GEORGE," and "Collars, die for the KING."

"In the old days the King's Ministers were each the responsible head of a great Department of State, responsible for its conduct to his colleagues collectively, presided over by the First Minister."—*South Wales Paper.*

Nowadays of course he does it by kindness.



Magician (giving his refined entertainment at the Baron's festivities). "MY LORDS AND LADIES, I AM NOW ABOUT TO PERFORM MY NEW AND SENSATIONAL BEHEADING TRICK. WOULD ANY NOBLEMAN IN THE AUDIENCE KINDLY LEND ME A SELF?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE may seem to be something peculiar in the idea of a President of the Royal Geographical Society seriously maintaining that the discovery of beauty in natural features comes within the scope of Geography, and should indeed be its chief function. But that is the motive of Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND's book, *The Heart of Nature* (MURRAY); indeed "The Quest for Natural Beauty" is the sub-title he gives it. He urges with adroit flattery that it is high time we Englishmen were more awake than we are to the value of natural beauty, seeing that we are at once born lovers of nature and the most poetic of races. To arouse us, he thinks, we await the ideal Naturalist-Artist—the man with the physique, intellect, health and spirits of a JULIAN GRENFELL combined with the scientific qualifications of a DARWIN. Failing such a man for the moment, Sir FRANCIS himself steps gallantly forward into the breach. He is, like JULIAN GRENFELL, both a Man of Action and a Poet, and he writes of much that he has seen with a feeling for form and colour rare in one who is not a painter by profession. Of all the wonders of nature that he has seen, the massive peak of Kinchinjunga and the intense blue of the Sikkim Himalaya seem to have moved him most. He tells us how VERESTCHAGIN once visited Darjiling and sat down to paint the scene. "He looked and looked, but did not paint. His wife kept handing him the brush and paints. But time after time he said, 'Not now, not now; it is all too splendid.' Night came, and the picture never was painted." "It never could be," adds Sir FRANCIS. But, like the brave man that he is, he himself attempts the impossible in his own medium.

So we have seen the last of the *Forsytes*! I am honestly sorry. *Jolyon*, the painter, is dead; Robin Hill is *To Let*

(HEINEMANN), and Mrs. *Jolyon*—Irene, who was once so tragically Mrs. *Soames Forsyte*—is off to British Columbia with young *Jon*, who would have married *Fleur*, *Soames'* lovely piquante daughter, but for the ugly barrier built by that man of property, a score of years ago, through his infinitely crass insistence upon "rights." This is an enthralling book, especially to a *Forsyte* specialist. It was tactful (and truthful) of Mr. GALSWORTHY, who has dealt so savagely with poor *Soames*, to show him still hard, still crass, but just a little softened with the passing of time, a little less sure of himself and his world, and, anyway, something lovable and admirable by reason of his devotion to his *Fleur*. But the interest of the story is almost transcended, for any student of method, by the astonishing development of Mr. GALSWORTHY's already more than competent technique. The skill in presentation, in compression of essentials and elimination of unessentials, in suggestion by inference, is positively startling. I can well imagine a hard day's work going to the fashioning of a dozen packed sentences on certain pages. Yet there is no sense of effort; nothing creaks. I have only one regret: that this fastidious author should have written in this book and at this date, "Her mother was in blue stockingette and a brown study; her father in a white felt hat and the vinery." It is like a kick on the shin-bone, and I am still sore.

I think I can tell Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA why the novel-trilogy is, as he complains in the dedication to *The Secret Victory* (HUTCHINSON), "so little acclimatized to latter-day Georgian England." It is because so long a tenure of so ample a stage is far too trying for characters wholly unprincipled and moved solely by casuistry or passion. Take the *dramatis personae* of Mr. MCKENNA's last three novels. He rears his "emotion-hunters and sensation-seekers" in *Lady Lilith*, turns them out to face the facts of life in *The*

Education of Eric Lane, and in the present volume describes how "a close contact with reality deflates the tumid pretensions of artifice." And I cannot see for the life of me why it could not all have been done in one. The deflating process is certainly depicted with extreme competence and gusto; but I should have been better pleased if Mr. McKenna had turned to and mended at least one of his punctured souls. Here is *Lady Barbara Neave*, beauty and wit, who collapses into a mere wanton; *Ivy*, the bob-haired eighteen-year-old daughter of *Mr. Justice Maitland*, who succumbs to a waster in the Air Force; and *Eric Lane*, dramatist, who, with every opportunity, falls utterly flat as the rehabilitator of *Ivy*. Could nothing have been done with any of them? And if not, where does *The Secret Victory* come in?

Sister Sue (CONSTABLE), the heroine of Mrs. ELEANOR H. PORTER's last novel, was a sweet maid who was good and clever too, and, like a great many other women in real life as well as American fiction, let the goodness crowd out the cleverness when her duty seemed to demand the sacrifice. The eldest child of a wealthy widower, she found herself suddenly, through her father's financial and mental failure, left head of the family and bravely took up a life of cooking, nursing and teaching, instead of marrying or seeking fame on the concert platform, either, or both, of which had been her intention. The story of her struggles, of how her lover deserted her for her younger sister, and how *Sue*, having helped him to do it as gracefully as possible, at last became herself the happy bride of a famous and queer-tempered violinist, is told with that sweetness and insistence on the generally accepted virtues which have made Mrs. PORTER's books a delight to many simple folk. Whether it really is virtuous to stifle genius in young women at the call of family convenience I cannot myself quite decide. I was pleased to find that Mrs. PORTER did not expect her readers to believe that, after her years of sacrifice, *Sue* still played the piano like a virtuoso. She did allow the great violinist to ask her to tour with him as his accompanist; but perhaps we were really meant to see in that a proof that love is a little deaf as well as blind.

There has been a decided run of late upon the young lady who goes into domestic service, for pecuniary or other reasons. I have no particular objection to the scheme in itself. Presumably it is an echo of woman's work during the War, reinforced by the difficulty of procuring servants. In *Tradition* (MILLS AND BOON) *Miss Jessica Tryst* goes as a waitress to a curious establishment run for nervous patients in New England by an ex-prize-fighter called *Rafferty*. I found it a little difficult to believe in some of the characters, especially when they left the author's native land and joined the British army in Flanders—*Brian O'More*, for example, who afterwards becomes *Lord O'More*, and *Fred Herrick*, who meets *Jessica* when he is an inmate of *Rafferty's* Home for Inebriates, marries her and leaves her to enlist in the Royal Fusiliers. He "makes good" with a speed rare even in sentimental fiction; when they meet again he is *Major Hounslow*, a "big-minded," clean,

straight man, instead of the degenerate son of a self-made millionaire. At the close he strains her to him in the best American style. "The thick honeysuckle vine, with its white blossoms, stirred in the night wind blowing over the pine-trees. The perfume of the night came in to blend with their caresses, and the cry of the whip-poor-will calling to its love came plaintive and sweet and appealing, the cry of creature to creature, never satisfied, always yearning for its mate." The talented author is MARIE VAN VORST, whose dignified portrait adorns the jacket of her book, and now and again she remembers its title and lets drop a few words about tradition in general. But it looks rather as though the name were an afterthought.

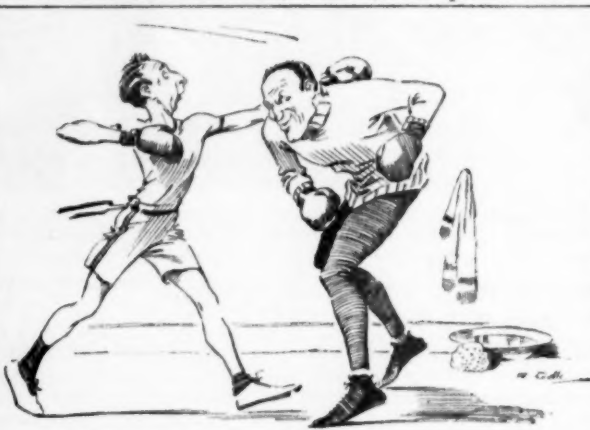
There is no denying the jerkiness of C. C. and E. M. MORRIS's literary style, but it was not violent enough to prevent me from enjoying *Betwixt and Between* (HUTCHINSON). The MORRIS, in their attempt to give us a novel founded upon the social changes brought about by the War, are to be congratulated both upon their restraint and their good judgment. The best scene in the book is the quarrel between *Hugo Beadon*, who represented what may be called old ideas, and

his son, whose pride and prejudice had been reduced almost to zero by the War. I recommend our more vehement novelists to read this scene and see how deeply men can quarrel without losing control of themselves. In describing field-sports the MORRIS are in their element, but I think that in allowing their hero to win the half-mile for Cambridge against "Yarvale" they were erring on the side of generosity.

If you consult the wrapper of *Poor White* (CAPE) you will read that Mr. SHERWOOD ANDERSON gradually found himself and "pierced through to the world of the inner man." It is a piece of information which, I admit, leaves me cold, and in my opinion Mr. ANDERSON has no reason to be grateful for it. *Hugh McVey*, the hero of this stimulating though slightly exasperating novel, was born in the State of Missouri and sprang from worse than nothing, his father being a drunken loafer. He was fortunate in finding a motherly friend, who tried to educate and encourage him, and, presently drifting to a small town in Ohio, he began to develop inventive ability. Mr. ANDERSON, however, is less successful in showing us the development of *Hugh* than he is in describing the growth of the little town into a bustling city. I can believe in *Hugh* as an inventor, for he lived in the latter part of last century, when to be an inventor was not so difficult as it is now, but I cannot bring myself to understand his attitude towards women. Has anyone, even an inventor, ever been possessed with such an ardent desire for the companionship of women and yet been so curiously futile in his pursuit of it? But if *Hugh* irritates he also intrigues, and, at any rate, his environment is described with frankness and force.

Cutlet for Cutlet.

"On October 17 General Pershing lunches with Marshal Foch, on October 17 he lunches Marshal Foch."—*Provincial Paper*.
No delay here in returning hospitality.



Instructor. "KEEP YEE CHIN WELL TUCKED AWAY, SIR."

CHARIVARIA.

It is reported that Mexico may be represented at the Washington Conference on Disarmaments. Delegates are reminded that revolvers must be left in the cloakroom.

With reference to the question of Grace I. and Grace II. at Cambridge University, an old lady writes to say that she considers this a most sensible way of distinguishing between two girl students with the same Christian name.

"Our only light in the darkness," says Sir W. J. NOBLE, with reference to the industrial slump, "is that other countries are apparently just as badly off as ourselves." Genial natures always seem to see the bright side of things.

Association football, we read, is making great strides in Spain. They simply idolise the crack refereador.

Sir ERIC GEDDES describes his Classification of Roads scheme as the greatest step since the landing of the Romans. It is just like his magnanimity to drag in JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Keep smiling," said Sir CHARLES J. SYMONDS at Aldersgate last week. Yes, but what at?

Discussing a new North London cinema, the manager points out that the orchestra will be hidden from the audience. The cowards.

"I have the O.B.E.," said a witness at Aberavon Police Court, "and I intend to wear it." This is the British bull-dog spirit we like to see.

M. STEKLOFF, the chief editor of *Ivestia*, the Bolshevik organ, has been expelled from the Russian Communist Party. It seems he will insist on dipping his pen in ink instead of blood.

"Does Football Help Charity?" asks a headline. We can only say we have heard of players who sometimes contribute a few of the visiting team to the local hospital.

Count PIETRO RASCONI and Lieutenant ALTOBELLI recently fought a duel, but it was stopped in the seventy-eighth

round because one of them was injured. Quite rightly so. These attempts to foster sensationalism by wounding a fellow-duellist must be checked.

The task of tabulating Army slang for the Imperial War Museum will take some months, we read. A good plan would be to knock some ex-Sergeant-Major's beer over and get the whole issue at one sitting.

"There is a slight movement in the building trade," says an industrial writer. A bricklayer writes indignantly to say that it wasn't him.

The published experiences of men who went to Spain to join the Foreign Legion have created an unfortunate

present inflated price the delegate's action was regarded as a piece of capitalistic swank.

"I never saw Florence Nightingale," says Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. We can only hope that she was spared the knowledge of this omission.

The muffin man, we read, has already appeared in the streets of London. In West Kensington this is regarded as a sign of a severe winter.

"Lord Carnarvon," says an evening paper, "who wore evening clothes with a soft collar and a lavender felt hat, strolled in just before the big fight began and, when he got to his ring seat, showed how he deals with the glare from the arc lamps. He pulled out and put on a peaky-blinder cap." And yet people complain that modern glove-fights are dull.

According to *The Daily Mail*, a White Wyandotte pullet which disappeared from a Suffolk farm several weeks ago has returned home accompanied by eleven chicks. For the sake of the little ones all was forgiven.

It seems that Miss ANNIE JUMP CANNON, America's leading lady astronomer, who is able to classify stars almost at a glance, has now arranged seven hundred thousand of them. The firmament has often impressed us as lacking the deft touch of a capable woman.

It is hoped that the new film, *The Modern Monte Cristo*; or, *The Mystery Man of Europe*, featuring Sir BASIL ZAHAROFF, will be released shortly.

"We do not realise what good times we are living in," says the Bishop of CHELMSFORD. No, but several of our tradesmen do.

A gossip-writer points out that he recently saw Dean INGE smiling happily on Ludgate Hill. The DEAN hopes to establish an alibi.

Answer to Correspondent:—No, it is not true that the manufacture of bagpipes has been referred to the Washington Conference on Disarmament.



Professor's Wife. "JOHN, YOU HAVEN'T KISSED ME THESE LAST THREE MORNINGS."
Absent-minded Professor. "IS THAT SO, MY DEAR? THEN WHOM HAVE I BEEN KISSING?"

impression that the Spanish army is not fit for heroes to fight in.

A writer suggests a distinctive dress for Communists. What about straight-jackets?

Before the Sinn Fein delegates arrived in London it was announced that only Gaelic would be spoken in the two houses occupied by them. This was a very necessary precaution against the inconvenience of having a rush of Irish callers.

"Labour prospects," says *The Weekly Dispatch*, "are not so rosy as they were." But they are still decidedly red.

During a sitting of the Socialist Congress at Milan one delegate took off his boot to throw at his comrades, and fist-cuffs ensued. With boot-leather at its

"THE GREEN JAY."

RECALLING Mr. O. Stark Batty's earlier works, *Lure o' Little Birdies* and *My Lady o' the Crooked Smile*, we do not hesitate to say that *The Green Jay* makes a distinct advance towards the essential Batty. Those clean uplifting stories of the Great West inspired many a reader with a restless desire to go West too. *The Green Jay* almost turns that desire into a fixed resolve. This time Mr. Batty has deserted his beloved Molasses Valley and "struck the trail" for the Great Barrens. Here, we feel, is his true intellectual home. His own mind is reflected in these vast, empty, uninhabited wastes. More than any of his previous work this book reveals him.

As in *Lure o' Little Birdies* and *Down the Uphill Trail*, his new heroine is an adorable type of the American open-air girl. *Virgie Custis*—known to the trappers of Green Jay Gorge as "Forest Folk's Friend"—has escaped to the wild because her guardians wish her to marry a New York millionaire whom she has never seen. Fiercely independent and scornful of wealth and luxury she wants to be free to choose a millionaire for herself. To her mountain home, the tiny log-built Shack o' Dreams, comes one evening a young man whom she shoots for a skunk by mistake. The friendship ripens:—

"I'm real mad, though, Big Man," laughed the girl, as she bandaged his arm with deft swift fingers. "You'd have made my five-hundredth pelt—skunk, lynx, musquash and isquish. Oh, I'm in with the bunch all right—all the fur-folk, the feather-folk, all the little wild Brothers o' Men!" Her face grew earnest, her eyes glowed tenderly. Her little friends hung all around the walls of the shack, each one a memento of happy days spent within easy range of Nature.

The man looked at her gravely, square-chinned. A smile lurked in the sombre shadows of his eyes.

"Little Lady," he said suddenly, "is there room for another location in Green Jay Gorge? Listen. My yarn is a short one. A cultured home; Harvard; all the usual outfit. But—but—well, my father's will provides that I must marry the daughter of his old partner, William D. Custis, a girl I've never seen. So I just bent it, and here—Why, Little Lady, what is it?—what's the trouble?" The girl was looking at him wide-eyed, solemn.

"Listen!" she whispered through parted lips ("Like cherries," thought Jim suddenly, "They're just like li'l cherries.") "Listen! Do you hear what the Green Jay is saying, Big Man?"

Way down the valley the Green Jay piped a mocking melody. Jim listened earnestly. "No," he sighed at last. "I know my name's Ponchhead J. Dane, but that bird's got me guessing."

That night a new trophy, the heart of a real Man, was added to the many spoils at Shack o' Dreams.

The reader will have perceived the amazing ingenuity with which Mr. Batty has arranged this meeting of *Jim*

and *Virgie*. We recall nothing more brilliant since the same author's *Beyond the Edge*, where *Josie* shoots *Tim* in mistake for a coon, and afterwards finds that he is the man her father had wanted her to marry; or, at any rate, not since *Back o' Behind*, in which *Susie* poisons *Tom* in mistake for a coot, and then discovers he is the man her uncle had intended her to marry.

But we pass on to the wonderful scene in which the secret of the Green Jay's call is revealed:—

Old Moon Chum looked down wisely on Shack o' Dreams.

"Big Man," whispered the girl, her eyes shining ("Like stars," thought Jim, suddenly. "By Heck, they're like li'l stars!"), "Big Man, do you know what the Green Jay is saying to-night? Can't you hear him? Oh, dull, stupid Big Kiddie Man—listen!"

Way down the valley the Green Jay still trilled out his sweet mocking cry: "O—you—Jay! . . . O—you—Jug—jug—juggins! . . . O—you—Jay!"

Big Man heard it then. Sure thing, he heard it. Back of his mind a Big Strange Word hovered—hung back.

"Why—why, Forest Folk's Friend," he whispered hoarsely—"why, Little Lady o' Mine, it's me he means. It's me! . . ."

Old Moon Chum beamed broadly on Shack o' Dreams. He was at the full.

Who can doubt that Mr. Batty is writing here from the deepest places of his own mentality, from a personal experience which most of us would be incapable of imparting to the world? We know that he *has* felt the influence of the full moon. Some woman *has* talked to him like that. The Green Jay *has* called to him. It is Him. He is It.

It is good to know that Mr. Stark Batty promises us a further chronicle of the Shack o' Dreams, wherein we are to see more of a delightful person who appears in the final chapter of *The Green Jay*, namely, "Little Man Child o' Ours." If he turns out anything like his father we shall not be contented until we have turned over the very last page.

Commercial Candour.

"SUITS 8 GUINEAS.

One sees the finished suit. The quality of materials, standard of work and accuracy of fitting all are open to criticism."

"Cook-General and House-Parlourmaid wanted by young couple, much away; any reasonable wages to reliable young maids able to carry on when mistress away."

Morning Paper.

Policemen will please notice.

From a market report:—

"Porkets 24s. per score, Bacon doraf dradt raedo rolt hraesth arra bacon pigs 22s."

This, we take it, would be the American kind.

TO MY GODSON.

(Suggested by Mrs. BARNETT'S condemnation of Nursery Rhymes.)

Peter, I hold not with the modern school
That sees no humour in the "Cat and Fiddle,"
Who'd barter Childhood's right to play the fool
For study of real life's more serious riddle;
Not mine to spoil with too severe restriction
Your healthy taste for standard nursery fiction.

So take the hallowed rhymes that long ago
Our nurses taught young masters and young misses,
See silver bells in *Mary's* garden grow,
And maidens weep at *Georgie Fergie's* kisses,
And *Bo-peep's* flock, that all her search eluded,
Come trooping homeward safely (tails included).

Learn (as we once did) how the farmer's dame
Treated the mice that blindly still pursued her;
How poor *Miss Muffet*, when the spider came,
Fled with her curds and whey from the intruder;
And kindly Fate allotted *Mrs. Sprat* her
Accommodating spouse to clean the platter.

And when your fancy wafts you to a world
Where black sheep talk and cows are over-frisky,
Where little boys are blue and locks are curled,
And fetching water from the hill is risky,
You'll find it far less mad and far more pleasant
Than the real one we're living in at present.

Another Impending Apology.

From a notice of *Cairo*:—

"Next, Miss Brayton is wrapped in a voluminous burnous of bright heliotrope bordered with a line of silver, but is otherwise quite plain."—*Sunday Paper*.

"SANDAKAN, BRITISH NORTH BORNEO, Oct. 19.

At a gathering of natives from the interior Lord Northcliffe was informed that head-hunting and other barbarous practices were now non-existent."—*Times*.

The PRIME MINISTER and Lord CURZON would, we understand, be glad to know whether this also applies to Printing-house Square.



“DO TH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?”

SIR ERIC GEDDES, OF THE ECONOMY COMMITTEE } (to each other). “FANCY YOU HERE!”
SIR ERIC GEDDES, OF THE TRANSPORT MINISTRY }



Portrait Painter. "TO AVOID ANY SUBSEQUENT MISUNDERSTANDING, ALLOW ME TO DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO MY REVISED PRICE-LIST."

AT THE SIGN OF THE SKULL.

I PUSHED open the little door and entered. The room was full of skulls.

It is the ante-room of the phrenologist. It is divided only by a door from one of the noisiest centres of London's traffic. But it is terrible with the suggestion of uncanny things. It is quiet; it is four-foot square; it is empty—save for the skulls. But it is crowded with subtle invisible presences. Perhaps they belong to the skulls. Perhaps they are the escaped secrets, the thousands of secrets which have been loosed abroad in this place.

Behind that curtain in the corner secrets are escaping even now. What is behind that awful curtain? A wizard? A priest? A wild beast? An oubliette? Something that croons continually an endless incantation, murmurous and menacing—something terrible? I cannot face it.

Courage, my heart! Regard with confidence the picture of the head of Mr. GLADSTONE, the head of General GORDON, the head of Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC. See, they have all got Combativeness strongly marked, sticking out behind the ears there. Try to be like them.

Try to be like those noble skulls on the shelf, specially selected for Firmness and Self-confidence.

But where did the wizard get those skulls? Answer me that.

Was it behind that curtain? Hush, the curtain moves. A man creeps out. He is pale; he shivers; he is all broken up. He is a solicitor, and they have told him he ought to have gone into the Church.

I crawl in under the curtain. I am in the skull-factory. It is a very small dark place. Courage!

I am gently pressed into a seat with my back to a hole in the wall. Significant. Thin ghostly fingers clutch my head. They are passing a cold band about my brow. They are tying me up. Now, now the blow will fall. Which shelf, I wonder, will they put my skull on?

They have untied me. My skull is no good.

She is telling me why. She has a soothing voice, dreamy and even and mysterious.

She says a little more Hope would be of advantage. She says I do not shrink from opposition; she says I try to surmount the barriers that prevent

my success in any undertaking. She says that, when I go to a public lecture and the subject is thrown open for general discussion, I always know the weak points of the speakers, and could speak well, if I would—indeed, better than most people; but I hold back from lack of self-confidence and allow others to speak instead. It is extraordinary. How did she discover that? For, of course, it's perfectly true.

She says a little more self-esteem would be of advantage, and I must not neglect opportunities for self-expression, as I do now. She says I should not float down like a sickly fish with the tide; I can swim against the stream if I try. At the same time the attainment of success, influence or leadership will require constant attention and exercise of the various faculties. She says I shall do well if I go in for business and commerce. Ha! I knew it—I knew it. . . . She says care will be required with regard to sleep. . . .

How hot it is in this little box, yet how calm and pleasantly mysterious! I feel more at home now. I think I like this old lady. She understands me. No one else has ever realised that I was meant for a business man. And

her voice is so soft and soothing, droning and murmuring, droning and murmuring, on and on. Dimly in the gloom I can see now some more pictures of Strong Heads—Lord BEAVERBROOK, Lord LEVERHULME and Lord ROTHERMERE. They too, like myself, "had a passion for everything on a grand scale; the ocean with its mountain waves, the lightning with its lurid glare, the heavens with their stupendous worlds; everything that is awe-inspiring." They were successful. I shall be successful—a great Business Man. A Magnate, a Captain of Industry—Shipping or Insurance, she suggests.

Oh, noble dreams! Oh, excellent phrenologist! Oh, soothing, soothing comfortable voice, droning and murmuring, droning and murmuring, on and on!

"No, I will not get up. I will not get up. It is Sunday, and I am a millionaire, a shipping millionaire. I own forty-three ships. . . ."

What's that?

"You have a fair share of mechanical ingenuity and understand how things are made. You admire the beautiful."

Heavens, where am I? I have been to sleep. How long have I been asleep? How much have I missed?

Can one ask her to start again? Perhaps not.

There, she has finished. They are writing down how many marks I get for everything. It is terrible to think what I may have missed.

Never mind; they have given me a little book, with all my marks written down in it. I get four marks for Eventuality; four out of a possible six. That means I have an average memory and can recollect those occurrences which are impressed on my mind. The ones which are not impressed upon my mind I can't recollect.

I am worried about my Alimentiveness. The bump of this occurs in the *fossa zygomatica*, under the organ of Acquisitiveness. It shows how much importance you attach to nourishment. Dr. HORRE says that "the width of this portion of the head is easily seen in gluttons, while there are others who, possessing this faculty weak, look upon eating as a trouble, and only do so to sustain life. The organ is easily discernible." It must be a disturbing thing to meet a phrenologist and feel that he has got his eye on your *fossa zygomatica* at about the soup.

My difficulty is this. If you are alimentive to the fourth degree, "You have a fair appetite and relish your food, but are not fastidious;" if you are alimentive to the fifth degree, "You have a good appetite and enjoy meals, like to have them regularly and will derive



The Poet. "TIS BEAUTIFUL INDEED TO BE BELOVED. BUT ARE THERE NOT OTHER THINGS WORTHY OF A LIKE DEVOTION? THE SEA, THE SUN, THE SKY——"
The Girl. "OH, YES; BUT SOMEHOW YOU'RE DIFFERENT."

pleasure from thinking about them." Well, I scored 4½ for Alimentiveness. What exactly is my attitude to meals?

I have always felt a vague distaste for that part of the head behind the ears—the part where the haircutter is in two minds, whether to take his scissors or his shears. Now I know why. It is a positive nest of unpleasantness. Here in a small space there are crammed together Amativeness, Conjugality, Combativeness, and Parental Love (I dislike the cynical association of these qualities). East by south from the ear lies Vitativeness, which is the one thing that makes us cling to life. A little to the north-west, just above the ear, there is a loathsome mass of Destructiveness, and north again lies the hideous region of Secretiveness and Acquisitiveness. No wonder the barber boggles at that part of the head.

The highest possible in any quality is six. I scored no sixes, though there were many fives and any number of boundaries in my long and careful innings, which totalled 212.

As a rule it would be a good thing to score the highest possible. Thus, if you have Causality in the first degree it means that "You are idiotic in this respect;" while if you have it in the sixth degree "You have a powerful mind in this respect."

But there are some highest possibles which one would rather be without. Take Sublimity, which is at the back of and immediately adjacent to Ideality, which is just below the beginning of the parting. For this I was awarded a well-earned five. But I shudder to think by how narrow a margin I must have missed getting a six, which means "Your thoughts are too much occupied with the Sublime." A. P. H.

AFTER THE HOLIDAY.

I.—TOO LATE.

It would seem that the right hour on which to start out upon one's travels can never strike. That, at any rate, is the conclusion I have come to since returning from a little tour in a foreign country, for this is the kind of thing I have been experiencing ever since:—

A Friend (meeting me in the street). You've been away, haven't you?

Mokey Parl (that is to say, I who speak). Yes.

The Friend. Where did you go?

M. P. I've been in Spain.

The Friend (striking an attitude of astonishment mingled with pain and regret). Spain! Good Heavens, I wish I'd known. I'd have given you a letter to the best fellow in Seville. An extraordinary chap. Keeps an inn where all the bull-fighters meet. He's one of my greatest pals.

M. P. (remembering acutely so many linguistic tragedies). Does he speak English?

The Friend. Just as well as you or I. Why on earth didn't you let me know?

M. P. (with groans). I can't imagine. Your friend would have been a godsend to me. He would have made all the difference.

Every returning traveller has, I suppose, these afflictions to bear, but none can have suffered as I have been suffering. Twice a day at least am I thus accosted. Here's a second true example:—

Another Friend (reproachfully). I hear you've been in Toledo.

M. P. (guiltily). Yes.

The Friend. And you never told me you were going.

M. P. I didn't know where you were; but even if I had known I don't see why I should have bothered you about it.

The Friend. It wouldn't have been a bother. I happen to know Toledo backwards, that's all, and I could have made things so pleasant for you. I would have given you letters to the most fascinating people. The Prado too: I could have given you a letter to get you in after hours. Next time you'll let me know, won't you?

There is also the man who could have given me an introduction to the most beautiful woman in Granada—speaking English perfectly too; and the man who knows the keeper of the

Escorial. Both could have done wonders for me, if they had only known.

The moral is plain. I must never go abroad again without a little preliminary advertising. A Personal in *The Times*, every other day for a month:—

Mr. Mokey Parl begs to inform his friends and acquaintances that he is leaving for a visit to San Marino on September 21st. Any one having letters of introduction to give should send them at once to the address below, etc.

II.—THE MERCHANT.

I heard the other evening, in an Art

length or three-quarters; no decapitations. In fact, there couldn't be, for he's a *plein-airiste*."

They became interested. Artists do, every now and then, let others speak.

"I found him at work in a little square in Seville, in the middle of an admiring crowd," I went on. "It was evening and his easel was lighted by a few jets of flame. In the glimmer overhead the bats zig-zagged, and now and then a mosquito blew his horn. The artist stood on a box, high above us, and worked in full view with coloured

chalks on a sheet of white paper. He drew from memory or invention—river scenes and seascapes with rocks. His hand was very rapid and amusing to watch; creation while you wait. Every stroke meant something—a ship or a bird or a tree—and the crowd murmured their recognition of these familiar objects as they caught sight of them. Finally the artist sprayed some water on the picture to fix it. It was now done and ready for sale."

"Well?"

"Well, that's where the chief difference between him and all of you began to be so noticeable. You no doubt could have drawn the picture as well, even better—but could you sell it? Being alive and full of dignity, no. But he could. He had no difficulty at all; the crowd was mad for it. He had a bag of numbered tickets, and he offered these at a penny each. They were all sold in a jiffy. Then the winning number was extracted by a stranger from another bag, and the lucky amateur who had drawn it went off with his treasure rolled up in blue tissue-paper.

"The whole affair—the making and the selling—occupied less than four minutes, and instantly the artist was at it again. Of course," I added, "there's no obligation to sell the tickets for as little as a penny each. Sixpence, a shilling even— But it's an idea, isn't it?"

"Yes," said someone, "for a country where lotteries are allowed. But not here, where, except for betting, Stock Exchange enterprise, bazaar raffles and football competitions, gambling is strictly forbidden. Here the artist must continue to starve." E. V. L.

"To Let Bedroom (with small family) for business young man."—*Provincial Paper*. We're afraid the business young man may find it a little congested.



Parson (about to leave the village). "NEVER MIND, MR. GRUBBINS, YOU'LL GET A BETTER MAN WHEN I'VE LEFT."
Rustic. "Ah, zur! Oi down't know about that; the last parson said the same when 'e left."

circle, some very bitter comments on Sir JOSEPH DUVEEN's latest purchases.

"Two hundred thousand pounds for a GAINSBOROUGH and a REYNOLDS and I can't get a tenner for a Still Life that really has some decent brushwork in it! It's the old story—only the dead need apply."

That was the kind of thing that was being said, in various different ways, on all sides.

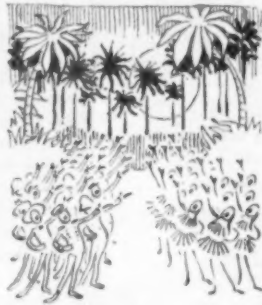
"There's a Spanish artist working at this moment," I told them, "who sells every picture before it's dry. You could all do the same if you liked. No dealers, no waiting, no middlemen. He sells straight to the public, and without any disputes; no bickering over full-

NEW AND ORIGINAL FEATURES FOR THE SEASON'S REVUES.

WE ARE CREDIBLY INFORMED THAT SEVERAL ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL FEATURES WILL APPEAR IN REVUES PRODUCED THIS SEASON. THERE WILL BE, FOR INSTANCE:—



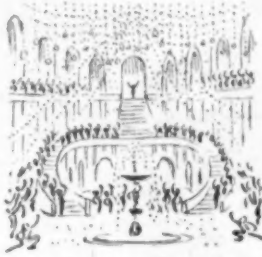
A SCENE IN PARIS;



A SCENE IN HONOLULU;



A SCENE IN THE OLD VILLAGE;

A SCENE IN THE STATES
(HUMOROUS);A NOVEL THIRTY-MINUTE
SKETCH;

A £500,000 SPECTACLE;

A RATHER DARING SCENE IN AN
ARTIST'S STUDIO, COMPLETE
WITH MODEL,AND A SCENE AT A FANCY-DRESS
BALL, COMPLETE WITH "SPECI-
ALITY DANCE";

You did - I didn't - Yes, you didn't - No, I did -
What's your reason, you did - I didn't mean - I didn't -
No, you did mean - you did - Yes, I didn't - No, you
did -

NOT TO MENTION SOME EXTREMELY
ORIGINAL CROSS-TALK;A DELIGHTFULLY DAINTY OLD-WORLD
INTERLUDE;A FEW SUBTLE POLITICAL
ALLUSIONS,

AND A GRAND PAGEANT OF BRITISH SPORTS.

Jorgassen

TRUTH:

OR, THE STRANGE STORY OF HEZEKIAH WORTH.

No doubt you've heard the story
Of Hezekiah Worth,
The novelist whose glory
Once flamed throughout the earth,
But falls so strangely flat now,
Cut out by stars more new?
You haven't? Fancy that, now.
Then I shall tell it you.

He wrote of country houses,
Of cottages accurst,
Of middle-class carouses—
I don't know which were worst;
He wrote of High Society
And loafers in the Parks;
He studied a variety
Of complexes in clerks.

He dwelt on life's abuses,
He showed no vain regret,
He published with Trefusis
At nine-and-sixpence net;
He showed how fraud is ripest
Where virtue seems so trim;
He had a lady-typist
Who duplicated him.

"His books can never bore us,"
The critics used to say;
"His creatures live before us,
They share the common clay;
The men are sheerly brutal,
The women have no ruth,
Most novelists write footle,
But Mr. Worth writes truth!"

Alas, that was the trouble:
When Hezekiah pricked
Life's rainbow-tinted bubble,
He was so blooming strict;
From hedgerow and from steeple,
From courts and inglenooks,
He dragged out actual people
And stuffed them in his books.

And every time some sinner
Who'd asked him out to tea,
Or else to lunch or dinner,
Woke up surprised to see
How Worth had made him figure
In *Moths* or *Painted Bloom*;
He said, "Confound! Oh, jigger!"
And stamped about the room.

So shy of self-revealing
Are souls of common earth
That by-and-by some feeling
Grew up regarding Worth;
Fame's guerdon unabated
Still crowned his printed screed,
But most men hesitated
To ask him out to feed.

"Nothing," they thought, "is hidden
From Hezekiah's flair;
The Browns are in *The Midden*,
The Butts are in *Despair*;

And all those dreadful scandals
About poor Colonel Tubb
Came out in *Guttering Candles*—
Don't bring him near the Club!"

Nay more. The news went humming
From Bath to Tunbridge Wells
When Worth suggested coming,
And keepers of hotels
By the dread rumour shaken
Kept wiring him: "Deplore
That all our rooms are taken
Till 1954."

He took to devious dodgings,
He slept on public seats,
The landladies of lodgings
Consigned him to the streets,
Bidding him seek for shelter
On far-off flights of stairs;
The man that wrote *The Welter*
Should rent no room of theirs.

Till one dim dark October
On this spoilt child of Fame,
This human folly-prober,
Sheer destitution came;
The baker and the grocer
Refused to give him food;
The milkman said, "No, no, Sir!
I've read *The Viper's Brood*."

Gnawing a mangel-wurzel
At Marley-on-the-Mound,
Sickened by luck's reversal,
Lay Worth within the pound;
Sole comrade of his feastings
An old unlettered boor
Who had not heard of *Beestings*
Nor read *The Goat-God's Spoor*.

Suddenly then conviction
Came home to Worth. He went
And wrote a piece of fiction
That pulsed with sentiment;
He praised the men of Marley,
He hymned their simple lives;
In *Reaping Hooks* and *Barley*
He swore they loved their wives.

He plumbed the deep abysm
Of vile bathetic rot;
He put no realism
In language or in plot;
Each chapter made him sicker,
He scarcely touched on vice;
When it came out, the Vicar
Thought it was rather nice.

But when the critics read it,
Oh my! the jeer, the scoff!
The Nation scarce could credit
So vast a falling off;
"Ho, ho," said *The Spectator*,
"How can men write such truck?"
The *Monthly Educator*
Remarked, "This book is muck."

From Fame the critics shoved him;
Did Hezekiah weep?
Ah no; for Marley loved him,
And Marley finds his keep.

Far off from Mr. SHORTER
He lives at Marley now;
You'll find him drawing porter
Inside "The Old Blue Cow."
EVOE.

RUSSIAN ROUBLES.

Phyllis and I belong to the New Poor.
(As a matter of fact we belonged to the
Old Poor too, but that is rather there
than here.)

Now you will remember that during
the War and for some time after it was
quite fashionable to be poor. One had
only to confess that one belonged to the
New Poor, with capital letters, to be
received with open arms into almost
any society. But unfortunately things
are changing; the glory of poverty is
departing. Nowadays even quite nice
people are expected to have a little
money. This worries Phyllis and me,
because we haven't any to speak of.

We had arranged to spend our three
weeks' holiday this year at the Marine
Hotel, Silverside-on-Sea. But the joy
of anticipation was marred for Phyllis
by the knowledge that she possesses
but one evening dress, and I myself
quite dreaded that sniff of the eye that
now greets the once popular woodbine.

We had almost decided to stay at
home, when one day Phyllis, in pur-
suance of her feminine habit of reading
advertisements, stumbled upon a solu-
tion of our difficulty.

"Hurrah!" she cried; "I've dis-
covered a way to make poverty inter-
esting again;" and she shoved a copy
of *The Swap and Bargain* into my hands.
It appeared that there was a Sale of
Genuine Russian Roubles. They were
cheap enough too, for they were marked
down to a shilling a thousand, or even
less than that if you took a lot.

"Don't you see," she said, "we buy
twenty-five thousand roubles for a
guinea, and then we have a fortune
locked up in Russia. People will be
frightfully interested in our poverty
again; it will be as jolly as when my
separation allowance was twelve and
sixpence a week; and my evening dress
and your woodbines won't matter a
bit."

So we bought our roubles, twenty-
five thousand of them, and the plan
worked splendidly. Phyllis dropped a
hint the first evening at dinner, and the
news spread like wild-fire. That very
night we were pointed out to a new
arrival as enormously rich people who
had lost everything—poor things!—for
the time being in the collapse of
Russia.

After that we had a really good time.
Phyllis was easily the most popular
woman in the hotel; her evening dress
was tremendously admired, and the



A POOR LOOK-OUT.

Second. "WELL, 'E 'ASN'T 'ARE CLOSED THIS EYE UP FOR YOU, BILL."

Bill (hopelessly). "YUS—AN' IT'S THE 'EPNOTIC ONE."

necessity never once arose for me to smoke my own cigarettes.

All would have been well if it had not been for Mr. Doveman. He was one of those deplorable people who are interested in finance—a man with no sense of artistic effect. I suspect him of being on the Stock Exchange, but I cannot see that even that gave him any right to interfere with our private affairs. However he seemed to think it did, for he asked me point blank, when the lounge was full of people drinking tea, what our money in Russia was invested in.

There was one of those awful pauses in the conversation and every eye was turned on me. I shot an agonised glance at Phyllis, for we were not prepared for this. We knew very little about Russia and nothing at all about finance.

But Phyllis is simply splendid; one of those women who are equal to any emergency. She drew her chair closer to Mr. Doveman's and dropped her voice to a confidential whisper.

"I don't mind telling *you*," she said, "that when the War broke out we had

just put most of our money into Samovars."

Mr. Doveman seemed impressed. He evidently hadn't credited us with so much business acumen. I felt encouraged to take up the tale.

"We have a good many thousands in Versts," I said. "I never believe in people putting all their eggs into one basket."

Mr. Doveman went on saying nothing, and Phyllis grew a little reckless. "But my husband isn't really very good at business," she said, looking at me affectionately; "if it hadn't been for me he would have sunk much more in Knouts; but I never had much faith in them."

Still the expression on Mr. Doveman's face was one which we mistook for surprised admiration, and Phyllis, for pure joy of creative art, made one more venture.

"We have quite a considerable sum in Moujiks," she said. "They were thought very safe at the time, though they haven't paid any dividends for ages."

At last Mr. Doveman spoke. "My

mother," he said, "is Russian and I have spent half of my life in Moscow. I am therefore in a position to speak with knowledge of these undertakings in which you invested your capital. All of them are sound and should recover in time, with the exception of Knouts. I should advise you to write off your Knouts."

That evening Phyllis's special Bridge table was made up without her; and I had to go out and smoke a lonely woodbine on the Marine Parade.

On the following day we returned to town and realised our roubles at a loss.

Our Latest General.

"NEW RISING IN EGYPT."

"OSCAR ASCHER DEFENDS 'CAIRO.'"

Evening Paper Headlines.

"Dr. Clifford, the Nonconformist leader, will be 85 to-morrow."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Dr. Clifford will be 83 years old to-morrow."—*Same paper, same day*.

Mr. Punch's congratulations to a veteran who seems to grow younger every minute.



Mona (to Miss Jassellton, a present-day hard-smoking governess). "DO TELL US A STORY ABOUT THE DAYS WHEN THERE WERE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN INSTEAD OF OLD BEANS AND THINGS."

THE PEACE-MAKING.

We quarrelled about a twopenny toy which you very well knew was mine ;
Well, shouldn't the eldest have all he wants? and wasn't I going-on nine?
I said you could have it when I was done, but you cried and you hid your head
And whimpered, "I shan't love you any more," but never a word I said.

So you dried your eyes and you took your doll and went off to your own small chair,
And I read *The Trail of the Pirate King* and pretended that you weren't there;
But somehow the *Pirate King* was dull and the day seemed horribly long,
And I thought that you might have made it up, for you knew you were in the wrong.

Then I peeped at you and you peeped at me, but I knew I was right, and so
I wouldn't be first to say "Let's be friends," with you in the wrong, you know;
And Tommy, the kitten, went down to Cook because neither of us would play;
We thought it was much more dignified to sulk in a grown-up way.

But the daylight waned and the night came down and the corners were filled with gloom;
It almost seemed as if Somebody Else was there in the silent room;

We were sure that the Bogeyman had come when we heard old Jupiter bark;
We'd sat opposite ends of the room all day, but—we made it up in the dark.

THE MILLIONAIRE BUSINESS.

I AM rather glad now that my people didn't put me into the millionaire business, for there seems to be such a slump in that particular line just now.

I have honestly tried to work up a connection myself. I have been saving up to be a millionaire for a long time, but as soon as I got some of the raw material together the coal merchant and the grocer, and sometimes the tailor, come and snatch it from me. Then I have to start all over again.

It is some consolation to think that it isn't all honey being a millionaire these times. I should hate to be told every day by the *Mail* why the Income Tax is six shillings in the pound. And I don't like fur coats. I never know what to feed them on.

And, just as if millionaires had not enough trouble already without being imposed upon, Professor MARTEN tells them that many of the REMBRANDT pictures are "fakes," though it passes my understanding how any art dealer could stoop so low as to take a mean advantage of innocent millionaires.

And now we find on all hands evidences of wealthy men being on the verge of ruin. You can sit down in a hotel and listen to them being ruined. I heard one the other day who said he was ruined, so he ordered another bottle of champagne to drown his sorrows in.

It's a dog's life.



ALLEVIATION'S ARTFUL AID.

DR. LLOYD GEORGE (to Sufferer from Unemployment Epidemic). "I DON'T SAY THESE FOUR HOT-WATER BOTTLES WILL ABSOLUTELY CURE YOU, BUT THEY SHOULD RELIEVE THE TROUBLE; AND ANYHOW THEY'RE BETTER THAN HOT AIR."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OBSTRUCTING THE TRAFFIC.

Tuesday, October 18th.—The House of Commons reassembled in conditions very little different from those prevailing when it adjourned eight weeks ago. The weather was the same, or a trifle hotter, and, with a couple of exceptions, the *personnel* of the two Front Benches remained unaltered. In ordinary circumstances the resignation of the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT would have made a gigantic chasm in the Ministerial ranks, but, with a heroism reminiscent of HORATIUS COCLÆS, three Under-Secretaries flung themselves into the breach and filled it so completely that Mr. CHURCHILL, arriving a little late, was crowded out and compelled to seat himself in the Gangway.

Dr. ADDISON, having finally shaken the dust of Coalition from his shoes, made his first appearance on the Front Opposition Bench. The PRIME MINISTER, however, showed no outward sign of perturbation at this addition to the strength of his open enemies, and without a tremor in his voice announced his intention of following Mr. BALFOUR and Lord LEE to Washington as soon as the Parliamentary and general situation permitted.

A queue of new Members was waiting to take the oath, and each received the usual greeting from his particular friends. But the cheers were general when Mrs. WINTRINGHAM appeared, escorted by Mr. ASQUITH and Sir D.

MACLEAN. The prophets of the Press had announced that she would sit on the same bench as Lady ASTON, and the Member for PLAISTOW had been sunning himself in the prospect of figuring as the THORNE between two Roses. But his hopes were dashed when Mrs. WINTRINGHAM seated herself two benches behind him.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was, I fear, a little sanguine in his hope that the Session would be entirely devoted to the discussion of the Government's measures for the relief of unemployment, and that it would be over in a fortnight.

Member after Member got up to demand time for the discussion of this or that "urgent" topic.

Ireland was, of course, to the fore. Captain CRAIG complained with some show of justice that the Northern Government was not yet master in its own house, since its Departments were still in the clutch of the moribund hand of Dublin Castle. Sir JOHN BUTCHER was pulled up by the SPEAKER for referring to Mr. DE VALERA by his name. Although returned for two constituencies, he has not taken his seat and has apparently no intention of doing so.

Nevertheless he should, it seems, be described as "the Honourable Member for East Clare (or East Mayo)."

There are, however, limits to the deference to be paid to the Sinn Féin Members. When Mr. JACK JONES suggested that they ought to be consulted before the House entered upon an Irish discussion Mr. CHAMBERLAIN emphatically declined to give anyone outside the House a veto on its proceedings.

The Lords held a brief sitting. Lord CURZON expressed his profound regret that pressure of work would prevent him from joining the British delegation at Washington and presenting to the Disarmament Conference the fruits of his life-long study of the problems of the Far East and the Pacific. He hoped, nevertheless, that the Conference would be able to arrive at an



STATUE TO COMMEMORATE THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO WESTMINSTER OF THE QUEEN OF WEEFREESLAND.

(After the Statue of BOADICEA on the Embankment.)

MR. ASQUITH. MRS. WINTRINGHAM. SIR D. MACLEAN.



Lady Landscape Gardener. "I SUGGEST A ROW OF TREES ON EITHER SIDE, AND THEN YOU WILL HAVE A VISTA AT THE END."
Proprietor. "NO, WE WON'T 'AVE NO VISTERS AT THE END. I LIKE TO SEE THE VIEW."

honourable and happy solution of them. As to business, there being nothing for their lordships to do, he suggested that they should take another week's holiday. Carried *nem. con.*

Wednesday, October 19th. — Mr. HIGHAM drew attention to the discrepancies in the Licensing hours in London, and asked if they were in accordance with "the letter and spirit" of the recent Act. Sir J. BAIRD, recognising that this was a question of absorbing interest, made a sympathetic reply, but pointed out that the HOME SECRETARY had no power to interfere with the discretion of the Justices.

I trust that the Duke of York, who from over the clock was an attentive listener to the PRIME MINISTER's speech upon Unemployment, did not allow himself to be unduly depressed by the orator's gloom. I should myself have been profoundly miserable but for the remembrance that barely three years ago the Minister who now talked of "the worst period of unemployment for a hundred years" and summed up its causes in the one word, War, was prophesying the wonderful new world to be born of our victory over the Central Powers. He was wrong then; he is probably wrong now.

Happily the gloom was occasionally

relieved by flashes of brilliance. When the PRIME MINISTER mentioned as a proof of the Government's foresight that sixty thousand ex-service men had been settled in the Dominions, a Labour Member rashly ejaculated, "To get rid of them." Swift came the retort, "The War showed that we do not get rid of them;" and the speech ended in a coruscation of epigrams, of which the most notable (since it cuts both ways) was that "You don't build up your strength with patent medicines."

The most helpful thing in the ensuing debate was Mr. CLYNES's impressive warning against the fallacy of "ca' canny," which, if taken to heart by his fellow-Labourites—and there are encouraging signs in that direction—could do more to revive British trade than all the Government's four Bills put together.

As Colonel WEDGWOOD observed in a speech alternating between sound commonsense and the vaguest Utopianism, the result of all these attacks on natural economic laws is that the natural laws come back at you like a punch-ball.

Thursday, October 20th.—A few months ago Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD was constantly engaged in showing that the Irish police were not so black-and-tan as their enemies painted them.

Now, with equal assurance, he appeared to defend the Sinn Feiners against the charge of truce-breaking. The truce, we gathered, had not been broken, but only cracked a little, and, anyway, while this important Conference was sitting, the Government must be allowed some discretion.

The PRIME MINISTER announced that orders for the new battleships would be given immediately (who said Disarmament?); and Mr. KELLAWAY defended the new Intelligence Department at the G.P.O. (which gave us the spicy item about his "two-seater") on the ground that it only cost £650 a year (who said Economy?).

Renewing the debate on the Unemployment proposals Dr. ADDISON made it clear from the outset that he meant to give his old friend the PRIME MINISTER "a good hard knock," and said many things about him, some shrewd and some shrewish. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE being unfortunately absent, it fell to the MINISTER OF HEALTH to reply to the strictures of his predecessor—a task which he performed with good-humoured ponderosity. His first point—that no one would have guessed from the speech that only last year its author was himself Chairman of the Unemployment Committee—was also his best.



First Customer. "A CUP OF COFFEE AND A POACHED EGG ON TOAST."

Second Customer. "I'LL HAVE THE SAME; BUT ELIMINATE THE EGG."

Waitress. "SORRY, SIR, BUT THE ELIMINATOR IS OUT OF ORDER."

THE SCHOOL OF ARTEMUS.

Mr. Punch, in his efforts to live up to the title of "The Democritus of Fleet Street," once conferred on him by *The Daily Telegraph*, looks backwards as well as forwards, and is not unmindful of those who in past days assisted him in ministering to mirth. He has been criticised for his insular outlook, but he has striven to mitigate his insularity by enlisting the aid of contributors from overseas—CARAN D'ACHE and ARTEMUS WARD, to mention only two—and there are few incidents in his career on which he looks back with greater satisfaction than the invitation which MARK LEMON extended to the "immortal showman" in the summer of 1866, and which led to the publication of eight papers in *Punch* under the heading of "Artemus Ward in London." The invitation grew out of the success of the famous lectures at the Egyptian Hall. ARTEMUS WARD was already in an advanced stage of consumption and had to abandon his lectures, repairing to the Channel Islands in the vain search of health,

and returning to Southampton, where he died on March 6th, 1867. The article entitled "A Visit to the British Museum" is the last published paper from his pen.

Punch, then, has turned with a special interest to the pages of the monumental *History of American Literature*, in four volumes, published as a supplement to *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, to see how it fares with the reputation of his old contributor and friend as weighed and tested by the leading American intellectuals of to-day. Well, practically the only praise ARTEMUS gets is for having recognised the talent of MARK TWAIN in 1863. He is not only relegated to the category of the "Minor Humorists" by Professor GEORGE FRISBIE WHICHER, of Amherst College, but dismissed in a few contemptuous sentences as one who relied on mechanical misspellings, and at best marked the initial stages in "the inevitable progress from pioneer jocularity to urbane irony."

Further disparagement is dealt out in the chapter on LINCOLN, by Professor NATHANIEL WRIGHT STEPHENSON, who

holds the Chair of History at Charleston. Here we read that too much has been said about LINCOLN's humour; that almost none of it has survived; that LINCOLN, as a type, "illustrates the American contentment with the externals of humour, with bad grammar, buffoonery and ironic impudence." "He shared the illusions of his day about Artemus Ward. When he tried to write humorously he did somewhat the same sort of thing—he was of the School of Artemus."

If this heavy-heeled, portentous, Teutonic seriousness is really representative of the best literary criticism in America, then we are sorry for America. If admiration for the humour of ARTEMUS WARD is an "illusion," *Punch* is proud to share it with LINCOLN, with BOB LOWE, himself a great scholar and a wit, who was prodigiously amused by his lecture; and with RICHARD HOLT HUTTON, who wrote about it with enthusiasm in *The Spectator*. Serious people in those days did not always take themselves too seriously, but appreciated the delights of "judicious levity." In the programme of his lec-



"WHY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT A MOTOR SHOW? THOUGHT YOU HATED CARS?"

"SO I DO. BUT IT'S SO NICE TO COME HERE ONCE A YEAR AND BE IN THE MIDST OF MOTORS YOU HAVEN'T TO DODGE."

ture at the Egyptian Hall there occurs this sentence: "Mr. Artemus Ward will call upon the Citizens of London, at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand." *Mutatis mutandis* the notice would seem to hold good to-day for the Professors of Amherst and Charleston, who no doubt would lament the "buffoonery" of ARTEMUS WARD's description of Virginia City: "Fortunes are made here in a day. There are instances on record of young men going to this place without a shilling—poor and friendless—yet by energy, intelligence and a careful disregard to business they have been enabled to leave it owing hundreds of pounds."

But Mr. Punch is for the moment more concerned with the articles in his own pages than with the lectures. To say nothing of the wonderful courage and cheerfulness shown by the stricken writer, they abound in shrewd and memorable sayings. Perhaps the best is the comment on Traitors' Gate: "Traitors, I will here remark, are a onfortnit class of peple. If they wasn't they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up the country—they fail, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes." Correct the grammar and the

spelling and the point of the saying is unaffected: so much for the reliance on mechanical misspelling.

On the subject of finance his advice is peculiarly appropriate to-day. He professed an entire ignorance of all the great fundamental principles, but was content to say, "Let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrow the money to do it with." As a literary critic he was responsible for the profound saying that all the commentators, Shakespearean scholars, etc., were agreed on one thing and one only—that he was born at Stratford in 1564. "And there is no doubt that if these commentators or persons continue investigatin Shakespeare's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it at all." The saying that CHAUCER had talent "but he couldn't spel" is equally luminous when properly viewed, but must cause agony to the upholders of urbane irony.

Shams and frauds, charlatans and pseudo-philanthropists and cadgers are faithfully dealt with. He never forbore to criticize English ways, but his satire was always tempered by kindness, by a desire to promote goodwill between the "two great countries which speak the same langwidge, except as regards H's." Of the harmless profes-

sional deceptions which he describes as "sacrifices to art"; of his famous Essay on Cats, and his anecdotes of leopards and bears, it is enough to say that, if any modern can read them with a straight face, he must be either a prig or a professor—or both.

Yes, though Mr. Punch recognises how taste in humour has changed in the last sixty years, he remains a staunch believer in the genius of ARTEMUS WARD.

"I do not myself think that women are exactly like men in their metal equipment."

Yorkshire Evening Paper.

We agree that woman's claim to financial equality has yet to be settled in her favour.

"He simply tees his ball, sends it skimming away, and then gathers up his caddie and walks with elasticity in his stride to continue the tussle."—*Welsh Paper.*

The name of this Herculean golfer is not given, but we fancy it must be Mr. TOLLEY.

"The bandits boarded the mail car as the train was leaving Bellis, and immediately civered the mail clerk. They rigled several mail pouches, slashing open a number that they thought contained the greatest amount of caluables."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Some day or other we must try to learn American slang.

REVERSION TO TYPE.

I HAVE lately become a Parent. Do not misunderstand me. I am not referring to the arrival of my firstborn; that is quite ancient history, and in any case such an event is a matter of simple parenthood, unworthy of a capital P.

Mine is a more dignified, a more exalted status. To put it plainly, my eldest boy has gone to school, and I have become one of those for whose guidance headmasters and other luminaries of the scholastic firmament write: "Parents are requested to . . .," "Parents should see that . . .," "Will Parents kindly note . . .," and other important things of that kind.

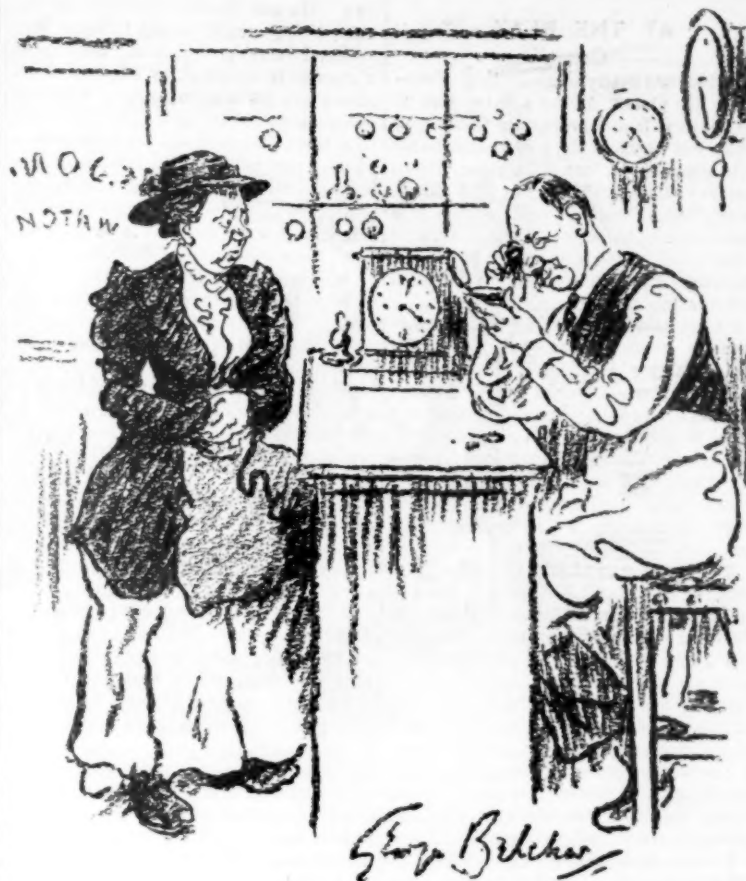
To understand the true significance of Parenthood one must have been a schoolmaster, and such indeed was I in the dim far-away days before the unspeakable Hun began his endeavour to upset the apple-carts of the rest of the world. My reformation dates from August, 1914, when, like many another, I beat my mortarboard into a cap, serge, drab, field service, officer's, and exchanged my gown for the ingenious cosmetry designed by the late lamented Sam Browne.

In those distant unregenerate days one saw much of the Parent; one had opportunities of studying him (or her) as a type, and of seeing something of the futilities of which he (or she) was capable.

One's eggs and bacon—that was in the days, remember, when eggs still ran in pairs, when one would as soon have thought of eating a lone egg as of wearing a single sock—one's eggs and bacon, then, were consumed amidst the reading of epistles from Parents who wished to know whether Tom had started his winter pants; whether there wasn't some mistake in the half-term's order, since Dick (*such* a clever boy) was but one place removed from the bottom of his form; why Harry had been allowed to barter his fountain pen for a death's-head caterpillar.

But the worst ordeal of all was the first day of term. Then indeed one saw the quintessence of Parenthood. Tearful mothers and fathers with choky voices arrived in droves, bringing the coy new boy unwillingly to school. And each and everyone told the same sad story in almost exactly the same words. The boy was a peculiar boy; not delicate but highly strung, you know, requiring special treatment, and apt to lose heart unless he were frequently encouraged. When you have heard this twenty times or so in one short afternoon you begin to wonder whether the ordinary boy is not an extinct animal.

In my later years as an usher I learned to forestall the Parent and to



Owner of Turnip. "IT'LL WIND UP ALL RIGHT, BUT IT 'ON'T GO. MY 'USBAN' RECKONS THE CHAIN HAS COMED OFF OF THE WHEEL."

gain a reputation for being a man of heart and understanding by saying, once the boy had left us, "Now let me see if I can tell you what you were going to tell me about your boy. I think that I have sized him up correctly. Though strong and healthy, he is not quite an ordinary boy. He has not the rough nature, the self-assertiveness, the independent spirit of most boys. He is clever, but unless he is encouraged in his work he will not do himself justice. Am I right?" "Oh, yes! *How* well you understand boys," would be the reply. "I feel that Clarence will be quite safe and happy with you."

Now, when my eldest olive branch was duly entered at Berkminster it occurred to me that his headmaster and housemaster were indeed fortunate in having me as a Parent. Let others do as they listed, I at least could be counted on to commit none of their fond follies.

"Here is my boy," I would say; "I have been a schoolmaster myself, so that I know just what you are thinking.

He is a perfectly normal boy. Don't coddle him, and above all things be sure that I will never write to you about his winter pants."

We reached the school, Bill and I, just as I had reached it years before with my father. Knowing the ropes I bought him a school cap at once and showed him how to mellow its aggressive newness. Then we went to see Mr. Blenkinsopp, his housemaster.

A delightful man, Blenkinsopp. He patted Bill affectionately on the head and told him to run out into the court. Then he turned to me. "And now tell me all about Bill," he said, beaming upon me.

My voice was choky. I looked at him, and found that he inspired confidence.

"Bill," I said, "is not quite an ordinary boy. A little nervous, you know" And then I saw the slow sad smile that was dawning upon Blenkinsopp's face. In spite of all my good resolutions I had joined the great band. I had indeed become a Parent!

AT THE PLAY.

"CAIRO."

THERE are many features that distinguish Mr. OSCAR ASCHE's quinquennial pantomime from the annual Christmas kind; but perhaps the most remarkable is its almost total lack of humour. There was, it is true, a Chinaman (Mr. COCHRANE), who started well with some humorous comment upon the character of his wife; but this proved to be almost his only joke, so he had to say it again and again.

I have seldom met a less funny personality than the alleged *Clown* of Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, and as for the grotesqueries of *Zarka* (Miss BESSIE MAJOR) it was scarcely possible to wring a laugh out of them. For the rest one had to be content with such *jeux d'esprit* as "Thou ass! thou father of an ass!" which I found not quite good enough after an evening with Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK.

But there was plenty of undesigned humour, and I enjoyed that. I liked to think what pains had been taken over the local colour of the Cairo Bazaar—real camels and a real donkey—and then, on the banks of the Nile where the pilgrims to Mecca had just been sitting by their camp-fires, to see a ballet brought on, straight out of the desert, in costumes that would have surprised the *flâneurs* of Deauville *plage*. What would the real camels and the real donkey have thought of that?

I liked it too when the *Sultan* (Mr. SHAYLE GARDNER) walked at large, like another *Haroun-al-Raschid*, through the streets of Cairo to study his people, confident that they would not pierce his disguise, consisting (if I remember) of a vest and short petticoat. And I liked the scene where *Prince Nur-al-Din* is killed under the eyes of his faithful bodyguard and not one of them lifts a spear against the assassin.

It cheered me also to picture the mental processes of the Censorship, when, out of respect for the followers of MAHOMET, it condemned the original title of the play—*Mecca*—and approved the comic song about going to this holy spot to save one's soul.

But, if I could smile at all this, there was also matter for tears in the pathos of things; as when one witnessed Mr. ASCHE's great content in the performance of heavy-weight feats of brute strength and remembered that he was once an actor of intelligent parts; or listened to Miss LILY BRAYTON throwing off her turgid banalities, or saw her introducing her troupe of half-dressed houris, and recalled the days when she played in literary drama.

However, let us give Mr. ASCHE his

due. He can handle crowds with any man, being much too big to have ever suffered from agoraphobia. And he is a master of spectacular effects. But, above all, he understands a business proposition. Apologists may say that *Chu-Chin-Chow* owed its record success to its "riot of colour." But he knows better. He knows that all that colour would have rioted to relatively small purpose if its dominant note had not been the note of naked flesh.

And here in *Cairo* he shows no decline in the keenness of his commercial *flair*. For the artistic temperament, or for those who need a domestic pretext for attending, the colour still riots on the best Oriental lines; but this would not suffice for another such triumph. The lust of the general eye must again be catered for—almost, this time, to the point of satiety. Nor have the public's mental needs been overlooked, no demand being made on its intelligence, apart from the obscurity of the plot; if indeed it troubles itself at all about such trifles.

There seems to have been some correspondence in the Press on the subject of the orgy in *Nur-al-Din's* palace. And in truth, when this gentleman, after what appeared to be a sufficiently brazen exhibition on the staircase, gave it as his opinion that this was but a tame and anæmic performance, and that it was time that they got on to the real Bacchanalian stuff, I admit that I was prepared for almost anything. But it turned out to be just ugly, with an ugliness unredeemed by any touch of that art which tempers the repulsiveness of *Scheherazade*.

When I assisted at *Cairo* on the third night the applause was very thin for so full a house. This reticence may surprise you; but on reflection, and without the need of more than a rudimentary knowledge of human nature, you will understand it. People seldom give themselves away at this kind of exhibition. I have noticed that the more self-exposure there is on the stage the less you always find in the audience.

O. S.

Horticultural Hints.

From a Dutch bulb-catalogue:—

"Now is the time that the sagacious garden-lover hastens to nip the early worm in the bud."

But is this procedure quite fair to the budding early bird?

"The keeper threw a bun to the elephant, which hit him on the head and fell down under the hot pipes."—*Morning Paper*.

These pachyderms are so passionately sensitive. The creature's swift remorse for its act of ingratitude makes a touching story.

VALUES.

"Oh! Eighty-eight an' a-half."

This is Esmé's estimate of my (quite moderate) age.

It is the "half" that hurts; it makes so horribly sure of the eighty-eight.

Surely there must be something in our daily atmosphere of inflated values which has magnified my age so appallingly.

Yet, on the other hand, there was the affair of the pearl necklace.

It is a matter of common knowledge in the best circles that, to shop properly, one must come beating loudly at the door, attired in someone else's overcoat (with the collar turned up), a billycock hat and bearing the most pretentious stick (or umbrella) the rack can afford.

"Good day to you and Madam! Have you anything to sell to-day?"

With a truculence foreign to my nature I demanded jewels. Diamonds of the first water. The best procurable.

With a slight trembling of the hands Esmé gravely submitted strings of blue-china and other beads.

Warming to the work I roared that I must have the best only; that they were for a lady of title; that I was not the man to be put off with an inferior article, nor to consider price where real quality was required; that my references—my character—were unchallengeable.

We were both getting rather carried away. Lifting a string of imitation pearls from one of the boxes before her she looked up shyly, and in a strange and broken little voice suggested tremulously—

"Tuppens?"

The New Breakfast Dish.

"Butchers doing a cash business were selling English eggs of mutton or lamb yesterday at 1s. 6d. a lb."—*Daily Paper*.

We understand that the new sheep egg has replaced the shop egg, and is quite nice with red-currant jelly or mint-sauce, according to age.

"At —, yesterday, the Higher Education Sub-committee was committed to gaol for 14 days for begging."—*Provincial Paper*.

And the Poplar Councillors were sent to prison for not putting up the rates. It's a hard world for public representatives.

"LONDON, September 1.
Tolley won the first Welsh Open Golf championship in 2 min. 49 1-5 sec."

New Zealand Paper.

No details are given of this remarkable feat; but we fancy we remember reading that his opponent "lay dead at the first hole," and this melancholy occurrence would no doubt account for it.



Monsieur. "VOILÀ, MADAME, LE DÎNER."

Hostess. "BRAVO, MONSIEUR! MAIS PAS BEAUCOUP À MANGER?"

Monsieur. "TIENS, AVEZ-VOUS OUBLIÉ LES HORS-D'ŒUVRE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WISH Mrs. C. S. PEEL—though she certainly has the honourable excuse of having been one of the first to pull the prey down—would leave the from-the-shop-to-the-seraglio theme to the jackals who have just come up to it, and give me another book which goes on as well as *Tony Sant* (LANE) begins. *Antonietta Ferrant*, a sensitive child of romantic antecedents, is brought up in a country vicarage by the excellent Mrs. Katt, as a companion to her daughter *Teresa* and an additional source of income to herself. Mrs. K.—whom I took to at once when she went, as *Teresa* said, "puffing" round the lawn, straightening croquet-hoops and picking up dead leaves—was quite justified in looking upon this arrangement as a work of charity, since it kept *Tony* out of the sphere of influence of her stepmother, the ex-barmaid *Muriel*. However, *Muriel* got *Tony* home to help her look after the twins; and *Tony*, her indiscreet idyll with a schoolboy of her own age being misconstrued by the neighbourhood, borrowed money from her middle-aged admirer, *Hubert Jantoine*, to go to London and look for work. If she had found it in time it would have been a merciful departure from the usual corollary of such problems. But *Tony* had no such luck; and I liked her well enough to be heartily sorry.

To read LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON'S *Here, There and Everywhere* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is to reflect, with envy and with gratitude, upon the luck of its author, who has seen and done so many jolly things in his life. I think I can trace a good deal of this luck to the happy, tolerant, humorous spirit which irradiates his books of reminiscences.

LORD FREDERIC has travelled many a long road, but he remembers only the flowers by the wayside; and if sometimes he fell in with disagreeable companions he has left them out of sight. He has shot tigers in India, and also a bear, which (remembering the Zoo) he lured to destruction with buns. He has explored the old city of Canton, in company with a midshipman who considered the occasion appropriate to the smoking of cheroots, with unfortunate results. He has feasted in the Winter Palace, in a splendour which has departed. Of all his stories the account of his two visits to Bermuda is perhaps the most alluring. A Guardsman friend of his won a boat-race in a gale of wind by putting the Governor's old yacht at a coral reef and jumping it. The author tells us how he discovered the charming *Song of the Bermudians*, "We, the loneliest and least of all thy peoples of the sea," and set it to music. Sport and poetry, the picturesque and the comic, talk and jest and music and kindly deeds—in a word, all that is good and pleasant Lord FREDERIC appreciates with a zest which is sure to delight and inspire his readers. May they be many!

I have a fancy that, in writing her latest novel, *Antonia* (SECKER), Miss VIOLA MEYNELL must have said to herself that the people who were worth bothering about would understand it all right, and the others didn't matter. I must confess with shame to being one of the others. I have understood that *Antonia* was the beautiful daughter of a nice, cosmopolitan and completely respectable Count, that in an English garrison town she met a superbly handsome officer, *Captain Brook*, quite of the OUIDA school, and a mysterious Pole, *Prince Mitranj*, and that, after considerable indecision, she

married the *Prince*. But this is the mere outer shell of Miss MEYNELL's story, and the something else which I feel that I ought to have discovered in it has somehow escaped me. *Antonia* certainly went as far as eloping to Paris, in a very proper fashion, with *Captain Brook*, but, as on every other occasion when she seemed particularly well disposed towards this gentleman, the *Prince* appeared on the scene and unsettled her, this time to the extent of inducing her to elope with him instead. The *Prince* had apparently committed an extraordinary number of sins (not specified) and was going to repent, very uncomfortably, in Poland, and *Antonia* by marrying him was somehow going to assist in the process; but beyond these points my knowledge is too vague to be useful. There is a certain distinction about Miss MEYNELL's work which makes me wish that she had been a little kinder and let me know what it is all about.

Do you know what *The Angami Nagas* (MACMILLAN) are? A mountain range? Books of ancient legend? Not at all. When I opened this fat and handsome volume by

J. H. HUTTON, C.I.E., M.A., I was as ignorant as you doubtless are, and felt rather inclined to cry out with Mr. John Finsbury when *Morris* sent him the *Athenaeum*—"Golly! what a"—book. It did look so confoundedly learned. And it is. But dull—not a bit of it. The Naga tribes, let me tell you, are hillsmen of Northern India between Eastern Bengal and Burma, crowding over into Manipur apparently. I see that Mr. HUTTON, who is one of those flaccid pestilent bureaucrats (see *Stunt Press passim*), who, in return for millions of lakhs of rupees of public money, wastes his time in writing invaluable anthropological treatises, has written fully elsewhere of the Sema Nagas. The Angami Nagas (own cousins to the Semas) are a reasonably warlike and flirtatious (to say no more) race of head-hunting sportsmen. What Mr. HUTTON doesn't know of their religion (if any), laws and customs, language, dress, hunting gadgets, *tabus* (or *gennas*) is, I should imagine (but of course I can't be sure) not worth knowing, though I doubt if the author, who writes with a modest self-suppression and a good deal of quiet humour, would agree with me. A book for experts which ignorant laymen like me (or you) can thoroughly enjoy; and admirably illustrated.

Novelists who in these days set out to extract fun from the condition of Ireland are on ticklish ground, but no one except a hopeless curmudgeon could be offended by Mr. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM's *The Lost Lawyer* (METHUEN). "A Resident Magistrate in Ireland," says Colonel Harding, who tells the story, "leads an uncomfortable life nowadays," and one can well believe it. Yet there would seem to be consolations in the humour of most situations in which the Irish temperament plays a part. "If your side captured one of your opponents it was an arrest. If the other side seized one of your friends it was a case of kidnapping. The

victim found it equally unpleasant whichever name it went by." Tranquillity reigned in *Ballyovie* until *Tom Torrenson*, the most important man in the town, suddenly disappeared. The Sinn Feiners were certain that the Black and Tans had captured *Torrenson*, and the Black and Tans were equally sure that the Sinn Feiners were responsible for his disappearance. It is a delightful situation, and Mr. BIRMINGHAM obviously enjoyed it. So did I.

The sixteen stories contained in *Told at "The Plume"* (HURST AND BLACKETT) are excellent specimens of Mr. EÖEN PHILLPOTTS in his best Dartmoor mood. We are accustomed to look for humour racy of the soil from Mr. PHILLPOTTS when he gathers a bevy of his local ancients together and allows them to talk; but in many of these tales the humour is merely salt to a story of considerable force and meaning. As the pick of a good bunch I would select "The Mystery of the Sailormen," "The Cordwainer's Daughter" and "Half-Mast"; but I should also like to commend "The Rope," which in spite of its gruesomeness leaves me with

a tender feeling for the public hangman. "The Plume," it is scarcely necessary to say, is a public-house, and the views of *Johnny Rowland*, the astute landlord of that well-conducted inn, on the subject of present regulations and restrictions would be worth walking over Dartmoor in a fog to hear.

It is early perhaps to talk of buying books for Christmas presents; but you can always anticipate the good season and use your gifts for your own delight while you wait for its coming. So I shall at

once recommend—very heartily and without prejudice—the following books of pictures reproduced from the pages of *Punch*:—*More Morrow*, by Mr. GEORGE MORROW; *Humours of the Street*, by Mr. G. L. STAMPA (with a very appreciative introduction by Mr. PETT RIDGE); and *A Book of Drawings*—the majority of them from *Punch*—by Mr. H. M. BATEMAN, sponsored in a typical vein by Mr. G. K. CHESTER-TOX. Also two volumes of *Punch* articles—*The Sunny Side*, by Mr. A. A. MILNE, and *Light Articles Only*, by Mr. A. P. HERBERT; and two collections of *Punch* verse—*Parodies Regained*, by Mr. E. V. KNOX ("EVOE"), and *The Fairy Flute*, by Miss ROSE FYLEMAN ("R.F."). All seven published by Messrs. METHUEN. Finally, a combined volume of articles and sketches, many of them from *Punch*, entitled *A Cartoonist amongst Animals* (HURST AND BLACKETT), by Mr. L. R. BRIGHTWELL, whose treatment of the war-time mule will be joyously recalled.

"The Lieut.-Governor of Guernsey, with Lady and Miss Capper, visited the Public Library, Royal Court and the States Chamber, where various objects of interest were explained to them by Sir William Vernon, who acted as chaperone."—*Channel Island Paper*.

We know nothing of local etiquette, but should have thought that a lady's presence would afford sufficient moral protection to her own husband and daughter.



Elderly and rather absent-minded knight-errant (after the combat). "CURIOUS! BUT I HAVE A KIND OF FEELING THAT I HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING."

CHARIVARIA.

THE enthusiastic send-off given to the PRINCE OF WALES was a high compliment to one who never pretended to be a cinema star.

An exhibition of the G. P. O. Arts Club has just been held. It included several Parcel-Post-Impressionists.

Writing of the Row, a Society paragonist notes a tendency to return to the side-saddle. Some riders make a practice of doing so every few yards.

Owing to the gloomy prophecy of a mild winter many plumbers are disposing of their cars.

According to a Sunday paper the device of reduced licences is not the Omega nor even the Alpha of temperance reform. Then what is it? for it certainly can't be the Bodega.

It was cabled from New York last week that Earl BEATTY, in mufti, accompanied by Mr. MARSHALL FIELD, had promenaded Fifth Avenue without being recognised by anyone. In the absence of any official *démenti* we have no option but to believe this.

A Los Angeles resident has had to pay five thousand dollars for calling a neighbour an "old hen." Allowing for the state of the exchange, we think he could have got better value for his money in this country.

According to a weekly journal there are now 10,999 telegraph messengers working in London. Originally there were 11,000, but one got disqualified for running.

A railway porter has confessed to stealing two hundred umbrellas in two years. It looks as if he was putting them aside for a rainy day.

Sir FRANK DYSON reminds us that there will be a total eclipse of the sun on September 20, 1922. Everything is being done to make the eclipse a success.

"By imitating the movement of a worm it is often possible to get within touching distance of your quarry," states a Scout journal. Much anxiety is being felt about the small boy who went out early in the morning to try

this experiment and has not yet returned, especially as a well-fed thrush has been seen near the spot.

A contemporary relates that during the first performance of *Heartbreak House* Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT expostulated with persons who persisted in chattering. It should be mentioned that the offenders in question were among the audience, not on the stage.

On the arrival of a train in Nairobi Station the other day three lions entered a carriage. It speaks well for the courtesy of the passengers that to a man they gave up their seats.

With reference to the proposed tax on tips, a London railway-guard declares that often after a long run from the North he has not received a single half-

complain that the EINSTEIN Theory has demoralised the passenger, would welcome a return to the practice of leaving such articles under the seat.

According to Greenwich Observatory the moon is moving faster than its scheduled speed. The Heavenly Bodies Union, we understand, has been duly informed.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE writes that bad hats are not wanted in Fiji. Nothing was said of "Sandringhams."

A Boat-Faced Heron, we read, has been seen in the Shetlands. We are not sure that "Boat-Faced" isn't a libel.

"My coming-out really dates from a cotillion given by Lady — at the Savoy," writes a lady autobiographer.

There should now be an end of the controversy that has raged round this epoch-making event.

An electric toothbrush has been invented in America. This, of course, does away with the old custom of sending one's teeth to the local power-station to get them charged.

At Godalming a flock of sheep refused to enter the slaughter-house and bolted into a dental surgery. Curiously enough the last time we were dragged to the dentist we broke away and made a dash for the slaughter-house.

"The pencil which I gave to a Petrograd poet," says the *Daily News* Correspondent, "was eagerly and gratefully accepted." Our own POET LAUREATE is just like that.

A lawn-tennis expert has noticed that several well-known players bare their teeth when about to serve. It is hoped that by next summer this unsportsmanlike trick will be officially discountenanced.

"A Pacific War Must Be Made Impossible!" says a Sunday newspaper headline. Our own opinion is that you wouldn't notice the difference from this Bellicose Peace.

"The remainder of the moon's surface was covered with a delicate flicker of pale luminous light."—*Daily Paper*. We always prefer our light to be luminous.



THE AUTO-RAZOR.
IT'S BOUND TO COME.

penny. This experience, of course, has become increasingly frequent with the depreciation of the bawbee.

We understand there is no truth in the report that an American film producer has offered ex-Emperor KARL a huge sum if he will just run over the ground again for the films.

A news message states that Spanish troops in Morocco have occupied the position of Arruit. It is evident that they don't see the London papers, or they would have known that their war was over some time ago.

There is a lot to be said for the cheap car, we read. Yes; but it is just as well not to say it when there are women and children about.

LORD HALDANE observes that if he drops a ginger-beer bottle out of a carriage window it appears to fall quite straight. The Railway Companies, who

DAZZLING HEADLIGHTS.

["Sir HENRY MAYBURY's Committee defines dazzle as 'an intensity of light reaching the eye of the observer so as to interfere with normal vision.' . . . Hopes are entertained that a device may yet be developed by which the beam may be controlled so as to confine the strong light to an area below the level of the 'observer's' eye."—"The Times" on the Committee's third interim Report just issued.]

WHERE men of weight their views compare
(Sir HENRY MAYBURY in the Chair)
There should "emerge" some sound decision,
Some "formula" to check the lights
Directed on the road o' nights
That "interfere with normal vision."

They entertain a hope, it seems,
So to depress those lethal beams
Below the human optic's level
That innocents their way may take
And not be butchered just to make
A bloated road-hog's midnight revel.

And here, Lucinda, by the way,
Talking of headlights, let me say
That I am painfully reminded
How strong a candle-power supplies
The dazzling lamps that are your eyes,
By which my blinking orbs are blinded.

Their killing rays when I remark
Levelled upon me after dark,
My pupils bulge, my breath is bated,
As when a boa-constrictor's eye
Arrests a rabbit strolling by
And holds him fixed and fascinated.

Ah, cease, Lucinda, thus to shed
Those deadly shafts that daze my head
When horizontally projected;
Lower their impact, if you please,
And at my boots or trouser-knees
Let all that radiance be directed.

O. S.

OFF THE MAP.

DURING those years when dynasties crumbled, boundaries shifted and nations dissolved, a certain little country silently went under and was no more. It owed its disappearance to no special animus on the part of anyone, for, as far as I am aware, it had not an enemy in the world. Yet its inhabitants apparently never had the option of self-determination. Search the map of Europe as minutely as you will, you will find no trace of it. That this should have come to pass without a public protest seems strange; but I think it is probably accounted for by the fact that, though many of us are perfectly familiar with the place, we call it by different names. As any information about its fate would be gratefully received by me, let me recall its salient features to your mind. You may perhaps have later news of it.

It lay in a southerly direction, wedged in by Russia on the one hand and on the other by a powerful Germanic state whose name was also subject to variations. You took the Continental Express to get there, I am sure of that. Just as you were taking your seat in the train a lady with curiously penetrating dark eyes slipped into the adjoining compartment. She was as necessary to you as your passport, if you wished to carry out the journey in correct style; I will not say without difficulties, because you would hardly have expected that.

Having crossed the frontier you shortly found yourself

in the picturesque old capital, which was usually prepared for a coronation. There, I think, the railway stopped. I don't remember going anywhere else by train; do you? Horses were greatly in demand and the roads on the whole were good.

Part of the city was new and commonplace—a sort of Vienna in miniature—but part was very old. You walked in the new part in the daytime, chatting to diplomatists and renewing acquaintance with one or two people you had formerly met in Paris. At night you went for a stroll in the Old Town, and people sprang at you out of doorways and rifled your pocket-book, but generally let you go unharmed.

Twenty miles out of the city was a grey old keep. Part of it had fallen into disrepair, but it was still a very useful stronghold for a man with a secret to hide. This castle was the cradle of the ruling race.

It was a creditable ruling race. It did the thing well. Some of its members went the pace at times, it is true; but they could all be depended upon to rise to the occasion. And their royal ladies— Ah!

These panegyrics apply, of course, to the true line only. The morganatic offspring were, to put it moderately, the limit.

The inhabitants were rather a special breed—loyal, devoted, very fickle and fearfully addicted to revolutions. Their politics were fairly straightforward. A brief conversation with a leading General over a glass of absinthe instructed you in all the essential points. First, there was the party of the rightful monarch. He always had something against him—his past, his marriage, his manner or just sheer bad luck. What he really needed was someone with brains and bravery to step into the breach and pull things together for him. You never pushed yourself forward in the matter, though you had to admit that the situation intrigued you. It was Fate that sent you to his help.

Then there was the party of the Pretender. He was generally one of the morganatic offspring to whom I have alluded, and always quite an outsider. But he attracted a very large following nevertheless.

Then there was the watching, waiting Power. Upon any plausible excuse—a delayed coronation, an attempted revolution, a scandal in the royal house—it was due to put out its great paw (or, alternatively, its great claw) and sweep the country from the map. On the other hand, if its aid were sought at the right juncture, by a really tactful envoy, it might come in very usefully to suppress a revolt with a couple of regiments in the last chapter but one. I always thought that was rather a tame ending, myself.

Most happy country of the past, where adventures abounded and friendship flourished and princesses were—oh, so pretty and praiseworthy! Who would not change at Paris for the Continental Express if he only had any reasonable hope of finding himself across your frontier by the second morning?

But if your fate is unknown and we cannot be sure of your name?

Was it Krongaria, Markland, Molgravia, Ruritania? Or was it the country of Seaboard Bohemia, "famous for the ferocity of its bears and the variety of its wild flowers"? Whichever it was I can no longer find it on the map. The watching, waiting Power must have found an excuse at last.

"At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Unionist Association in London yesterday, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: That this meeting unanimously demands that at all costs Ireland must remain an integral part of the British Empire."

Irish Paper.

We cordially agree.



CASH BUSINESS AS USUAL.

WORKING MAN. "WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT THE HOUSE O' LORDS INTERFERING WITH BETTING?"

BACK-STREET BOOKIE. "OH, THAT WON'T AFFECT US, MY BOY. YOU CAN GO ON LOSING YOUR WAGES TO ME THE SAME AS EVER."



THE COMING REACTION.

Girl of To-day. "AND NOW YOU CAN HOLD MY HAND."

Man of To-morrow. "THANKS VERY MUCH, BUT I'M EARLY VICTORIAN."

LORD THANET IN THE PHILIPPINES.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

MANILA, October 15th.

Lord Thanet's visit to the Philippines, though brief in duration, has proved one of the most momentous incidents in his great Imperial pilgrimage. The situation on his arrival was somewhat delicate, but it is universally admitted that the atmosphere has largely cleared, thanks to his happy blending of frankness and *bonhomie*. The twelve active volcanoes in the Archipelago remained in a state of complete quiescence during his stay, and there was a notable cessation of the earthquakes which are so distressing a feature of these islands. The domesticated water-buffalo, universally used as a draught animal and beast of burden, has hitherto given a good deal of trouble by its sluggishness and disinclination to work through the heat of the day, but since Lord Thanet's arrival has turned over a new leaf and displayed unwonted energy and industry.

The fact that the Philippines suffer from a scarcity of mammals and a total absence of marsupials was naturally a source of disappointment to Lord Thanet, after his experiences in Aus-

tralia and Tasmania; but this deficiency is already in a fair way to be remedied by the unexpected emergence of a number of new and peculiar mammalian fauna in the district of North Luzon. The increased activity of the flying-frog is regarded as of hopeful augury, while the ravages of the parasitic jungle-tick are concurrently on the decline.

Though poor in mammals, the Philippines are extraordinarily rich in birds. Lord Thanet has approached this subject from two sides—as the scientific naturalist and as a practical student of the burning question of food supply. The list of edible birds which he has sampled during his stay includes fifteen out of the thirty-five species of pigeons and doves, tailor-birds, orioles, cockatoos, larks, shrikes, fruit-thrushes, etc., to say nothing of a number of edible nests. He has also partaken freely of the eggs of the iguana, land and sea turtles, the bango or milk-fish, the pompano, the bonito, the giant clam and the Philippine shrimp, and in every instance with complete impunity. The triumphant way in which he has emerged from this daring gustatory ordeal speaks volumes for his splendid fitness and has endeared him greatly to the natives.

No better proof of his humanizing influence can be found than in the complete abandonment of the practice of head-hunting among the wilder tribes of North Luzon. Not only has the climate shown a greater stability since Lord Thanet's arrival, but the ethical standard of the natives has been elevated to a higher plane by contact with his magnetic personality.

The speech which he delivered to a great assembly of Igorots, the most intractable of the native tribes, welcoming them to the comity of nations and impressing on them the advantages of the American administration, created a profound impression. It was a perilous excursion, as the roads leave much to be desired in the hilly Luzon district. All the chauffeurs are natives and, in his own phrase, "intolerably reckless." As he said to me on his return, "Some of the sharp curves I shall never forget." When one recalls the "hair-pin" turns negotiated by his lordship at different stages of his career the comment is indeed eloquent.

But perhaps the most epoch-making incident of his visit was the remarkable game of golf which he played with AGUINALDO, once the famous *guerrilla* leader of the Filipinos in the late 'nine-

ties. The links chosen for this Homeric contest are on the slopes of the volcano of Taal and are of an extremely sporting character. The fairway is exceptionally narrow and the hazards consist of gigantic masses of trachytic tuffs interstratified with ammulitic limestone. On the day of the match there was no eruption and consequently no necessity to evade the streams of lava which render the approach to the thirteenth green so formidable. The match was all square on the eighteenth green, when Lord Thanet putted too strongly, his ball disappearing in an adjacent chasm, and AGUINALDO's adhesion to Anglo-American solidarity in the Far East was secured by a characteristic act of magnanimity. Lord Thanet is loud in his praise of AGUINALDO's niblick play, which he said was worthy of his heroic ancestry. As his opponent's maternal grandfather was a Celestial, the effect of this tribute on our relations with China cannot easily be over-estimated.

Newspapers have always flourished in the Philippines, and the advent of Lord Thanet has naturally excited great interest in those who produce and write for them. He has been immensely struck by the high ideal of accuracy maintained by the Filipino journalists and their passionate desire for veracity. One of the reporters who attended the golf match for *The Manila Monitor* stated that in the course of the round Lord Thanet had broken seventy-two niblicks and lost thirteen balls. Acting on his invariable rule of never complaining or explaining, Lord Thanet said nothing, but in the next day's issue there was an honourable correction of the mistake—the numbers having been inverted. Lord Thanet has since visited the offices of the paper and presented the reporter with a signed photograph of himself in full dress wearing his coronet.

I have singled out this historic contest for special mention in view of its international reverberations, but every incident of Lord Thanet's visit is pregnant with momentous potentialities. Yesterday he visited more than a dozen schools, six newspaper offices and five hospitals before breakfast. In the morning he played a round of golf with the Anglican Bishop of Manila, to the accompaniment of the famous Philippine Constabulary band. Some players might have been put off their game by this honorific *obligato*, but Lord Thanet maintained a rock-like steadiness throughout, downing the venerable prelate by 8 and 7. He was then entertained to a mangosteen luncheon by the leading Filipino magnates, at which only fruits were served for the first seven courses, winding up with a



CHAR GAVE.

Officer (inspecting sailor who is to be a witness at a Court-Martial). "DASH IT ALL, MAN, YOU'RE GOING BEFORE ANY AMOUNT OF ADMIRALS AND CAPTAINS, AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN PROPERLY DRESSED! GO AND TAKE THOSE BEASTLY CIVILIAN BOOTS OFF."

Sailor. "THAT'S EXCEEDIN' 'ARD LUCK, SIR. I SPECIALLY BOUGHT THEM BOOTS IN THE 'OPE THAT THEY WOULD IMPRESS THE COURT."

wonderful marine salad known locally as brandy-prawnee. Lord Thanet's speech was confined to the disarmament of Japan, the partition of China and other non-controversial topics. He subsequently proceeded to the Philippine University Buildings, where he delivered his Rectorial address on the real meaning of education, emphasizing the need of simplicity, uplift, serenity and a noble self-confidence. Incidentally he dwelt on the tremendous issues before the Washington Conference;

the resemblance of the Mindanao to the Mississippi, and of Manila to Mentone, and outlined a scheme for utilising the eruptive force of volcanoes for industrial purposes.

General Wood, I may add, has wisely issued a Proclamation, ordaining a week's cessation from all work throughout the Archipelago, beginning on the day of Lord Thanet's departure, to enable the inhabitants to assimilate, digest and meditate upon the lessons of his visit.

WHAT CHILDREN WANT.

"CHILDREN," Barlow has assured me scores of times, "don't want merely to be amused. They don't want perpetual fairy-tales and impossibilities, however politely they may listen to them. What they really enjoy and profit by are simple stories about natural things; tales of animals, for instance—real animals, not creatures of the imagination."

So when Barlow and I, out walking together, saw a squirrel dodging us behind trees and making play with a nut I took careful note of its behaviour, intending to entertain Avice with an account of it. Avice is Barlow's niece, rising five.

That evening, while I sat on a sofa and she sat more or less sedately beside me, I said to her, "Avice, Uncle Andy and I saw a dear little brown squirrel to-day."

"Did it see you?" she asked, interested.

"Oh, yes; it stood looking at me with its bright little——"

"Did it see Uncle Andy too?"

"Yes, and it had a nut in its wee paws."

Avice looked up at me with a far-away expression in her eyes and interrupted again. "You've never seen my elephant," she said.

"No. But just you hear what this Mr. Squirrel did. He was the prettiest little fellow you can imagine, and he had a long fluffy tail."

"Had he?" Avice was trying to be polite, I could see. "My elephant has a long, long, curly tail and a curly, curly trunk. Had your squirrel a trunk?"

"Squirrels don't have trunks, but it had four little brown hands to climb with and to hold nuts with. It had beautiful manners when it ate."

"My elephant has four legs and a curly tail and a long trunk to hold its breakfast with. And it can climb trees and swim and fly."

"But surely elephants don't fly and climb trees?"

"Mine does. Could your squirrel talk? My elephant talks. He tells me stories every night, and he purrs when I pat his back. What was your squirrel's name?"

"Well, I don't think it had a name. But we could give it one. We could call it Brighteyes."

"My elephant's name is Blessim. I know, because he told me so. It's what Nurse calls Baby, and he liked it, so he took it for himself."

"I see. But about this squirrel. He suddenly ran off and raced up a tree."

"Did he sing in the tree? Blessim sings beautifully when the sun shines. And he flaps his wings and crows too."

"I'm afraid you're not very interested in my squirrel?"

"Oh, yes. And aren't you interested in my elephant?"

"Of course I'm tremendously interested in Blessim. I'm sure I should love him. May I see him? Will you show him to me?"

"Oh, I can't do that," said Avice, wriggling violently amongst the cushions.

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, he isn't a really elephant, but just an imageny one."

I shall report this dialogue to Barlow.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

[*"Whatever may be the reason it seems to be beyond question that the immigrant to London is more successful in his metropolitan career than the born Londoner."*—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN I came down from Inverness, from Inverness, from Inverness,

An optimist, I must confess—

When I came down from Inverness, a callow youth but forceful,

I dreamt that London held the key

That turns the lock of penury,

A magic Open Sesame

To one who was resourceful.

Now I have been in London Town, in

London Town, in London Town,

Quite long enough to settle down—

Now I have been in London Town

more years than I remember,

The fire that lit my youthful brain

With dreams of glory, place and gain,

And all that follows in their train,

Has dwindled to an ember.

When I came down from Inverness,

from Inverness, from Inverness,

I had been saved much soul-distress,

When I came down from Inverness

and vowed none should ignore me,

Had I but known that every post

Was filled by a voracious host

(And this is where it wounds me most)

From Inverness before me.

A Transference of Capital.

"Solicitor moving Dublin to Belfast would undertake Ulster Agency."—*Belfast Paper.*

This is the man we've been waiting for to settle the Irish Question.

"Wanted, trustworthy Girl as General; able to wash and milk two cows."

Local Paper.

We are all for scrupulous cleanliness in dairy operations.

"The chief attraction at the — Picture House is 'The White Circle,' a screen version of R. L. Stevenson's romance, 'The Puritan on the Links.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

We must send our golfing colonel to see this; it might help to devitalize his vocabulary.

HOW TRADE IS LOST.

Letter to the Editor of "The Daily Distress" from the Chamber of Commerce at Widdleley-by-the-Wold.

SIR,—I am directed by my Committee to bring to your notice the recent discovery in our town-hall cellar of a human wish-bone.

It is their opinion that this interesting relic might well form the basis of a startling murder revelation for your columns, and they hope, with your valuable assistance, to arrange for a Crime Week early in November.

My Committee considers that the publicity consequent upon such a festival would greatly enhance the prosperity of the pleasant town of Widdleley-by-the-Wold.

I am requested to convey the thanks of the Committee in anticipation of a favourable reply.

I remain, Sir, Yours, etc.

Letter from the Editor of "The Daily Distress" to the Chamber of Commerce at Widdleley-by-the-Wold.

GENTLEMEN,—I have to thank you for your letter regarding the proposed Crime Week in Widdleley-by-the-Wold. The matter has, I assure you, received very careful consideration.

However, in view of the prohibitive cost of travelling and the extortionate charges demanded for telegraphic communication, my Directors have decided that they must henceforward confine such crime investigations to the Metropolitan district, where a special corps of descriptive writers can be marshalled at a moment's notice without great expense and detailed reports collected from hour to hour by our own fleet of motor vans.

I must therefore reluctantly abandon a case that shows possibilities of development, under proper guidance, into one of the most enthralling tragedies in the history of journalism.

I remain, Gentlemen, etc.

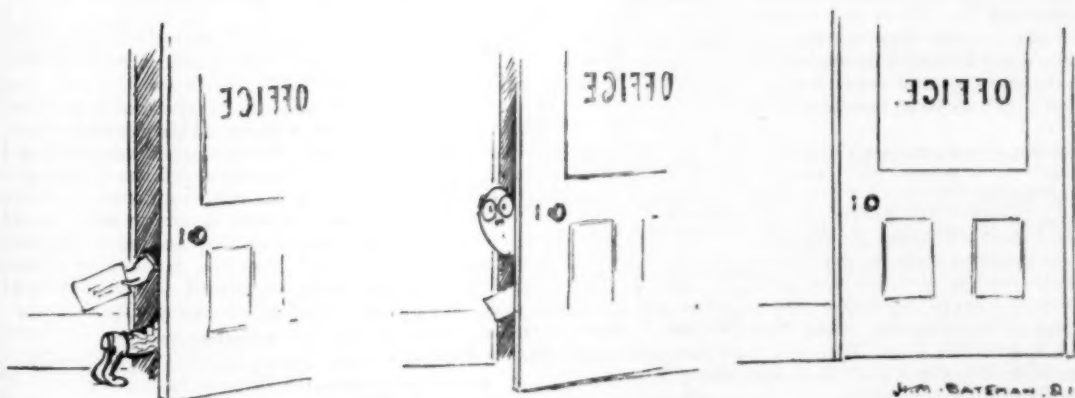
Extract from the Agenda of the next meeting of the Widdleley-by-the-Wold Chamber of Commerce.

"(3) To form deputations to the General Manager of the London Chatham and South Coast Railway Company and to the Postmaster-General, for the purpose of registering formal protests against the unfair restrictions that are being imposed on the legitimate trade of the community, with particular reference to the enforced abandonment of the proposed Crime Week."

"Wanted Instructor to teach Isaac Pitman Shorthand."—*Japanese Paper.*
We always thought he knew it.



"AND WHEN I GET BACK I SHALL SAY TO HIM, 'GO TO THE DEUCE! DO YOUR OWN FETCHING AND CARRYING.' AND HE'LL SAY, 'I SAY, MR. CODLING, I'M AWFULLY SORRY. I HOPE I HAVEN'T OFFENDED YOU.' AND I SHALL SAY, 'OH, I HAVEN'T THE LEAST OBJECTION TO PUTTING IN AN HOUR OR TWO AT THE OFFICE EVERY DAY, BUT TO ACT AS AN ERRAND-BOY OR PERFORM THE PART OF A LACKEY, I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE.' AND THEN OF COURSE HE'LL CRUMPLE UP—SIMPLY CRUMPLE RIGHT UP."



J. M. CATENAN, D.D.

JAPAN.

NINE men out of every ten that I meet say, when I ask them about Japan, "Oh, Japan. Yes, Japan. Ah! Japan;" which is so perfectly silly that I tell them it is no use my taking the trouble to meet my men by tens at all if nine of them can say nothing more interesting than that to me. The tenth man probably says, "Ah, well, we shall soon know all about Japan now, I suppose." But shall we? I begin to doubt it. I don't really believe that all these people who are going to Washington to confer with America and Japan have freshened up their knowledge of Japanese history and ideals and literature and art, and all those things we used to pretend to know so much about some years ago. Most of them are probably trusting to be able to mug it up on the voyage or on the night before, or scribble a few notes on their shirt-cuffs just before going in.

And when they do get into the room they will probably find that the only things they can remember are chrysanthemums and cherry blossom and rice and jinrikishas and Samurai, and that all the trickier bits of information about Japanese culture have gone out of their heads. It is true that many of the most picturesque customs of Old Japan have now become obsolete; on the other hand it is no good going to a Conference to settle a thing like the limitation of armaments unless you are prepared to make agreeable and allusive conversation between whiles. Light badinage is essential at little gatherings like these; the Japanese, you may be very sure, will be well up in ALFRED and the Cakes and GEORGE WASHINGTON and SHAKESPEARE and EDGAR ALLEN POE, and we ought to be equally intelligent and full of fun.

I have been at some pains therefore to write a

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER
ON THE

ART, LITERATURE, HISTORY, ETC., OF JAPAN,
PAST AND PRESENT.

for the use of Delegates to Washington, universities, schools, club-houses, persons in railway-carriages and others. The answers should be written out in Chinese ideographs and then committed to memory.

(1) Who was the Empress Jingo? What did she do, and when?

(2) Discuss the advantages of harakiri as a gesture of political dissent compared with

- (a) Elevation to the Peerage.
- (b) The formation of a "cave."
- (c) Writing to the papers.
- (d) Resignation.

(3) What do you consider would be the effects of the adoption of the cult of Shinto in Western Europe amongst

- (a) Moneylenders?
- (b) War profiteers?



Urchin (uncertain whether production is a film or a stage play).
"PLEASE, SIR, IS IT THE PICTURES OR FLESH-AN'-BLOOD?"

(4) Explain the fact that Japanese cats have no tails. What other cats are similarly affected, and why? Enumerate the principal species of Japanese wild-fowl. What is a mandarin-duck, and how does it differ from a Bombay do? "No true wolf exists in Japan." Are there any false ones? Imitate the Japanese bitters boom. How does it differ from that of a Chinese gong?

(5) "A single dramatic performance in Japan lasts from morning till sunset, and a whole household will hire a box and spend the entire day at the theatre." Do you consider that Mr. BERNARD SHAW should be deported to Japan?

(6) What criticism did LAFCADIO

HEARN pronounce on Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's couplet:—

"And west you'll turn and south again,
beyond the sea-fog's rim
And tell the Yoshiwara girls to burn a stick
for him"?

Do you agree with the criticism? Estimate the influence of Japanese thought on the poetry of (1) Mr. ALFRED NOYES; (2) W. S. GILBERT.

It is stated in Japanese histories that SANETOMO, the third and last shōgun of the Minamoto House, was so ex-

travagantly fond of poetry that any criminal could escape punishment by offering him a stanza. Calculate the probability of evading justice by this means at any period of English or American history. What is a shōgun, anyway? Would it be fair to describe the Oxford Book of English Verse as the Hiakuninshū or the Manyōshū of Anglo-Saxon poetry? What would happen to you if you did? Compare as literature any poem from either of these Japanese anthologies with any poem you like by (a) ELLA WHEELER WILCOX; (b) Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES.

(7) Institute a parallel after the manner of PLUTARCH or the author of *The Life of John Mylton* between the careers of (a) Sir FRANCIS DRAKE and Admiral TOGO; (b) TOKUGAWA IYEMASU and General LEE.

(8) How is sake made? What are the licensing hours in Yokohama? Summarise the provisions of the latest Lacquer Restrictions Bill in Japan.

(9) Discriminate between the thirty-five sects of Buddhism prevalent in Japan, and enumerate as many as you can remember of the sects of foreign missionaries established in the country.

(10) Trace the evolution of the junk into the post-Jutland Dreadnought.

(11) "If we study the decorative art of the Japanese we find the essential elements of beauty in design, fitness for the purpose which the object was intended to fulfil, good workmanship and constructive soundness which give a value to the commonest article, and some touch of ornament by a skillful hand, together creating a true work of art." Can this be said of your (a) ink-pot; (b) umbrella-stand? Why not? What is the matter with them?

(12) Compare the work of SARGENT, HOKUSAI, NEVINSON and SHIMIDZU.

(13) How many marks make a yen? EVOE.



Beginner (after repeated failures). "FUNNY GAME, GOLF."

Caddie. "'TAIN'T MEANT TO BE."

A BREACH OF THE CODE.

[The strange experience of a neutral spectator at a football match who incautiously mixed with the massed supporters of the home team.]

FULL strenuously the battle swayed and fast

The nimble sphere from boot and cranium flew,
And many a scarlet-shirted man was grassed

Who promptly rose and downed a chap in blue;
And round me surged a devastating roar
From leather-throated watchers, score on score,
Who cheered, expostulated, mocked and swore
Till my impartial head was split in two.

Red were they all about me, blindly red;

The Blues (they urged) were steeped in shame and
vice,

And, did one raise his foot or jerk his head,

Loud pealed the voices, "Smash his blooming fice!"

And when the Referee, ignoring scowls,
Pulled up the Reds for sundry obvious fouls,
The clamour swelled and burst in savage howls—

"Go for the Ref. there! Kill him! Kill him twice!"

And I alone was mute, I only sane;

I did not stamp nor wave my arms nor shout;
I had no party bias; and, again,

There wasn't much to make a fuss about;
But all my neighbours glowered at me askance,
Some, I imagine, thought me in a trance,
While others shot me many a murderous glance

As who would say, "A traitor! Kick him out!"

Anon we saw a Blue obtain the ball,

Trick half the field and score a brilliant goal.

A lovely shot! But instantly on all

The Red host silence fell and gloom of soul.

The Blue enthusiasts were nowhere near,
Their cries were far and faint. I seemed to hear
My own admiring, grateful little cheer
Across the astonished skies like thunder roll.

Then from a thousand wrathful noses burst

A swift, contemptuous, concentrated snort,

And he upon my right, recovering first,

Voiced all opinions in a stern retort.

Words failed him for a while; his accents broke;

He spluttered fast and almost seemed to choke;

Then, breathing hard, he braced himself and spoke—

"Lor' lumme me, man; fer Gawd's sake be a sport!"

"FIRE AT COVENT GARDEN."

When the firemen got a 50 ft. horse to work they discovered that a cellar stocked with wicker baskets was well alight . . . "It was the most exciting morning we've had here for years," said a market porter. "The 'osses mostly goes to sleep in the morning here while waiting for a load, but after to-day I expect they'll be trying to enlist in the Fire Brigade."—*Evening Paper*.

Following the example of their gigantic comrade.

"Time to get ready, girls," interrupted a nervous staccato voice, as Miss Flora, all tumbled grey chiffon, hennaed hair and nerves, floundered into the room."—*Weekly Paper*.

When henna really gets on one's nerves one always has a tendency to flound.



Mother. "It's RUDE to WHISPER, HUMPHREY."

Humphrey. "WELL, I WAS SAYING WHAT A FUNNY NOSE THAT MAN'S GOT. SO YOU SEE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH RUDER IF I'D SAID IT ALOUD."

"TOWNER."

MR. BERNARD PARTRIDGE's preface to the handsome volume entitled "*Punch*" Drawings by F. H. TOWNSEND, which Messrs. CASSELL have just published in association with the proprietors of "*Punch*," is so penetrating in its criticism and illuminating as to the artist's career and range that little is left for the reviewer but to commend the book alike to the amateur of black-and-white and to the seeker for amusement.

But, though to the world at large it may be nothing but a delight and a feast of fun and high spirits, to those of us who were TOWNSEND's colleagues on the staff of "*Punch*," and for many years sat near him at the weekly dinner, it naturally has its melancholy side.

On almost every page is something that brings back our late Art Editor almost too vividly. . . . One remembers the circumstances under which this cartoon and that were decided upon; one recalls being consulted as to the merits of this and that joke. Above all we see him in his accustomed place, bent silently and intently over his pad while everyone else was voluble.

MR. PARTRIDGE speaks of the rapidity with which TOWNSEND dashed off his contributions to the debates, drawing where others talked. But perhaps a

little might be added in praise of that hawk-like left hand of his—he drew with his left and wrote with his right—the sureness and swiftness of it. Drawing after drawing would he make in the course of the discussion, all having relevance, all trenchant, even when unsuitable (not infrequently because their attack was too direct), and all with the very blood of life beating in them. Many of us possess and treasure certain of these *remarques*, and it is a pity that none is reproduced in this memorial volume, for they would throw still more light on their author's technical genius as well as upon his impish intolerance of humbug in any form and his fearless satirical bent.

The brilliancy of this pencil commentary was not more astonishing than its creator's fertility, for TOWNSEND not only would often turn out a dozen such drawings in an evening, but would find time as well to detach his mind and his hand from any of the political nonsense of the week in order to produce a mischievous and deadly caricature of a *vis-à-vis* or neighbour, who had been so stealthily and swiftly studied that he had no idea of any such irreverent victimisation, and was so far from taking offence at the artist's liberty and licence that his one desire was to have it signed as a keepsake or even heirloom.

The impression must not be given

that TOWNSEND was a wholly silent member of our conclave. Very far from it. But it was his wonderful left hand that was our greatest ally.

As to which was his best drawing in "*Punch*," opinions will of course differ. But one fancies that, if a vote were taken, a very large number, if not the largest, would be awarded to the famous picture of the motor cyclist with the empty trailer. It was made as long ago as 1908, and will be found on page 34 of this book. You remember the words, now a classic phrase in so many families? "Sit tight, Auntie," says the youth on the bicycle, half turning his head in the direction of the seat which his trusting relative ought to be still occupying: "there's another sharp turn coming!" Not only is this a perfect piece of artistic dexterity, but it is one of the best examples of what a humorous drawing should be, for without the picture the legend would have been of no effect.

"SHRINKAGE OF TRAM PASSENGERS."
Daily Paper.

Another case of Nature adapting herself to circumstances.

"CITY SUPPER DRINKS MUDDLE."
Daily Paper.

They do.



THE END OF THE SEASON.

SWISS HOTEL PROPRIETOR. "WE LOSE ALL OUR ROYAL CLIENTS: MONSIEUR FERDI, 'E CREEP AWAY; MONSIEUR TINO, 'E MARCH AWAY: AND NOW MONSIEUR KARL, 'E FLY AWAY. WELL, WELL, PER'APS LATER ON WE GET SOME EX-PRESIDENTS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 24th.—The Wee Frees evidently think that the Safeguarding of Industries Act furnishes the best terrain for the kind of guerrilla warfare suited to their attenuated battalions; and they diligently plied the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE with questions regarding its more obvious anomalies. But Mr. BALDWIN is not easily drawn. Entrenching himself behind strictly official replies he steadily resisted the temptation to give his personal opinion of an Act for which he has at no time displayed any marked enthusiasm, and contented himself with explaining why toy magic-lanterns are dutiable and toy compasses are not. Mr. WILL THORNE's vociferous curiosity about "doll's-eyes" could not be immediately satisfied. Their fate depended on whether they were or were not made of "lump-blown glass."

It was good to know that a clearing-house is to be established for Hungarian debts, and that no serious addition to these liabilities is likely to be incurred through the enterprise of ex-Emperor KARL. That young gentleman, like Wee Willie Winkie, has confessed to having "bwoken my aw-west," but without his justification. It is rumoured that Colonel PAGE CROFT, who, in view of the possibility that the Hungarians might really want KARL, back, expressed the hope that the principle of self-determination would be observed, has received a message from Mr. DE VALERA inviting him to "come over and help us."

The Irish Republican leader's authentic message—to his Holiness the POPE—has put all the Conference fat in the fire. The PRIME MINISTER, supported by the unusual presence of the LORD CHANCELLOR in the Peers' Gallery, described it as a "grave challenge," and probably had it in his mind when he remarked, *à propos* of the flaunting of Sinn Féin flags in the Metropolis, that he could not "imagine why all these follies are being perpetrated at a time when there is a real desire to negotiate peace."

Dr. MACNAMARA in commending the Unemployed Workers'

Dependents (Temporary Provision) Bill—snappy little title that—began by expressing his regret that the state of the national finances did not enable the Government to do more. Whenever he goes to see the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "I come away more sorry for him than I am for myself." Nevertheless he had yielded to the joint representations of Mr. DEVLIN and Cap-



MR. A. NEAL STEPS INTO ONE OF SIR ERIC GEDDES' SHOES.

tain CRAIG—it is wonderful how these Irish animosities disappear when there is any public money going about—and had included Ireland in the Bill.

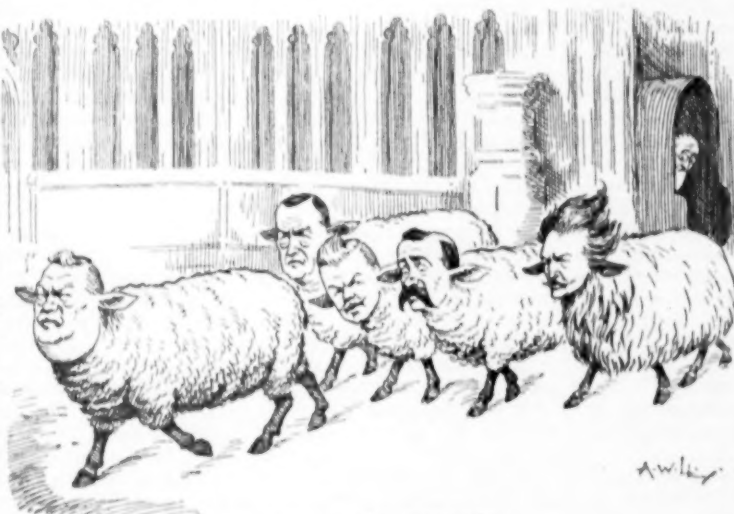
Ex-private HORKINSON, whose logic is as ruthless as his heart is soft, declared that so far as the Bill had any effect it would increase unemployment, and that the only real cure was "a break in the wages rate." But the most striking remark of the evening was Mr. NEIL MACLEAN's apostrophe to a brother-Scotsman, "If the hon. Member were as short of food as he is of hair . . ."

Tuesday, October 25th.—There was no Government business on the Paper when the Lords met after a week's holiday. But, as the hymn says, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and LORD SYDENHAM decided to improve the occasion by delivering a jeremiad on India.

LORD CURZON regretted that the debate had not been postponed till after the PRINCE OF WALES had started upon his visit, from which they all hoped so much. Highly-coloured sentences from LORD SYDENHAM's oration would do great harm if telegraphed to India. The effect of this rebuke was a little weakened by the admission that the debate must have been held before His Royal Highness's arrival, and it did not deter LORD AMPHILL from joining in the attack. Incidentally he observed that the Moplah was "a great jolly sportsman," but, being easily betrayed into fanaticism, must then be treated like a mad dog. LORD CHELMSFORD declared that there was a revolt of the coloured races going on all over the world, and but for the Indian Government's policy—for which he and not Mr. MONTAGU was primarily responsible—"the whole of India would be against you." After all these startling assertions it was refreshing to hear from LORD SUMNER that "their Lordships' language showed that they were prepared to follow the path of moderation, even at the sacrifice of a certain liveliness."

The critics of the Safeguarding of Industries Act diverted the stream of conundrums on to the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, but without any marked success. They learned, however, that while ordinary flat mirrors are admitted free, those which produce "a magnifying or minifying effect" are regarded as scientific instruments, and therefore dutiable.

Even in these times Sir ROBERT HORNE has difficulty in suppressing his natural cheerfulness. But he managed to do it when introducing the Trade Facilities Bill, and was as melancholy as occasion demanded or the most inveterate pessimist could desire. Only one gleam of hope beamed on the horizon, the pro-



LES MOUTONS ENRAGÉS.

MR. W. THORNE. MR. A. HENDERSON. MR. CLYNES. MR. J. JONES AND MR. N. MACLEAN.



Keen Player (to partner, after winning stubbornly-contested game). "YOU WERE ABSOLUTELY TOPPING, MISS LOVEBIRD. WHY, YOU PLAYED JUST LIKE A—A THWARTED WOMAN."

pect of "a very considerable reduction in the Estimates," and even that found some Members still sceptical. After a debate in which Mr. HILTON YOUNG—using, I suppose, one of his magnifying mirrors—perceived a "very helpful spirit of co-operation," the Second Reading was carried without a division.

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The PRIME MINISTER's recent appeal to Members to support the Government in resisting further demands on the Exchequer seems to have had about the usual amount of success. A dockyard representative, informed that some new

work could not be undertaken in the present state of the country's finances, indignantly protested that it was a great mistake "to postpone a matter of national importance merely because you have not sufficient money to do it with." I like that "merely."

The Labour Party made a series of attempts to get the unemployment allowances increased, but, though Dr. MACNAMARA's sympathy is broad, his official purse is narrow, and he was compelled to refuse them. Mr. WILL THORNE boiled over, "said things," and was requested to withdraw. Mr. JACK JONES soon after committed the same offence and incurred the same penalty. Everybody made allowance for a notoriously excitable pair. But then one by one the rest of the Labour Party, by way of protest against the parsimony of the Government in not taking more out of the pockets of the taxpayer, dribbled out into the Lobby. In the good old days the Irish Nationalists used periodically to make a wholesale exodus. Though it never did any good it had a certain dramatic effect. But this gradual "steepling" out of the House like a flock of *moutons enragés* was neither effective as a challenge nor picturesque as a performance.

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animation, owing to the toxic effect of Mr. DE VALERA's gas, and some fifty Coalitionists actively demonstrating against any further parley with men who have "repudiated the authority of the Crown," the last thing that the Government might be expected to desire was an Irish debate. The rather unhappy half-hour that the CHIEF SECRETARY spent in applying the "minifying glass" to Sinn Fein's alleged breaches of the truce suggested that he at least would rather not talk about Ireland just now. The best he could say, and he said it more than once, was that life and property were safer to-day than they were before the truce.

Consequently when the PRIME MINISTER announced that, in view of the misgivings of certain Members about the Conference, the Government must know where they stood, and that he therefore proposed to devote next Monday to a debate, and, he hoped, a division, everybody was startled, and not least the hostile demonstrators. They had apparently forgotten that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has always belonged to the school that believes the best parry to be a thrust.

"Wanted, good Dairy Business; with or without cows."—*Local Paper.*

This will confirm popular suspicion.

"TRIALS IN TACT."

EVERYONE knows that if you are walking down a road and see someone approaching whom you must not meet, the thing to do is to disappear into the gateway of the next house and make as if to call there.

If the garden is equipped with a semi-circular "carriage sweep" and a clump of rhododendrons the problem is reduced to its simplest form. It is possible then to walk quietly round and emerge unscathed in the rear of the enemy.

The case is at its worst when the garden has but one entrance and no shrubs to lurk in, and when the front-door is in full view of the gate. But even then it is a perfectly sound move to ring and ask if this is Mr. So-and-So's. You can go on expressing surprise and regret until the dangerous moment is past, and then stroll tranquilly back to the gate.

In the language of the "Trials in Tact" competitions: Mr. A., to avoid meeting Mr. B., walks up to Mr. C.'s house and inquires for Mr. D. . . .

Somehow one always plays lead in these imaginary dramas, and this may account for the fact that, when I found a tall, stout, dignified and important-looking person hesitating strangely upon my front step as I opened the door to go out, it never occurred to me to identify him as Mr. A.

He recovered himself and said with a certain jauntiness, "This is Mr. Smith's, I believe?"

"Yes; I'm Mr. Smith," I replied civilly, and waited, wondering that so red a man could yet turn redder.

"Mr. Alfred Smith?" he faltered, evidently poised for flight.

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But he rallied. "Not the Alfred Smiths that used to live in Balham? They're the ones I mean."

"That is so," I said with cheerful heartiness and an attempt at a Balham accent. "Used to live in Balham. Had to leave; couldn't stand the trams. Yes?"

I ought to have felt for him. I ought to have asked myself, "What should Mr. A. do?" considering that he is a man of impressive dignity and wishes to withdraw it unimpaired out of Mr. C.'s dashed garden.

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"Yes, yes," I agreed complaisantly.

He made a last desperate bid for freedom. "Then you are," he said defiantly and very firmly, "Mr. Alfred Ballantyne Smith?"

"The same," I said, registering polite impatience.

"Formerly of Leeds?" This must have been mechanical—reflex action or something.

"Originally of Leeds."

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The Amateur. "I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS FLY A TRY. THEY TOLD ME IN LONDON IT WAS A 'STUNNER.'"
The Gillie. "WELL, IT'S SAIRTAINTLY BIG ENOW—EF IT HITS A SAUMON."

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—"OUT OF ORDER."

ALL luck is not good; and the luck of last week was distinctly bad. I was the victim of a disaster which none of the great philosophers of history ever experienced, but which I feel sure they would have had difficulty in meeting with composure. The telephone broke.

This is an essentially modern calamity. "So," you may say, "is a burst tyre;" but PLATO and ZENO and even LAO-TZE may easily have lost a linch-pin, which is a comparable affliction. "Well, then," you may say, "what about flying-machines?" and I reply that a good many centuries have passed since ICARUS crashed. But until quite recently there were no telephones or anything to compare with them.

I am no advocate of the telephone, any more than of the motor-car or the aeroplane. I believe we should be the better without any of the three. But having once succumbed to the telephone, life is a dismal series of irritations and impatiences when one is sharing a room with an instrument that refuses to work. And see how vigilant are the mischievous gods! For directly they were cognisant of my predicament two, at any rate, and possibly more, exquisite misfortunes were arranged for me.

"We were trying all yesterday morning," ran a letter on Thursday, "to get you on the telephone. The Exchange said that the line was out of order."

Here the letter ought to have stopped, if it ever ought to have begun. But some people are so merciless, and it went on: "We had Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK to lunch and wanted you to join us."

That, you will agree, was bad enough. But worse was to follow.

In the Strand to-day I met a sporting friend.

"What was the matter with your 'phone last Wednesday morning?" he asked.

"It was out of order," I said. I knew at once what was coming.

"Well, I tried to get you several times, but it was no use. I had had Milenko given me for the Cambridgeshire—a dead snip—and I wanted you to share it."

"Thank you for everything but telling me," was all I could reply.

II.—A NEW COMEDIAN.

There are, however, compensations, for while the telephone was ill-using me the theatre was kinder than usual. I met Mr. HARRY GREEN.

MR. GREEN is an American portrayer of Jewish character whom I commend with all my heart to those who like their fun mingled with tenderness. He is to be found at the Lyric in a play called *Welcome, Stranger*, and he impersonates an American Jew who begins as the innocent victim (innocent in so far as an ambitious business man can be) of a conspiracy to prevent his establishing himself in a provincial town and ends by beneficently controlling that town and acting as good fairy to all his early foes. Such things may not happen, and the playwright indeed loads his dice with some frequency; but improbability doesn't matter so long as Mr. GREEN gets opportunities for the display of his humorous and human gifts and his very personal conquering charm.

Dramas dedicated, however light-heartedly, to the greatness and glory of Israel are not, on the face of them, to everyone's taste; but it would be very difficult even, say, for the staff of *The New Witness* to experience no pleasure in this performance.

E. V. L.

THE FLYING-FISH SAILOR.

(Old Style.)

"THE Western Ocean rolls and roars
From Sandy Hook to Europe's shores,
From Fastnet Light to Portland, Maine,
And Newport News and back again,
With Boston, Salem, Montreal,
And plenty o' ports, both large and
small,
And them that like may keep 'em all,
Not me," says the flying-fish sailor.

"The Western Ocean roars and rolls
With all its deeps and all its shoals,
And many a thundering wintry gale
And many a storm of rain and hail,
And let who likes have sleet and
snow,
And driving fog and drifting floe,
For South away and Eastward Ho!
Is the road for the flying-fish sailor.

"In Blackwall Dock a ship is moored,
Her hatches on and her stores aboard;
In Blackwall Dock she lies to-day,
And she will sail when the morning's
grey
For Sunda Straits and Singapore,
And Palembang and plenty more,
And many a swarming Eastern shore
That's known to the flying-fish
sailor.

"The girls they 'll cry and the lads 'll
shout
When the blooming tugboat warps her
out;
We'll drop the pilot off the Nore
With fond farewells to take ashore
To mothers, wives and sweethearts
too—
Love to Sally and love to Sue—
And that's the last for a year or two
You'll see of the flying-fish sailor.

"We'll drop the tug and we'll bear
away
Down the Channel, across the Bay;
The Western Isles we'll leave behind
And make the Line with the good trade
wind;

We'll see the dolphins sport and play
(And haul our yards ten times a day),
While South'ard still we beat our
way.

The way of the flying-fish sailor.

"And, forty South when we have passed,
Her easting down she runs at last
Where the white whale swims in the
far South sea,

And the brave West winds blow full
and free;

The good old winds they bluster and
blow

The same as they used to years ago,
And the good old stars that well we
know

Look down on the flying-fish sailor.



Mother (writing out "personal" advertisement). "IF THE GENT WOT DESERTED 'IS WIFE AN' BABY TWENTY YEARS AGO WILL RETURN TO 'IS LOVIN' FAMILY— 'OW SHALL I GO ON, JIM?"

Jim (who disapproves of the advertisement). "SAID BABY 'LL MAKE 'IM WISH 'E 'ADN'T."

"The darned old hooker 'll log sixteen,
She 'll ship it heavy and ship it green,
She 'll roll along with her lee-rail under,
While the big seas break aboard like
thunder;

The pots and pans they 'll carry away,
And the cook go down on his knees and
pray,

But let the seas roar as they may,
All's one to the flying-fish sailor.

"At Sydney next a call we 'll pay
And meet a pal on Circular Quay;
We 'll glance at Java Head also
And Fuji's crest of frozen snow;
And slant-eyed girls in far Japan,
Wun Lee, Wang Ho and little Yo San,
With braided hair and twinkling fan,
Will smile on a flying-fish sailor.

"And last of all the day 'll come round
When the blooming mudhook leaves
the ground,
And to old England we return,
Our pockets filled with pay to burn,
With a painted fan and an ivory comb
From foreign towns beyond the foam,
And a golden ring for the girl at home
That waits for the flying-fish sailor."

C. F. S.

"Delegates must take some steps either to
smooth the difficulties, if it be possible, to
throw some new light on it, or to bring matters
to a head."—Daily Paper.

In other words, if a jack-plane is of no
avail, an electric torch should be tried,
and if that fails there is nothing for it
but a linseed poultice.

AT THE PLAY.

"RUDDIGORE."

If you want, like most people, to claim credit for having assisted at previous performances of most of the GILBERT-AND-SULLIVAN Operas, you can do so and yet not admit to being on the wrong side of thirty-five. But with *Ruddigore* it is different. It has not been given in London since it was first produced in 1887, and this makes things very awkward for people of uncertain age who want to appear familiar with it. Their only course is to say that they were taken to the original production as infants-in-arms.

Yet *Ruddigore* seemed to please the audience almost as much as *The Gondoliers*, of which they must have known every melody by heart. Perhaps this may be taken as a tribute to the genius of GILBERT. For here the appeal that SULLIVAN'S music makes to the popular taste is perhaps less direct than usual. But GILBERT is at his most Gilbertian, revelling in that art of burlesque which, of all forms of humour, was most congenial to his nature. Whether it is melodrama that he ridicules, or the patriotic nautical song, or the incoherencies of *Ophelia* demented, or the typical intrusions of the chorus, or, as in the case of the Waterloo veterans, their absolute irrelevance, he is always master of his craft.

Some of his intentions are thoughtfully explained in the programme, a precaution justified in one particular by the official objection, raised in 1887, to the song of *Richard Dauntless* describing his ship's adventure with a French frigate, his sentiments being regarded as derogatory to the dignity of France. I should like to have heard GILBERT'S private opinion—expressed, no doubt, in free and fluent prose—on this failure to penetrate his ironic design. For the gift of suffering fools gladly was never part of his equipment.

Good music is pretty sure to survive, but the best of humour is liable to mortality. The more astonishing that *Ruddigore* should have kept its freshness so green. It might have been written yesterday. Indeed the reprehensible views of the *Murgatroyds* on the propriety of making false income-tax returns—when the thing stood at a paltry sevenpence—have an added poignancy for us who live in these lamentable times.

As the two Baronets Mr. LYTTON and Mr. SHEFFIELD, in their respective quick changes from virtue to affected vice and from vice to affected virtue, were equally admirable. Excellent too was Miss FERGUSON'S *Margaret*, mad or sane. As *Rose Maybud*, Miss ELSIE GRIFFIN'S

singing showed a rare combination of charm and intelligence, qualities which shone too in Miss BERTHA LEWIS'S playing of the less obviously attractive part of *Dame Hannah*. Finally Mr. DEREK OLDHAM as *Richard Dauntless* was a right tar, good for a song and good for a hornpipe; racy of the sea from his head to his heels.

My only complaints are (1) of the pace at which patter was taken—to the ruin of good words (but here, I suppose, Mr. D'O'LY CARTE is a trustee of tradition); and (2) of the almost total lack of any attempt at a colour-scheme. The performance itself went with only one hitch, that of a curtain which refused to be drawn across the portrait of the late Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, so that when he revived for the second time, with no darkness to cover his resurrection, it was in full view of the audience that the panel of the picture was slid back to enable Mr. FANCOURT to emerge. No sign, however, of any embarrassment on the part of the *revenant* was shown in the ensuing duet, in which he did his share with the greatest composure.

An evening of such rich delight that I am tempted to forgive the injury done to my tympanum (which was naturally in a receptive mood at the time) by the devastating applause of an enthusiast in my immediate rear. O. S.

MAC'S PARADISE.

"THESE jungle folk," said Mac to me one night

After a day's shikar,

"The only sort of Heaven they've got in sight

Is just one big bazaar

And endless eating. Not a high ideal, But then it's theirs; and surely, to be real,

Heaven should find each fellow, white or black,

The things he's liked," said Mac.

"So let there be some jungle and a glade Where great-eyed sambhur walk,

And dappled stags lie drowsing in the shade,

And the good jungle talk

Echoes from hill to hill; and of a morning,

All sun and scent and dew, the peacock's warning

Calls the old comrades—tiger, bison, bear—

And then let me be there." H. B.

"CYCLIST FOUND UNCONSCIOUS.

He was taken to Dr. —'s surgery, where his wounds were dressed, and his head was badly injured."—*Provincial Paper*.

We are getting rather weary of these reflections upon the skill of the medical profession.

"THE LOCAL PRAWN;"

OR, THE GREAT SACRIFICE.

[Writing in *The Times* of his adventures in Suva, Fiji, Lord NORTHCLIFFE says: "An excellent dish was the local prawn served up in fig-leaves."]

FILJIAN hospitality is surely a pattern to mankind. It is not to be wondered at that a visitor should receive a generous welcome; but where else would the local prawn, the pet of the island, have been sacrificed in honour of a guest, however distinguished?

There is a pathos in the splendid incident which is perhaps accentuated by the modest apparel in which the victim made its last appearance. Ere yet the sun had lifted itself above the eastern ocean's rim the cook was sent down to the beach to fetch the prawn. All unsuspecting the gentle crustacean hurried to meet him, rubbed itself affectionately against his ankle and reached up to be fondled. As the cook took it in his arms and bore it swiftly inland a shadow of surprise came into the creature's flower-like eyes, and it wondered to see the tears streaming down the dusky face of him who carried it so far from its home.

The little Fijian children on their way to school missed their dumb friend that morning and wondered why, for the first time within their recollection, it was absent from the rock on which it was wont to sit and sun itself and wave a greeting as they passed; and, their tiresome lessons over, they looked in vain for its smiling face as they returned to their homes. And as the days dragged on it was borne in upon their youthful minds that they would never see their playmate again.

And now in Suva, though the sky be blue and the sunlight clear and brilliant, there hangs a cloud over the simple population. The fishermen no longer sing at their nets; the women move listlessly about their homes; the children pass to and fro silently, like shadows. Perchance some day another little prawn will come and joy may return again; but they will never forget—they will never forget.

Commercial Candour.

"BEATALL ZIGZAG HARROW.

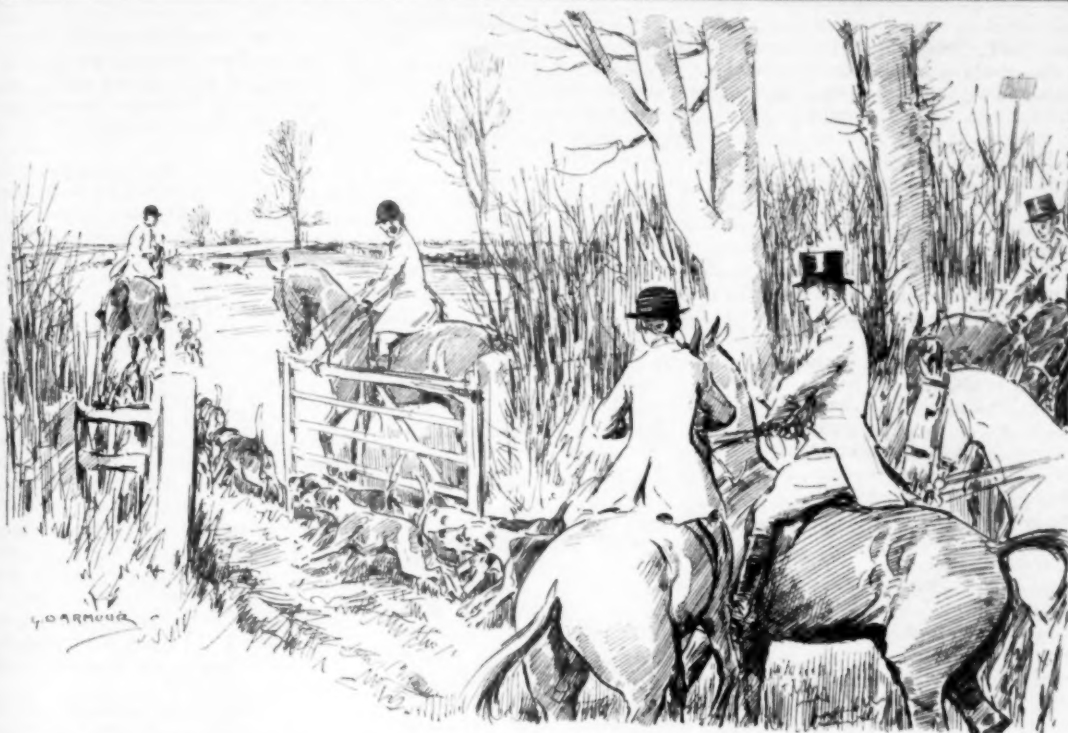
Try it! You'll never use another again."

Advt. in South African Paper.

From a review of Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON'S reminiscences:—

"A man who has climbed the military ladder from top to bottom must inevitably have strange memories of men whom he overtook and passed."—*Weekly Paper*.

On the whole, however, the more conventional method adopted by the gallant Field-Marshal yields better results.



Whip. "HOUNDS, PLEASE, GENTLEMEN."

Post-War Sportsman. "OH, BOTHER THE SILLY DOGS! WHAT A LOT THERE ARE, AND WHAT A TIME THEY TAKE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OF all our literary Nestors there is none from whom a volume of reminiscences could be more welcome than Sir SIDNEY COLVIN. He has "numbered" so many "good intellects," standing in an intimate relation towards most and in particular towards one, and he has thrown himself into so many of the finer activities of life that the summary of his friendships and personal achievements could not but be of the highest interest and value. A book of such fullness Sir SIDNEY, it seems, proposed to write; but circumstances made so large an enterprise impossible and we have instead his *Memories and Notes* (ARNOLD), a work slighter in scope but of sustained interest and of a ripe and mellow quality that isolates it from the ordinary crude and hasty reminiscences that have lately been so popular. These notes and memories are of persons and of places, and, if more stress is laid by the reviewers on the chapters in which Sir SIDNEY recalls leading men and women of his time—RUSKIN, GLADSTONE, HUGO, BROWNING, GAMBETTA, GEORGE ELIOT, MEREDITH—it does not necessarily mean that they contain the best writing, but that it is a human foible to prefer fellow-creatures to landscape. As a matter of fact the author, although he never pens a careless sentence, although he is always distinguished in style and scrupulous in his choice of epithet, is not at his least happy in the final essay on the Land's End of France. But it is the lamp of amity that really illumines the book, and many readers will turn first to the new character-sketch of STEVENSON, whose varied genius and flame-like personality make him an inexhaustible theme. Personally I like best, after this masterpiece of reconstruction, the chapters

on ROSSETTI, whose advice to his friends, says Sir SIDNEY in one of his revealing phrases, was "virtually always an order;" and on BURNE-JONES, of whose more intimate and playful side it is impossible to know too much.

If you sympathise, as I do, with the generous revulsion of many ardent minds to the temporarily frustrated ideals of the Victorians, you will find an extraordinary appeal in Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG's last book, *The Red Knight* (COLLINS), which is not only a very subtle and beautiful commentary on the temper I speak of, but the most romantic romance published since the death of STEVENSON. *Robert Bryden, the Red Knight*, develops "in a modified degree the characteristics of his Victorian father" by volunteering in the first or defensive stage of the Great War and becoming "the victim of a perverted conscience" in the last or offensive one. The father in question, a rich wine-merchant with a passion for playing the liberator towards small nations, had, in doubling the parts of RUSKIN *père* and GARIBALDI, won himself a wife of illustrious family in the ancient kingdom of Trinacria. How their son is lured back to his mother-country by devotion to its new dictator, *Enrico Massa*; how he finds himself set to a degrading piece of espionage on a family of the old *régime*; how *Maddalena*, the heroic daughter of the effete house, and the influence of the immemorial feudalism of Trinacria combine to wrest his allegiance from *Massa* and his mushroom republic, and what pinnacle of catastrophe crowns the consummate architecture of the whole story I can wish you nothing better than to find out for yourself.

The much too clever "hero" of Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS' *Patchwork* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) would be a really intoler-

able fellow if he did not himself recognise in his rare and welcome moods of reaction that there was not much in it after all. As a study of the insolent conceit of talented and essentially shallow youth the story is to be commended, perhaps particularly to still clever oldsters who may have forgotten how unpleasant they were in their splendid adolescence. *Ray Sheldon*, who goes up to post-war Balliol with more money and talents than is good for any young man, conceives it to be his mission to wake up the dead University and restore the glory of former times, when, by the way, freshers were froshers and duly snubbed by third-year men. *Ray* on his first day up finds himself the leader of a set, and piles triumph on triumph as poster-designer, musician improvising passages of genius, maker of epigrams, organiser of clubs and movements, editor of old and new journals, ragger of unpopular folk, orator at the Union, till Oxford positively rings with his name. But he is defeated in the election for President of the Union by "a fat stupid fool," the number of such persons in post-war Oxford being, according to *Ray*, alarmingly high. An air of poignant self-esteem, with devastating scorn for others, is *Ray's* dominant characteristic. If Mr. NICHOLS really "adores him very much," as he confesses, I hope he realises that he will be all the better for a little kicking. Why shouldn't Mr. NICHOLS administer this chastisement and tell us about it?

One of the most striking war-books that has come my way for a long time is *The Secrets of a Kuttite* (LANE). It owes its value not altogether to its literary quality, though that is of no mean order, nor even to the range of the experiences it records, impressive though that is, but principally to the personality of the author, the hero or victim of its pages. Captain E. O. MOUSLEY served in the retreat from Ctesiphon to Kut, scraped through, almost more dead than alive, to the end of the immortal siege and desperate march to captivity, and for a long two years was in a state of active eruption as an "escape officer" in Asia Minor or Constantinople. He proved himself equally at home whether withdrawing his guns under the nose of the enemy, or getting up an orchestra in the Kastamuni prison camp, or "knocking out" a sentry to recover a compromising letter, or fooling a Turkish court of inquiry. These are but typical examples of his energies, and he filled in his spare time writing a treatise on International Law. Naturally it was he who edited and circulated *Smoke*, or the Kastamuni *Punch*. Above all he was ceaselessly concerned with escape, and, though his best attempt came to no more than a cruise and shipwreck on the Sea of Marmora, followed by an unostentatious return to captivity, yet the degree of diplomacy, ingenuity, patience, sheer devilry or any other convenient quality he developed to forward his end will set a standard for the writers of boys' books for a generation. Fortunately the writer has the happiest eye for the apt word and the intriguing detail, and has made the most of his remarkable material.



Varlet. "I PRITHEE HASTE, SIR KNIGHT, TO THE RESCUE OF A LADY IMPRISONED IN YONDER TOWER BY A WICKED OGRE."

Knight. OH, BOTHER! THIS IS MY DAY OFF. WHY DON'T YOU GO AND SAVE HER YOURSELF?"

Varlet. "SHE IS MY WIFE, SIR KNIGHT, AND SHE REFUSES TO ALLOW ME TO ENGAGE IN SO PERILOUS AN EMPRISE."

I am sure I hope that Mr. CUTHBERT EDWARD BAINES, who has apparently come out top of Messrs. HODDER AND STROUGHTON'S "great first novel competition" with *The Black Circle*, has won enough good red gold (as one used to say) to keep him in comfort until he has written a second masterpiece twice as thoughtful and half as melodramatic as the first. This is not because I have any bias against melodrama where there is nothing better to be got, but Mr. BAINES's criticism of life is so much more exhilarating than his sensationalism that I have no scruple in urging him to hold to the one and despise the other. His present theme, the struggle in 1945 or thereabouts between the Smallholders and the Captains of Industry for the life or death of all that is homely and heroic in England, is cheapened at the outset by his WELLS-like device of a newly-discovered fertiliser which enables the small proprietor to live in semi-paradisaal leisure on the produce of an acre of land. How this unlikely and to my mind somewhat impertinent mineral becomes a bone of contention between a delightful group of pleasant young people and the middle-aged financiers of *The Black Circle* you must go to Mr. BAINES to find out. And having done

so you will look forward as eagerly as I do, though perhaps for other reasons, to his second venture.

My only quarrel with Mr. G. F. BRADBY is that *The Chronicles of Dawnhope* (HEISEMANN), "the story of an up-to-date Public School," is far too short. No writer of school stories has a more delightful sense of humour or a greater knowledge of boys than Mr. BRADBY, and this last tale of his has given me pure joy. "In the course of my life," he says in a preface, "I have been acquainted

with many schools, but Dawnhope is not one of them; I have conversed with many head-masters, but I have never yet met Dr. Tregaras." This is fortunate, for Dawnhope's head-master was an arch-faddist and egotist who collected panderers and ran his school on entirely eccentric lines. Many of the fads so prevalent in the educational world today are here held up to delicious ridicule; but Mr. BRADBY's fun is always good-natured. He even made me care a little for Dr. Tregaras, pompous old megalomaniac as he is. Two hours of chuckling is a gift to be grateful for, and grateful I am; but I am also greedy enough to wish that it might have been doubled.

The Misogynists.

"— CLUB ANNUAL DINNER.

Tickets, price 10s. 6d. each (exclusive of wives)."

"The winner is the property of a lady, as is also the owner of the second, a unique incident."—*Northern Paper*.

But we can think of several examples of the latter case.

"Taking turns of sitting on the egg, two pigeons, the property of Mr.—, have hatched a chicken from a hen's egg."—*Provincial Paper*. What did they expect—an ostrich?

CHARIVARIA.

It is typical of the way things are mismanaged and muddled nowadays that the opening of the fox-hunting season clashed with Rat Week.

SKLIANSKY, who is TROTSKY's military deputy, has been expelled from the Bolshevik party for his non-Communist manner of living. Of course, if people will wash in Russia, they know what to expect.

One sample of milk taken at Notting Hill, says *The Daily Express*, contained 5,840,000 bacteria per cubic centimetre. Local dairymen contemplate demanding a recount.

Large numbers of geese from Poland are reported to have arrived in the Thames, to be fattened for Christmas. Naturalists point to this as an example of the infallible instinct of winter migrants.

The latest theory about the mysterious wild hairy men whose traces have been found in the snow on Mount Everest is that they are the Tory Die-Hards of an extinct civilization.

Australian statistics show that the workers lost £1,250,000 in wages last year through strikes. Workers in this country say that their Australian colleagues couldn't have been trying.

According to *The Sunday Express* there is a boom in music. We ourselves had remarked it; that is why we always prefer to sit well back from the orchestra.

We understand that ex-KING KARL, after his two dashes for the throne, is to have his handicap increased.

Kippers were being sold in South London at two-a-penny last week. In view of this attractive price several music-hall comedians have decided to lay in a stock.

"When the present generation of 'star' comedians dies out," asks a theatrical writer, "who are going to take their places?" We have no reason for anticipating a departure from the existing system of promotion by seniority.

We publish with reserve a rumour that a scientist has succeeded in identifying the bacillus of League football.

A famous actuary states that the average expectation of life is four years longer than it used to be. For our own part we always prefer to look on the bright side of things.

A potato weighing three pounds lifted last week in Ormskirk is described as of the "Great Scot" variety. We are reminded of the club anglers' monster trout known as the "Good Heavens" species.

The Welsh sunset, says an artist, is superior to any others in Great Britain.

Traces of many diseases have been found in mummies three thousand years old. It is only natural that people of that age begin to show signs of breaking up.

The latest fad in America is for men to carry photographs of their wives inside the crown of their hats. By a neat little contrivance cinema actors are able to change the pictures twice weekly.

Those wishing to make sure of a supply of coal this winter should join a slate club without delay.

A well-known lady has created a precedent by taking her pet dog to a private view. This is a welcome variation of the fashion of leading round an Art critic on a string.

At the Brewers' Exhibition the marvellous labour-saving machinery used in the industry was shown to have almost eliminated the human factor. It is hoped that by next year an inventor will have perfected an automatic device to supersede the present exhausting method of raising beer to the mouth by hand.

SIR KEITH FRASER, M.P., has admitted trying a speech on his wife before delivering it in the House of Commons. The admirable silence of some other Members

is believed to be due to this excellent practice.

"KARL'S FUTURE."

EX-MONARCH TO BE BOTTLED UP IN MADEIRA." Headlines in *Daily Paper*.

Like "false, fleeting, perjured CLARENCE" in the butt of Malmsey?

"Lieut. — is to be congratulated on the way he carried out his duties as hon. secretary, and in gathering his chums and seeing that they did not lick partners."—*Australian Paper*. Our Jazz specialist informs us that here, too, this novelty is discountenanced, even in the most advanced circles.

A Trying Course.

"The Coxswainless Fours were begun at Oxford yesterday; and were continued at Cambridge."—*Daily Paper*.

Nothing is said as to where they finished. Probably at some neutral spot, half-way between the two Universities, like Bletchley Junction.



Lady. "No, thank you. We never buy anything at the door."
Pedlar. "Then I've just the thing for you, Madam. You will, I am sure, appreciate these tasteful little 'No Hawkers' notices."

We have always liked the kind of sunset used by the PRIME MINISTER.

A man who at North London police-court admitted seventy previous convictions said he didn't believe in paying fines. This is probably because he is saving up to buy a police-court of his own.

With reference to recent statements in the Press that the "Tu-whoo" of the owl is becoming a common sound in the squares and gardens of London, we are informed that all attempts to induce it to say "Tu-whom" have been unsuccessful.

A Lincoln jeweller has made a watch weighing one hundred-weight. It is remarkable what some people will do to hamper the pick-pocket in the execution of his professional duties.

A BRILLIANT LITTLE INNOCENT ABROAD.

[Being extracts from a diary modelled on "A Little Journey," by MARGOT ASQUITH, now appearing as a serial in *The Ladies' Field*.]

ROME, October 4th.

WE started off yesterday with St. Peter's, and I caught the spirit of it at once. Of course I don't pretend to be Roman, but I am very adaptable and can be most things to most men. In St. Paul's I try to feel like ST. PAUL, and in St. Peter's I tried to feel like ST. PETER. True catholicity of taste is a great gift, and I have it.

As if Rome were not dead enough already, the place seems full of funerals. They pursue me, even in bed. I had to get up very early this morning and run out on to the balcony in my kimono to see one pass. Why can't they leave me alone? It is not as if I needed reminding of death; it is always in my thoughts. Last night, for instance, I took my castagnettes and did a little *Danse Macabre* in the hotel lounge. Lord D—— said he had never seen anybody so alive. He is intelligent, but deaf. This is unfortunate for him, as it makes him miss a good deal of my part of the conversation. When I told him my considered opinion of the paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, saying that they gave me a crick in the neck, he said I was quite right in regarding the Apollo Belvedere as too academic.

This afternoon I sat on the Pincian Hill and discussed LESSING's *Laocoon* with R—— and "The Rape of the Sabine Women" with C——, who complimented me on my precociousness.

At dinner last night I sat next to Dr. M——, author of *The Maternal Instinct in the She-wolf*. The talk was of macaroni and I recognised his genius at sight. In turn he found me most responsive and kissed my hands between the courses. He compared me to a brilliant little humming-bird with a brain like forked lightning and regretted that he had not met me earlier. I quoted MATTHEW ARNOLD to him about the lovers who met too late, and he wept into my finger-bowl. He was eighty-nine last birthday.

NAPLES, October 10th.

The worst of the Museum here is that every bronze is a masterpiece. This means that my sensitiveness to beauty is thrown away on them; any ordinary person would do as well. Then, again, all this beauty makes me more than ever intolerant of ugliness in any form. I have always been particularly impatient with people who eat messily. But, now that I have seen the "Narcissus," Papa's habit of spilling the soup on his waistcoat makes me sick.

CAIRO, October 20th.

I don't know whether the fact is worth recording, but I got up at 3 A.M. this morning, opened the window and went to bed again at once. How I envy people with ordinary brains which let them sleep!

After breakfast I walked to a mosque with Mr. M——. I should like him better if he thought more of my brains. He is not content, as I am, with my imaginative insight; he wants me to know things. As if knowledge were power with a woman like me; it would only hamper my imagination. Besides, it is all very well for him; he never shows his legs. But I should be wasted in blue cotton stockings. Pink silk is the wear for me.

In the evening he took me to the *Barber of Seville*. Italian opera is too easy. My intelligence was again thrown away.

NILE, OFF ASSIOUT, October 25th.

Yesterday evening an old gentleman asked me to dance with him on deck. He had lost his memory, and so my

name escaped him, but not my charm. He told Mamma afterwards that he had immensely enjoyed his dance with LETTY LIND.

Where do all the people on board ships come from? One never meets them, or anybody like them, anywhere else, and I doubt if they meet anybody like me. Their ugliness gets on my nerves and I often have to go off and lock myself for an hour or two in the bath-room, alone with my castagnettes.

LUXOR, October 30th.

Yesterday we hired a boat and I let down my hair and trailed it in the Nile, at the same time reading aloud, upside down, to my fellow-passengers from MORLEY's *Compromise*. They seemed pleased with this performance and thought it very original.

In the evening one of the consuls took us to a native "fantasia." I think Papa, who is very innocent, must have been misled by this description of the entertainment, for he got up in the middle of a *danse du centre* and went out. Papa is much more easily shocked than I am.

This afternoon Lord A—— mounted me on a very game Arab, and we galloped off into the desert at seventy-five miles an hour. The eager air deranged my petticoats in spite of the safety-pin that I was wearing. Lord A——, whom I met for the first time yesterday, expressed himself as greatly delighted with my shapely calf—a very pleasant change after the bony-shanks of the natives.

Later, when we were being shown over their bedrooms by the officers, and Lord A—— was talking with Papa, Major L. kissed me a good deal on the hands and told me there was nobody like me in the whole world. I was not surprised. To these lonely officers posted in the desert I must seem like an oasis, or, as the text says, like the shadow of a great rock in a dusty plain—if I have got the quotation right. I cannot verify it as I stupidly left my copy of ISAAH at home, and they had run out of the TAUCHNITZ edition at Cairo. This may partly explain why it is that I have been suffering lately from a touch of scepticism. But it is chiefly due to my loss of faith in my friends because they don't write to me. This makes me a little disappointed with God.

Naturally I become more amenable to the advances of new friends. To-night they advanced rapidly during an orgy on deck. Never have I done better execution with the castagnettes; never danced more adorably or got happier results from my scarlet frock and puce petticoat and pink silk stockings. Lord A——'s opinion of me, formed in the course of our breezy gallop, was more than confirmed. Mr. H——, another new acquaintance, said he had never seen anything like it.

ABYDOS, November 3rd.

There was no orgy to-night, so I talked seriously to Mr. S—— about Life. I started the conversation by saying that I could not picture myself as the wife of a country curate; that I could never do myself justice in the stifling atmosphere of a rural parish. Instead of replying that there was no fear of my being reduced to such a choice, with all the world at my feet ready to kiss either them or my hands, he said quite simply, "One career is much the same as another. Externals are nothing. You do but scratch the surface." Still, if it were my husband's face, as it probably would be, it might make him the object of remark in the pulpit.

Mr. S——'s theory—from which I gathered that he thought I might just as well be the wife of a curate as of a Minister of State—left me depressed; and it struck me as rather a sinister coincidence that, when I went to say good-night to Mamma, I found her sitting up in her bunk reading "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

O. S.



THE CHANCELLOR'S BOGEY.

CITIZEN (examining this year's income-tax assessment). "GO AWAY! I'M TOO BUSY TO BE FRIGHTENED."

[In a recent debate the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER spoke of the "appalling prospect" of next-year's Budget.]



"Hi! Why don't you look after that child? D'you want him to be run over?"
 "GARN! RUN OVER! 'E's ONLY KIDDIN' 'E's A COPPER. CAN'T 'E 'AVE 'IS BIT O' FUN?"

AUTUMN AND PRISCILLA.

[NOTE.—I had no sooner written the article which follows than I found that Mr. Punch had dealt (in his last week's issue) with the subject of a squirrel and a child; which only shows that these two phenomena are much less rare than I had supposed. I shall try to content myself with poking some shrewd fun at the binomial theorem in future. However, the thing is written now, and it may as well stand.]

TWELVE months ago, when the spinneys were yellow and the Spanish chest-nuts lying on the ground, Priscilla came back from her walk with a flushed face and her eyes sparkling with adventure.

"And *what* do you think I've seen in the forest to-day?" she cried shrilly.

"I can't think."

"Why, a scrierrel."

Scrierrels thenceforward played a considerable part in the scheme of things. They are not an exacting kind of beast if one is wise.

"Let's play that you're a growed-up scrierrel and I'm a little baby scrierrel, and you go into the garden and get some nuts and acorns for me," she used to say. One had to explain, of course,

that it was the custom for grown-up scrierrels to hibernate in armchairs and send the baby scrierrels out after acorns and nuts. Also that miscellaneous heaps of sticks and stones are never placed suddenly by baby scrierrels on the laps or in the coat-pockets of grown-up scrierrels. It interferes with the work of hibernation.

Thus understood, the "scrierrel" was a tranquil metamorphosis, far more tranquil than the frog. No honest man can pretend that a growed-up frog hibernates, and Priscilla's idea was that one should wallow at her side on the carpet, which was stated to consist of "deglicious green mud." The desire to wallow in green mud directly after a meal may be simulated with an effort, but not the ecstatic joy that Priscilla seemed to find in it. There was a further notion, which I sternly discouraged, that to plunge head foremost over a footstool on to the floor was a good imitation of the diving of a frog.

Neither scrierrels nor frogs were able to hold their own against the varied excitements of a long summer. Flower

followed flower, and Priscilla demanded their names and admired them all. But whereas most people are content to say, "How beautiful the auriculas, or antirrhinums, do look!" Priscilla, adopting the crouching position, would minutely examine each particular bloom and express the deepest concern if any part of any petal had been damaged by slugs or blight. For adipose guests at house parties I can imagine no method likely to make them more popular with their hostess if she happens to be keen on her garden. But it must be admitted that it takes time.

Still graver cares supervened. Priscilla became a great reader, if one can call a person a great reader who is always having to be read to. Everything seemed to fascinate, from the poems of Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE down to the kind of coloured publication in which Uncle Hippo, who has a tendency to be gruff, is tipped off a chair, or tied to a tree, or covered with hot jam, or otherwise maltreated by the two Busterby Boys. "And wasn't Uncle Hippo vexed?" or, "And didn't the



Mother. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH ARCHIE. PERFECTLY ABSURD FOR SO YOUNG A BOY TO FALL IN LOVE WITH EVERY GIRL HE MEETS."
Uncle. "WHY NOT SEND HIM TO CAMBRIDGE?"

Busterby Boys laugh?" is the unvarying conclusion, a happy device for forcing the jest right home which I commend to Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Priscilla now began to wear a slide in her hair and to attend a class where she learnt callisthenics and dancing. "Dance!" she said to me one morning when I came down to breakfast. As a matter of fact I never dance my best before the first cup of coffee, and, after a few feeble steps had been taken, "Very bad dancing indeed!" she cried; "now I'll show you how to do it." The great thing seems to be to bend the knees to the chin and throw the hands high into the air. Priscilla has even invented a rose dance and an apple dance of her own; but you don't wear shoes or socks for them, so the lawn has to be perfectly dry.

About a month ago she began to read on her own account. She grips the book furiously and her eyes blaze with excitement. I doubt if the author, in his most sanguine moments, dreamed how his story was destined to thrill.

"Pat is getting Dan hash from the pot. Crash! Pat has let the hash drop. Did it splash that pink sash? Yes, just a spot went on to it." Just like that it sounds fairly simple, but to

a beginner it is a much more breathless and dramatic affair.

P—like blowing out a candle; A—as if you had scratched yourself on a pin; T—as if you were thoroughly shocked; and so on. When you come to DA—N it is really quite alarming. But Dan is a coarse-looking boy in the picture, anyway, and wears gaiters.

The conversations of "grewed-up" people are followed now with unexpected rapidity. It is a little trying when you think you have been talking above the children's heads for the last ten minutes to hear Priscilla suddenly break in with "What's a armament?" or "What's delegations?"

A few days ago I asked her whether she had had a nice walk.

"Oh, all right," she said carelessly.

"Where did you go?"

"Just in the woods."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, we got lots and lots of chest-nuts."

"And did you see a scirrel?"

"Oh, ho, ho, how funny you are! It isn't scirrel, it's s-k-wirrel!"

I looked out of the window. A large yellow leaf fluttered slowly to the ground. I resolved to go and hibernate.

EVOE.

"THE MENACE OF MEAT."

[Under the above heading an evening paper recently reported a statement made by Canon LYTTLETON, at the Vegetarian Society's Bazaar in Manchester, that "the fashion of flesh foods has done more harm than alcoholism."]

Of old, ere recent crises
Made me sit up and think,
I deemed our national vices
Were chiefly reared on drink;
To-day I see my error;
The trouble's what we eat:
These times of holy terror
Are mainly due to meat.

Your too habitual gorger
Of mutton, veal or beef
Is father to the forger,
The cut-throat and the thief;
While he who fans a passion
For pork within his chest
Augments the growing fashion
Of riot and unrest.

If then we put our ban on
Each "body" that defiles,
And, like the Reverend Canon,
Out-Eustace Mr. MILES,
The Flesh (which led the revel)
Once crushed beneath our boot,
The World too and the Devil
Will surely follow suit.

SHAVEN AND SHORN.

USUALLY, when I have my hair cut, I read the current instalment of our intensely human and dramatic serial story in the paper handed to me by the courteous assistant. I find that, stubbornly and conscientiously studied, I can make it last out so that the "on no account miss to-morrow's enthralling chapter" of the printed sheet and the ultimate "Thank you, Sir," of the hair-dresser's assistant are reached at the same moment.

But to-day there was no paper available. Consequently for about fifteen minutes I had nothing more intensely human or dramatic to study than my own face. Until then I can honestly declare that I hardly knew my face. I knew it was a face, of course, but I had taken it more or less for granted. I had lived with it so long that I had forgotten what it looked like in detail; and, I suppose, in a happy-go-lucky devil-may-care way I was not discontented with it. But now that I had ample time to examine it, I found that, at first vaguely, then more definitely and in the end actively, it dissatisfied me. It wasn't *right* somehow. It looked usual, without distinction. It might have been anyone's face if it hadn't happened to be mine. It didn't stand out, if you understand me. I mean, if it had been for sale, it would have been labelled FACE, not FRESH FACE, or FINE YOUNG FACE, or even RARE OLD FACE. Just FACE. That shows you, doesn't it?

Gloomily, almost morosely, I gazed into the mirror and my every-man's face gazed back at me. What could be done about it?

"Steady, Sir," warned the assistant, for I had twitched with sudden inspiration and the scissors had skirted my ear.

"Sorry," I mumbled. "All right; go on. I—I shall want you to do something else for me when you've finished cutting my hair."

"Very good, Sir. The head a leetle inclined to the left, if you please."

I inclined a leetle, as directed.

"I shall want you to shave off my moustache," I announced firmly.

"Very good, Sir."

"Quite off, you understand," I amplified, a little shocked by the fellow's matter-of-fact acquiescence.

"Certainly, Sir. A leetle more inclined to the left, Sir. Thank you."

Ten minutes later he presented me with a towel and a hand-glass.

"Makes a bit of difference, Sir, doesn't it, in a manner of speaking?"

Bit of difference? *Bit?* I gazed in horror at the interminable pink slab of flesh which, denuded of its covering,

my upper lip proved itself to be. The assistant luckily caught the hand-glass as it dropped from my limp grasp.

"Thank you," I said dazedly, staggering to my feet. Around me a dozen or more mirrors reflected the unnatural nakedness of my shaven lip. My moustache had been a small compact one, but its site seemed almost illimitable. I looked like a criminal escaping from justice. No gallery could have resisted hooting me. With a stifled cry I passed out into the night. What would Mollie say? Or, rather, what wouldn't she say? Thank heaven, we did not live in a rigid Prohibition country where divorcees are easy.

Abjectly we slunk (though "slank" describes my gait more accurately) home, my lip and I. Insinuating the latch-key, I turned it with craven caution and crept into the hall. There I caught another devastating glimpse of myself; my bare upper lip cast back at me a blinding vision of Southend beach when the tide is out. I clapped my handkerchief over the vast glistening expanse and entered the sitting-room.

Mollie was there. Obviously she had just come in. She was wearing her hat and a high fur necklet.

"Hullo," she said. "Got toothache?"

I fancied her voice sounded strange. I shook my head; my visor down.

"Caught a cold?" It wasn't fancy. Her voice *was* strange.

Again I shook. She eyed me curiously. Did she guess? Should a husband tell?

"What's up, old man?" she asked.

It was the "old man" that did it. Mollie is not lavish with endearments.

Up went my visor.

"There!" I challenged—though, heaven knows, there was no challenge in my shrinking soul.

For a moment she stared at me, and then, to my amazement, she emitted a glad cry—the sort of sound one releases when, futilely chasing one's hat on a windy day, one observes another and a far, far better hat belonging to someone else careering along in a far, far muddier part of the road.

"And there!" exclaimed Mollie, whisking off her hat and fur necklet.

She had had her hair bobbed. She looked awful—awfuller than I; only my grotesquerie was in front and hers was at the back. There were faults on both sides.

The next instant we were clinging together whimpering mutual sympathies. And while we clung there came a knock at the front-door and the faint thud of a letter on the mat.

It was an advertisement of the Only Infallible Hair Producer.

Even so is the wind tempered to shorn lambs.

THE WAGES OF WIT.

[*"Men who are determined to get on in life cannot afford to have a sense of humour."*

MR. STEPHEN LEACOCK.]

PARENTS, while the coats that swaddle
Still encase his infant limb,
Banish from the baby's noddle
Every wheeze-provoking whim,
Or, before the brat can toddle,
Humour will have ruined him.

Though he shows unusual promise,
Takes his bath without a squeal,
Sleeps and punishes the commissariat with unflagging zeal,
While the ill-babes suffer from miss
Every chance to mar his weal;

Though, in short, the child's a wonder,
Sharp as steel and tough as oak,
Fame and he will dwell asunder,
Wealth for ever shun his poke,
Once you've made the fatal blunder
Of allowing him to joke.

Everywhere, exciting pity,
Linger on, obscure, depressed,
Men who practise being witty,
Who are paid, in fact, to jest—
Men who might have ruled the City,
Sat in Whitehall with the blest.

"We were born," they'll tell you,
weeping,
"Brainier than the common run;
Gifts of character in keeping
Were developed one by one;
What denied the harvest's reaping?
'Twas a fatal sense of fun.

"Something quaint in nurse's features;
Uncle George's tuberous girth;
Aunt Jemima, best of creatures
With the flattest feet on earth;
Bill the footman's nose and teacher's
Whiskers—all were food for mirth.

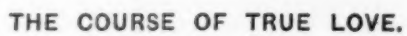
"Did our parents try to curb us,
Bid us mould our poise upon
L. TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS
Or the Duke of WELLINGTON?
Did corrective hands perturb us?
Not a bit. They egged us on.

"Now, illumed by tallow tapers,
In cold attics we remain
Writing for the comic papers,
We who might be in Park Lane,
Rich ambassadors and drapers,
Had we shunned the comic vein."

Such their tale, and oh, take warning,
Parents dear, from one who knows;
If you hear your brood adorning
Their remarks with quips and *mots*,
Spank them soundly, night and morning,
Lest the evil habit grows. ALGOL.

"POLISH MARKS THAT WILL SHORTLY BE USELESS."—*Provincial Paper.*

Then why polish them?



PROFESSIONAL STATUS.

SCENE—Hyde Park. TIME—Yesterday.

Miss Dido Duvelty. My rich Aunt Augusta's coming up to consult a specialist. It's her annual treat, you know.

Lady Betty Portcullis. What's the matter with her?

Miss D. D. Nothing; unless the specialist suggests something. Sometimes they don't, and then she considers herself swindled.

Glossop. It's a shame to take the money.

Lady B. P. Well, which specialist is she going to?

Miss D. D. Oh, she never decides till she gets to Town and finds out if there are any new ones she hasn't seen before.

G. Perhaps she could be persuaded to go the round of them all. It would combine enjoyment with charity. I hear there's something like a slump in Harley Street.

Lady B. P. I'm jolly glad. I hate the way specialists look down on an ordinary doctor as a sort of plumber.

Miss D. D. I don't see why plumbers should be considered inferior to medical men. It's just one of those jealousies that are the curse of the professional classes. After all, a plumber is to a building what a doctor is to a human being, and, when you come to think of it, modern houses, with all their pipes and wires and things, are as complicated as we are.

Lady B. P. And besides, a house can't tell you how it feels.

G. Only in extreme cases, when something bursts.

Miss D. D. And as the health of a household may depend on the health of the house I should say that, if anything, the plumber is more important than the doctor.

G. Probably nobody feels that more keenly than the plumber himself. No doubt his morose apathy betokens a morbid nature smarting from a sense of inadequate recognition.

Miss D. D. Of course it does. I'm sure that, if he were only admitted to a status in keeping with modern conditions, he would become as enthusiastic as anything.

Lady B. P. Then we should have him rolling up to our houses in a

motor-car and a fur-lined coat and leaving his top-hat upside down on the hall table while he went to look at the scullery sink.

G. With a good sink-side manner and a few agreeably intimate anecdotes about pipe-trouble in Royal palaces. While preparing to use the suction-pump, or whatever they call the thing, he would recall an occasion in King Edward's time when it was discovered that the Sandringham sinks were so constructed that tea-leaves were poison to them.

till he found something else. He would sound the kitchen boiler and say, "Ah, h'm, yes; as I thought, there is a slight lesion here. It's nothing serious if you can do without hot water, but if you continue to use it I must warn you to expect an explosion in about five years' time."

Lady B. P. Even in the plumbing profession there would be alarmists and the pooh-pooh sort.

G. Yes; in the case of a slight leak the alarmists would say that an immediate severe operation was necessary to

save the whole house from collapse, and the pooh-pooh ones would reassure you: "Why, it's hardly coming through the ceiling yet. However, we will exhibit a little white-lead, and you can send for me again if it gets really bad. Go out and have a round of golf to take your mind off it."

Miss D. D. And if you were dissatisfied with your own plumber it wouldn't be etiquette for you to call in another plumber practising in the same district. Directly plumbing is given proper recognition as one of the learned professions it will become stiff with etiquette.

G. When a new plumber sets up his brass plate it will be etiquette for him to call on all the other plumbers in the neighbourhood, and it won't be etiquette for a plumber's wife to call on her husband's patients, and it won't be etiquette for a plumber to attend to his own house, and so on.

Lady B. P. And there will be panel-plumbers, and peerages for the fashionable plumbers.

Miss D. D. And people like my Aunt Augusta will

come up from the country to see the eminent consulting-plumbers on the other side of Oxford Street.

G. I'm only afraid that the rise of the plumber would mean the decline of the doctor.

Lady B. P. Yes, it would be rather awful if the doctor were to become what the plumber is now. Fancy a doctor going off for his dinner in the middle of an operation for appendicitis.

G. And fancy a doctor, sent for to look at an abscess in the mouth, saying he must go home and fetch his lancet. And imagine him not turning up again till next day, and then saying, "Now, to get at this 'ere we shall 'ave to take



Publicity Agent (who has called on retiring and little-known genius).
"PUBLICITY PAYS, MR. BACKWATER. YOU DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO SAY, 'WHO IS BACKWATER?' YOU WANT TO BE ONE OF THE FIRST WHOSE OPINIONS THE PUBLIC LOOKS FOR ON THE LATEST PRESS TOPIC, SUCH AS 'ARE OUR GIRLS' NECKS LONGER?' OR 'IS BOBBED HAIR A BACK NUMBER?'"

Lady B. P. And in a hard frost, when there was an epidemic of burst pipes, he would rush about assuring his patients that he hadn't been to bed for a week, although he ought to have been at home attending to his own pipes, which were worse than anybody else's.

G. I'm afraid that even in a top hat he would not be above making work for himself.

Miss D. D. Perhaps not; but he would do it in a more open way. He would be above boring holes in the gas-pipes on the sly; but, if he was called in just to put a new washer on a bathroom tap, he would insist on giving the whole house a thorough overhauling



Hostess (at a loss for a topic). "DID YOU EVER SEE 'CHARLEY'S AUNT'?"

Guest. "WELL, REALLY, I'M ASHAMED TO SAY I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN MR. CHAPLIN HIMSELF."

the back of yer 'ead orf; then we shan't 'ave to arsk yer to move the front of yer fice."

Miss D. D. But I don't see why the doctors and plumbers couldn't exist side by side on a footing of equality.

G. After all Sir ALFRED MOND is equally responsible for our health and our houses. And anyhow there's no difference in social caste between a gas-pipe and a wind-pipe.

Another Sex Problem.

"Light Sussex, White Wyandotte and Plymouth Rock Cockerels, good girls,"
Local Paper.

"ROTTNEST ISLAND.

H H Asquith (off) Oct. 25."

Liverpool Paper.

We are relieved to find that this is from the Shipping Intelligence, and not, as at the first glance we feared, from the Unshipping Intelligence.

From a description of a meeting broken up by Communists:—

"Stink mobs were thrown into the body of the hall."—Daily Paper.

We prefer the old phrase, "the great unwashed."

UNSTUCK.

Oh, pity, friends, my sore dismay;
Deplore my lamentable luck;
I, last of "limpets" (as men say),
In the most unexpected way
Have come unstuck.

Even before the time of peace,
When other men of weaker grain
From wealth, perhaps, or mere caprice,
Went scampering off to their release,
I bore the strain.

I nobly said, I must fulfil
This office as I'm duly bid;
And, if my country needs me still,
I ought to stay—and stay I will;
And stay I did.

When, later on, throughout the land
A cry rose up of "sack the lot,"
There still remained a faithful band
("Limpets," the papers called us, and
It mattered not)

Of patriots vowed to serve the State
For all the blessed State was worth,
Who swore, while they were spared by
fate,
Not one of them would hesitate
To keep his berth.

But time went on and seasons passed,

And one by one, by slow degrees,
My cronies on the world were cast
To face the rude and bitter blast
With O.B.E.'s.

Till I alone was left. I had
My office and my monthly screw
(Which, I may say, was not so bad),
And all was well. And now, begad,
They've got me too.

I really thought I should endure
The silly onslaught of the axe;
The fall of others made me sure
That I was pretty well secure
From all attacks.

And yet they throw me out like this
To tackle Life's distracting whirl.
How gloomy looks the dread abyss!
My typist, too. How I shall miss
That charming girl!

Farewell, Miss Jenkins. And good-bye,

Calm dignity. I cannot shirk
The fact that we must part. And I,
As far as I can see, must try
To get some work.

DUM-DUM.



Small Girl (who has been promised a visit to the Zoo to-morrow). "I HOPE WE SHALL HAVE A BETTER DAY FOR IT THAN NOAH HAD."

PAINS AND PENALTIES OF POPULARITY.

M. POUISHNOFF, the famous pianist, finding himself pursued by feminine admirers even to the recesses of his flat, has been moved to take drastic measures to combat the nuisance. He has affixed to his door a notice stating that he "has no social qualifications whatever," is "the most uninteresting of men" and "will be grateful if he is allowed to live the life of a bachelor hermit."

This melting appeal has provoked much sympathy among those of the famous whose invincible modesty and diffidence intuitively shrink from the publicity forced on them by the shameless behaviour of their admirers. For the benefit of these sufferers we append a few notices in a similar vein, which may be used without fee or licence by the parties concerned:—

Miss MARY PICKFORD is much upset and inconvenienced by the insufferable publicity to which she is being subjected. Being by nature a quiet little home-bird, she finds any public demonstration of popular esteem extremely embarrassing. She would be glad to be

allowed to get on with her knitting of winter socks for DUGGY.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY begs to state that he is entirely devoid of interest to the general public. He would be obliged if individuals with grievances would permit him to concentrate all his energies on the maintenance of his position as an efficient Parliamentary nuisance.

Sir PHILIP SASSOON wishes to warn all who have indicated a desire to spend a few days at Lympne in the company of any celebrities who may be making use of his villa, that he is a very ordinary young man.

Miss Topsy Fleurdelys (Frivolity Theatre) begs to inform those editors who appear to derive pleasure from publishing her photograph in their papers that such unwarranted liberties are very distasteful to her. When off the stage she is the dowdiest woman in London, and she would prefer to continue her prize-pig breeding in peace and quietness.

Mr. DE VALERA ventures to inform all whom it may concern that he is heartily sick of the publicity which he incurs as President of an alleged Re-

public. He would be glad if the Federation of Imported Gunmen would permit him to relinquish this office and resume his schoolmastering.

"MARGOT" desires to inform all her admirers who have not yet been mentioned in her published works that such "mentions" are being made in strict rotation. She would point out that she is no longer so flighty as she was painted by herself, her sole desire being to preserve intact the privacy to which she has become resigned since her retirement from public life. The letters which she receives in a steady stream from rejected suitors who are disappointed at finding no reference to themselves in her journals are the cause of considerable annoyance to her.

"Only 14 persons were present in the galleries of the House of Commons.

Daily Paper.

The new facilities must have been insufficiently advertised.

"For Sale, Good Greengrocery Round; reason, owner going to work."—*Provincial Paper.*

To exchange, in the words of the hymn, the "daily round" for the "common task."



THE PIPE OF PEACE.

GREAT DRY CHIEF. "I DO TRUST THIS WON'T MAKE ANY OF THEM SICK!"



Tripper. "OH, LOR—THERE'S A BULL IN THE FIELD. IS 'E DANGEROUS?"
Native. "'E BE ALL RIGHT. 'E WON'T TOSS YER IF YER KEEPS AWAY FROM 'IS 'EAD."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 31st.—The prospect of an Irish debate filled the House of Commons to overflowing, and so many noble lords from Ireland were anxious, like *Napper Tandy*, to know "how does she stand" that the Peers' Gallery soon became a Congested District, and the Duke of York had some difficulty in reaching his seat over the Clock.

The humourists of Question-time hardly rose to the opportunity provided by the great audience. The most original effort was made by Col. ARCHER-SHEE, who drew attention to an offer by the Soviet Government to sell thirty-five tons of caviare, and protested against the export from a starving country of "this most nutritious food."

The Irish debate, when it came, resolved itself into a duel between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE of the present and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE of the past. Never can the PRIME MINISTER in the course of his variegated career have listened in one day to so many quotations from his old speeches as were hurled at him by Colonel GRETTON and Mr. GWYNNE, the Mover and Seconder of the Resolu-

tion condemning the Government for entering a Conference with men "who have taken an oath of allegiance to an Irish Republic and repudiated the authority of the Crown."

Happily for himself Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is the last man in the world to be intimidated by the spectres of his oratorical past. No one is a more consistent exponent of the creed that "circumstances alter cases."

As the Ulstermen, placated by the promise of an immediate transfer of the powers necessary to enable the Northern Parliament to function, had announced through Captain CRAIG their intention to abstain, and as Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. CLYNES had promised the PRIME MINISTER the support of their respective parties on this issue—though carefully disclaiming any intention of giving him a blank cheque—it was certain that there would be a large majority against the motion. The actual figures were surprising—43 for and 439 against. The wheel of time has indeed come full circle. It is only eight-and-twenty years since the House of Lords threw out Mr. GLADSTONE's second Home Rule Bill by an almost identical majority—

419 to 41—with the enthusiastic approval of the British electorate.

Tuesday, November 1st.—Lord MUIR MACKENZIE introduced a Bill to repeal Section 2 of the Gaming Act of 1835, and so nullify the recent decision of the House of Lords in its judicial capacity. The remainder of a brief Sitting was taken up by a discussion on indemnities initiated by Lord PARMOOR, who expatiated on the theory (now popular in the circles formerly Pacificist) that in international finance it is a positive injury to the creditor for a debtor to pay his debts, and attributed most of our industrial troubles to the short-sighted conduct of the Government in pressing Germany for money. Lord CRAWFORD considered this to be a most mischievous doctrine. If it were true there would be less unemployment here than in Belgium and France, which had had far more reparation from Germany.

The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA is a modest man, and hates to take credit not due to him. He entirely disclaimed the power (attributed to him by Viscount CURZON) of being able, by his answers in the House of Commons, to turn Mr. GANDHI into a

Mahatma. I don't believe he would do it even if he could.

The HOME SECRETARY informed anxious questioners that he is studying the seriousness of the Bolshevik agitation in this country. He pointed to no specific results of his study and confessed a lamentable ignorance of the "battle of Shaftesbury Avenue." At the moment, apparently, the police are chiefly concerned in "running-in" the far more dangerous miscreants who promote whist-drives, and whose action, in Mr. SHORTT's opinion, might in some cases amount to the keeping of a gaming-house. I must warn my Vicar of his probable fate if he continues to allow these discreditable orgies in the Parish Hall.

Several Members drew attention to the need for supplying facilities for further settlers overseas. This perverted Imperialism pained Colonel WEDGWOOD. The Government must know that people in this country would rather remain here with their friends and relations. Well, that depends. Surely Colonel WEDGWOOD has not forgotten what Archbishop TEMPLE said to the clergyman who invited an opinion on his aunt's "providential" escape from death—"Can't say; don't know your aunt."

Wednesday, November 2nd.—"The pleasing presence of WALTER LONG," to recall the phrase used of one of his ancestors, has been finally transferred from the Commons to "another place," where, escorted by two old colleagues, Lord CAVE and Lord CHAPLIN, he took his seat as Viscount LONG OF WRAXALL. He arrived just in time to enjoy the happy blend of sport and jurisprudence in which Lord BIRKENHEAD commended the Gaming Bill. Very much to the point was his story of how he went on an expedition with the LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND to study the native races of that island, and, being placed by his learned colleague on a "wrong un," had paid his "insignificant losses" by cheque, which, under his own recent judgment, he was now entitled, if he chose, to recover. Lord CHAPLIN based his support of the Bill on the following chain of argument: No betting, no racing; no racing, no thoroughbreds; no thoroughbreds, no cavalry; no cavalry, no conquest of Palestine. He

might have added: No conquest of Palestine, no chance for Lord SYDENHAM and Lord PARMOOR to make speeches about the warring creeds in the Holy Land, as they had done at considerable length earlier in the sitting.

Mrs. WINTRINGHAM made a modest debut with a couple of Questions, one

Good progress was made with several of the measures designed to relieve unemployment, and "a certain liveliness" was engendered by the discussion on the Local Authorities (Financial Provisions) Bill. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE described the Ministry of Health as "a nest of little SIDNEY WEBBS," who

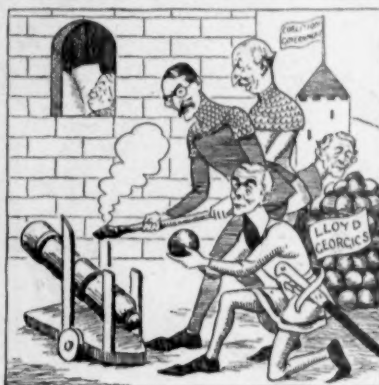
are always trying to carry out painless revolutions by subterranean processes. He had the satisfaction of drawing Sir ALFRED MOND, who indignantly declared that his policy was not Fabian in any sense of the word, and that the romantic antics of Mr. LANSBURY and his colleagues in getting themselves sent to prison had nothing to do with its adoption.

Thursday, Nov. 3rd.

—If Mr. SHORTT had been a little less curt in his method of satisfying Members' curiosity regarding the sudden departure of Sir BASIL THOMSON from New Scotland Yard, he might have saved a debate from which the Government did not emerge with too much credit. To refuse to answer a straight question as to whether Sir BASIL walked out or was pushed, on the ground that it would necessitate "going into the whole of the facts," was to invite a motion for the adjournment. It was moved by Sir REGINALD HALL, who from his experience as chief sleuth at the Admiralty, paid tribute to Sir BASIL's ability in diagnosing danger and frustrating plots before they developed. No one was pleased at his departure but the enemies of the country.

The HOME SECRETARY did not deny his services, but explained that, though personally he had "never met a more courteously pleasant person to work with," he did not get on with the new Chief Commissioner. Sir BASIL had always made it plain that he would resign if the Special Branch of the C.I.D. were placed under the direct control of General HORWOOD, and, as that step had been decided upon "in the interests of efficiency," of course Sir BASIL had to go.

The explanation met with much hostile criticism, and the even more damaging approval of Mr. NEIL MACLEAN. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had to save the situation by threatening to resign, and was cheered—much to his annoyance—by the Labour Party.



SIR DAVID'S ASSAILANTS, HAVING DIRECTED AGAINST HIM A PETARD LOADED FROM HIS OWN MAGAZINE,

COLONEL GREYTON, MR. R. GWYNNE, SIR F. BANBURY. SIR J. G. BUTCHER.



FIND THEMSELVES HOIST THEREWITH.

relating to agricultural unemployment, and the other to the congestion of goods at Grimsby. I do not know whether she was satisfied with the replies, but she made no attempt to challenge them, and in most unwomanly fashion allowed the Ministers concerned to have the last word.

Mr. PRETYMAN was informed that the Board of Trade were seeking powers to



King SHORTT. "WITH WHAT OFFENCE IS THE PRISONER CHARGED?"

P.C. "WITH PROMOTING WHIST-DRIVES, YOUR MAJESTY."

King SHORTT. "OFF WITH HIS HEAD!"

enable them to mark foreign eggs, and prevent their being palmed off as British. It is held in some quarters that this discounts the rumours of an early General Election.



"MAN, IT'S A SWELLISH FAIRTY WE HAE THIS YEAR."

"AY! YE'RE RIGHT. THEY TELL ME THERE'S TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS-WORTH O' JEW'LEERY ON THE MOOR THE DAY."

THE MELLOWING TOUCH.

"AND this one," said Isabel, as she opened the last of her morning letters, "is from your Aunt Georgina. She's going abroad 'to spend the few years remaining to her in a more congenial climate.' And before she goes she wishes to come here for a day or two, 'to have a last look at the little church.'"

"The devil!" I muttered.

"Don't call her names. She's rather a dear, especially for an old maid."

"It was just an ejaculation, if you know what that means."

"Thank you, I do. And I think it was very profane, if you know what that means. Anyhow, why did you ejaculate?"

"My dear girl! The stained-glass window."

Now I am Aunt Georgina's nephew (as you may have guessed) and my envious relatives say I have expectations. Besides being my aunt she is a strong-minded shrewd old lady. A little old-fashioned in her tastes, she reads nothing but Byron—"our only poet," as she calls him. She is also the donor of an east window in the tiny church on the impoverished estate which swallows as much of my slender income as

remains after Sir ROBERT HORNE (or is it Mr. CHAMBERLAIN?) has done with it. This window having been generally pronounced a glaring eyesore, my artist friend, Fullerton, was induced to deal with it drastically, with mellowing effect.

"The east window. I'd forgotten that. Whatever will she say?" gasped Isabel. "Courage, dearest," I replied. "This is where a strong, resourceful man comes in."

"Does he?" said Isabel, looking towards the door. "I don't see him."

"Listen and you'll hear him. Aunt Georgina must be—well, that is to say, we must 'tell her the tale.' I believe that to be the expression."

"Oh, you couldn't deceive dear old Aunt Georgina."

"We might try, anyway," I answered brightly.

"I meant, surely you wouldn't wish to. An appeal to your honour; silly of me."

"Couldn't we say," I went on, "that the jackdaws bit pieces out of it—there are heaps of them in the tower—and that the Stores couldn't quite match them?"

"As if jackdaws would eat glass!"

"Well, I once saw a goat eat a flannel

shirt!" I replied with some heat; "so there."

"Isn't your mind a little jumpy this morning, darling?" inquired Isabel gently. "By the way, what is stained glass made of?"

"Why—er—glass, of course, and stain," I answered easily.

"Thank you so much. And how did they get the lovely soft colours in the old glass, and why is the modern stuff so horrid?"

"Well, that was a sort of secret of the old monks and friars and people. I believe I read somewhere that they mixed it up with their own blood, or a monkey's thyroid gland or something. But what are we going to do about it?"

"Haven't I read of some people going about slashing windows? Couldn't they do something for us?" suggested Isabel.

"I doubt it," I replied. "The window-slashers are a cut above us—diamonds and that sort of thing. I'm afraid I couldn't get into their set."

"Never mind," said Isabel, patting my arm comfortingly; "perhaps the old dear won't notice it."

"Won't notice? She'll put up that beastly lorgnette and then she'll say,



THE RUNAWAY BATH-CHAIR; OR, THE BROKEN BY-LAW.

["A person who shall wheel or bring, or cause to be wheeled or brought, into the pleasure ground a wheeled chair . . . perambulator or chaise . . . shall not at any time wheel or station such chair, perambulator or chaise, or cause or suffer such chair, perambulator or chaise to be wheeled or stationed, over or upon any part of a flower bed, or over or upon any tree, sapling, shrub, underwood, gorse or other plant."—Extract from "Model By-laws" for Pleasure Grounds, issued by the Ministry of Health.]

'Arthur, child, what in the world have you been doing to the window? Never could let well alone, could you? Ruined—absolutely ruined!' And so shall we be," I concluded hopelessly.

"Rubbish!" said Isabel. "After two years she'll have forgotten. Or else I'll talk to her ever so nicely and take her attention from it. I'll explore every avenue to peace. I saw that in the paper this morning."

* * * * *

Aunt Georgina sat in the family pew, Isabel on one side, I on the other. Presently she put up her lorgnette. I mopped my brow; Isabel smiled wanly. The minutes seemed age-long.

"Wonderful!" said Aunt Georgina softly. "'Time the corrector, where our judgments err.' I did so dislike that window at first; I felt it was quite a failure. Such terribly crude colours. Still, as there was no remedy, I didn't tell you young people. I knew you'd never notice anything. And now the mellowing touch of Time has done its beneficent work—and after only two years. Wonderful, wonderful!"

DARING AT A DISCOUNT.

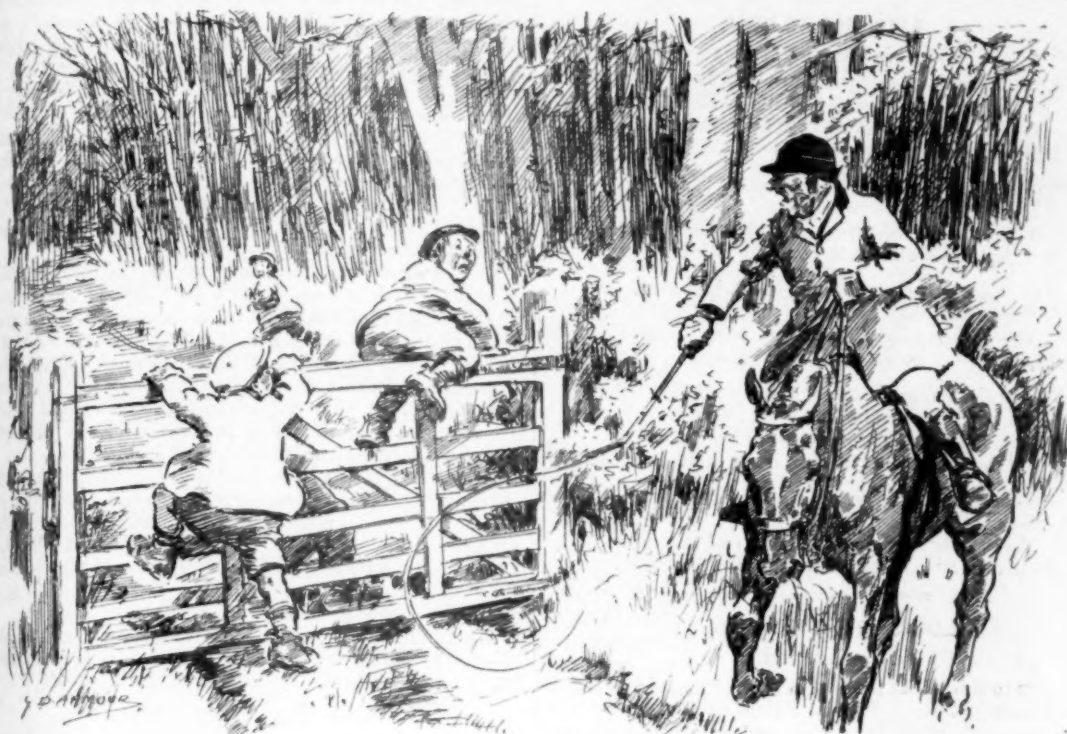
ACCORDING to *The Daily News* we are confronted with a Revolution, happily not political but social—a Revolution, moreover, which tends not towards upheaval but moderation. The "Daring Woman" is out of date; the day of "frenzied femininity" is past or passing; the pendulum is swinging back towards restraint, sobriety and decorum. Ugly dances are doomed; there is less puffing of cigarettes in public; girl-riders throughout the country are returning to the side-saddle; in fine, Victorian ways and ideals are being increasingly adopted by the rising generation.

These reassuring conclusions are based on a collection and collation of impressions of a number of observers, but unfortunately no names are given. Mr. Punch, accordingly, anxious to verify these startling statements, has been at pains to supplement the inquiries of *The Daily News* by a more scientific and precise investigation. Here are the results:—

On visiting the offices of the Cosmo-

politan Cosmetic Company in Bond Street, our Representative was informed that the firm were probably going into liquidation. The manager stated that this step was due to the intensive campaign conducted by the Natural Complexion League in Mayfair. The object of the League is to secure a pledge from all women not to have recourse to artificial aids to beauty before the age of twenty-five, and the response has been so large as to paralyse the demand for the products of the Company. Prices have been reduced to a point which admits of the scantiest margin of profit, and complete facial reconstruction, which occupies a period of three months, can now be secured for two hundred and fifty guineas, or just one-fourth of the pre-War figure. Yet even on this basis little business is being done in face of the propaganda of the Natural Complexion League.

Very significant again is the testimony of Miss GOODCHILD, the Head Mistress of the famous Girls' School at Little Dereham. "A few years ago," she writes, "the question, 'What is your



LITERATURE FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"AND YOUNGER HEARINGS ARE QUITE RAVISHED;
SO SWEET AND VOLUBLE IN HIS DISCOURSE."—*Love's Labour's Lost*.

favourite character in fiction?' was almost invariably answered by *Dodo* or *Sonia*. These names no longer exert the same appeal, and in the last General Literature paper the question revealed a surprising preference for the heroines of Victorian fiction, such as *Laura Pen-dennis*, *The Marchioness*, or *Molly* in *Mrs. GASKELL'S Wives and Daughters*. So too with the heroines of history. *JOAN OF ARC* has been dethroned from her pre-eminence simply and solely because she set the fashion of riding astride. I may mention that the most popular girl in the school at present is not even in the hockey team, but is by far the best pupil in the cooking class."

Another straw which in the picturesque phrase of the speaker "portends the ultimate breaking of the back of the camel of eccentricity," is contributed by Miss Ivy Freake, the directress of the Women's Poetry Teashop. "The demand for exotic confectionery," she informed our representative, "is distinctly on the wane, and the consumption of old-fashioned and homely conestibles such as the 'Sally Lunn' and the *Banbury Cake*, is increasing by leaps and bounds. The reaction of diet on

the character of the poems produced and recited by frequenters of the tea-shop is even more marked. The Marinettian group is now reduced to a negligible minority, and even *vers libre* is at a discount. At a recent debate a motion to the effect that the poetry which counts could not afford to dispense with rhyme or reason was carried by 31 to 13, and it is now possible to mention the names of *SHELLEY*, *SWINBURNE* and even *TENNYSON* without provoking an uproar."

Miss IRIS PARR, the Secretary of the British Ladies' Golf Federation, interviewed at her office in Brassey Square, Battersea, stated that the Executive Council of the Federation had by a large majority passed a rule providing for the expulsion of all members who were guilty of the habitual use of ungentlemanly language on the links. The expletives "Bother" and "Blow" were sanctioned, but, after a prolonged debate, "Drat" was excluded in view of the derivation of the word given in *Murray's Dictionary*. Veiled imprecations, as one speaker put it, were a cowardly evasion, and deserved even greater reprobation than the robust oburgations on which they were founded.

Finally the activities of the newly-founded Victorian Sisterhood are a convincing proof of the strength of the reaction against audacity. The prospectus of the society expressly defines its aim as "the recovery of the lost popularity of young women by discarding the manners and customs which have brought them into discredit, and reverting to the more urbane and decorous amenities of the Victorian age." Fortitude is not discouraged and there is no desire to reintroduce the practice of fainting on every paltry occasion or weeping on the smallest provocation. But it is pointed out that men are not flattered by the imitation of their worst qualities, and that, if girls must be boys, they need not model themselves on their bounding brothers.

The members of the Victorian Sisterhood are all young women, none of them over twenty-one, and the Prospectus concludes with a warning to all girls to avoid the pathetic isolation of those unhappy eccentrics of to-day—women of thirty and even older—who still adhere to the extravagances that are now entirely out of fashion, and who, already back numbers, are in a fair way to end their lives as social outlaws.

ANNIVERSARY.

NOVEMBER 11TH.

THRICE has been woven the royal robe of Spring
 Since the last thunders in the West died down,
 And a third Autumn hangs its pennons brown
 Upon the lonely trees where no birds sing.

Unhealed, unfortified, uncomfited,
 Men watch the winter come. Was it for this
 Young lips were lifted gaily to death's kiss?
 Is it for this we live and they are dead?

Nay, not for this; the end, far-off, half-seen,
 Which the dead saw with clearer eyes than ours,
 The end remains; above the dying flowers
 The shrine of honour lifts itself serene.

Above the palms that droop, the flags that fade,
 And high above the clamour and the dust
 Abides that sepulchre, austere, august,
 That England's love for England's children made.

Let England look thereon; a light more pure
 Seems to be orb'd o'er that strange sorrowful place,
 Where she may find the glory and the grace
 To dream once more and once more to endure.

D. M. S.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—LUPETTI.

I USED to think that the best indoor dog was the Pekinese. But I have just met for the first time another little loving creature which, while apparently not much less benignant than those Orientals, has an alertness all its own. But alertness does not begin to express the lightning-like quickness of its movements or the quivering depths of its feelings. To see one of these dogs in an ecstasy of welcoming a returning master is to have a new conception both of devotion and of nervous intensity.

The dog is Italian and its business at home is to do for the peasant with a wine-cart what, in Holland, the schipperke does for the bargee: that is to say, to guard his property. I have seen them and heard them at the gates of Rome, standing high on the barrels and letting all the world know that unlawful intruders will get what's what; but I never became friendly with one until, the other day, in an artist's drawing-room, a tiny specimen of this restless galvanic breed sprang to rest, periodically, on my knees. Although to all appearances the gayest and least careworn of her sex, and but seven years old, she is already, I was assured, the mother of five-and-twenty *Lupetti* (as these dogs are called: little wolves), who are all now cheering various homes with their electric liveliness and profundities of affection. One of their prettiest characteristics, persisting both in exile and indolence, is to prefer a high place to a low one—the sofa-top to the sofa-seat, a shoulder to a lap—as though still loftily protecting the Falernian casks.

Perhaps the *Lupetto* is already a fashionable dog in England; but this was my first serious introduction, and I hope I shall soon meet more.

P.S. (later).—After seeing M. DULAC's portraits of Ming and Tsu-Hsi at the Grafton Gallery I am conscious with a pang that no infidelity to the Pekinese is possible. But the *Lupetti* are great fellows.

II.—THE IDLE BOYS.

A problem that is continually perplexing is the composition of the theatre queue. I passed a West End house

the other day at a little before four in the afternoon and already outside the gallery was a long row of people, some standing, some on camp-stools, waiting for the doors to open in three hours' time. I should point out that this was not the afternoon preceding a first night; the play had been running for a week. The odd thing was that the people all looked prosperous enough to be able to book a place and arrive five minutes before the rise of the curtain. Either their appearance was deceptive or they prefer these waits in the cold and the comparative discomfort of their seats when they get them. In any case the extraordinary lure of the play is again illustrated.

The people waiting may or may not have been able to afford to book in advance; but what is certain is that some who were not there could afford it, because their positions in the queue were being kept by boy-messengers, and we all know that a boy-messenger's time runs into money.

I passed on, feeling vaguely that there is something wrong somewhere if so many daylight hours of this brief life (it was a sunny afternoon) can be frittered away in getting ready to be amused in the evening, feeling, too—and not vaguely, but very positively—that it is a double act of treachery to employ active boys to stand in a theatre queue in one's stead. To begin with, it is monstrously unfair to boy-nature, for a boy can be the most ardent play-lover of all, and here he is, posted at the gates of paradise only to be sent home when they open; and then there is the want of citizenship in locking up so much energy. The boy-messenger corps was not, I feel sure, mobilised in order to serve as deputy-drones. I should like to hear the CHIEF SCOUT on the subject.

III.—THE RAILWAY WAG.

What I have always guessed to be the oldest joke—a reflection on the other fellow's personal appearance; it may have been the real trouble between CAIN and ABEL—cropped up rather pleasantly in a compartment between Portsmouth and Victoria. You know those little enamelled advertisement tablets which ask the question, "Why do the other passengers smile?" and go on to explain why, the cause being the very delightful caricatures of a certain humorous artist in a daily paper. Well, a superior railway wag had seen this and handled the situation with more than the usual ingenuity of his kind. Instead of eliminating certain letters he had boldly stuck a piece of paper over the whole of the reply, with a conjectural solution of his own. It now read: "Why do the other passengers smile?" with the revised answer: "They must have seen your face."

E. V. L.

In a Good Cause.

IN the poorer districts of London it is difficult, if not impossible, for invalids to afford suitable food. It was to meet their need that the Invalid Kitchens of London were established under the patronage of the QUEEN. Last year they supplied over nineteen thousand dinners to invalids and nursing mothers. The fact that less than £1,900 covered the cost of this service and other forms of help is proof of an extremely economical administration. In every case where it is possible some contribution, if it is only one penny, is required of those who receive this assistance. Winter is coming, with the prospect of great need and distress, and the funds of this Society are so low that, unless generous help arrives, and soon, the work will have to be stopped or very much curtailed. Mr. Punch sincerely hopes that his readers will be kind enough to send aid to this good cause. Gifts should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Lady MURIEL PAGET, at the offices of the Invalid Kitchens of London, 32, Victoria Street, S.W.1.



Governess. "IS THE WORLD ROUND OR FLAT?"

Pupil. "ROUND."

Governess. "HOW DO YOU KNOW?"

Pupil. "WELL, FLAT, THEN. I DON'T WANT TO START AN ARGUMENT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is now over twenty years since E. T. Cook relinquished the editorship of *The Daily News*, in which journal he taught the doctrines of what was called in those days Liberal Imperialism. Mr. J. SAXON MILLS, in his biography of *Sir Edward Cook* (CONSTABLE), revives the old dead party cries of the platform and the Press, afflicting the reader of to-day with a melancholy sense of the futility of these voices. They may (or may not) have meant very much to the public, but to E. T. Cook, the journalist, Liberal Imperialism signified a set of principles for which he would, and did, sacrifice his livelihood. One suspects that his fine sincerity rather embarrassed the party politicians. Twice the newspaper of which he was editor was sold over his head, and twice he refused to barter his convictions for a salary. Mr. MILLS's instructive account of these painful episodes may perhaps help the public to understand the tactful methods of politicians who covertly court the electorate through a newspaper which looks independent but isn't. But EDWARD COOK was a two-sworded warrior. Undeclared and serene, he drew the trusty blade of literature, and accomplished the tremendous task of editing the entire works of *RUSKIN* in thirty-nine volumes, identifying every allusion except one mysterious couplet. He also wrote the lives of *RUSKIN*, *EDMUND GARRETT*, *DELANE* of *The Times* and *FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE*. These solid achievements might well have earned their author a titular distinction, but, by a final touch of irony, it was a War-Knighthood that was ultimately conferred upon him in recognition of his services as Press Censor.

Piscator, you've had 'sleepless nights
Endeavouring to solve those tangled
Questions of how the Troglodytes,
The Aztecs or the Incas angled;
You've failed, but you may take your ease
Henceforward with a mind unweighted;
These pre-historic mysteries
Are finally elucidated.

Settled are too those lesser points
Which harassed every true Waltonian—
Who first used flies and rods with joints,
Egyptian? Greek? or Babylonian?
Who first preserved a likely spot?
Who first bought fishing rights or sold 'em?
Did fishes use the Ark, and what
Arrangements were there made to hold 'em?

Hereon all such as mark these rhymes
Will now be saved from future worry,
For *Fishing From the Earliest Times*,
By Mr. WILLIAM RADCLIFFE (MURRAY),
Tackles the subject on a plan
Of such complete elaboration,
It leaves the contemplative man
No further food for contemplation.

I am sure I have the most soundly appreciative of her readers on my side when I own to liking Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN's fiddle-players and fiddle-makers much better than any of the other inhabitants of her unique little world. In the baker's dozen of short stories she publishes as *Thirteen All Told* (METHUEN), far and away the best is

"The Bach Double Concerto in D Minor," a rendering, almost Flemish in its mellow fidelity, of a rift in the life-long friendship of two middle-aged violinists. "In a Bavarian Fiddle-Village" is a similar picture on a larger canvas, as delightful in detail, but not, to my way of thinking, so well composed as its English companion. Among the less distinguished but eminently readable eleven left over, one of the best stories is "Bondage," in which the wealthy matter-of-fact wife of a stifled and resentful painter of genius is allowed to emphasize her point of view to a recipient of her husband's confidences. It was distinctly pretty to watch Miss HARRADEN holding the scales between idiosyncrasy and convention with such Rhadamanthine equity. But there was something perfunctory, and I'm sure I don't wonder at it, in her subsequent dealings with "the occult" and with labour unrest. She can well afford to stick to her last, for a very good last it is, and leave such untoward fashions to less delicate fingers.

Simply because politics of any sort have a charm for them I daresay that quite a lot of people won't agree with me when I say that Mr. ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI's new book, *What Woman Wishes* (HUTCHINSON), is a very dull one. It is all about a certain young Lord Chiddingly, who has a poor opinion of women—inherited; and a plan for revitalising the Tory party—chiefly borrowed. He meets, in France, a Cockney girl of the working classes, *June Perkins*, known as *Jimper*, who afterwards, in England, seeks him out and performs valiant and rather unlikely deeds for his sake when he contests "East St. Patrick's" as a Coalition Unionist, with "Pure Bread, Gnomie Training and the better teaching of English" as his battle-cry. On the night of his triumphant election *Jimper* has a fight, tooth and claw, with the Hon. Mrs. Price-Pruen, who is also in love with the successful Candidate and also has helped in the election. This display of womanly feeling reveals to the hitherto virtuous *Chiddingly* the fact that he loves *Jimper*, and they set off at once on a happy fortnight's elopement. The book ends with *Jimper*, a finely imagined if rather unreal developed character, diving to her death from a Channel steamer, rather than suffer her idol to continue deteriorating mentally at an alarming rate, as he has ever since their more intimate connection. Mr. LUDOVICI's frequent attacks on the CRECH family seem out of place in what is so obviously a work of fiction. Perhaps he hoped that they would impart reality to it; but they don't.

Latchkey Ladies (HEINEMANN) is, I should judge by a certain amateurishness in handling, a first novel, on which Miss M. GRANT is to be very heartily congratulated; for what it may lack in skill and finish it more than recovers in freshness and a most evident sincerity. *Anne Carey* finds herself during the War in one of the least pleasant and effective of military-administration offices. In the in-

terval of idleness and depression that follows this mournful experience she has the ill-luck to fall in love with a married man. After a struggle, which the general laxity and excitement produced by the War make more difficult, she yields to her lover's importunity and has a child, whose birth she conceals from its father and whose death brings her to her lowest depth of misery. Help and hope come in an unexpected way; and I do not envy anyone who cannot appreciate the fine courage of *Anne* or the chivalry of the young journalist who brings the happy ending. There are excellent portraits of other "latchkey ladies" (and latchkey gentlemen for that matter). I hope Miss GRANT is at work upon her second novel.

In *One Woman* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), Mr. ALFRED OLLIVANT continues the romance of Sussex which he began in *Two Men*. This second part, however, is a complete novel in itself. I conceive it possible that some of Mr. OLLIVANT's admirers will begin to think that he is occasionally more frank than is necessary; certainly in his analysis of *Ruth Caspar's* character he should cause a considerable elevation of puritanical eyebrows. But he is dealing with a rather primitive woman in the flush of her early married life, and one feels that, in his descriptions of her and of her husband, there is no deliberate pandering to the prurient. The fact is that Mr. OLLIVANT is a very sincere writer and has in a marked degree the defects of his qualities. Whether you like or loathe this novel you will admit that it is on a big scale, and if as a work of art it fails to achieve complete success it is because its



The Potential Giant-Killer. "AFTER ALL, I REALLY THINK I PREFER DRAGONS. AT LEAST THEY CAN'T THROW THINGS."

author has tried to do too much in his three hundred pages.

In a preface to *That Test Match* (DUCKWORTH) Sir HOME GORDON says, "I hope this book will be regarded—as it certainly is—as an expression of love for the glorious game which I have watched with unabated enthusiasm for forty years." Nobody could call the author a literary stylist, but as an unabated enthusiast there is no defeating him; and, although his rather guileless story must inevitably be tiresome to those who are not interested in cricket, I think that lovers of the game—especially if they are young—will follow the brilliant fortunes of *Paul Rignold* with satisfaction.

"Off the Map."

By a curious coincidence an article entitled "Off the Map" appeared in *Punch* last week, a few days after the publication of a pamphlet with the same name, by Mr. ALEX. DEVINE, which dealt with the Tragedy of Montenegro. To correct any idea that the *Punch* article was based upon the pamphlet or had reference to the same subject it should be said that the article had been set up in type long before the pamphlet appeared, and that it treated of a purely imaginary kingdom in the realms of popular fiction.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. LE SOUEF, of Sydney, has arrived in this country with twenty-five Tasmanian devils. It is rumoured that, if they are good, they will be allowed to join the ranks of the Die-hards.

An attractive feature in one of the tiny cars at the Motor Show is that it will start at once if it is wound sharply round the starting-handle.

A footballer has been fined at Epsom for striking and kicking a referee. There is a very strong feeling among spectators about this trespassing on their rights.

The Croydon branch of the Hairdressers' Association denies that there has been a reduction of charges in this profession. We can only say, in the best Times manner, that as the rumour lacked confirmation it was not given publicity in these columns.

It is understood that the presence of Mr. H. G. WELLS at the Washington Conference is connected with the proposed disarmament of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

LANDRU, the alleged Bluebeard, is suffering from loss of appetite, says a Paris message. It is supposed that something or another is worrying him.

British journalists have discovered that LANDRU's beard is reddish. He himself has stoutly protested all along that it was not so blue as it was depicted.

The strange cooing sounds heard in the vicinity of Regent's Park last week, says a nature writer, have not yet been explained. The latest theory is that it was merely the soft note of a distant taxpayer nursing his last shilling.

A resident of Ferrol, Spain, who claims to be one hundred-and-twenty years of age, puts his longevity down to the fact that he has been a lifelong teetotaler. A terrible warning to prohibitionists.

The MAD MULLAH seems to have taken his last death quite seriously.

A medical paper advances the theory that a woman is much shorter when she returns home after a walk. Espe-

cially if she has been walking round the Bargain counters.

The man who cannot quench his thirst before ten o'clock at night, says the Rev. REES JONES, of Islington, needs education. It should be pointed out that some men have been training to overcome this defect for years.

Princess BIBESCO has written a book entitled *I Have Only Myself to Blame*. Nothing could be fairer than that.

A life-saving apparatus for aeroplane

The idea is evidently spreading to this country, as only last week a bank-clerk living in Birmingham gave himself a bundle of notes and immediately left the town.

Mr. LOUIS DESTOUCHES, of Switzerland, has succeeded in prolonging the life of a butterfly from seven days to twenty-five. Much excitement prevails in the neighbourhood.

Oxygen breathed by any person can now be measured by a new device. It is hoped this will put a stop to the habit of sniffing up more than one's share in the Tube.

A contemporary has raised the question of the amount of sleep we require. Some people can do with very little; others need an entire performance of *Heartbreak House*.

We read that Lady —, the elder daughter of the Earl of —, promises a new novel next spring. The prospect should help us through a hard winter.

At the House of Commons' dinner to the Cuban Mission Lord CARSON announced that he has never smoked a cigar in his life and never intends to. It is believed, however, that Havana will decide to carry on as usual for the present.

An old lady writes to ask us what means the Soviet Government has of feeding and clothing the millions of kilowatts mentioned in connection with LENIN's electrification schemes.

A London physician has explained to the representative of

a Sunday paper that the recent outbreak of sneezing and catarrh was due to the sudden change in the weather. We should never have thought that out for ourselves.

"THE MOPLAH RISING.

APPLICATION TO RELEASE COUNCILLOR.

London, October 12.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the application which it is understood is to be made to the Courts to-day to release the Poplar Councillor mentioned on the 2nd of September."—*Ceylon Paper*.

Moplah—Poplar: we dislike these Cockney rhymes.

"Telegraphic address on ALL matters—'TIMES, COLOMBO.' Time and money are lost by telegraphing 'Times of Ceylon, Colombo.'"—*Ceylon Paper*.

Money possibly, but surely not time.



Theatre Attendant. "DIDN'T YOU 'EAR ME SAY THERE WAS NO MORE ROOM?"

Incorrigible (after twelve hours in the queue). "YES; BUT I'M WAITING IN CASE SOMEONE FAINTS."

passengers has been invented. Should the apparatus fail at any time the owner can call for his money back.

A contemporary complains that the theft of five thousand pounds' worth of jewellery from a West End shop was not reported in the Press. It is possible, of course, that the officiating burglar was rather sensitive and hated the idea of fuss and publicity.

Another grandson has been born to the EX-KAISER of Germany. We congratulate the little fellow on his pluck.

In order to try to solve the housing problem the municipality of Halle is now offering sums of money to any inhabitant willing to leave the town.



THE GREAT POSTPONEMENT.

CHARWOMAN. "DON'T YOU KNOW THE HOUSE IS CLOSED?"

REVOLTING UNIONIST. "I'M A DIE-HARD."

CHARWOMAN. "WELL, YOU CAN'T DIE HERE—NOT TILL NEXT JANUARY."



Mistress. "WHAT IS THE MATTER, SIMPKINS?"

Agitated Butler. "WELL, MA'AM, WE FIND THE MASTER'S GONE OFF TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE WITHOUT HIS FAVOURITE MASHIE."

THE RIVAL REDS.

SCENE—A London Drawing-Room.

TIME—Yesterday afternoon.

Lady Gargoyle. I suppose your father's hunting this season, Dido?

Miss Dido Duvelyn. Oh, yes; he says he's determined to support the local pack as long as he can raise the money for the subscription and a horse to carry him.

Glossop. He's a confirmed Last Ditcher.

Miss D. D. His solemnity on hunting mornings always makes me feel that he expects one of those Welkinwold ditches to be his last. He rides off with an air of being prepared to perish in the performance of his duty as an English country gentleman.

Lady Betty Portcullis. My father's just like that. At home at Cullisport, when he's going out with the Clamberdown Hounds on Tuesdays and Fridays, he has the same oppressively serious manner that he puts on for the village church on Sundays. I really believe it gives him a feeling of righteousness to make the frightful sacrifices he says he has to make to enable my

brother to hunt four or five days a week in the Shires.

Lady G. Whatever would become of the country without such men I tremble to think! I'm sure, Dido, that it must be a grief to your father that you and your brother Hamilear don't care for hunting.

Miss D. D. Oh, I don't think he minds that so much; it saves him a lot of expense just now. But what puts his back up is this Anti-Foxhunting campaign of Hamilear's. You remember, don't you, that Hamilear was sent down from Oxford because of his dangerously revolutionary views?

Lady G. I remember he was very advanced and peculiar, and refused to dress for dinner and all that sort of thing.

Miss D. D. Yes, and he preached Communism in the servants' hall till the butler gave notice. Binns said he couldn't think of remaining in a house where a young gentleman addressed the lowest of the lower servants as "Comrade." You see Binns is a member of the Middle Classes Union.

Lady G. But wasn't Binns persuaded to relent on condition that Hamilear

was sent away to cool his head a little?

Miss D. D. It practically amounted to that. Anyhow Hamilear's modified his views a good deal since then. He realises, with LENIN and all of us, that the proletariat is not yet ripe for the World Revolution.

Lady B. P. Yes, isn't it a pity?

G. And so Binns has consented to receive him back.

Lady G. Then has Hamilear quite given up his—er—very Socialistic notions?

Miss D. D. Oh, dear, no; he sees that a direct frontal attack on this obsolete civilization is impossible at present, but his plan is to prepare the way by sapping the more mediæval parts of the existing social structure, as he puts it, from within. That's why he's running this Anti-Foxhunting propaganda down in the Welkinwold country. He goes about telling grooms and stablemen that they are the deluded puppets of the grotesque pageantry of feudalism, and he tries to persuade farm-labourers and such-like that our wretched agriculture is the merest camouflage for the brutal sports of the leisured bourgeoisie.

G. All of which would be as clear as daylight to the rustic mind.

Miss D. D. Well, they do call him the "Barney Bolshie," but he's accustomed to being misunderstood at first. And then his great scheme is to march up to an important meet with a procession of ploughmen and poachers and things all singing "The Red Flag."

Lady B. P. Isn't he perfectly splendid? I do wish he'd come and do it in the Clamberdown country; it wants a good stirring up.

Miss D. D. Perhaps he will some day; but he thinks that for a start it's an advantage being in his native district.

Lady G. I think it's monstrous! Why, if hunting were done away with, who would buy the farmers' hay and oats, now that nobody keeps carriage-horses? Who would find work for the saddlers and blacksmiths? It's enough to break poor Sir Peveril's heart to have his own son going about the country like a fire-brand. I wonder he puts up with it.

Miss D. D. He wouldn't, of course, if he knew more about it. As it is the little that gets to his ears causes frightful rows and arguments between them. Father leads off with the usual wheeze about the Bolsheviks; he declares that they are brutish reactionaries of the worst kind, and that, if they were allowed to get the upper hand, there would be an end of progress, refinement and culture; that the world would become a waste overrun by wild beasts and peopled by savages, and that we should be thrown right back into the Stone Age. He says it beats him how people of intelligence can tolerate such creatures.

Lady G. All that's perfectly true. And what has Hamilar to say to that?

Miss D. D. Oh, a lot. He says his idea of a brutish reactionary is a typical fox-hunter, a glorified rat-catcher like Pimpernell-Digden, the Master of the Welkinwold, a man of whom the best his friends can find to say is that he was sent into the world to send foxes out of it.

G. It is a glorious destiny.

Miss D. D. Isn't it sublime? And then Hamilar asks Father how he can defend a social system that preserves foxes simply in order that Pimpernell-Digdens may be sent into the world to send them out of it. If the Pimpernell-Digdens were allowed to get the upper hand, he says, there would be an end of progress, refinement and culture. The world would become a waste overrun by wild beasts—mostly foxes—and peopled by savages, like Pimpernell-Digden, and that we should be thrown right back into the Stone Age. He says it beats him how people of intelli-



Canvasser. "LET ME SEE. YOU HAVE A VOTE IN THIS DISTRICT? I WANT TO ASK YOU TO VOTE FOR MR. TOMPKINS. HE IS A SPLENDID BUSINESS MAN AND THE BEST OF THE THREE CANDIDATES."

Hawker. "WELL, I 'AVE THOUGHT ABOUT IT ALREADY, SIR, AN' 'AVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT, CONSIDERING THE PUBLIC POSITION I OCCUPY, THE BEST THING I CAN DO IS TO BE NEUTRAL."

gence can tolerate such creatures as Pimpernell-Digden.

G. The honours of the debate so far seem to be about even. But there "emerges" the curious fact that Pimpernell-Digden and TROTSKY, the two extremes, have certain points of similarity apart from their common passion for scarlet.

"He likened the conversation with the Premier and the deputation to the two characters in the 'Tanning of the Shrew.'"
South African Paper.

This must be a new version, specially prepared for the land of the sjambok.

Our Modest Press.

"THE 'FLEET STREET' CARD GAME.

The players anxious to rid themselves of cards they do not want cry 'Pall Mall' or 'Chronicle,' as the case may be."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"BOBBED HAIR AGAIN.

Bobbed hair is coming into vogue again, according to some of the leading West End hairdressers."—Provincial Paper.

"BACK TO THE PLAIT.

Fashionable women are beginning to plait their hair again, and the 'bobbed' ones are wildly scurrying round for their old discarded tresses."—Same Paper, same day.

LORD THANET IN JAPAN.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

It is to be regretted that in my account of Lord Thanet's journey from Tokyo to Kyoto the most interesting incident was inadequately recorded in the bald statement that "he passed Mount Fuji." Lord Thanet is very anxious that any erroneous impression derived from this statement should be promptly dispelled. Mount Fuji is a sacred mountain, the resort of innumerable pilgrims, and any suggestion of neglect or lack of reverence on his part might have the gravest consequences throughout the whole of the Far East. As a matter of fact Lord Thanet not only broke his journey to make the ascent of Fuji, but descended into the crater. The risk involved in this venture may be estimated from the fact that an eruption is recorded so lately as the first decade of the eighteenth century, and outbursts of steam are still observable at some points.

Lord Thanet desires it to be known that he was most favourably impressed by the beautiful simplicity of Fuji's shape. Neither at Margate nor Mentone, in the Yosemite Valley nor on the North Foreland Links had he ever seen anything quite like it before. As Lord Thanet is notoriously a great expert in detecting these parallels, even where superficially there seems to be no ground for them, this admission is all the more remarkable and has created an extremely favourable impression throughout the island kingdom. What is more, the quiescent attitude of Fuji during the visit may be taken as at least negative evidence that Lord Thanet's good opinion was reciprocated, and that the frankness of his advice to Japan is appreciated at its true value by the tutelary genius of the race.

It is pleasant to record that Lord Thanet's impressions of Kyoto and Osaka are marked by the same discriminating appreciation which so notably distinguishes him from the usual globe-trotter. The palaces and temples and gardens which are the glory of Kyoto he was fully prepared for; what filled him with agreeable surprise was the splendid system of street transport and illumination, which reminded him by turns of Winnipeg, Piccadilly Circus and Ramsgate in August.

Deeply interested from earliest infancy in the study of Comparative Theology, Lord Thanet has immensely enjoyed his visits to the famous Shinto shrines in the neighbourhood of Osaka. He wishes it to be distinctly understood, however, that there is no foundation for the rumour that he has become a convert to the tenets of Shintoism,

though much impressed by the ancient and sacred dances which he witnessed at Kasuga. As he handsomely admitted, they entirely failed to remind him of PAVLOVA, MORDKIN, or Lady CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON.

As elsewhere in the course of his pilgrimage, the laudable efforts of Nature to second the hospitality of man have not failed to elicit his generous acknowledgment. The brilliant autumn sunshine, the smiling harvests and the flaming maples have furnished a wonderfully appropriate *mise-en-scène* for his excursions.

I have already noted examples of Lord Thanet's extraordinary sagacity and penetration, but the most conspicuous remains to be chronicled. After three days' stay in the midst of the most beautiful, the most historic and the most peaceful scenes in Western Japan, Lord Thanet has come to the conclusion that "the Japanese are a many-sided people." The marvellous acuteness of perception, amounting to clairvoyance, which has enabled him in so short a time to arrive at so masterly and memorable an estimate, is the one theme which preoccupies the entire Press of Japan. For it is pointed out that, in applying to his hosts an epithet so pre-eminently applicable to himself, he is paying them the greatest compliment ever bestowed on the Japanese.

Towards the end of Lord Thanet's stay in Japan he was somewhat distracted by the report of the discovery of the one-hundred-thousand-year-old human skull in Rhodesia. His interest in craniology is of long standing, and, as he remarked to Prince SAIONJI, "I only wish I could have added this specimen to my 'skullery.'" The news of the launching of *The Westminster Gazette* as a morning paper also deeply affected him. Indeed his magnanimity has been severely tested by the inconsiderate action of those who were responsible for taking such a step during his absence from England.

Nevertheless, Lord Thanet continued to radiate sunshine till the last moment of his stay. He has taken a peculiarly lively interest in the organisation and equipment of journalism in Japan, and, on learning that the circulation of the leading daily in Osaka was six hundred thousand, genially observed that it reminded him of his early struggles as a newspaper proprietor in the 'nineties.

Japan, as one of the elder statesmen remarked to me after Lord Thanet had started for Korea and China, is not the same to-day as it was a week ago. The remark sounds enigmatic, but I have no doubt whatsoever of its real meaning. The atmosphere of hero-worship diffused by Lord Thanet's puissant per-

sonality, his massive physique, and his boyish *bonhomie* will continue to allay any resentment that may possibly have been excited by his fearless utterances on international relations in the Far East.

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

I HAD just resolved to take a firm line with MacTavish about the Marshal Niels when my wife came across the lawn carrying an envelope of that irritating colour which I have learned to associate with announcements of a disturbing character.

"A telegram, dear," she said brightly.

"So I perceive," I replied gloomily.

I tore open the yellow envelope, extracted the form and read:—

"Landed last week coming stay with you Friday meanwhile having Albatross sent you to-morrow please accommodate until my arrival glorious time many specimens regards to wife letter follows Stedden."

"Why, it's from that dear eccentric Professor Stedden," cried Elinor. "He's been in the middle of Africa, or somewhere, for ages, hasn't he? I'm so glad he's back; he'll have had all kinds of wonderful adventures."

"We are likely to have some adventures ourselves before he arrives," I replied. "You appear to have forgotten the Albatross."

"Oh, the Albatross," said Elinor vaguely. "It's a bird, isn't it?"

"It is," I answered grimly.

"I must get in some bird-seed," said Elinor hospitably.

I smiled sadly.

"The Albatross," I explained, "is, if my memory serves me, a large, long-winged, web-footed sea-bird of remarkable powers of flight, and measures—er—an enormous distance across the wings."

"What does it live on?"

"Fish, I imagine."

"How fortunate! There is a Finnan haddock I was going to have for breakfast to-morrow."

"My dear," I said firmly, "try to adjust your ideas. The Albatross would devour your haddock at one gulp, and you after it."

I felt it necessary to impress Elinor with the gravity of the position, even at the cost of some harmless exaggeration.

"Where are you going to keep it?" she asked thoughtfully. "Would it take cold out in the garden?"

"I don't know and I don't care," I said. "If you think I am going to have a healthy Albatross walking about this garden eating my rose-trees—"

"But I thought it lived on fish."



First Desperate Character. "IF THAT COPPER WAS TO GIT YER, BILLIE, WOULD YER BIFF 'IM ONE, OR WOULD YER LET 'IM PINCH YER EASY?"
Second Desperate Character. "I'D LET 'IM. THEY CAN ALWAYS GET 'ELP."

I passed a dreadful day. My affection for Stedden is as that of Damon for Pythias, but I confess that his eccentricities have more than once placed his friends in awkward situations. He is in the habit of burying himself in the wilds of some savage land and, after a couple of years of strenuous work, celebrates his return to civilization by some extraordinary piece of impulsiveness.

With the reluctant aid of MacTavish I removed the plants from the larger conservatory, in the floor of which I excavated a hole three feet square and two feet deep, which I filled with water by means of the garden hose. Our village fishmonger's resources proving inadequate, I added to his stock the contents of four-dozen boxes of sardines, with a few tins of shrimp paste as a relish. Rising early in the morning, I completed my preparations by hanging on the walls a few marine paintings, to make the captive feel more at home, and went in to breakfast determined to face the situation with calm resolution.

"There's a letter for you, dear," said my wife as she served the bacon.

"It is from Stedden," I said, and read:—

"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW,—Here I am, back again in London at last. I have had a splendid time—nearly eaten by a crocodile, but found an absolutely new variety of butterfly, which I am going to call the *Elinora*, after your wife, if she will allow me."

"How sweet of him!" cried Elinor.

"I am looking forward keenly to Friday and will keep my news till then. Meanwhile, what do you think I have been doing since I landed? 'Something mad,' I hear you say. Well, I have been bitten by the motoring mania and I have bought a car! We'll have great sport learning to make it go. As I wired you, I have had it sent on to you, as I cannot drive. It is the very latest thing and is called the *Albatross*—"

There was a short silence. Then Elinor rose.

"Never mind, dear," she said. "We can tell him you started an aquarium, but the fish died. And the sardines," she added cheerfully, "can always be devilled for savouries."

Commercial Candour.

"We challenge a price-comparison with a few of our lies quoted below."
New Zealand Paper.

"Prince Mahidol of Siam is on a visit to this country to study the damistration of public health."—*Daily Paper.*

He will find several other daministrative Departments worthy of his attention—the Post Office, for example.

"It is reported that the wild oat to be used in the forthcoming production of the A.D.C. escaped from its cage while being conveyed to the Victoria Theatre, but was recaptured after an exciting chase."—*Straits Times.*

Are we to gather that the wild oats sown by the young bloods of Singapore are of such a ferocious type that they need to be kept in cages?



AN ECHO OF THE INTERNATIONAL SEASON.

Fair American (who has flicked her fly off, to ghillie). "SAY, SHEPHERD, I GUESS A FISH HAS SUCKED THE BUG OFF MY STRING!"

ONE-EYED BILL.

[It is a privilege to be able to introduce to the public the work of a very young playwright, whose first play we now publish in the belief that ten or twelve years hence he will have developed into the Great Dramatist of the Century, for whom England is still waiting.]

1ST SCENE in the Palace.

Prime Minister (not meant for Loyd George). Hist! is all safe.

Captain Alfred (a bit of a swank). Safe enuf.

P. M. Then hark ye capten Alfred you must serve me or I will get a paid rufian to plunge a dagger into your heart.

Capt. A. Right O.

P. M. (whispering). This is my plan we must get rid of the king.

Capt. A. Why?

P. M. Because I want to rein over this country.

Capt. A. Right O. I sharpened my sord this morning.

P. M. How now you silly ass you mustnt kill him you must loor him away its safer and he loves the queen to such distruction that if she gets lost he will go and look for her so we must lose the queen first.

Capt. A. By my coked hat you are a wiley nave.

P. M. Hist see where she comes now. Capture her very silently and hide her on your ship and I will send more comands later. (The Queen and Princess come in.) Welcome fair ladies.

[Capten Alfred begins to cary the Queen away.

Queen. Help help.

Capt. A. Silense woman.

[They go out.

Prinssess (rather pritty). O were has my mother gone.

P. M. (telling a lie). The kind capten is taking her for a sail because she isn't brown enuf.

Prinssess. O may I go to.

P. M. (quickly tying his handkercheif round her mouth). Yes my pritty dear.

[He carries her out and Jack comes in by another door.

Jack (quite a good sort). Methout I heard someone crying. If any idiut was teasing the prinssess I will cut his nose off with my knife that has four blades and a corkscrew.

[The King comes in.

King (hansome but rather fat and in

a hurry). Jack you are a faithful nave and let me tell you the queen is lost and I fear me the prinssess as well.

Jack. I will serch the world for them what is that galant ship I see floting on yonder green and perple osean?

King. Tis capten Alfreds he is a most wicked pirit.

Jack. You bet he has the queen and beutus prinssess on bord let us man a boat and chase him to the deth.

King. By my top boots and gaters you are the boy for me but stay let us disglise ourselfs as pirts first I will wear a bandige over one of my eyes.

2ND SCENE on Capten Alfreds ship.

First Mate (very ugly). Heeve ho I spy 2 villanous objecs in an old tub.

Captan A. Tis well throw a few skulls at them and bring me some ginger beer with proper froth or I will spik you with my sord.

F. M. (a cowerd). They are going to bord us.

Capt. A. I will fight both with onehand wile I eat my dinner with the other.

[The King and Jack dressed as pirts clime on to the ship.

Capt. A. (fritened of the Kings bandige).
It is One-eyed Bill the terror of the Osean.
King. The same. Hands up or I fire
and I am a dead shot.

Capt. A. I will confess all there are
a hundred lumps of gold in my cabbins
that the prime minster gave me for
losing the queen and the prinsess.

King (looking terrible). Were did you
lose them.

Capt. A. On yon desert island were
the poison berries grow.

King. Steer the ship there as quick
as lightning or I will make minse-meat
of you.

3RD SCENE the island.

Queen. What shall we have for dinner.

Prinsess. Praps I could catch a fish.

Queen. Try wile I go to sleep.

Prinsess. O here are some curennts
they will do for puding.

*[Jack leaps ashore from a little boat
and gets jolly wet.]*

Jack. Nay lovely damsle they are
poison.

Prinsess. Pirits save me somebody.

Jack. No I am Jack and here is the
King.

*[King takes off his bandige and gets
out of the boat with First Mate.]*

Prinsess. It is my father.

Queen (waking). It is my husband.

Jack. Now lets go back in Capten
Alfreds ship and supose I steer.

Prinsess. Oh Jack you are brave.

4TH SCENE in the palace.

P. M. (amiring himself in a crown).
All is well the King has been missing
these many moons and tomorrow I will
have my corination.

[Capten Alfred runs in.]

Capt. A. I scape the King is home.

P. M. What villan then you must die.

Capt. A. My trusty sord will save me.

*[He kills the Prime Minister and
the King and Queen come in.]*

King. Merder.

Queen. How dredful.

Capt. A. He was very wicked so I
killed him.

King. Well I may forgive you pick
up the crown I am going to give it to
Jack. *(Enter Jack and Prinsess.)* Jack
you can be King insted of me as I'm
rather tired and would you like the
prinsess for your queen.

Jack. Rather I like her termendusly.

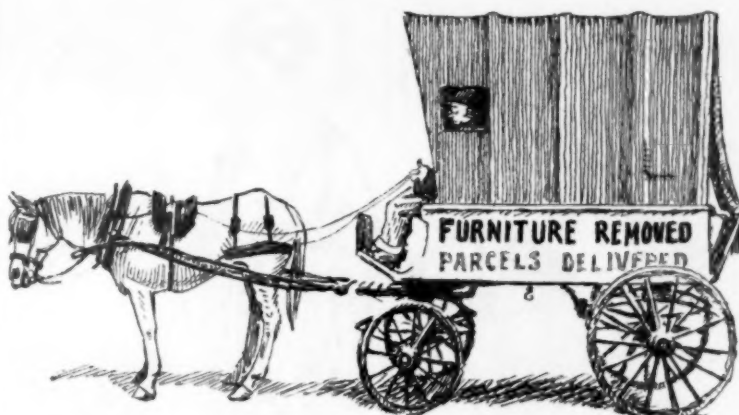
King. Then thats all right because
me and the queen would rather keep a
farm what about a wedding tomorrow.

Prinsess. O how jolly I love cake.

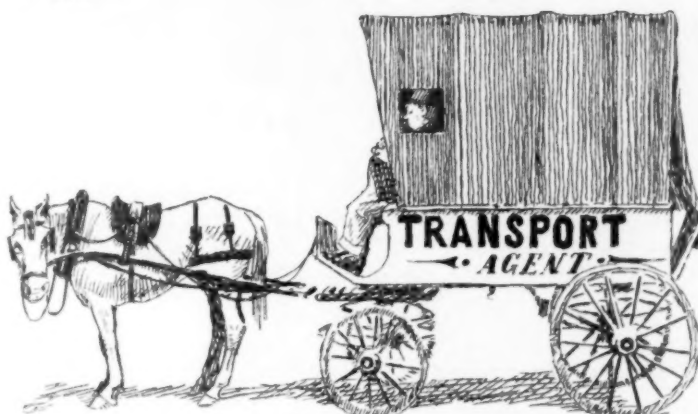
[Someone beats a drum.]

THE END.

"Gent requires occasionally comfortable
Sitting Room and Bedroom."—*Local Paper.*
Not an exacting lodger.



1913



1921

Chas. Pearcy.

ONE OF THE GOOD THINGS THE WAR HAS GIVEN US.

THE DRAMA OF BLOOD (BLUE).

*[From recent news paragraphs it would
seem that the ranks of film artists are being
recruited more and more from the aristocracy.]*

To-day when I go to the pictures,

In spite of the Thespians' skill,

They move me to critical strictures

Where once I was wonted to thrill;

For I look for the day when the "movies"

Refuse the untitled a part,

And ask us to wonder at nobody under
The rank of a Bart.

The doings of Vera, the Vampire,

That used to delight me of old,

Innocuous now as a damp pyre,

Are leaving me utterly cold;

But oh! when a Duke or a Baron

Is playing Gonzales, the Tough,

And the maid in his clutches is really
a Duchess,

That will be the stuff.

No show worth the visiting I count

Till the film of the future shall
come

And feature a posturing Viscount

Or Marchioness trying to mum;

Or, failing such lofty performers,

My hardly-won silver and bronze

Would fain be devoted to casts that
are noted

For carrying Hons.

Such only can banish my troubles,

Such only can bear me away

(While the orchestra's rendering

"Bubbles")

From the worries and cares of the
day;

In the film's own particular jargon,

Whatever the story (or piece),

When first they unwind it, I'm certain
to find it

A happy "release."



Lady (leaving children's dance, to small girl). "WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE DANCE ON WEDNESDAY, AND WE SHOULD BE SO GLAD IF YOU WOULD CARE TO COME."
Small Girl. "RIGHT-O! WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO BRING A MAN?"

TO A CORMORANT.

SENTINEL lord of the wind-swept rock
 Where twice *per diem* the punctual tide
 Bares to the breezes a crusted flock
 Of limpets scaling its seaward side;
 Where the laver clings and the bladderwrack,
 And beadlets roost in a bright brown row,
 And great crabs hidden in every crack
 Ready to collar the bather low;
 There at the dawn thou sunnest thee,
 Spreading thy wings to the cleansing air,
 Lulled to sleep by the singing sea,
 Crammed with herrings and void of care;
 Black in the eye of the sinking sun
 There at twilight I see thee stand
 As the moths come fluttering one by one
 And darkness falls on the golden sand.
 And what thou dreamest of who can tell?
 Lone seas lashed by the summer gale,
 When the white corpse-candles dance on the swell
 And the fulmar screams to the spouting whale?
 Mouths of rivers where mud lies thick,
 Where the flounders flap and the garfish glide,
 And, snugly moored to the tell-tale brick,
 The scape-cat swings on the falling tide.
 Surely the writers have done thee wrong,
 Dubbing thine appetites unrefined;
 Others keep at it the whole day long,
 Not, like thee, when they feel inclined;

Guillemots guzzle and seagulls stuff;

Ceasing never they search the seas;
 Thou dost sit, when thou'st had enough,
 Lapped apart in reflective ease.

MILTON, bane of my boyhood's hours,
 Likened Beelzebub unto thee,
 Roosting—a feat that would tax thy powers—
 On the topmost branch of a big tall tree;
 Rather, meseemeth, thou hast the look
 Of a Buddhist Lama of Khatmandu,
 Or a wise old man in a Chinese book
 By SSE-MA CH'IEH or CHÜ PO YÜ.

Nay, I have heard that in lands remote,
 The Middle Kingdom or else Japan,
 Poised with skill on the end of a boat,
 Thou catchest fish for ungrateful man,
 Well content, when the daylight wanes
 And the tired Celestial homeward hies,
 To quench thine appetite's private pains
 With a fish or two of the smaller size.

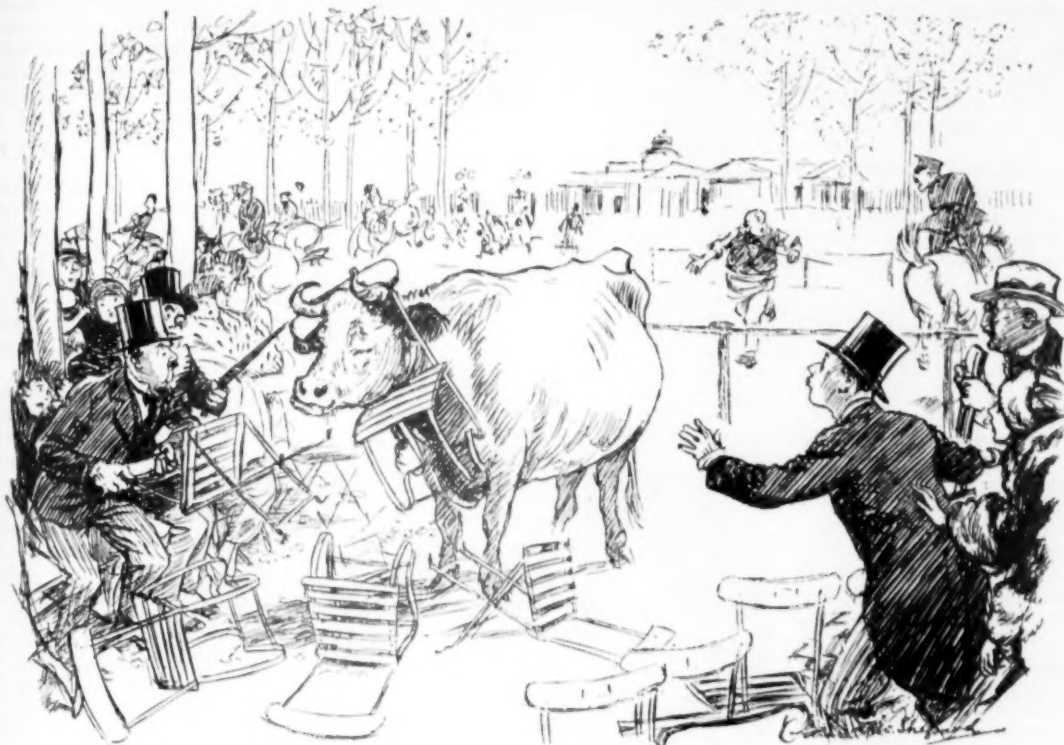
Sage, philosopher, altruist—

These were ever the angler's rôle,
 Whether he fishes with beak or wrist,
 Whether he hooks 'em or wolfs 'em whole;
 And would, like thee, I were all these things,
 Could sit out there where the white rock gleams,
 With the bright sun warming my outstretched wings,
 Digesting herrings and dreaming dreams! ALGOL.



A CABINET PICTURE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (to Miss Ulster). "A LEETLE TOO SERIOUS, MY DEAR; I WANT TO SEE THAT NICE SMILE OF YOURS. COME, NOW; LOOK AT THE PRETTY DICKY-BIRD."



ANOTHER BROKEN BY-LAW.

[“A person shall not drive or bring, or cause to be driven or brought, into the pleasure-ground any bull, ox, cow, heifer, steer, calf, sheep, lamb, hog, pig or sow.”—“Model By-Laws” issued by the Ministry of Health.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 7th.—The new epidemic of “Ulsteria” now raging in the daily Press has found its victims in the House of Commons. Sir WILLIAM DAVISON and Mr. R. J. McNEILL invited the PRIME MINISTER to repeat his pledges that Northern Ireland should in no circumstances be forced to surrender any of its rights or territory. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, after pointing out that the views of the Government had been recently stated, and approved by the House, proceeded, in effect, to say that the Conference plant could not be expected to flourish if its roots were constantly examined by amateur gardeners.

The CHIEF SECRETARY was further questioned about breaches of the truce in Ireland, and gave such scant satisfaction to his cross-examiners that one of them, Viscount CURZON, rapped out in quarter-deck tone the expletive that Captain Corcoran “hardly ever” employed. He was, of course, promptly rebuked by the SPEAKER; but, worse still, had to put up with Mr. JACK JONES’s stage-whispered comment: “I was chucked out the other night for less than that.”

Sir J. GILMOUR placed in its highly proper perspective the rumour that in order to conceal the bathers in the Serpentine from the public gaze an enormous screen or mound was to be

erected on its margin. There had, it seemed, been “grave complaints from the public and the police”—when did Robert become so squeamish?—and accordingly the level of the turf is to be raised, but by “an imperceptible gradient” and to a height of not more than thirty-three inches.

The prevalent impression that France has stolen a march on us by her treaty with the Kemalists was rather strengthened than removed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN’s gingerly handling of the request for a debate on the subject. But he got home on Lord R. CECIL for observing that it would be a serious stigma on Parliamentary institutions if the House were to separate without such a discussion. If Parliamentary institutions had lost something of their hold, that might be due, he thought, to “a certain incontinence of Parliamentary oratory.”

Even outside the walls of the House Members occasionally suffer from this disease. Of such apparently is Mr. JOHN, Member for West Rhondda, who is reported to have told his constituents that he would like them to witness a debate and see “the wealthy landlords coming up from their dining-rooms



Capt. Corcoran (Viscount CURZON, R.N.V.R.).
“HARDLY EVER SAYS A BIG BIG D—.”

three-parts drunk," some of them being obliged "to hold on to their chairs." It is believed, however, that he must have been misreported. In the first place there are no landlords nowadays who are wealthy enough, at present prices, to get even half-drunk; and, secondly, if they did, there are no chairs in the House for them to hold on to.

Tuesday, November 8th.—Mr. MONTAGU stated that the G.O.C. Madras was "satisfied with the situation" in Malabar, but that the complete pacification of the district would take time. No notice was taken of Colonel CROFT's thoughtful suggestion that "according to precedent" the Moplahs should be offered Dominion Home Rule.

The hard case of four old Scottish dominies who had been refused an extra - superannuation allowance on the ground that they ought to have retired years ago was raised by Mr. MACQUISTEN. But neither the resemblance of their ages—77, 76, 76, 75—to one of BRAID's golf-scores, nor the fact that one of them was admitted to be the greatest living authority on BURNS, sufficed to move Mr. PRATT, who thought it was sufficient to point out that the veteran quartet had been enjoying their full emoluments for ten years or more beyond the normal limit, and was deaf to Mr. MACQUISTEN's further plea that by so doing they had saved the cost of fresh teachers.

At the invitation of Sir F. BANBURY, the HOME SECRETARY explained what he called "some small points" of discrepancy between his speech last week and Sir BASIL THOMSON's statement in the newspapers. The explanation, in brief, was that Sir BASIL THOMSON enjoyed a certain independence of the CHIEF COMMISSIONER, but it was only a limited independence; and that he (Mr. SHORTT) was unaware that Sir JOSEPH BYRNE had actually been "functioning" at the Special Branch when he stated that he had merely been invited to accept the appointment. General HORNWOOD, who also appears to enjoy a limited independence (of the Home Office), had not thought it necessary to inform him. Mr. SHORTT added that, "as an old friend," he had advised Sir JOSEPH BYRNE to consider in the

face of the criticism whether he could possibly accept the position; and Sir JOSEPH, not unnaturally, refused it.

Then the House heard and accepted the humble apology of Mr. JOHN, who did not adopt the usual practice of throwing the blame on to the reporters, but admitted that his lapse might have been due to "the faulty way in which I gave expression to my thoughts."

Wednesday, November 9th.—Lord CURZON looked in for a few minutes to administer a castigation to Sir PERCY SCOTT for accusing the Foreign Office of callously leaving Colonel RAWLINSON to languish in a Turkish dungeon. Its intentions were excellent, but its information—not for the first time—was belated.

After this he faded away, and conse-

R. HORNE revised his Budget Speech. Through no fault of his own, his second thoughts were considerably worse than his first. The prospective surplus of 177 millions has all disappeared—most of it down the empty coal-mines—and he will have to borrow a trifle to pay his way.

A first speech by Mrs. WINTRINGHAM contained much homely good sense, delivered with a modesty which belied her remark that she felt like a new girl at school. When the Mothers of England—the real Home Rulers—form their Administration they have a Chancellress of the Exchequer ready to their hand.

Thursday, November 10th.—Conscious that this was the last time for some months that they would be subjected to their daily cross-examination Ministers plucked up their spirits. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL smilingly put aside a searching question on war-crimeals by saying, "I must ask for notice of that;" Captain GUEST had no further information to give the champions of civil aviation (more familiarly known as the Hot Air Route enthusiasts), and Sir PHILIP LLOYD GREAME blandly assured the House that the Safeguarding of Industries Act was already proving "effective and useful."

In good time for dinner the House repaired to "another place" to hear the gracious Speech from the Throne. I rather wondered how the Ministerial draftsmen would deal with the remarkable reversals of policy that have characterised the session. In the following passage—"The imperative need for the avoidance of all fresh burdens and for the further curtailment of expenditure has required the modification of some Measures already passed"—they seem to have happily reconciled the claims of candour with the instincts of self-preservation.

Another Impending Apology.

"Though he wrote much to the Wesleyan Press, he loved religion passionately."
Welsh Paper.

"For Sale, 5 Seater — Touring Car, Rattling Condition."—*Indian Paper.*
In mercy we omit the maker's name.



THE UNEMPLOYMENT QUESTION: THE THREE GRACES GET TO WORK.

quently did not hear Lord NEWTON's apology for the HAPSBURG. He was supported by Lord PHILLIMORE, who "as an international lawyer," even had a good word for the HOHENZOLLERNS: "We should be much better off with a chastized and chastened Emperor on the Throne of Germany." And it is only three years since the Armistice!

In such a fluctuating world who can wonder that Lord DESBOROUGH's idea of a Fixed Easter has failed to appeal to either the Orthodox or the Roman Church?

That evergreen "Die-hard," Lord CHAPLIN, urged that Parliament should not be prorogued until the Irish negotiations were ended. But the LORD CHANCELLOR, having complimented the Peers on their "extraordinary and sagacious reticence," easily persuaded them that this gift could be cultivated away from Westminster.

On the Consolidated Fund Bill Sir



"OW MUCH DID YOU CLEAR ON THAT DEAL YESTERDAY?"
 "WELL, EVERY THOUSAND COUNTS THESE DAYS."

"OH, ONLY FIFTY THOU'."

THE QUEER OLD MAN.

An old man in a threadbare cloak,
 He trod the upland fallow;
 To left and right the beeches strewed
 Their glories in a spendthrift mood;
 I said "Good morning" to the bloke;
 He simply answered "Tallow!"

I said, "The view's extremely fine
 Although the winds are cruel;
 Observe the gold on yonder slope."
 "All soap," he said, "all toilet soap
 Till some way down the railway line,
 And after that there's gruel."

"Note where the range of distant hills
 Drops down to Monkton Slaughter;
 That is the furthest point of glue,
 It marches with St. Mary's Hoo;
 St. Mary's Hoo, of course, is pills,
 But Tunge is soda-water."

"Come, come," said I, "you strange old
 thing,
 Cut out this trade synopsis,
 Forbear to tell this dismal tale
 About the dank autumnal vale;
 Are you by any chance Dean INGE?
 Why should you sneer at corses?"

"No toilet-soap confronts the view;
 The rats have gnawed your noddle;
 To wander lonely as a cloud
 Through autumn woods, and state
 out loud

That all the world is pills and glue
 Is simply so much twaddle!"

"Alas," said he, "in bygone years
 My talents gained me entry
 To most of England's stately homes;
 I wrote them up in well-bound
 tomes;
 I did *The Mansions of our Peers*,
 I did *Britannia's Gentry*."

"I knew their titles and their names;
 With interest undampened
 I learnt the numbers of their farms
 And how they won their coats-of-
 arms,
 And why Sir Lamoraek St. James
 Quarters an emu rampant."

"I simply loved to walk about
 And think, 'Sir Rupert stretches
 From here to yonder pine-clad hill,
 And after that Lord Pentonville
 Runs down the vale; Sir Ughtred Stout
 Sweeps up behind those vetches.'"

"The lodge, the tower, the eastern
 gates,
 The lawns at Splashton Pinney,
 I put them into various books
 On *England and Her Rural Nooks*,
 Issued, with several coloured plates,
 By Snookson's, at a guinea."

"But now I simply hate the sight
 Of fields whose owners alter.

Shall I demean my pen to say
 Who lives at Lumpleigh Hall
 to-day?

How shall my fancy's wing take flight
 Over an ex-drysalter?

"Ah, no. I do not seek to learn
 Who made the unctuous essence
 That purchased Overmantel Dene,
 I simply note that margarine
 Replaces pasture land and fern
 And finely-timbered pleasance."

"All day I wander through the woods,
 The golden woods of Autumn,
 Watching the landmarks as they
 faint

To glycerine and soap and paint
 And all the various lines of goods
 With which the owners bought 'em."

"All night I work on tinted maps
 That jolt my nerves and jar me,
 Showing the different kinds of
 trades

That occupy the beechwood glades.
 You'd like to purchase one, perhaps?"
 "Old man," I said, "you're barmy."

"The woods to me look just the same
 Despite these social chasms;
 The dells, the dingles at your feet—"
 "Don't, don't," he cried, "they're
 potted meat!"

A huge convulsion shook his frame;
 I left him bowed with spasms. EVOR.

AT THE PLAY.

"DEBURAU" (THE AMBASSADORS).

FROM the brief glimpse that we were given of him on the stage of the Folies Theatre (Paris, 1840) it was impossible for us to apprehend the cause of *Deburau's* resounding fame as an actor. But one thing we could appreciate, and that was that the applause of the Folies audience and the praise of him in the Press were not a tribute to his gift of elocution, for he was playing *Pierrot* in dumb-show. Had the author allowed him to maintain this silence in private life it may be that the audience of the Ambassadors (London, 1921) would have endorsed more heartily the views of the audience of the Folies; as it was, he talked steadily through the whole play—largely in rhetorical monologue; for, except in one scene, he gave no opening to the persons who were supposed to share the conversation. And a very tedious business it was at times.

All the obvious rules of construction were sacrificed to *Deburau's* fierce and insistent demand to hear his own voice. The action of the play stood still while he talked; all sorts of characters, who may well have had feelings of their own which they would have liked to express, remained stupidly pendent while he addressed somebody or other interminably, often making loud as-

sertions which the rest were not supposed to overhear, no attempt being made by the author to get them out of the way.

All this I assume (not having seen the French original) to have been M. SACHA GUITRY's fault, Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER being merely responsible for the English rendering. That it took the form of verse I discovered after about ten minutes and was only reminded of the fact from time to time by catching the jingle of rhymes; for the actors treated it—whether deservedly or not I cannot judge—as prose.

Mr. LORRAINE, in addition to a commendable feat of memory, gave a typically sound performance as *Deburau*. This was not surprising. An actor playing the part of an actor would naturally be in his element. He was best in the scene with his stage-struck son, where the dialogue was not entirely on one side. He was least good in the scene of

sentiment with his mistress. The voice was the voice of WYNDHAM, but the manner was the manner of Mr. LORRAINE, whose amorous phases are apt to leave us a little cold in the heart.

In the vaguely equivocal part of *Marie Duplessis*, Miss MADGE TITHERADGE was simply required to look seductive and keep her mouth closed, except for a brief word or two when *Deburau* was out of breath. The first she did easily, but the second must have demanded a gift of patience little less than monumental.

Mr. BOBBIE ANDREWS, who has, alas, outgrown the age for juvenile rôles, played sincerely as *Deburau fils*, but hardly gave the impression that he was likely to recover for the family the histrionic fame that his father had lost.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT AM I NOT CORRECT IN MISTAKING YOU FOR GENERAL JONES?"

This decline from popular favour was, I must suppose, intended to touch us; but it moved me not at all. I would any day far sooner see Mr. CHEVALIER in his really human sketch of a broken-down actor. Indeed nothing in the play moved me except the episode of the anonymous bouquet which *Deburau* attributed to various lady admirers, never discovering or even suspecting the identity of the giver, the humble girl at the box-office.

I am afraid that Mr. HARWOOD, who "presents" the play, overrated the interest which the British public takes in the private affairs of members of The Profession if he imagined that it extends to their views on their own art. Besides we missed the intriguing attraction of a modern revelation; nor was the setting far enough removed from the present day to possess the enchantment lent by time for the making of high romance. But the strange thing is that

Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER, after recently throwing off in public the rather well-known platitude that the essence of drama is action, should find himself once more mixed up in a play that is all talk.

A FOUNTAIN OF EVIL.

IT was one of those gloomy days when good men resolve to breakfast in bed lest they should spread their own depression through their family. I am a good man.

When my letters were brought up to me I noticed, amongst some obviously uninteresting communications, an enticing little parcel. I opened it and found a fountain-pen of disreputable appearance. When I began to examine it the fountain-pen promptly backfired and deposited a large jet of ink on the sheets and counterpane.

"One of Aunt Hannah's old gifts," I meditated; Aunt Hannah being a wealthy relative who only displays economy in her presents to her family circle. I groaned as I thought of the letter of thanks I must write for the loathsome thing and then returned to my other communications. The next I opened ran—

"MY DEAR SIR,—We feel that your admirable literary work would be greatly facilitated if you used one of our Non-splasho Fountain Pens. We have therefore the

very greatest pleasure in sending you one."

I paused, laid down the letter and called to my wife, "Margaret, some admirers of mine have sent me a fountain-pen. Not much of a thing, still it does show public appreciation."

"How nice!" called my wife.

I took up the letter again and turned over the page:—

"If the pen suits you, as we have no doubt will be the case, a remittance of ten shillings and sixpence will much oblige,
Yours very truly,
THE NON-SPLASHO FOUNTAIN PEN CO."

I could not stop in bed even for breakfast. At any cost I must rise at once to put on paper my candid opinion

*The author begs to state that this is a pseudonym, or, if he may say so, a *nom de plume*, for which he claims originality. It is not to be taken as allusive to the name or nature of any actual brand.



LITERATURE FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"HERE I AND SORROWS SIT,"—King John.

of the Non-splasho Fountain Pen Company.

My wife arrived and said, "Well, if people do give you a fountain-pen, that's no reason why you should spill ink all over the bed-clothes. No other man in England would make a tenth of such a mess with a fountain-pen."

Nor when I explained my fault did she dwell in proper wifely fashion on the gross iniquities of the Non-splasho Company, but seemed to prefer to recall past occasions when I had spilt ink on table-cloths and burnt sheets with cigarettes. I was proved to be the most careless and untidy man in the universe. Between us that day yawned a great gulf.

I went downstairs and, before I breakfasted, wrote four scathing postcards to the Non-splasho Company. The fourth, which I decided to send (discarding the first three as perhaps a little libellous), ran:—

"I have received from you a species of ink-squirt, which lies here at your risk. It will be delivered to any representative of yours who calls on payment of five shillings laundry charges and one thousand pounds for damage to my domestic peace. The former item I shall insist on."

As I said, a great gulf of difference yawned between my wife and myself that day. At night she strove to bridge it by making the first remark. I must say it was a tactless one.

"Are you going to send that fountain-pen back?"

"No," I answered curtly.

Two days later, when we were once more the best of friends, she said suddenly to me, "Oh, George, the man came for the money for that fountain-pen, and I paid him."

"You paid him?" I cried.

"Yes; he said that he had had a card from you asking him to call."

It is illegal, immoral and ungentlemanly to throw a wife out of the window because she has shown a beautiful confidence in your fellow-men. Under the circumstances I did the next best thing and, snatching the fountain-pen from the shelf, threw it out of the window.

Before my wife had quite ceased reproving me for my ill-temper and extravagance the maid tapped at the door.

"A policeman to see you, Sir," she said.

I went out into the hall to interview him.

"As I was passing by the 'ouse, Sir, this come out of the window and 'it me on the 'elmet. I suppose the occurrence was haccidental, Sir, but the ink squirted right down my face."

I pacified the policeman with half-a-crown and returned to the dining-room with the pen in my hand.

"There, your quick temper has cost you another half-crown," said my wife, by her very statement betraying that she had been eavesdropping on an official constabulary interview.

Madly I threw the pen on the floor and jumped on it.

My object in writing this article will be attained if any kind reader will restore domestic peace to my home by telling me a certain way of removing ink-stains from a light Axminster carpet.

Fashions for Dogs.

"Lady — was taking her Pekinese for a turn wrapped in a broadtail coat with collar and cuffs of grey lamb."—*Ladies' Paper*.

"Wagner will figure prominently on the programme, five of his works having been selected for production. These are 'The Valkyrie,' 'The Rhinegold,' etc."

Daily Paper.

It should be a prosperous season, for there's money in one of them, anyhow.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—FRENCH-ENGLISH.

AMONG the things that one has never understood is the unwillingness of foreigners who are preparing documents in English to ask any assistance from English residents. For there is always an English resident, even in Bangkok, whence classic examples of mistranslation have come. And I am sure that there are some in Paris, for I have seen them and heard them. Yet when Messieurs Levy Fils et Cie, of the Rue Letellier, prepare a little book of detachable picture-postcards of Versailles, with an introduction in French and English, this is how the English part can run:—

Versailles was at the origine a little castle, serving for a meeting of chasing. . . .

Le Notre, the creator of those garden, of this beautiful park, of those wall's foliage, of those infinite alley overshadow. . . .

Fascinate gardens wich sparkling sheaf shooting, the complicate and multiple shoots, sumptuous frame of wonderful feast wich Louis XIV offer very often to the court. • Silent grove, agreeable green grass. Complete successfully the palace, evering things are harmony and nobleness. . . .

The furniture been renew by Napoleon. The Little Trianon raise up by Gabriel and offer by Louis XVI to Marie Antoinette was the place of predilection of this queen wich it been enclose by charming park where exalt the Pavillon's music and the Temple of Love elegance and gracefull edifice.

In the French version the last sentence runs thus, of the unhappy Queen: "Pour se divertir à jouer à la fermière elle fit élever un hameau en miniature, d'une grâce un peu maniérée, où la tourmente révolutionnaire la surprit et l'enleva à jamais." Not even the bungling of the too literal reproducer can wholly eliminate the tragic note, though his idea of the parallel is as grotesque as this:—

"To take one pleasure of diversion she amused her self at the farmer wife a miniature hamlet been raise up with grace and affected with the disturbance revolutionist surprised her and swept her for ever."

II.—TWO CATALOGUES.

This morning's post brought two booksellers' catalogues, each full of delectable things that somebody else will buy; and each, as I turned the leaves, revealing an oddity.

The first contains presentation copies of books from a poet, who is at the moment very much alive, to two of his friends, one of whom is also very much alive and the other recently deceased. The copy given, with an affectionate inscription, to the friend recently deceased, is described as "uncut." Now, as the dead must have the benefit of the doubt, we may assume that the poems had already been read in another and less precious copy; but what of the other book, how did that get on the market? Charity must be strained to account for that.

I can imagine a correspondence on the subject; not more convincing than that which follows:—

Mr. Homer Swansdown to James Blundell, Bookseller, Bath.

DEAR SIR,—In the catalogue that you have just sent me I find a presentation copy of my *Rhapsodies and Liturgies*, with an inscription to Sir Marmaduke Bogle. Can you tell me how it came into your possession?

Yours faithfully, HOMER SWANSDOWN.

James Blundell to Mr. Homer Swansdown.

DEAR SIR,—The book you inquire about was bought with a number of others from Sir Marmaduke Bogle when he was weeding out his library.

Yours faithfully, JAMES BLUNDELL.

Mr. Swansdown to Sir Marmaduke Bogle.

MY DEAR BOGLE,—I have just had Blundell's last list, in which I find the copy of *Rhapsodies and Liturgies* which I inscribed to you priced at twenty-five shillings. I wish

you had given me the chance of buying this in, as the book is now very scarce.

Yours, H. S.

Sir Marmaduke Bogle to Mr. Swansdown.

MY DEAR SWANSDOWN,—So that is where it is! I have been looking for it for months. This is what comes of lending books to one's friends. I have telegraphed to get it back.

Yours, M. B.

James Blundell to Sir Marmaduke Bogle.

Mr. Blundell presents his compliments to Sir Marmaduke Bogle and begs to return the copy of Swansdown's *Rhapsodies and Liturgies* for which he telegraphed, with invoice. Sir Marmaduke may like to know that among the books which he sold to Mr. Blundell there are forty-five other inscribed volumes, gifts from their authors, many of which will be included in Mr. Blundell's next list.

In the second catalogue, as an inducement to the reader to buy some of his autographs, the dealer quotes from an American essayist who says, among other things, that autograph-collecting "will bring you into the best of company. . . . You can enjoy the society of the world's greatest men and women, who will impart to you their hearts' secrets." There is a further quotation from Mrs. THRALE, who wrote pleasantly that "the next best thing to shaking a friend by the hand is to see his handwriting." So far the Mountain. Then the Mouse. For the first item offered is a brief note from Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, "Critic, Author and Ibsenist," who tells a correspondent: "I do not think there is the slightest likelihood that HENRIK IBSEN would respond to a request for his autograph."

III.—LIFE.

"I felt that I could never go on; but I did." E. V. L.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

[The latest newspaper insurance scheme includes among its benefits a promise of compensation for articles lost in the wash.]

CARRY ON, Laundry, do your evil utmost;

Although you try me in your wonted way,
Henceforth a mild, expostulating "Tut" most

Likely will be the worst that I shall say;
Though still you use (and set me excavating)

Your coloured threads to play some cryptic game,
No more I'll deem such labour irritating,

Or signify the same.

Though with your corrugations still I grapple,

No rude anathema shall rise thereat

Up from my lacerated Adam's apple,

But I will blandly pardon even that;

Your worst vagaries cannot make me gloomy,

Whose thoughts are only of the happy day

When next some ancient garment comes not to me
Back from the weekly fray.

When this occurs, which once would find me cranky,

Then will I carol with a jocund air,

"They haven't sent me back my oldest hanky,

Nor yet (oh, joy!) my well-worn underwear;

Oh, happy chance! oh, prospect that amuses!

I'll get some others absolutely 'posh'

Under my new insurance (*Daily News's*)

'Gainst losses in the wash."

"33'93 xzf xznnff xzfif xzfif xzf xzf xzf. Here is another straw which shows the direction of the wind."—*Daily Paper*. That's the worst of leaving the windows of the composing-room open on a windy day.



Peggy. "WE MUST BE GOOD TO-DAY; IT'S MUMMY'S BIRTHDAY."

Jack. "BUT IT ISN'T OUR FAULT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I REMEMBER SENECA indicting the would-be originals of Rome for "living, so to speak, backwards;" but never, until I came across *Derwent Rose* in Mr. OLIVER ONIONS' *The Tower of Oblivion* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), did I encounter a middle-aged man who, actually and not metaphorically, turned round and started to grow young again. Yet this *Rose* did; not gradually and imperceptibly, but by leaps and bounds; and he had already jumped from forty-five to thirty-five when he met his old friend, *Sir George Coverham*, and told him all about it. *Sir George* did not like it at all. It "shocked his sense of the unities" and made his head ache. But he was still more chagrined to learn that *Rose* was doomed to reapproach all the emotional phases of his old life—decorous and other—in the different times and circumstances of his new one. Moreover, *Julia Oliphant* got to know, and she lay in wait for the recurrence of *Rose's* thirtieth year, hoping that he would then resume his ancient tenderness for herself. But it was no good. He was off to *Jennie Aird* and his teens. What happened next I shall not divulge; for, while I own to having shared *Sir George's* distaste for the initial *longueurs* of *Rose's* inverted career, I must say I was quite pleasantly beguiled, though perhaps not so much impressed as I was meant to be, by the end of it.

Mr. W. L. GEORGE is rarely so happy as when his head is lowered to charge, and we find the attitude fairly constant

even in *A London Mosaic* (COLLINS), where he is not only the appraiser of the Metropolis but its critic too. Of the National Gallery, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey and Mayfair he has nothing to say, but upon the life of the streets by night and day, upon music-halls and theatres, upon eating-places and Bohemia in general, he is vehemently garrulous and entirely opinionated. The chief defect of a book which is always vivid and richly intelligent, and very catholic in its sympathies, is the author's ever-present implication that his is a point of view rather too advanced or too honest for any poor devil of a reader to share. I would suggest that the title should have the year of publication added to it—*A London Mosaic, 1921*—for Mr. GEORGE is very much of the moment (except when he refers to *Dieudonné's*, long since converted into the Eccentric Club, as a going restaurant) and certain of his *Café Royal* habitués may by to-morrow have found a new spiritual home, and many of his music-hall heroes and heroines be superseded. The pictures are very indifferent, even through the mist of green ink in which they are disguised rather than printed. Mr. GEORGE's vigorous pen certainly needed no such ally.

It would be no bad thing if the situation of the strong and proud young man who never tells his love till his bank balance is satisfactory were declared by the united Authors' Societies of the world to be barred for at least a decade. It is a silly and eminently selfish form of nobility, anyway, because the worm of this concealment feeds on the other party, whose damask cheek pales while that of the concealer

working like blazes in the open air grows ruddier than the cherry. This is what happened to the young Californian war widow, *Anna Bly*, and *Dunc Leary*, the engineer-farmer, in *Seed of the Sun* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Mr. WALLACE IRWIN's story wouldn't suffer in the least if he had to throw this chestnut into the fire, as the merit and interest of his book lie in his admirably handled treatment of a Californian problem—the settlement of an increasing number of indefatigable and thrifty Japanese labourers, speculators, manipulators, bagmen, and what may be tactfully termed emissaries of the Japanese Government. Mr. IRWIN does not write as a Chauvinist, but as a good American, perplexed, a little frightened, but open-minded enough to be sympathetic. I found every word (except the negligible romance) of absorbing interest.

Rogues in fiction are generally rather jolly fellows, but *M. Hector Ratichon*, whose adventures the Baroness ORCZY has told in *Castles in the Air* (CASSELL), is just a little too mean and a little too vain to seem jolly, at least when the history of his life comes from his own lips. He calls himself a "volunteer police agent" (but I am much nearer the truth in calling him a rogue), and persistently brags of his honesty and cleverness, though the seven episodes which make up the book rather go to prove that he had neither. They are clever little stories with, now and then, a deft twist to their plots likely to deceive even a veteran among readers of this kind of fiction. *Hector*, whether he is engaged to commit a robbery, recover a stolen dog, engage the attention of a duenna or capture a smuggler (it all takes place in France early in the nineteenth century), always acts for himself rather than for his clients, and most of his experiences emphasise the proverbial commendation of honesty as the best of policies. It was not very subtle of the Baroness ORCZY to rely for her humour almost entirely on the difference between *Hector's* words and deeds; her "Foreword" certainly led me to expect a feast of wit, which I didn't discover, and left me inclined to turn up my nose at the plain fare of pleasant story-telling which I found instead.

One cannot be quite sure whether Mr. ARCHIBALD HURD in his latest book, *The Sea Traders* (CASSELL), is trying to persuade a reluctant general public to read a little history introduced by stealth under cover of pleasant talk about its favourite steamship lines, or whether the glorification of these lines is not his prime object. Whichever it be, here is a disciple of MAHAN, tracing in easy and popular fashion the rise of the British mercantile marine upward from the days of the Vikings, using as illustrations the careers of such honest gentlemen as the one who in the fourteenth century bequeathed his name to *Philpot Lane, E.C.*, or the *Thomas Blanket* who is even more thoroughly immortalised as a maker of woollen fabrics. The heroic procession of the Elizabethan mariners is naturally not forgotten, and, later, one is taken in easy stages by way of the Honourable

East India Company and the "tobacco lords" of Glasgow to ALEXANDER ALLAN and SAMUEL CUNARD. If the writer's closing chapters, which bring the story up to date, smack just a little of advertisement, that is perhaps inevitable in the circumstances, and he does at least demonstrate the importance to this country of her merchant fleet and "seapower" generally. If only he had been the first to think of this platitude, the discovery would have added something to the merits of a very useful book.

In *If Winter Comes* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON has devoted himself to the study of a man whose opinions seldom amounted to convictions. *Mark Sabre* not only appreciated the point of view of people who disagreed with him, but frequently acted as if he thought it as good as his own. And the result was so devastating that those of us who are not convinced that we are always right are bound to be discouraged by it. The dice, however, were heavily loaded against *Mark*; his wife, though she was a dean's daughter and should have known better, worshipped the conventions with an insufferable zeal, and would

have broken the patience of a pachyderm; his partners in business were pompous or crafty; his relations with *Effie*, a girl whom he honestly tried to defend against a bitter world, ended in utter disaster. Through this tale of wretchedness runs the love-story of *Mark* and *Nona*, a story very beautifully told. Outrageously unhappy in their marriages, they both played the game and played it well, if in one instance a little luckily. I am not going to pretend that Mr. HUTCHINSON has given us a cheerful book, for a happy end-



Horse Coper (about 1080). "THERE'S A HORSE! BIN USED AS A MODEL OF EQUINE BEAUTY FOR THE BAYEUX TAPESTRIES, BY ROYAL COMMAND."

ing cannot compensate for all the miseries which *Mark*—and I—had to endure. But it is a book which gives one to think; and it is relieved by many gleams of humour and delightful touches of observation. Whatever its faults, they are easily outweighed by its merits.

Of the war-books that have come my way I unhesitatingly give the highest marks for construction to *The Blocking of Zeebrugge* (JENKINS), by Captain CARPENTER, V.C., R.N. He tells his story with a wealth of detail so admirably controlled that it is never tiresome, and illustrates it with photographs and charts so clear and ample that it is impossible not to appreciate the difficulties of the undertaking and the magnificence of its achievement. His facts will surprise those of us who had not realised the immense amount of foresight and preparation necessary for success. How many ships do you suppose were used for the attacks on Zeebrugge and Ostend? Captain CARPENTER thinks that the amateur would guess fifteen, but the correct answer is one hundred and sixty-two. He can hardly trust himself to speak of the devotion and bravery of the officers and men who served under him. If he had refrained from occasional bitter comments I think his book would have gained in dignity, but as it stands it is as nearly without blemish as any work of the kind can hope to be.

CHARIVARIA.

MISS MARY PICKFORD and Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS arrived in London the other day. The Bank Rate remained unchanged.

"Great care," we read, "must be exercised by those who write pantomime songs." In really serious cases we understand they can have police protection.

A Guildford man has been charged with throwing a cokernut at a cornet-player in the street. That ought to teach him that disarmament must be left to the nation and not undertaken by individuals.

Asked his occupation, a witness at Willesden police-court said he was "an out-of-work bricklayer's improver." We had no idea that bricklayers were capable of improvement.

"Why I am not at the Conference" is the title of an article by Mr. G. B. SHAW. He has yet to explain his absence from the LANDRU trial.

We are reminded that it is just a quarter of a century since motor-cars were first allowed to travel without being preceded by a man carrying a red flag. It is extraordinary that Communist leaders, who pride themselves on being up-to-date, still insist on this absurd formality in the case of processions under their control.

"A Colonial who visited the House of Commons was much impressed by the place," says a Coalition paper. The snag, of course, is that Parliament was not sitting at the time.

We understand that there is much excitement in literary circles on the question of who is to write the official history of Mr. H. G. WELLS.

Answer to Correspondent: We are informed that most of the tiny motor-cars now on the market will not leak if carried upright in the pocket.

"The nation wants more of the NELSON touch," says the Mayor of WALSHALL. And a little less of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER touch.

November is the best month for shooting stars, we read. In the good old pre-war period Quarter-day was the best time for shooting the moon.

"To the uninitiated," says Mr. W. CROOK in *The Westminster Gazette*,

"the redwing seems merely to be a thrush, and a thrush in a sense it undoubtedly is." And there, as far as we are concerned, the matter rests.

With reference to the earth tremor reported last week by Mr. J. J. SHAW, of West Bromwich, the latest theory is that it was due to a club-steward having remarked "Good morning" to Lord CURZON.

"The lungs are best expanded by deep breathing," says one of our most brilliant medical men. This is much better than using a glove-stretcher for the purpose.



OUR LIBELLOUS PRESS.

ILLUSTRATING THE DANGER OF PUBLISHING OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

["Mrs. Eliza Brown, who has been missing from her home at Ealing since Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have been married several years. (Inset: Mr. Brown.)"]

A Swiss has invented a noiseless machine-gun. It should go far to mitigate the nuisance known as "Battlefield Headache."

"What does Parliament think of the present situation?" asks a contemporary. This raises once again the old question: "Should the Government create a 'thinking' department?"

According to recent statistics there are at least twenty-seven million head of poultry scattered about the British Isles. Motor-cars and charabanes again, we suppose.

Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT has revived the once-popular conundrum, "What is the use of a battleship?" We wonder

if he knows this one, "Did *Lady Macbeth* snore?"

Mr. GERALD LYSAGHT, who accompanied the *Quest* as far as the Cape Verde Islands, has returned to England with a poem composed on the voyage by Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON. The *Quest* is now proceeding under her own steam.

According to a daily paper Japan has adopted the American national game of baseball. It is still hoped that at the Washington Conference she may be persuaded to exchange it for ping-pong.

"When I was a boy," says Lord BEAVERBROOK, "I knew the value in exchange of every marble in my village." It is understood that his lordship attributes our comparative failure as a nation to neglect by the Public Schools of this fine character-forming pastime.

It seems that TROTSKY gets up at seven every morning and does physical exercises. After all, perhaps, we are just as comfortable under Sir JAMES CANTLIE.

"At Swansea in 1921," writes a Scottish football expert, "Jenkins came very near beating us off his own bat with his dropped goals." All the same, Rugby purists continue to use the unaided foot for this purpose.

In a collision the other day a lorry was knocked into the hedge by a motor-car driven by a champion heavy-weight pugilist, the car being only slightly damaged. The lorry's friends maintain that this was nothing like its true form.

The umpire at a San Francisco baseball match appeared on the field encased in a wire guard to keep off missiles. If the pleasure is going to be knocked out of the game like this they might as well do away with umpires altogether.

Although he refuses to write a book on the subject, the City telephone-subscriber who succeeded last Tuesday in getting the right number at the first time of asking is making every effort to get the number patented.

Canon HONSLEY of Detling has in his possession a fine collection of burglar's tools. It is said that one burglar in a big way has already offered to take the CANON into partnership.

"I remember Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in his early days in Parliament," says "A. H. W." in *The Westminster Gazette*. We always think it is best to let bygones be bygones.

THE DIE-HARDS.

WHETHER with backs against the wall
They face incalculable odds,
Or in the final ditch of all
Stand to defend their fathers' gods;
Though they be ultimately biffed,
I always feel a great regard
For those who have a natural gift
For dying really hard.

But in a war of words and mud,
A war entailing no expense
Of life or limb or even blood,
Save in a metaphoric sense,
I'm apt to cast a colder eye,
Nor waste in compliment my breath,
On warriors advertised to die
A violent sort of death.

What of the men, you ask, who made
Those famous fights of other years?
Where are their noble corpses laid
Who died so hard to save the Peers?
Tut! tut! we have them still alive,
For, like Valhalla's heroes, they
From fatal yesterdays survive
To die as hard to-day.

And it will be the same again
With those resilient men of steel
Who on the Liverpoolian plain
Rallied about the bold McNEILL;
Who put their courage to the touch,
Prepared to bathe in streams of gore,
To prove they loved their Ulster much,
But loathed their PREMIER more.

For when the windy scrap is through
And both the sides have been to bed,
And, on the morrow, we review
The bloody ditch to count the dead,
We see no sign of bodies scarred
Or gallant spirits gone aloft;
After the strain of dying hard
They're elsewhere, living soft.

O. S.

Gamblers' Cheques.

"LOSER" writes to ask whether, as marriage is a gamble, he is entitled under the recent decision of the Lords to claim from the officiating clergyman the return of his wedding fees, which were paid by cheque.

"AUSTRALIANS' CRICKET SCORE.

The Australian Northern Union team won at Bramley yesterday by the huge score of 10 goals 24 tries to 2 goals and a try."

Daily Paper.

We understand that the Bramley partisans expressed the opinion that this was not cricket.

"Lord Hartington's wife is the daughter of Lord Salisbury and the brother of Lord Cranborne, who married her first cousin, the daughter of Lord Richard Cavendish. Family relationships of the Cecils and Cavendishes form an interesting puzzle."—*Evening Paper*. Quite a jigsaw, in fact.

OVER THE TEA-CAKES.

"HAVE another tea-cake," said our hostess. "Very special tea-cakes."

Ferdinand's aunt took one, absently. "I was just telling you," she said, "how pleased we were with Edna. She and Ferdinand are so happy together."

"It's such a suitable match," said a tactless guest. "Edna's such a practical, domesticated, sensible girl."

Ferdinand's aunt frowned at first, but a look of mysterious triumph chased away the frown, and after a short hesitation she began to tell her tale.

"Edna is something more than that," she said, "or Ferdinand wouldn't have— Yes, I really think I must tell you. It's such a pretty story, and so romantic, and you won't let it go any further?"

She waited until a general guarantee of discretion had been secured.

"It all began," she proceeded, "when Ferdinand was travelling back from the City one Saturday afternoon. He was alone in the compartment, singularly enough, and, just as the train steamed out of Charing Cross, he saw in the opposite corner a little handbag—grey suede."

"Edna's!" guessed some spoil-sport, precipitately.

Ferdinand's aunt was not to be thwarted. "Of course she wasn't 'Edna' to him then. She was a perfect stranger. Where was I? Oh, yes, Ferdinand guessed at once that someone, probably a lady, had left the bag behind, and it occurred to him that the only way of finding out the owner was to look inside for the name. He did so, and found a little pocket-book containing some cards with her address, a sprig of lavender—and something else."

She paused effectively.

"Ticket?" suggested a commonplace person.

"No—something else." She held us in suspense.

"What was it?" we asked politely.

"Ah!" laughed Ferdinand's aunt.

"You'd never guess. It's the sort of thing that doesn't happen in these matter-of-fact days. It was—a photograph of Ferdinand!"

We tried not to register incredulity.

"A newspaper photograph, you know. They put him in *The Daily Skit* with his prize vegetable marrow. It wasn't quite what I should have chosen, but at any rate his features came out quite distinctly, and he had a sort of smile, and he really has quite a fine brow, and his chin doesn't show in the full face. Anyhow, it must have had some curious haunting attraction of its own for somebody, for there it was, treasured up in this unknown girl's handbag,

weeks after it appeared. Ferdinand hasn't had much romance in his life—always misses it somehow—and he says that it gave him an indescribable feeling."

She allowed an impressive silence to fall.

"It must have," contributed somebody, desperately.

"Who says romance is dead?" went on Ferdinand's aunt, putting down her cup. "Ferdinand went off on his quest, like a young knight of old, that very afternoon. I sped him on his way by the Tube. In his excited state he even went down by one lift and up by another, giving up the ticket he had just taken and not noticing that the journey had been left out. One has to do that once in one's life. Luckily I was still at the bookstall and sent him back. Love's young dream! Of course he hadn't seen her yet, but what he knew of her he liked."

"Well, he saw her and returned the handbag. But he kept the photograph back, to spare her feelings. She would just think she'd lost it and wouldn't know that he had found it. Ferdinand is the soul of chivalry, and I don't know why they should tease him so at the office about that wretched vegetable. Edna, on the other hand, can evidently separate the essential from the non-essential."

"He came back to me radiant. Edna was all that he could possibly have hoped for; and she really is an exceptionally nice girl..."

With a glance at the clock she rose, cutting short her epilogue.

"When the ring was on her finger Ferdinand gave her back the photograph and explained. It was on my verandah. The moon was full and somebody was playing that bit from *Tales of Hoffmann* in the distance. It was a perfect culmination to a perfect romance. Edna told him she was so glad to get it back. A dear girl—she wouldn't mind my telling you all this, but don't let it go any further."

We renewed our promise of silence and ultimately Ferdinand's aunt withdrew.

"Have another tea-cake," said our hostess generally. "Do you like them? Edna let me copy her recipe. She collects them, you know. This was printed on the back of—of Ferdinand and the vegetable marrow. Or rather Ferdinand and the marrow were on the back of the recipe. She thought it best not to explain to him. Don't let it go any further."

"The Government has had time to emerge from its waddling clothes."—*Indian Paper*. But still displays some uncertainty in its gait.



OUR POST-DEPRESSIONIST.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL. "TRADE REVIVAL! WELL, NOBODY CAN BLAME ME FOR THAT."



Golfer (in the agony of seven down and eight to play). "AH, THIS IS WHERE ONE NEEDS A TEMPERAMENT—EH, CADDIE?"
Caddie. "WELL, SEEM' AS WE DON'T CARRY ONE I SHOULD HAVE A WOLLOP WITH THE NIBLICK."

ON LAYING DOWN A CELLAR.

WITH Christmas in the offing this is the time of year when many householders begin to think about laying down a small cellar of wine. Some leave it to the last possible moment and then fall victims to a ready-made Christmas hamper from the nearest grocer. You know the kind of thing: "The *Pro Bono Publico* Assortment of Specially Selected Wines. Price One Guinea (6d. returned on hamper). This highly seasonable gift contains:—

- 2 Botts. Very Superior Old Gold Sherry.
- 2 Botts. Grand Old Superlative Tawny Port.
- 2 Botts. Genuine Claret (as supplied to the House of Lords).
- 1 Bott. Sparkling Red Ink."

This, however, is a coward's way. It is much more amusing and adventurous to lay down even the smallest cellar as the result of personal choice. Besides it fixes the responsibility more accurately. Your friends know how far reprisals ought to extend. They can hide an infernal machine in your cellar with an easy mind instead of wondering whether they really oughtn't to have gone round to interview the grocer with a hatchet. Whether you are lay-

ing down one bottle or a cellarful, be a man and shoulder the responsibility yourself. The following notes will give you some useful hints on the subject.

In the first place it is far better to buy your wines ready made. If you have been lucky you may remember occasional glasses, in some old country house, of most excellent home-made British wines—elderberry, rhubarb and so forth. Be warned in time. If you look these up in an old-fashioned cookery-book you will probably find something like this:—

"ELDERBERRY WINE.—An agreeable and stimulating cordial. Take three well-flavoured elderberries and leave them to soak for six months in one and a-half gallons of white wine of France. At the end of this time remove the elderberries (taking care that the skins are not broken or the flavour of the wine will be ruined), and add six bottles of the best French brandy, three bottles of curacao, a pint and a-half of maraschino, a little sugar and the juice of one lemon. Stir well and bottle carefully. Let stand for sixteen years."

It will, you see, scarcely be ready for Christmas. And as a matter of fact it would save a good deal of time (and give just as much satisfaction) if you were to leave out the elderberries and, having purchased the other liquid in-

gredients, were to keep them in their own bottles and drink them separately.

We will take it, therefore, that you have decided against home-made experiments. Away, then, to the wine-merchant, bearing in mind the following general hints:—

PORT.—The pink sort is best. Anything approximating to a green or heliotrope should be regarded with suspicion. And it is worth bearing in mind that it has been decided (*Rex. v. Lushington*) that it is justifiable homicide to shoot the assistant who produces and recommends "very old blue Spanish port (sparkling)." Ports are classed as delicate or full-bodied. The first class is the safer, as chemical analysis reveals that the full-bodied types sometimes consist of equal parts of grape-sugar, alcohol and uric acid. They tend to foul the tongue and choke the carburettor. In detonating a bottle of port the cork should be drawn with care and there should be no pop or fizz. If at the same time an aroma resembling that of liquid metal polish is released it will be well to eschew this vintage and try

SHERRY.—This elegant and distinguished wine is often served with a biscuit. This, however, is merely a local rule and there is no penalty attached to its non-observance. Good sherry

should be of a handsome sunburnt colour, and where this is lacking it may be imparted by the addition of a little floor-polish or Cond's fluid. As a beverage the wine should be of a smooth agreeable texture, with no hard lumps in it. If there is any doubt on this point it should be served through a petrol strainer.

CLARET and BURGUNDY.—Beginners often get mixed up with these two, but really there should be no difficulty in distinguishing between them. Burgundy is always "sound and generous" (at least, according to the man who sells it), while clarets are "of subtle delicacy and bouquet." Besides, the bottles are different. It is a mistake to drink either of these wines iced, boiled or with the addition of treacle, lump sugar or any other sweetening substance. In pre-war days claret suffered in popular estimation from its suggested resemblance to certain shades of writing fluid. The nervous may be reassured. At the present time a serviceable red ink costs more to produce than some kinds of alleged claret.

CHAMPAGNE.—Costs more than the previous wines, as imported bubbles have recently been scheduled under the Safeguarding of Industries Act. Unlike port, champagne should go off with a pop. If previous bottles have failed, a younger son may be hidden under the table with a supply of paper-bags and instructions to burst them at appropriate moments. The fizz may be imparted by deftly shaking the contents of both packets of a Seidlitz-powder into the guest's glass. This is an improvement on the old-fashioned method of attempting to re-inflate the bottle with a bicycle pump; it is less obtrusive. As a matter of fact (since the British gooseberry in close confinement is now recognised by chemists as a high explosive of no mean capacity) in actual practice difficulties of this kind rarely arise. The more common problem with beginners is how to discharge the stuff safely. A word or two of warning may be not out of place. The *beau geste* of striking off the neck of the bottle with a poker should be left to experts. It may be added that the habit of severing the wire round the cork with a handsaw and then shaking the bottle vigorously leaves a good deal of merriment but not much champagne. I have myself recently patented a form of time fuse for champagne bottles, but I regret that the attachment is not yet in general use.

This, I think, covers about all the wines that are likely to be in general demand during the next few weeks. I could go on and deal with Chianti (like claret, only more so), hock (Germany's



Wife (to husband who has remonstrated with her on her extravagance in the purchase of mourning). "CLARENCE, REMEMBER THIS—WHEN I MOURN, I MOURN!"

real contribution to European culture), and other imported illuminants of a weary world, but this is quite enough for one lesson. God rest you merry, gentlemen. And remember that, though good wine needs no bush, the other sort gets enough to afforest Sahara. *A Dios and Cheerio!*

"Landru, known the world over since 1918 as the French Bluebird."—*Evening Paper*.
M. MAETERLINCK ought to be told of this.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"In dealing with any firm, heed the Latin motto: 'Cave canem'—'Let the buyer beware.'"—*Canadian Paper*.

Among the Scholars.

"SCENES FROM THE TROJAN WAR: Passages chosen from the Rhesus and the Trojan women have been chosen because they are not commonly read in schools."

Advt. in Educational Magazine.

It is supposed that this intrusive "g" is a lineal descendant of the Trojan horse.

LORD THANET IN CHINA.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PEKING, November 17th.

WHEN I say that I have just returned from a fascinating trip through Korea and Manchuria with a party headed by Lord Thanet I am sensible of the poverty of the English language adequately to express the privilege which I have enjoyed. As it was said of the lady who attended a funeral and afterwards married the "corpse's 'usband," so with greater truth may it be asserted that Lord Thanet was "the life and soul of the party." After this brief but necessary acknowledgment I may be permitted to lapse, as usual, into impersonal narrative.

Throughout the journey Lord Thanet held instructive conversations with hundreds of persons of different nationalities; but it is only simple justice to state that the impression produced on the natives was infinitely deeper than that produced on their visitor, since most of them received masses of information which suggested that their interlocutor knew far more about their subjects than they knew themselves. The mixture of omniscience with clairvoyance would have proved overwhelming had it not been tempered by a marvellous tact and *bonhomie*, in which some great men have been notoriously lacking.

Yet Lord Thanet magnanimously admits that he has learned something, and that the disquieting opinion he has formed in regard to the Chinese Delegation at Washington has been in part at least based on the information gleaned from local experts. Briefly stated it amounts to this: that the Delegation is only Chinese in name; that the voice and spirit is that of Japan, and that, if not kept up to the mark by himself (Lord Thanet), it may give away the whole Chinese case with a pound of tea.

In this context it is worthy of note that Lord Thanet is more than ever convinced of the enormous superiority of "China's fragrant herb" over that of all other countries in the Far East. As he remarked in a pregnant phrase to the Governor of Mukden: "Better half a cup of China than a lake of Indian tea."

Like Lord BEACONSFIELD he is profoundly impressed with the "Asian mystery," and is on the side of the Celestials. Yet it would be a huge mistake to imagine that Lord Thanet is in any sense anti-Japanese or pro-Korean. Never have the conflicting functions of critic and eulogist been so happily reconciled; indeed, it was Prince SAIONJI who said of him, "he is at once our super-candid and our

sugar-candied friend." In Korea he reduced to speechlessness one aggressive Independent by contrasting the hygienic and educational advantages of the Japanese rule with the insanitary ignorance of the old *régime*. Yet with exquisite urbanity he vociferously applauded the strange old Korean dances performed before him at Seoul by a troupe of maidens arrayed in archaic but decorous garments, and abstained from any invidious comparison with the Russian Ballet or the Cuadro Flamenco.

So again, while in Manchuria and on his journey to Peking, Lord Thanet has maintained the same inflexible impartiality. He actually went so far as to admit that the brilliant North China autumn weather compared favourably with the best climatic achievements of Egypt or the Riviera.

A formidable ordeal awaited Lord Thanet on his arrival at Mukden, where he was met by the staff of the omnipotent but not omniscient War Lord, CHANG TSO-LIN, escorted to a monster motor-car and driven with prodigious velocity through dense crowds to the Yamen of this famous ex-brigand, who at the age of forty-two possesses five wives and an income of five hundred thousand a year. It speaks volumes for the iron constitution of Lord Thanet that he did not turn a hair during his perilous transit, though on reaching his destination he uttered the brief but memorable thanksgiving:—

"Banzai and Amen!
We've reached the Yamen."

No casualties have as yet been reported and Lord Thanet at once partook of an Oriental collation of tea, champagne and sweets, served in cups and on platters of the finest jade. Indeed, as he wittily remarked, "everything is jaded—except my appetite." Towards his host, who was simply dressed in a hat with a large pearl in it, Lord Thanet bore himself with the utmost magnanimity, for, though CHANG TSO-LIN is notoriously under Japanese influence, Lord Thanet credits him with being a patriotic Chinese.

Since his arrival at Peking, Lord Thanet has led a crowded life. The continued brilliance of the weather has impressed him most favourably with the loyalty of the solar system and enabled his marvellous constitution to withstand a strain which has proved a serious tax on the strength of his staff. At the Chinese banquet on the 14th he went through the forty courses—including shark's teeth, curried salamander, *salmi* of ocelot, dwarf alligators in aspic, and the famous Manchurian hot-pot composed of the gizzards of Mandarin ducks, the fins of the telescope-eyed carp, the tails of the plum-

coloured muntjac and eggs dating from the earliest years of the Ming dynasty—without missing a single item on the programme. More than that, the Chinese present were unanimous in declaring that in his use of the chopsticks he displayed an agility far greater than their own. A touching episode of the banquet was the message from the imprisoned boy EX-EMPEROR, expressing the hope that the Chinese food would not incommode the honourable interior of the august visitor.

Next morning Lord Thanet despatched a special emissary to the Imperial captive in the Forbidden City to assure him that his (Lord Thanet's) contemptible interior was functioning with unimpaired efficiency. It is by such gracious acts of courtesy that Lord Thanet endears himself to all classes in the Far East, from the Emperor of JAPAN sitting on his throne to the coolie sitting on his cottage.

Yesterday Lord Thanet played a game of golf in the Western Hills, where the caddie's fee is only a penny-farthing per round. As CHANG TSO-LIN controls the Chinese Delegates, Lord Thanet at once despatched a strongly-worded note to the Governor of Manchuria, requesting him to bring the matter before the Washington Conference. In the afternoon he visited the Temple of Confucius and the Hall of the Classics, thus evincing that deep solicitude for ancient learning which blends with and tempers his zeal for the latest developments of ultra-modern civilization. The epithet "myriad-minded," applied in fantastic eulogy to SHAKESPEARE, is a bald and inadequate summary of the mentality of the greatest of living Englishmen.

"Riga, Monday.—According to the Russian Press, Lenin made a statement at the recent congress to the effect that 'this new economic policy of ours is due to the fact that we have suffered heappppppppppppp...'"

Provincial Paper.

Apparently a complicated form of the "pip."

"Lady just arrived from England wishes dispose of her entire Wardrobe."

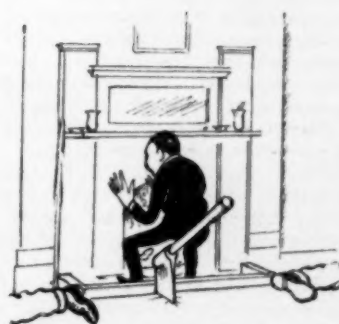
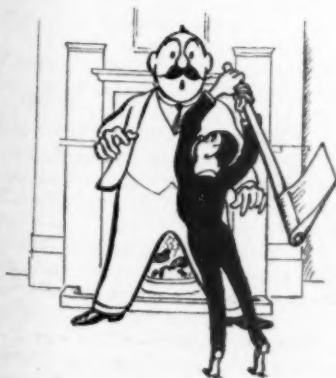
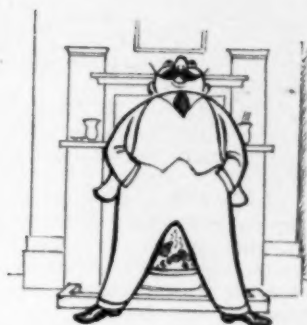
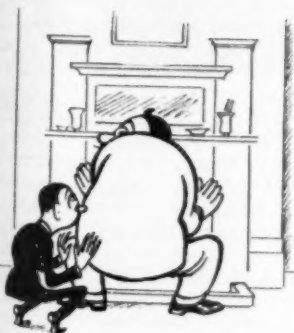
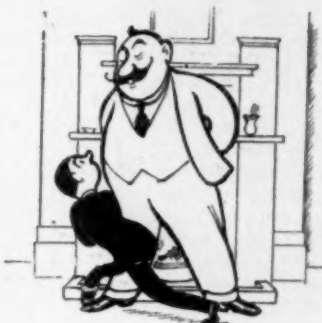
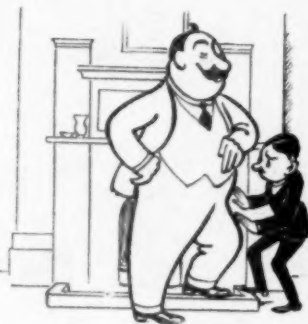
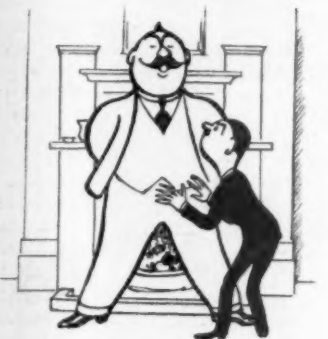
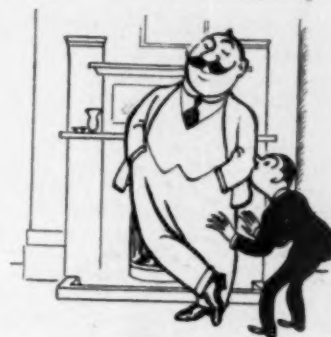
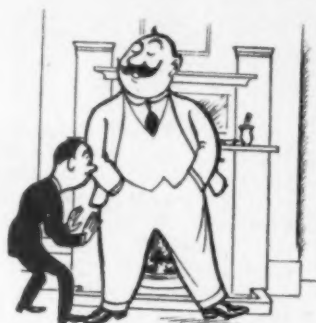
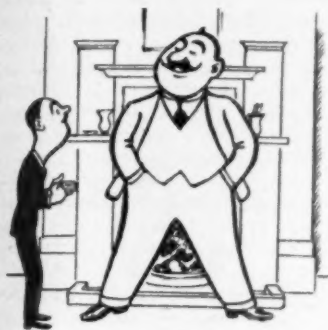
Adet. in Australian Paper.

"For Sale, Aviary, cont. 8 canaries, also Electric Radiator, cheap."

Same paper, same day.

The birds apparently feel the cold more than the lady does.

An eminent ecclesiastical dignitary is reported as being opposed on principle to the last hour opening of public-houses, and a correspondent writes to say that he is irresistibly reminded of a very sound rule at his old school, that no boy should go out for the first time in a light skiff. These first and last times are too often fraught with peril.



J. B. BAYNE 1921

THE MAN WHO WILL NOT SHARE THE FIRE.



Molly (bursting into her mother's room). "MUMMY, IS IT FAIR? BETTY SAYS THE DOLL'S-HOUSE IS HERS AND THE ROCKING-HORSE IS HERS AND THE BIG SWING IS HERS, AND WHEN SHE'S MARRIED SHE'S GOING TO TAKE THEM ALL; AND WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHAT ARE MY FOUR CHILDREN GOING TO DO?" (Dissolves into tears.)

CLAIRVOYANCE.

"Oh, very well," I had said to Mollie with a light laugh not wholly devoid of a certain bitterness, "if you *must* go, go." And she had gone—to the clairvoyante. And now she was back.

When I heard her step in the hall I quickly arranged my face to present the appearance of a tolerant, faintly-amused sceptic. I did this by slightly raising my brows, lowering the corners of my mouth and infusing a patient weariness into my eyes; my squared shoulders, however, suggested reliability and protection in case of need.

Mollie looked radiant. I drew down the corners of my mouth still further and my eyes achieved an added weariness; at the same time my shoulders sagged slightly. It was patent to me that Mollie had been bamboozled and knew it not.

"Well?" I drawled.

Mollie dropped into the armchair with a ridiculously happy little gasp.

"Oh," she sighed luxuriously, "it's all been too, too wonderful. How that

woman could know the things she told me I shall never understand."

"Possibly," I suggested with corroding cynicism, "you told her them first."

Mollie shook her head; her eyes shone attractively and her smile allured. For the moment she gave me the strange impression of not realising that she was a married woman; indeed she hardly looked engaged. I felt a shade uncomfortable, for Mollie has many men-friends, and the disturbing thought assailed me that this wretched clairvoyante might have filled her little head with—with—well, with fancies, exaggerated fancies, grotesquely masquerading as facts.

"Now, look here," I began firmly. Mollie's expression was rapt; she seemed swathed in the stuff that dreams, rosy dreams, are made on.

"He is a man in a million," she murmured, "with the courage of a lion and the tenderness of a gazelle."

Instantly my suspicions took shape. "Tommy Taylor," I whispered beneath my breath—"Tommy Taylor, all blare and bleat."

"Not overpoweringly intellectual," Mollie dreamed on, "but intensely intelligent; quick to receive impressions, brilliantly descriptive——"

"Bobbie Blake," I snarled within myself—"Bobbie Blake with his infernally funny anecdotes."

"Some people might call him shy," mused Mollie with a little ruminative smile, "for in the company of strangers he often appears morose, but——"

"Confound it," I seethed silently, "it's Dick Durrant—that self-conscious ass."

"It is not really shyness; it is soul-refinement. Put him in congenial surroundings and he will expand as a flower in the sun. Ah, then he talks as one inspired."

I gasped. It was Roddy Railston after all, a yapping youth incurably garrulous, to me a confirmed soporific.

"And his charm," droned on Mollie in maudlin ecstasy—"how can I describe it? Perhaps you will understand if I say he has a most taking way with him."

I floundered mentally. Could it be

Arthur Asgill—the fellow who had twice borrowed my umbrella and not once returned it?

"But," continued Mollie, her voice gathering warmth, "above all, transcending everything, is his abiding love for me."

I stared at her aghast. His? Whose? Tommy's, Bobbie's, Dick's, Roddy's or Arthur's? It's all very well to be modern, and in my own quiet way I strive to keep pretty well abreast of the times, but—but—well, I mean to say, "abiding love." You follow me, don't you? "Abiding love" is a bit over the caper, isn't it?

"His love for me," repeated Mollie earnestly—"his love which is so much a part of himself that he hardly realises it; and yet every thought of his is mine in some degree. Every thought—ev-er-y—"

"Stop!" I cried savagely, discarding my modernity. "I've heard enough."

Mollie came out of her sickly trance with a start and stared at me wide-eyed.

"Oh," she whispered, "don't you believe it?" and her lip was tremulous.

"Believe it?" I echoed harshly.

"No, I do not believe it." And in a torrent of words I overwhelmed her. I do not remember exactly what I said but I struck at superstition shrewdly again and again: it was a veritable anti-psyche cyclone I let loose upon her, a monsoon of materialism.

"But," she protested faintly when I paused for breath, "it was all about you, dear. 'I shall now describe your husband to you,' were the clairvoyante's exact words."

Of course I saw my ludicrous mistake instantly, and in the frankest possible way I admitted that, although there were indubitably many cases of fraud amongst professional psychics, it was neither fair nor scientific to condemn them all. I went further and, remembering all the flattering, though perfectly true, things the clairvoyante had said about me (and not about Tommy or Bobby or Dick or Roddy or Arthur) I gave it as my firm opinion that in this instance the gift was a real and valuable one and that nothing but the crystal truth had issued from her lips.

Mollie beamed. "I'm so glad to hear you say that," she said brightly, "because she also said that we were going to have that little two-seater after all. Next month, at latest, she said."

The New Scot.

At St. Andrews a Mr. MANASSEH, In a kilt, singing "I lo'e a lassie," Played ISAAC PERLMUTTER, Who drove with a putter, And putted his putts with a brassie.



THE HORRORS OF DISARMAMENT.

First Sailor (searching vainly for his ship after a few hours' leave). "BUT SHE WAS 'ERE WHEN WE WENT ASHORE, WASN'T SHE?"

Second Sailor. "IT'S THEM BLOKES AT WASHIN'TON. THEY'VE STARTED SCRAPPIN' THE FLEET, AN' BEGUN ON US."

SAYINGS OF THE MEEK.

FOLLOWING the lead of a well-known contemporary we publish below a few extracts from the speeches of some prominent personages which seem to have escaped the eagle eye of its editor:—

The day is not far distant when every dweller in London will have a Tube Railway from his own door to every part of the town.—Lord Cinderfield.

If you put a stop to betting by cheque you will not put a check on betting.—Mr. Justice Dearest.

The new idea in Society appears to me to be "Marry to taste and divorce at leisure."—Father Bertram Fawn.

The Government's decision will impose great hardship on a splendid body of men. Unless the dole is increased the unemployed will be unable to carry on and will have no alternative but to return to work.—Mr. John Jacks, M.P.

The trend of to-day is towards jazz dancing, jazz frocks and jazz millinery, and I regret to say that some modern churchmen show a distinct preference for jazz theology.—The Gloomy Bean.

Why shouldn't Ireland, like any other country, exercise the right of self-extirpation?—Mr. Shindy Fane.

If the War has done nothing else it has at least made the world safe for bureaucracy.—Sir Eric Gadzoos.



Dancing Mother (to bored son who waits to take her home). "I MUST DANCE THESE LAST THREE; AND I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD BE SO GRUMPY. I NEVER INTERFERED WITH YOUR PLEASURES WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG."

AUGUSTUS AND CHARLES.

(*A Hint on Education.*)

Augustus was a child who hated
The talk of famous folk;
In yarns that grown-up men related
He failed to find the joke.

He made no effort to remember
His uncle Sigurd's view
Of GLADSTONE in the dark November
Of 1892.

He went about with hands all sticky
And nonsense in his head;
He never wrote down on his dicky
What Mr. WHISTLER said.

If Lady Y., whose charm yet lingers,
Whose wit the world still quotes,
Once asked him not to suck his fingers,
Augustus took no notes.

When wise old statesmen round him
thundered
Or watched his artless play,
The child Augustus merely wondered
When they would go away.

No albums nicely bound he cherished,
No birthday-books had he . . .
Augustus by this time has perished
Or lives in penury.

How different from his dreadful case is
The case of Charles, who had
Neatly suspended from his braces
A cream-laid writing-pad.

And, when some statesman bid a penny
To learn his infant dreams,
Replied, "Well, what's *your* view of
BENNY?
And wrote down reams and reams;

And caused the jest, the gibe, the riddle
Incessantly to flow,
Save when he cried out in the middle,
"Kindly repeat that *mot*;"

And copied in his tiny diary
Most interesting mems
Like "Mr. A. was somewhat fiery;
I liked his apothegms;

"The Count seemed dull to me, and
simple
When he conversed with unc.;
His wife has an engaging dimple;
The Duke was three-parts drunk."

Nothing was missed and naught forgotten
By Charles, and that is how
The glorious memoirs were begotten
That make him famous now.

The art of this or that man worsens,
But all the critics praise
These stories of distinguished persons
Observed in childhood's days.

For these the whole world looks and
listens,
And heaps unstinted gold
On Charles, who started reminiscence
When eight or nine years old.

EVOL.

Encouragement for "Die-Hards."

From Sir GEORGE YOUNGER's speech
at Liverpool as given on the tape:—

"It was the duty of the Party to keep their
assassins in being during the time of the
Coalition, which was not likely to be of a
permanent character."

More Commercial Candour.

"Would the purchaser of Coney Seal Coat
(Cat. No. 277) at —'s Rooms on Nov. 12
please communicate."—*Scotch Paper*.

Now we know where cats go in the
winter-time.

"The orthodoxy of to-day is a very different
thing from orthodox of fifty years ago.—*Dean
Inge*."—*West Indies Paper*.

The orthography, too, is not quite what
it was.



THE PIPE OF PEACE.—II.

(See PUNCH'S CARTOON of November 9th.)

THE GREAT DRY CHIEF. "I WAS HALF AFRAID MY NAVY CUT MIGHT MAKE YOU SICK; BUT SO FAR I SEE NO ILL EFFECTS."

MR. BALFOUR. "ON THE CONTRARY, I COULD DO WITH IT A BIT STRONGER."

[*"At the first glance our experts are inclined to think that too large a tonnage has been allotted to submarines."*
MR. BALFOUR at the Washington Conference.]

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

I AM pained rather than surprised by the details of the activities of a lad who is the son of a prominent official of the Amalgamated Society of Tinworkers. According to my information this boy, Albert, has inherited his father's gift of being able to point out to people what their grievances are, and already at a tender age is engaged in forming a union amongst the choir-boys of the district.

Needless to say, Albert's immediate object is to secure for the choristers a minimum wage and the abolition of special fees to soloists; but, as the Choir-boys' Federation gains strength, Albert intends to stand firm for brighter and more frequent choir treats. Indeed, the whole question of these excursions will have to be thoroughly thrashed out. Albert will advocate the formation of a pool to provide standard outings, for it is unjust that choristers who work in a rich district should have a trip to the seaside in a charabanc, while their comrades in a less favoured quarter can only secure, with equal toil, a free tea at the Annual Bazaar and Fête.

If you ask why they allow such a young hot-head to be a choir-boy, I can only smile at your *naïveté*. Albert is not a choir-boy—nor for that matter was his sire a tinworker. To be quite candid Albert is constitutionally incapable of singing. But he can talk, and I am told that when he addresses his meetings you can almost hear his old Dad speaking. He will enlarge on the theme that every boy is born into the world with the right to sing; or he will draw a depressing picture showing that long choir practices, following upon a hard day's study, deprive the choristers of their opportunities to live a full life. And he will never conclude an oration without some telling reference to "the Cossack vergers in capitalist pay" and to the "intransigence of the churchwardens who grind the faces of the choir."

I envy those phlegmatic folk who are able to regard Albert and his movement with unconcern. For my part I am filled with apprehension because I see nothing to prevent the Choir-boys' Federation from spreading from parish to parish, and from county to county until the choristers of all England have placed their destinies—and their funds—in Albert's hands.

With prophetic vision I behold a scene in a vestry two years hence. The choir-boys are cheerfully making ready to sing at a wedding at the union rate of treble pay. (This is my own *jeu d'esprit*, not Albert's; Albert is never



Applicant for Poor-Law Relief. "I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING AT, SIR, BUT I HAVE LATELY HAD A VERY SEVERE COLD."

Officer. "AH, NO, MY FRIEND. THAT'S NOT A MODERN PAINTING; THAT'S AN OLD MASTER."

designedly humorous.) But who approaches so hastily? It is the local agent of the Federation. He says that one of the members of the choir has not been allowed to perform at this wedding because of his tendency to sing sharp. Such victimisation is not to be tolerated, and the agent flourishes a telegram from Albert forbidding the rest of the choir to turn out.

Again, I seem to see this England of ours in a state of upheaval. Albert has decreed a lightning strike of the choristers on the issue of eight-minute sermons. The PRIME MINISTER has coaxed Albert and his lieutenants to a conference-table to meet the delegates appointed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. *The Morning Post* is outraged, *The Church Times* is hurt, and *The Daily Mail* has an intimate leader-

ette on Albert, by One Who Knows Him, with pictures on the back page. Twice a week Albert (who is looking for a bridge) and the prelates (who are looking for a formula) come to a crisis, and through it all Albert is-addressing, or interrupting, the bishops in erratic tones—for his voice has not yet finished breaking. Without, the Federation's pickets are everywhere preventing the employment of blackleg choristers and cheap female sopranos. There is no sign of a settlement, and it is but a week to the Harvest Festival. . . .

I sincerely hope that my pessimism is unwarranted, and that what I want is a tonic (sol-fa, perhaps); but it seems to me very ominous that, although our young Communist has only been working at his scheme for three months, already he rides a brand-new bicycle.

THE CRIMINAL IN THE CAR.

I.

I AM a law-abiding citizen—at least I was up to the time when I decided to take my car and my wife for a tour on the Continent. Now I suppose I must own that I am this no longer. It is a sad come-down for me, but it is true; I am now a criminal. I have lost my reputation in one country and my car in another.

This is how it happened. We spent several jolly days in running through France, and in the course of time reached and entered without mishap a well-known French town. I must emphasise the fact that we entered without mishap, because the sequel will show that we were very lucky. We might be wandering round its outer suburbs yet. You will soon see why.

We entered the main street through an imposing gateway and, passing by the first three turns on the left, went down the fourth, which led to our hotel. We put up for the night, had a look round and in due course prepared to set out on the morrow.

"How," I asked the hotel porter in French—a language, may I add, which I speak like a native (of Clapham)—"how do I get to—?" I mentioned our next destination.

He directed me out by the way I had come. "Only," he said, "turn to the right a few metres after passing under the gateway."

I did so, but, on making the necessary turn, I found my way stopped by an obstruction and the words "CHEMIN BARRÉ" posted in large letters beside it. This, my wife said, meant "No road."

I applied to a passer-by for re-direction.

"Back through the gate," he said, "and first turn to the left. They are repairing this road, but that will bring you on to it further down."

I obeyed. The first turning to the left turned of its own accord to the right, then, after a few yards, to the right once more. So, of course, we reached the main street again.

I was getting rather warm. So was my wife.

"You must have missed the first turning," she said, a little irritably, I thought. "You are always so careless."

So I went back to the gateway and started again. This time I took the second turning to the left, which, as my wife pointed out, was not a very clever thing to do, because it naturally led us back into the main street, *vid* the first turning.

The close acquaintance which I had now gained of these practical jokes which called themselves streets led me to suppose that my informant did not regard them as turnings at all. So I moved on to the third, which was the one before the street leading down to my hotel. As we rounded the corner a furious gendarme appeared from nowhere and said a very large number of things that I couldn't understand. But the substance of his remarks was apparently contained in two large words which hung from the wall. At any rate he pointed frequently at them. The words were "SENS INTERDIT," which, my wife explained, meant in brief, "You

turned to the left at the bottom of the lane, as there was nothing else to do. I had a sneaking idea that I might be able to turn to the right next and so get down the lower half of the street after all.

I should be a happier (and wealthier) man to-day had I done so. But two ominous circumstances made me change my mind. The first was a particularly dictatorial finger pointing up the street, and over it the fatal words "SENS OBLIGATOIRE." The second was a gendarme at the corner who might have been the twin-brother of my first friend. His moustaches twirled every bit as fiercely and his glance shivered down my spine like a bit of ice. I turned guiltily and steered up the street.

This brought me back to the main street and my old acquaintance. He was still talking angrily in the direction in which I had vanished; in fact I all but demolished him as I turned to the left again. I put on speed, intending to escape straight on; but, feeling that penetrating glance fixed on the small of my back, my nerve failed me at the last moment and I turned to the left, past the hotel.

I will hurry over the rest. Headed off at every turn I lost my head completely and found myself flying round and round that little square of streets at an ever-increasing speed. The gendarmes' eyes took away half my habitual sangfroid, my wife's tongue took the rest. I might have been going still if, at the forty-eighth revolution, my petrol hadn't run dry and the engine, nearly as over-heated as its owner, conked out right in front of the original officer.

"Ernest," said my wife, "remember your status as an Englishman and don't stand any more of this fellow's nonsense."

"Tell me once for all," I said to the gendarme, and I flatter myself I looked like a man who is not easily to be trifled with, "how am I to get out of your nasty town?"

"But Monsieur can go as he likes, always provided that he doesn't circulate in a '*sens interdit*'!"

"Bosh!" I answered, fiercely and loudly.

The gendarme went pale to the lips and, producing a revolver from one pocket and a whistle from the other, he brandished the one wildly and blew the other furiously. The horror-stricken crowd rushed in upon me howling and dragged me from the car. The gendarme had the utmost difficulty in preventing them from lynching me.

They imposed upon me a fine of one



"Emma, my angel!" cried Mr. Micawber.
 "I never will desert you, Micawber!" she exclaimed.
 "My life!" said Mr. Micawber, taking her in his arms,
 "I am perfectly aware of it."—David Copperfield.
 SIR JAMES CRAIG.

mustn't pass down this street in this direction."

I was terrified. I thought every moment he was going to shoot me; but at length, during a lull, I got in a word.

"My friend," I said, in a conciliating voice, "I wish to pass along this street. Will you oblige me by letting me know how I can do so?"

"But certainly," he replied. "If Monsieur will take the next turning to the left, then the next to the left, he will find himself again in this street. He may then pass up it. But if he insists on passing down it, I shall be compelled to arrest him."

I moved off. He was still talking as I turned down the lane that led past my starting-point. I was so nervous that I pulled up at the door and had a stiff *sirop de framboise* before proceeding. I



LITERATURE FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"I HAVE A SOUL OF LEAD
SO STAKES ME TO THE GROUND I CANNOT MOVE."—*Romeo and Juliet*.

thousand francs for applying the term "Boche" to a French official in the execution of his duty and deported me and my car, under escort, to the nearest frontier.

It was interesting to notice that, in their eagerness to be quit of me, they took me out by the shortest route.

Can you guess what it was? No? Down the forbidden street, in the "*sens interdit*," and straight on.

PEPPER AND SALT.

"THERE is a weak link in the chain," I said severely.

"Chain! What chain?" asked Betty.

"The figure of speech," I replied.

"I am one link, you are another, and Janet our maid is the third, the weak link. We form a chain on which depends the happiness of this household."

"Some of our maids were awful, but this one has only little faults."

"Exactly. Great misfortunes I can bear with stoicism, but the continual pin-prick of the minor fault is ruining my happiness."

"You poor old thing," said Betty; "what's the latest pin-prick?"

"Each morning I go into this city of terrible Scots and by dint of super-

human effort and Machiavellian cunning wrest from these close-fisted geniuses the wherewithal to run this home. At evening I return and drop my poor winnings in your lap. That is the work of the link I represent."

"Fine; just like a book! And what about me?"

"You, light of my heart, repair to the City and there exchange this filthy lucre for the merchants' wares. And nobly you perform your task. Yesterday you returned bearing these two silver vessels, known technically and respectively as a salt and a pepper. They please me. They are chaste; they are also sensible. The heads screw on, making it impossible for them to fall into one's soup when they are inverted and shaken. You have done well."

"And Janet?"

"The weak link! Entrusted with the comparatively simple task of filling them, she bungles the job. Identical in all respects save one, you will observe that the head of this one has larger holes than the other. Common sense would suggest to the meanest intelligence that it is designed to contain salt. This haggis-brained daughter of Scotland fills it with pepper! It is

unbearable; it is the last and final pin-prick which breaks the camel's back. I shall speak to her."

"Better let me do it. We can't afford to lose her."

"Forgive me, Betty, but I suspect you. I fear you will effect the change yourself and say nothing to this girl. My mind is made up. She needs a lesson. I shall speak to her, calmly but firmly. Please ring."

* * * * *

"Janet, a grievous mistake has been made here, a mistake which might have wrought disaster to our simple meal had not my eagle eye detected signs of pepper where I naturally expected salt. The head of one of these is pierced with larger holes than the other. Perhaps you are not aware it should contain the salt?"

"Ay, Ah ken that."

"Ignorance I can excuse, but not carelessness. Kindly remove both and put salt where you have pepper and pepper where you have salt."

"Wull it no' dae if Ah change the heids?"

Rudyard Kipling, H.C.

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling has had the degree of honoris causa conferred on him by the University of Paris."—*Sussex Paper*.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PILGRIM OF ETERNITY."

IN his six-reel pseudo-biography of *The Pilgrim of Eternity* (Lord BYRON), featuring Mr. COWLEY WRIGHT, Mr. K. K. ARDASCHIR—a gentleman from Persia, I understand—gets in some shrewd shots at that old Aunt Sally, British hypocrisy, and steers his *Don Juan* through two intrigues before our eyes without a word that would shock a mid-Victorian. Perhaps he has not been told how notably we have changed! However . . .

As a prelude we have in a château (place unnamed, probably Ruritania, where alone it is possible for flunkies to overhear the most deadly conversations by the simple device of just hanging about and listening) a meeting of magnificent personages—Prince Metternich, Francis I. of Austria, two Grand Dukes, a Cardinal—to inaugurate a drastic policy of suppression of Liberal ideas, whether of native patriots or of aliens like SHELLEY and BYRON.

We are then wafted to Lord Byron's palace in Venice. The Poet enters very dissipated and irritable. Reigning mistress administers reproaches and laudanum; is discovered by Carbonaro spy to be in the pay of Austria and, magnanimously forgiven instead of being stabbed and dropped into the canal according to the accepted routine, sorrowfully departs. Enter *Teresa*, the child-wife of the septuagenarian, Count Guiccioli. Love at first sight.

Interval of ten minutes. . . . Count Guiccioli's garden in Bologna. Music, small talk and more love. . . . Palace of the Cardinal Riverola at Ravenna. Sinister Churchman, not without humour, some faint sense of honour and mercy, and perception of the bouquet of the best Chianti. Further conspiracies, plots and counter-plots. . . . A dinner-party in Byron's palace in Ravenna (an odd dinner-party, but no matter). Police overpowered; troops turn out to be Carbonari in disguise; Cardinal outwitted. Angry mob, howling for blood of same, appeased by magnanimous hero. Dinner is served.

Interval of ten minutes. . . . Byron ill at Genoa and about to sail for England to see his little AUGUSTA. *Teresa*, very tender, understanding and self-effacing. Arrival of impassioned busybody from London Greek Committee, who turns the Poet's thoughts again to the isles of Greece, "where burning SAPHO loved and sung." Sacred egotism, dramatic instinct, poetic afflatus, genuine fire of passion for liberty take him to Misso-longhi (and to death; but this scene is cut). The whole very jolly, bustling and romantic—and all but moving.

Mr. ARDASCHIR has done his work ingeniously; quotes his tags felicitously; comments wittily; may be congratulated on what is unquestionably a dexterous feat for a foreigner. A cast of twenty-three to play thirty-one parts means, in the present state of British dramatic art, a team with a tail. Of the sounder players Mr. COWLEY WRIGHT at his first entrance offered a perfectly astounding replica of a well-known picture. His ideas as to how Lord Byron would have said this or that are obviously likely to be quite as good as mine; but I think he showed less consciousness of, and sensitiveness about, his lameness than tradition suggests,



Lord Byron (Mr. COWLEY WRIGHT) DECIDES THAT THE SWORD IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN.

made too gallant and debonaire a figure of his man. The moodiness seemed to be too much put on and off like a garment at a given cue, not to hover like a cloud. And I certainly think that this by no means untalented actor mistakes sound for passion (as did a part of his audience) and failed to give any sufficient sense of BYRON as an overwhelming lover.

Miss YVONNE ARNAUD played with real insight and restraint the Countess Guiccioli, the greatness of her love overshadowed by the greatness of her lover. Mr. EUGENE LEAHY's Cardinal was a good sound piece of work, as was Mr. HIGNETT's Fletcher (Byron's valet).

May I suggest, without malice, to the producer that, if one scene, in a series of quite elaborate sets, be played against a black curtain, that curtain should have some beauty of texture and tone; and possibly some sign where the place of exit is, so that the actors need not swim up and down seeking vainly for escape? T.

OUR LITERARY COLUMN.

MY PECKS. *By a Parrot.*

LIKE all good peckers I began at an early age and have gone on steadily improving my form until in this, my twenty-second year, I am generally regarded as an expert. Pecks which in my young days I should have regarded as impossible of achievement I execute now with ease. Life would lose much of its joy for me if I were deprived of this my great gift. I am proud of my pecks, and the sharpest and deepest are stored in my memory.

As a rule I draw blood, and on more than one occasion I have penetrated to the bone. Once in the case of a man who repeatedly put his finger between the bars of my cage and snatched it away each time that I inclined my head to study it. I exercised patience and finesse, and, when I did get hold of the tip, I held it firmly for a considerable period. On another occasion, when I was swinging in my ring, a boy stood close and persistently pulled my tail each time it protruded from my cage. I dexterously turned a somersault and caught him by the nose. Few parrots, I believe, have simultaneously performed these two feats.

I make it a rule never to peck except under sufficient provocation. One morning I pecked my mistress because, when cleaning out my cage, she made use of a newspaper that I did not recognise. She was puzzled and sent off post-haste for a vet, who dosed me with rue pills for indigestion. I was violently sick in consequence, and she was obliged to clean me out again. The foolish woman was about to spread underneath me the very same strange newspaper which she had employed before. I immediately pecked her again. Then it dawned upon her that I absolutely refused to be cleaned out upon any other paper than *The Daily Mail*.

She wrote a letter to the Editor and told him how I had asserted my preference for his organ. From a considerable correspondence that ensued in that journal I gathered that *The Daily Mail* is the paper in demand among all parrots.

Old Favourites.

"SPECIAL CABLE."

PURCHASE OF RACE HORSES.

London, Oct. 18.

£200,000 were paid to the Duke of Westminster by Sir Joseph Duveen for Zainborough's Blueboy and Reynold's Tragic Muse."—*Indian Paper*.

"The Chief Rabbit has circulated a prayer to be recited on behalf of the Washington Conference."—*Local Paper*.

It is believed that all the other rabbits are likewise in favour of disarmament.



Nurse (discovering ink-stain on the carpet). "Oh, you NAUGHTY GIRL! WHAT EVER WILL YOUR MOTHER SAY?"
 Little Girl. "THAT 'S ALL RIGHT; SHE 'S SAID IT."

MAINSAIL HAUL.

"I DON'T want none of 'is stuff," said Bill, "nor I don't want none of 'is gear, I don't want things as I've knowed 'im use nor things as I've seen 'im wear; It ain't such things as them," he said, "an' that's the truth, my son, 'Ull make me think o' Mike my pal now Mike 'e's dead an' gone.

"There's Bluenose Pete 'e wants 'is palm an' the knife 'e wouldn't sell, An' Jake 'e wants 'is good seaboots, 'cos 'is own they leak like hell, An' one wants this an' one wants that, the way chaps do at sea— Well, let 'em take their pick, says I, they can 'ave the lot for me.

"An' they can 'ave 'is teakwood chest with the paintin' as 'e did O' the *Southern Cross* off Sydney 'Eads, full sail, inside the lid, An' the marline-spike 'e always used, an' the bottled ship 'e made, Rollin' up to the Western Isles, close-hauled on the nor'-east Trade.

"For Mike an' me was pals," said he, "an' I couldn't bring my mind To wrangle like a greedy gull for the gear 'e left be'ind; We've sailed together rough an' smooth, we've stuck it, sink or swim, An' it ain't Mike's bits o' things, God knows, 'ull make me think of 'im.

"It's sun an' stars an' fog an' frost an' blue weather an' grey, An' big seas curlin' green as glass afore they break in spray, An' sudden dark on tropic seas dropped like a blind that 's drawn, An' stormy sun-sets off the capes an' strange landfalls at dawn.

"It's drunkards shoutin' scraps o' songs in waterfront saloons, An' two-stringed fiddles Chink girls play thrum-thrummin' queer old tunes, An' the papery noise the palm-trees make when offshore winds are wakin', An' the tellers singin' out on the brace an' the royal clew a-shakin'.

"It's things you eat an' things you drink in all the ports you know, An' the raspy twang o' Spanish wine an' mule trains tinklin' slow, An' the steamy reek of Eastern towns an' stuffy smoky smells

In shrines where fat pot-bellied gods sit smilin' to theirsels. "It's things you see an' things you 'ear an' things you feel an' do, They bring the dead alive again, they make the old years new,

An' it ain't Mike's bits o' things I'll want, an' that 's God's truth, my son, To make me think o' Mike my pal now Mike 'e's dead and gone."

C. F. S.



House Agent's Clerk. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT HOW SHALL I WORD THE ADVERTISEMENT FOR 'MON DÉSIR'? IT'S ONLY GOT THREE BEDS AND ONE RECEP.; NO TRADERMEN'S ENTRANCE, NO GARDEN, NO BATH (H. OR C.)."

House Agent. "WHY, DASH IT, MAN—CALL IT 'BEEZOU.'"

THE THUNDERBOLT.

SOME idea of the dismay caused by the announcement that there will be no Drury Lane Pantomime this year will be gathered from the following communications:—

Writing from the Fatted Calf Hotel, Tite Street, on behalf of the Amalgamated Society of Principal Boys, Miss Birdie Brighteye says: "At a largely-attended meeting held yesterday, the feeling was very strong that something should be done. It is true that there was only room for one of us in the cast every year at the Lane; but that such a theatre should go back on the custom of years and years is held to be a serious

blow to the prestige of every Principal Boy in the country, and we don't know how we shall dare to look our children and grandchildren in the face again. We appeal to Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS to promise at once that pantomimes will be resumed at Drury Lane in 1922."

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE writes that he sees no reason for tears. Londoners are not without the authentic thrill just because Drury Lane has retired from the fray. There is another theatre, he adds, whose motto is "East is East and Vest is Vest," where the same pantomime goes on without ceasing, although the title of the entertainment may now and then be changed.

Sir OLIVER LODGE, who has just had a long conversation with the spirit of GRIMALDI, reports that the famous clown is inconsolable. Sir OLIVER had to tell him not only that the tradition of Drury Lane pantomime is being broken, but that the harlequinade had long since been voted a bore.

"Of course," says the illustrious savant, "I did not put it as crudely as that. My exact words were that 'the rough-and-tumble play which so delighted our simpler and probably far wiser ancestors was unhappily under a cloud.'"

"Do you mean to say," returned GRIMALDI, "that they don't like red-hot pokers any more?"

"Not," said Sir OLIVER, "on the stage. As implements for increasing the calorific power of a coal fire, yes; but not in connection with old men with long white beards."

GRIMALDI seems to have taken some time to recover from this blow, for there was a long silence, which Sir OLIVER conjectures was spent in turning ghostly somersaults. "And stealing sausages?" GRIMALDI then asked in a weaker voice. "Don't say they don't like that; don't say it."

But Sir OLIVER, who is the soul of veracity, could offer no comfort, and the interview ended in sobs.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, who at the same time has been chatting with a deceased Ugly Sister of great repute in his day, says that the famous comedian was also in the gloomiest vein. The effect of this cessation on the minds of the young, he remarked in effect, will be incalculable. It is essential for the good temper and good sense of the nation that every Christmas thousands of children should be supplied with the catch-phrases of the day and the right and proper facetious attitude towards mothers-in-law, drunkenness and kippers. Only thus can our national humour persist and be kept sweet. The nation that tends to new jokes or abandons its old ones is, he concluded, lost. At this point the control seems to have snapped.

The Duke of RUTLAND sends the following couplet:—

"Let Dreadnoughts be reduced; who cares a dime?
But give us still our ancient pantomime."

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS writes: "Speaking as one who remembers every Drury Lane pantomime since 1821 and who has written most of them, I am convinced that dear old ARTHUR is making a terrible mistake." E. V. L.



THE HIGHER TOY-CULT.

Customer. "BUT SURELY SIX-AND-SIX EACH FOR THESE LITTLE DOLLS IS RATHER ABOVE THE ORDINARY PRICE?"
 Priestess. "POSSIBLY. BUT THEN THIS IS NOT QUITE AN ORDINARY TOY-SHOP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL, in her *Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), has successfully avoided the pitfall that threatens the family biographer. Filial affection has not been allowed to obscure her judgment. Her hero's faults and failures are revealed to us as faithfully, if not quite so fully, as his virtues and triumphs. Lord SALISBURY, whose forgetfulness of faces was no small drawback to his success as a party-leader, once excused his omission to recognise W. H. SMITH by saying that he always sat opposite him at Cabinet-meetings and had never before seen him in profile. In these two admirable volumes we have Lord SALISBURY himself in profile, full-faced and "in the round." The story of his wretched boyhood, his rebellious adolescence, his romantic marriage to Miss ALDERSON, his consequent estrangement from his father, and his successful efforts to eke out a living as a *Saturday* and *Quarterly* Reviewer makes excellent reading. But for this hard training in the school of life he might have become a scientific recluse instead of a very practical statesman. Lady GWENDOLEN gives an interesting account of his evolution as an orator. He studied his subject for days, sometimes for weeks, but he never framed a sentence beforehand or used a note when he was on his legs. Many examples are given of the brilliant and occasionally biting wit that illumined all his utterances, public and private. Someone called him a Philistine; he promptly

defined the term, "He who is assaulted by the jawbone of an ass." He was rebuked for comparing GLADSTONE to an attorney, and a few days later apologised—to the attorneys. No small share of his ability as a writer has descended to his daughter. Her account of his famous quarrel over the Reform Bill of 1867 includes a character-study of DISRAELI which is full of penetrating touches. These two volumes take Lord SALISBURY's story up to the General Election of 1880. If the author can maintain the same level in the remainder, dealing with his three Premierhips, she will have achieved one of the most notable political biographies ever written by a woman.

There is an extraordinary blend of power and forbearance about Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK's dealings with *Adrienne Toner* (ARNOLD); and I should not like to say off-hand how much of that young woman's unhappiness was due to a grim Sedgwickian predestination and how much to her own abuse (if I may so theologically express myself) of free-will. To begin with, she was an American. Her father was "Toner's Peerless Tooth-Paste," and her mother a devotee of the Higher Thought; and *Adrienne* combined the wealth of the one and the transcendentalism of the other with a self-confidence wholly unabated by any conviction of sin or any sense of humour. Thus equipped she descended on the *Chadwicks'* Cotswold manor-house, cured Mrs. Chadwick's head-aches, gave *Mej* an old Italian pendant and shared her views on Established Religion with *Palgrave*, inspired an awe-struck passion in *Barney*, and in

short ruled the whole roast until *Roger Oldmeadow* was asked down to give a friendly *imprimatur* to the forthcoming engagement. Unfortunately *Roger's* "latent irony" (I soon began to look for this quality whenever *Roger* was "on," for it followed him about like *Tilburina's* confidant) failed to avert the marriage; and a series of tragical promotions of other people's indecorous or unpopular ideals soon left *Adrienne* stripped of all her attractions for the *Chadwicks*. The final issue between herself and *Oldmeadow* is the crown of a very fine book.

With such a subject as the illustration of books, no writer, whether a draughtsman, a critic or a mere amateur, should fail to be interesting; and probably no two theorists would agree. In such matters it is one man one vote, a thousand men a thousand votes. The great thing therefore is that an original and emphatic mind should attempt the survey, and such we find in Mr. E. J. SULLIVAN, himself an artist in black-and-white, powerful, imaginative and distinguished, who gives us, in *The Art of Illustration* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), a volume that stimulates, instructs and provokes to discussion. Indeed, I can

imagine few more entertaining evenings than could be provided by a debate upon Mr. SULLIVAN's dogmas at, say, the Arts Club or the Art-Workers' Guild in Queen's Square. There is no space here in which to cross swords with the author; but it is hard for a *Punch* reviewer to resist the temptation, when, in a book bearing Mr. SULLIVAN's embracive title, he finds no mention whatever of JOHN TENNIEL, either as the illustrator of *Aesop* or

LEWIS CARROLL, and RANDOLPH CALDECOTT is dismissed with a single reference to the printing of his blocks. It is not that Mr. SULLIVAN's gods are false—his chief examples are drawn from HOLBEIN, BLAKE, DORE, MENZEL, HOUGHTON, SANDYS, PHIL MAY and BEARDSLEY—but that he disregards too many others. WILLIAM SMALL is mentioned only once, FRED WALKER not at all, ABBEY'S SHAKESPEARE work is utterly ignored. There is not a syllable about HANS TEGNER, FLAXMAN, RETHEL or VIERGE. A new story of PHIL MAY atones, however, for much. On learning that he had walked every day for some time from his house in St. John's Wood to the *Graphic* office, Mr. SULLIVAN remarked, "What a saving in hansoms!" "Yes," he replied, "but think of the crossing-sweepers!"

When Mr. DENIS MACKAIL published his first novel last year I made a mental note that he would be very well worth keeping an eye on. It was not that his novel was a much better novel than other people's, but that it was a great deal funnier, and really funny novels are rare. *Romance to the Rescue* (MURRAY) is much more human and probable and better thought-out; and if its central idea is not quite so humorous there are better moments in it than any in *What Next?* It is all about a very charming lady, *Helen Cartwright*, who wrote a play which her agents sent by mistake to the husband, now a successful actor-manager, from whom she had separated twenty-five years before.

Naturally, *Helen* couldn't face the endless complications which threatened to ensue when he rapturously put the play into rehearsal, so she forced a nice young undergraduate of her acquaintance, whose name happened to be the same as her pseudonym, to impersonate the author and demand the manuscript back. His interview with the great actor passed the audible laughter test, which is, I find, the most exacting. Of course there is a great deal more than this, but it is not the story so much as the telling of it that makes the book so good an investment. I still expect Mr. MACKAIL to do something better, but the eye I have upon him has now a distinctly benevolent expression.

When Mr. WILLIAM CAINE comes off he is very amusing indeed, but he intersperses among his good things rather loose lumps of careless stuff, not a little boring, which suggest either an uncritical mind or an insensitive artistic conscience; that is to say, he may know—he probably does—but he doesn't care. *Mendoza and a Little Lady* (PUTNAM) is (as SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUCH won't allow me to say) a case in point. *Mendoza* is the greatest of all living caricatur-

ists; the little lady, *Ottolie Wigmore*, is a modern BEARDSLEY, who can draw a young lady and thirteen Pekinese spaniels (or what not) on the space of half a postcard; *Adkin* is an overwhelming genius among illustrators; and all this talent is recklessly flung at one by the author. There are two collectors, both villains, as collectors seen through the eyes of artists are all apt to be. The sleeker and astuter of them, who may well be a malicious caricature of a late-



OUR KEY INDUSTRIES.
ROLLING AN OAT.

Victorian figure, grows rich and fat by exploiting young and callow genius. The mixture is stirred and the result quite reasonably light and palatable.

Nightshade (GRANT RICHARDS) illustrates almost perfectly the difficulty of writing a really good sensational novel. M. A. CURTOIS gets well off the mark: a man is dying under mysterious circumstances; a doctor-friend comes from London to see him and suspects foul play on the part of the wife and her daughter by a previous marriage. The atmosphere is sinister and the situation intriguing. But presently the author seems to lose grip; the intensity so necessary in this style of fiction relaxes; the tale lingers on its way, and our interest wanes. True, there is a recovery before the close, but this interval in which the story hangs fire is never retrieved. Still it is an honest attempt; it has some arresting moments, and in character-drawing is well above the average in this kind.

"Mr. —, Veterinary Surgeon, said he examined the Mayor and it was cruelty to work the animal."—*Local Paper*.
What our civic dignitaries have to put up with!

"Princess Mary shares with the Queen of Norway the distinction of being the only lady in our Royal family at the present time who rides to hounds."—*Evening Paper*.
Bracketed unique, in fact.

CHARIVARIA.

EX-KING KARL and EX-QUEEN ZITA are said to be delighted with the climate and scenery of Madeira. It is thought that they may decide to stay there for some time.

The bath bun has returned to its pre-war price of twopence. We take credit for having consistently counselled a policy of patience in regard to this commodity.

PRINCE WILLIAM of Sweden relates that the only gorilla shot by him personally on his recent hunting-trip rushed at him before he had fired. Thus a gross breach of etiquette was justly rebuked.

According to the Press we are on the verge of a revival of ping-pong. Confidence is felt that the courage and good sense of the nation will again carry us through.

It is reported that on humanitarian grounds America has decided to give up playing football and get back to the old-fashioned lynchings.

Professor COUÉ thinks that many illnesses can be cured by suggestion. The mere suggestion of the doctor's fee often has the desired effect.

A scientist says that men lived in trees two million years ago. We had no idea the housing shortage was so acute in those remote ages.

"What are Penny Stamps?" asks a weekly paper headline. Twopence, thanks to our POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

A man fined at Kingston for doing the three-card trick on a race-course was reported to be an O.B.E. The magistrates, quite rightly, decided to ignore this latter charge.

Many actors, we are told, still suffer with stage-fright. It is good to know that the audience does not always suffer alone.

"Furs for Faces" is the headline of an article in *The Daily Mail*. This, of course, is nothing new, for we have often seen women wearing a full set of whiskers with ear-clasps.

Herr HUGO STINNES has declined to say why he visited England. It is thought that he came over to get a hint or two from the Die-hards.

"All is not well with Ireland," says Mr. J. R. CLYNES. We had gathered that the Press had been hinting at something of the sort for some time.

A club exclusively for humourists has been formed by certain employees of a large London drapery firm. We suppose the others insisted on it.

According to *The Evening News*, rats cost Essex ten thousand pounds a year. Surely it would pay better to keep fowls.

Mr. H. G. WELLS predicts that in a

penny; Latvia, fourpence. This is a commendable effort to suit all tastes and purses.

The public are warned to watch silver coins, especially those of the larger denominations. A Scotsman who sat up all night with a half-crown has now decided to exchange it for its full equivalent in coppers.

A leading Brighton resident has publicly protested that the town is not so black as it is painted. Nothing was said about red.

"I detest all boarding-schools so fiercely," says Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, "that I can scarcely believe in any of them being good." We hear, however,

that, at an emergency meeting of the Council of Head-masters, it has been resolved to carry on for the duration of the present term.

Suggestions are being made that Germany should be allowed three years before making further Reparation payments. By that time of course they may be able to buy another war.

In a *Times* "agony" the Earl of — recommends a portrait-painter. We should not dream of employing one without references from the nobility.

Whisky, we are curtly told in an advertisement, improves with age. That is, of course, if it gets the chance. Unfortunately, like those whom the gods love, it is apt to disappear young.

"Vacancies for Two Pupils, Pigs and Poultry, to live with family in their charming old Sussex country house."—*Morning Paper*.

Irish ideas are spreading to this country. "Die-hards" please note.

"Douglas Fairbanks, the film star, wearing morning coat and silk hat, walked in Piccadilly unrecognised."—*Provincial Paper*.

We trust this will not involve us in any further international complications.

From a magazine story:—

"Footsteps fell on their ears, on the path just below the sunk fence."

This comes of a too literal adoption of the PRIME MINISTER'S "ear-to-the-ground" policy.



RETICENCE IN THE PARK.

Park Orator. "WE BRITISH ARE A RESERVED PEOPLE. WE NEVER UNBOSOM OUR HEARTS TO THE STRANGER. BUT LET ME SAY—"

hundred years there will be no British Empire; and we understand that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is doing his best to ensure that a hundred years hence there shall be no Mr. H. G. WELLS.

A London barber has allowed works by struggling artists to be displayed for sale on the walls of his establishment. It is expected that a certain eminent painter will reciprocate by lending his head for an exhibition of hairdressing.

For a period covering the Christmas season dead foreign poultry will be admitted to England duty free. Live birds will continue to fly over at their own risk.

The Great Northern Telegraph Company announces that its rates per word are: Russia, fivepence-halfpenny; Esthonia and Lithuania, fourpence-half-

ACCOUNTS.

"THE keeping of accounts," I said, "should be an essential part of house-keeping, just as it is of any ordinary business."

"Why?" asked Irene.

"Because it enables you to put your finger on the weak spot, so to speak. You look at your account-book and say, 'I am spending too much on my frocks,' or 'I have been going to the play too much lately.' And then you watch yourself on these points."

"Yes, I suppose you do," murmured Irene.

"And thus you become like a faithful steward, stemming the tide—or rather damming the leak—I mean checking the outflow from your husband's banking account."

"How beautiful," replied Irene, "except of course the second one."

"The second one?"

"The one about the leak."

"I will illustrate my meaning," I continued. "You have now kept accounts for three weeks; let us go over them together."

"There," said Irene, handing me the book, "I think you will like the way I have done them—lines in red ink, headings in blue, and entries in black."

"What is this hieroglyphic?" I asked.

"That is a seven," replied Irene coldly; "I always make them curly."

"Now let us take an item at random. Here's one: 'Coverings £8 8s.' That is rather a large sum. Were they absolutely necessary?"

"Absolutely."

"What were they for?"

"Me."

"I know. But what articles have you covered? We have, I believe, two chairs which might need covering, but £8 8s. seems excessive for that."

"But it wasn't for covering furniture," said Irene.

"Then for what?" I asked.

"I told you—me!"

I put down the book. "I know that I am merely a man," I said, "a poor creature at the best, with a head not of the clearest, but am I to understand that this entry represents—"

"Frocks—certainly," answered Irene.

"But," I said, striving to be calm, "I think I noticed another entry—yes, here it is, 'Frock £5 5s.'"

"Oh, yes," she said; "but if I had put down 'Frocks £13 13s.' it would have looked so excessive."

I breathed deeply three times in order to retain my presence of mind. Then I spoke. "Irene," I said, "do you know that this practically amounts to—to embezzlement? Men have gone to prison for less than this."

"Poor fellows," murmured Irene.

"You have dealt me a blow this night from which my whole being reels. I doubt if I shall ever— And pray what is this entry, 'Charity £1 19s.'?"

"Oh, that," said Irene, "is the six pairs of gloves I gave to Mabel."

"The six pairs of— But it was only last week that Mabel gave you six pairs of gloves."

"I know," answered Irene; "she had to give me something in return."

A blinding light broke through me and all over me; with an effort I spoke calmly. "And Mabel's account-book will show a similar entry to this, I suppose, and poor William, blind husband that he is, will pass to his grave, thinking Mabel is all goodness and beauty and—"

"I don't see why he should pass to his grave," said Irene; "he's only thirty-six."

"I was speaking allegorically," I said; "in fact I hardly know how I am speaking; a yawning pit has opened beneath me and I seem to be falling, falling, falling."

"You shouldn't have asked me to keep accounts if they make you feel giddy. I knew there would be a mistake here and there."

"Mistake! Do you call this cataract of speculation, this avalanche of moral evasion a mistake?"

"Perhaps it isn't the exact word," murmured Irene.

"And the most unkindest cut of all," I continued, "the blow in the bread-basket, so to speak, which counts me out, is the fact that you are not prostrate in the dust; with veil torn aside you stand there naked and unashamed."

"It was to avoid that that I bought the—coverings," murmured Irene.

"Behold, in this incident," I continued, addressing a small bust of JULIUS CÆSAR recently given to us by Irene's aunt, "behold the essential difference between Man and Woman. The former, with his moral sense developed, with—"

"Shall I finish the accounts?" interrupted Irene.

"You had better," I answered frigidly.

"At the beginning of the month," said Irene, taking up her pen, "you had £15 in your pocket."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"I counted it while you were working in the garden."

I turned again to the bust of CÆSAR, but I had mislaid my mastery of rhetoric.

"So if you let me know how much you have now I can finish off." She dipped her pen in the ink in a most irritating manner.

"There can be no possible objection," I said calmly.

"Of course not, else how could we keep accounts?"

"I have £3 10s.," I said, frowning.

"That makes £11 10s. to account for. What entries shall I make?" she asked, dropping two blots in the middle of the page.

"There is no need for flippancy," I snapped.

"I wasn't flipping," objected Irene. "The blots came there of their own accord."

"Well, since you ask me," I said, "I have had several unusual expenses this month. There was—ah, yes, and also—yes, yes, I think you might say, 'Sundries £11 10s.'"

"Sundries!" repeated Irene.

"Certainly," I said; "it's a term used largely in business."

Irene put down her pen and came and sat on the arm of my chair.

"I think you are wonderful," she said. "I should never have thought of 'sundries.'"

"Do I gather from that remark," I asked, "that you infer—?"

"Oh, certainly not," replied Irene.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

[Although sugar is so much cheaper, sweets, especially the kinds that children love, are still very dear.]

DADDY says he used to stare

(That was very long ago)

Through the sweet-shop windows where,

Ranged on shelves and row by row,
Stood the bottles round and high,
Full of sweets for all to buy.

And a penny

Would buy many

Toffee balls and Pomfret-cakes,
Lumps of rock and almond-bakes,
Barley-sugar sticks and long-
Lasting bulls'-eyes hot and strong.

Brandy snaps and acid drops—

Then a penny

Would buy many,

Oh, so many lollipops.

I suppose it must be true,

But to-day it only seems

Like the wonders that we do

In our make-belief and dreams;

Still the bottles row on row

Stand as in the long ago;

But a penny

Scarcely buys any

Toffee balls or Pomfret-cakes,
Lumps of rock or almond-bakes,
Barley-sugar sticks or long-
Lasting bulls'-eyes hot and strong.

Brandy snaps or acid drops—

Now a penny

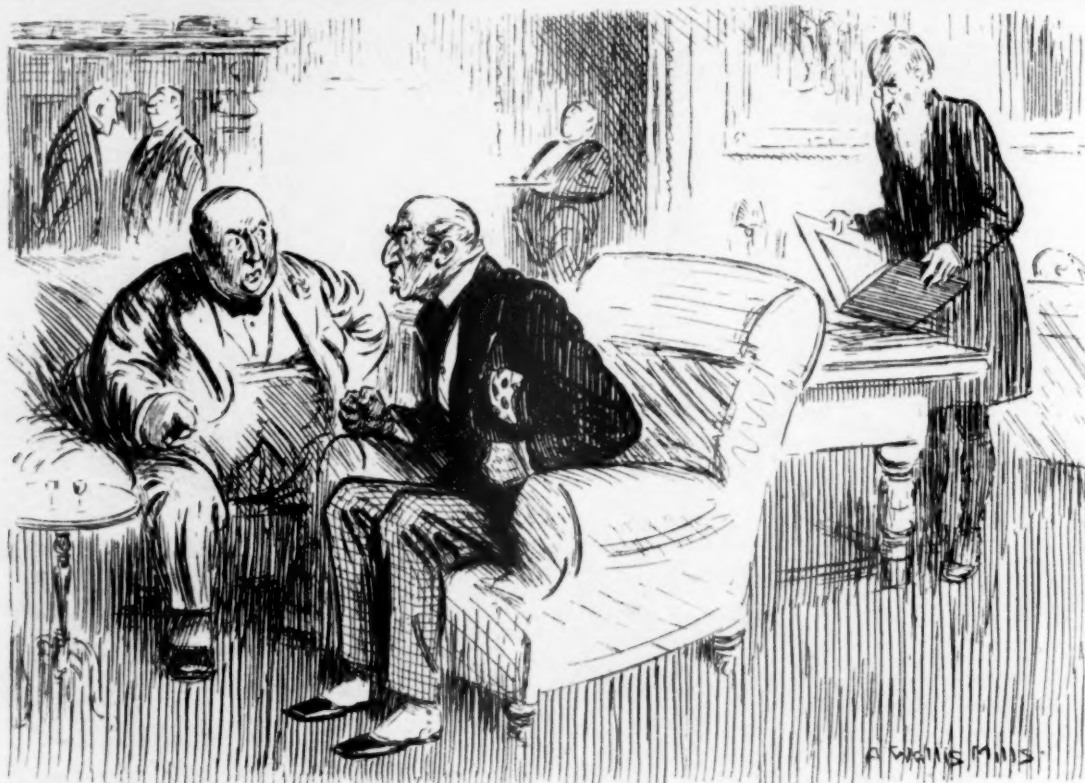
Scarcely buys any,

Hardly any lollipops.



A HOPEFUL DAWN.

ON DECEMBER 1st, PENNY BUS AND TRAM FARES ARE TO BE RESTORED.



OUR INTELLIGENTSIA.

First Feudalist. "I'D TAKE EVERY ONE OF THESE DAMNED COMMUNISTS AND SHOOT THE LOT!"

Second Feudalist. "I KNOW—I KNOW. BUT DO BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU ARE SAYING. THE DEAN'S JUST BEHIND YOU AND HE'S AS RED AS A RUDDY ROSE."

ACROSS THE POND.

I.

WELL, we are off. The American doctor has removed my hat and is quite pleased with the way I do my hair. Another man has looked fiercely at my passport and is pleased with that, though he did not look at the photograph on it; and he did not look at my face. This was just as well, for I find I have brought my wife's passport by mistake. I knew something of that kind would happen. But it makes no difference. The passport system is a wonderful thing.

We wave our handkerchiefs. It is sad that we have no one on the wharf to wave to. Hodge suggests that the steamship company should provide two large official handkerchiefs, one on the wharf and one at the yard-arm, to be worked by electricity. A sensible notion, but I doubt if it would satisfy the human passion for waving.

Later.—We have crossed the Bar. When the Bar is crossed the bar is opened. There ought to be a joke in this.

Later still.—We have passed the Skerries. We have a man called Smith with us, and just here he was caught once by a storm in a ninety-ton yawl.

Still later.—We have passed the Serags. Smith was becalmed here for seven days in a twenty-foot ketch.

Now we have passed Wales. Smith has been there too.

We are not wholly satisfied with the good ship *Cecic*. She seems to us to be ill-equipped. Not only has she but one funnel (a fatal defect), but she has not a single ball-room, swimming-bath or golf-course. When one has travelled in those other famous vessels of this Line, the *Colic*, the *Static* and the *Erratic*, one expects better things. I wish now we had come in the *Drastic*, or the *Hectic*, or even the *Emetic*. You may laugh at your floating hotels, but, as Hodge says, they are better than a floating boarding-house. The passengers seem extremely dull. When I say that the right name for this ship would be *Sea-View*, or *Belle-Vue*, or possibly *No. 1, Marine Parade*, you will know exactly what I mean.

She is the worst walking-ship I ever was in. In the *Bubonic*, now, one can rush at full speed round and round the promenade-deck for hours without knocking anybody down. But there is scarcely room to do my exercises on the promenade-deck of the *Cecic*. Promenading on it is like promenading in a trench, or promenading in High Street, Kensington, which is notoriously the worst place in the world. When you have fought your way to one end of the ship and want to cross over to the other side you have to climb over a hatch, or a hot-water pipe, or a windlass, or a bollard, or crawl on your hands and knees along a kind of drain. This is where you get the exercise. In the *Asthmatic* one used to measure the deck and calculate how many miles one had walked in the day; in the *Cecic* you count how many passengers you have trampled to death.

There are, of course, far more women than men on board, and there seem to be far more children than women. What men there are have a rough time.

They are not allowed to smoke in the Library, which is full of women. They are allowed to smoke in the Social Hall, but they dare not, because that is full of women. And the Smoke-room is full of children and crying babies. Anybody who has a crying baby takes it into the Smoke-room, because they dare not keep it in the other rooms where the women are. This is, no doubt, a nice compliment to the men, but it is hard on the Professional Gamblers. The Smoke-room is plastered with warnings against Professional Gamblers, and I fancy I have spotted two of them already. They look innocent enough. One of them looks like an editor, and the other like one of those miscellaneous literary men, but they have crafty eyes.

I am sorry for them. They can't concentrate on their game because of the noise of the little ones, and the noise of lullabies and cries of "Yo! ho, ho!" and a bottle of milk. Baby hands clutch the Ace of Spades from the table just as they are about to put it up their sleeves, and little boys play trains under their table. Considering that they are travelling professionally I think they have a right to make a protest to the Captain, but they don't. I think they are touched. I think they are going mad.

Personally I have organised a system of reprisals. For every baby that cries in the Smoking-room I go and smoke two pipes in the Social Hall.

Hodge has had an adventure. Hodge is shaved twice a day by the ship's barber, to pass the time. The barber's chair is horizontal, like a dentist's chair gone wrong, and yesterday, while Hodge was lying on his back with the knife at his throat, an Irish-American with strong Sinn Fein sympathies came and sat in the shop. The barber has strong Sinn Fein antipathies and a furious argument began. Hodge lay there heroically while his chin was being done, and the argument was merely academic. Then the barber started on Hodge's throat and began to talk about murder-gangs. The Irishman stood up and shouted. The barber said something about "assassins." The Irishman saw red and shouted, "Assassin yourself!" The barber made a magnificent gesture of denial with his razor and cut a great chunk out of Hodge's throat. Hodge rolled off on to the floor and so out of the shop.

Far away on the horizon there are two faint dark blurs scarcely visible. They might be clouds; they might be smoke; but they are not. They are the Skelligs. In 1913 Smith was sailing in a ten-ton schooner just there and nearly ran into a liner. Now we are



Philosopher (who has sent for proprietor). "AS A STUDENT OF PSYCHOLOGY MAY I ASK WHY YOU TAKE THE TROUBLE TO SEND ALL THE WAY TO NEW ZEALAND FOR THIS 'BEST ENGLISH MUTTON' WHEN YOU COULD HAVE GOT IT ROUND THE CORNER?"

in the Atlantic proper, he says. They are the last land we shall see.

But not quite. I have just seen some more land—three shapes this time, much bigger than the Skelligs but practically invisible. I have told Smith about them. They are the Scabs. I used to row about there in a light racing-whiff. I was drowned there.

A. P. H.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Cairo, Sunday.

The failure of the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations has not produced as much surprise as it would have done had it not been expected."

Daily Paper.

THE CONSPICUOUS ABSENTEE.

[Mr. G. B. SHAW is reported to have written an article on the Washington Conference entitled, "Why I Shall Not be There."]

THE nations, wearied, broken, spent, Discuss proposed disarmament; But when the chosen envoys meet The conference is incomplete.

For, while a formula is sought By diplomatic minnows brought Across the wide Atlantic's foam, The whale prefers to spout at home.

Commercial Candour.

"MEN'S SUITS.—Ready to wear, but nobody would think so."—Advt. in Provincial Paper.

THE HORN.

["None of your tambouréenin' work."—*Mr. Jorrocks.*]

THERE'S some who love symphonies sounding together;
There's some who like banjos and striking of strings;
There's some who'll cry "Heeh for the bonnet and feather!"
And run to the rant that the bagpiper springs;
Oh, there's sackbut and flute
And there's lyre and there's lute,
There's all sorts of music that well might be mute,
But had I a bay wreath I'd here be bestowing it
On the Horn in the morn and the right man a-blowing it.
Folk worship at even, correct and discreetly,
Euterpe, dear goddess, begarlanded, tall;
To the dome of her temple the fiddles sob sweetly,
Till you list to the spheres in an orchestra stall;
But a pigskin for me
When the leaf on the tree
Hangs dripping with morning, and then you'll agree
That they're naught to the note—and sweet Echo uptaking it—
Of the Horn, zephyr-borne, when the right man's awaking it.
'Twas Orpheus whose art called the beasts nigh that knew it;
Some note of his magic the Horn then may share;
See twenty great couple of hounds flying to it
And watch the mare listen, her head in the air.
But old Charley Fox,
His digestion it shocks,
That foot-length of silver his day-dreaming docks,
And he stretches and yawns and thinks, "Time to be going it;
'Twas the Horn I'd ha' sworn; damn the brute who's a-blowing it!"
So he drops from the bank-top as light as a feather,
A big banging dog-fox long-muzzled and grey,
And sweet as a charm in the still winter weather
The Horn through the woodland it winds him away;
And the melody made
Hangs on grassland and glade—
The prettiest music you ever heard played;
And here is the laurel I'm fain to be throwing it—
The Horn in the morn and the man who's a-blowing it.

SUSAN'S HOLIDAY.

THEY tell me Susan is coming back the day after to-morrow.

I have thought sometimes that Nature intended me for a cook. I have, I believe, a natural genius for the game. All the same, if I had known that it was going to be a matter of a full fortnight . . .

Still, Pawson is staying with us, and he has a critical taste. To produce my best work, whether in the kitchen or in letters, I like to feel that it will be submitted to a worthy judge. Between ourselves, I cannot quite trust Phyllis when it comes to a question of success or failure at a difficult *plat*. She is naturally anxious to take the kinder view, for, after all, I might refuse to go on with the work. But it is a thrilling moment when I see the fastidious Pawson with his most judicial air sample my savoury stew. So have I noticed some literary critic at the Club take up by chance my last novel (just in from the library) and settle down in an armchair to read. I know not whether I watch his face the more anxiously or Pawson's. How I rejoice inwardly to see the one absorbed in his chapter, the other cleaning up his plate until there

is not a scrap left for the dog! Pawson is never lavish of words; I can only judge of his opinion by the result.

It is possible that in my simple desire to please I may have allowed myself to be carried too far. There is a shop in the High Street which I have to pass on my way home from the Club in the afternoon, and it has happened once or twice, when there was nothing much for dinner, that I have looked in there just to see what they had. It is one of those places where they keep a stock of various dishes ready cooked, that only require to be heated up for a few minutes before serving. Purely as a saving of time I have occasionally bought one of these, and I cheerfully admit that they have not been the least of my triumphs. Thus, a few evenings ago we had a really excellent roast chicken.

Some would call it a judgment that my old friend Simpkin should have chosen, the next day, to send me a brace of pheasants from his country place. They were very fine pheasants. To me at the moment they looked preternaturally large. So far as I could see they represented about a full day's work apiece.

"This is a big thing," I said, as Phyllis and I laid them out on the kitchen table and inspected them.

"Oh, you can do them all right. They're only like that chicken we had last night. Mr. Pawson said you were improving every day."

I shrugged my shoulders. One does not like to disturb a wife's sacred confidence. Besides, I reflected that Susan would certainly be back in a few days.

"We'll see," I said. "Anyhow, we shall have to keep them some time. A pheasant's no sort of good unless it has hung a week."

"How can you tell when they're ready?" asked Phyllis.

I replied that an infallible method was to hang them up in the larder by their tails. When they fell to the floor it was time to pluck and dress them. I forget where I had heard or read this, but it sounded plausible. So I tied bits of string to their magnificent tails and contrived to suspend them from the ceiling of our larder. They knocked against my head every time I went in. With two big birds and one small larder that is apt to happen.

This was one week ago. And now they tell me that Susan is returning—perhaps—the day after to-morrow.

It is high time. I use the word "high" advisedly. This morning, when I entered the larder, there was a resounding thud as a heavy body fell to the floor. I picked it up and readjusted the string. I also thought it might be as well to tie No. 2 up more firmly. On reflection it was clear that one would have to allow at least two days extra for the bumps they had received from my head every morning.

In the meanwhile I am reading up the subject in a mammoth volume on Cookery for the Home which some economical friend gave Phyllis as a wedding-present. Considering the wealth of irrelevant information it contains about pheasants in general I think it might include a few hints as to preliminary preparation. "Pluck and draw" your bird, it says, but no more. I knew as much as that.

Their tails ought to hold out another day and a half, if they are kept very quiet. I go into the larder on tip-toe now.

But—if Susan does not come back on Friday!

Our Erudite Journalists.

A contemporary every week has a chronicle headed:—

"URBS ET ORBIS."

And yet there are people who say that the Classics are in the last ditch! *Continuez*, good contemporary, and give us also a companion survey under the title *Rures et Campi*, and sparkling little *Vade mecum* on each *magnus opus* that comes out. And, whatever you do, don't forget the proud old boast, as "OUTDA" once put it, "*Civem Romanus Sum.*"

MANNERS AND MODES.

WE ARE INFORMED THAT THE SPANISH CRAZE WHICH HAS GRIPPED PARIS IS NOW THREATENING TO ATTACK LONDON.



EL PICCADILLO.



THE FANDANGO IN THE NEW CUT.



THE SHEEP-DOG TRIAL.

"AH 'M THENKIN' MCTAVISH'S DAWG WILL WIN THE DAY."

"NAE FEAR! HE'S GOT HIS KIRK CLAES ON, AN' THE BRUTE DISNA KEN HIM."

THE BITTLEIGH DEBATING CLUB.

THE meetings of the Bittleigh Debating Club take place in a small room which is part of the Village Institute. Mrs. Langton organised the Club, but it was not known for some time that it was going to be a debating club or where it was going to meet. Several gatherings of prospective members were necessary to decide these points. Major Jubb suggested that we should use a converted army hut, and said that they could be bought at Earl's Court. Mrs. Marlow inquired who was going to convert the army hut, and Wilkinson replied, "The Vicar." (Laughter.)

Mrs. Wright asked how much an army hut would cost, and Major Chubb said, "About seventy pounds." Wilkinson said that we ought to be able to buy a White City for that. I said, "Why not buy a White City and lend the wiggle-woggle to the Institute for fête-days?" but nobody paid any attention to me.

Wilkinson said, give him the bricks and mortar and he would undertake to build a club for less than seventy pounds with his own hands. Wilkinson is that

kind of man. But none of us seemed to have any bricks and mortar about us, so his proposal fell to the ground.

Finally it was decided to hire a room from the village Institute, and Colonel Bohun, who is rather rich, offered to present the Club with a glass-case containing a stuffed stoat. His offer was gratefully accepted.

Several people considered that the Club ought to be used for Bridge, and several other people that it ought to take in a number of higher-class periodicals. But a serious difference of opinion arose between Colonel Bohun, who feels the cold after Singapore, and Commander Brown, who feels the heat after the grey North Sea, as to what constitutes a higher-class periodical, and a still more serious difference of opinion as to what constitutes Bridge. Wilkinson suggested Badminton, and I said "Pogo." In the end it was unanimously agreed that the Club should be used for debating, and should bear the name of The Bittleigh Debating Club. Much pleasure was caused by the announcement that Mrs. James, of "The Towers," who is democratic after the Colonies, had consented to join the Club,

and much disappointment at news that Mrs. Hope, of "The Larches," who is exclusive after Kensington, had not.

Wilkinson was elected Secretary, and asked me to propose subjects for debate. After some thought I drafted and sent to him the following resolution:—

"That the Bittleigh Debating Club, viewing with the utmost concern the tendency amongst the Great Powers to competition in Naval armaments, heartily endorses the objects of the Washington Conference, but considers that even more drastic reductions in the world's shipbuilding programmes should have been outlined thereat."

On the evening appointed for the debate I went round to the Club and found the secretary sitting alone at a table with a pile of notes and a new pack of cards in front of him. A very good rule had been made that any member who found himself unable to be present at a meeting must write and give his reasons for failure to attend. The secretary told me to make up the pack for piquet whilst he read the notes aloud. Mrs. Langton unhappily had influenza, and most of the others

made fairly ordinary excuses, but Colonel Bohun had written a postscript which ran:—

"Happening to glance into the club-room during the course of the morning, I observed that no effort whatever has been made to dust the glass-case containing the stoat since its arrival at the Club, and feel bound to point out that it is by this time almost impossible to distinguish what animal the case contains."

I went and dusted the case with my handkerchief whilst the secretary shuffled. We played a shilling a hundred and he had three sixièmes during the course of the evening. I went home rather annoyed and composed a second resolution, which I posted to him before going to bed. It was worded as follows:—

"That the Bittleigh Debating Club considers Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW to be the most promising young dramatist since SHAKESPEARE, and looks forward with confidence to his literary future."

I arrived rather late and the stoat had been dusted before I came. But I had no luck, for the secretary rubiconed me twice. The next day I wrote him a third proposal:—

"That the Bittleigh Debating Club strongly opposes the EINSTEIN theory of relativity, and considers it to be injurious to national health and morals."

When the evening arrived I excused myself from attending on the plea that constant debates were too heavy a strain on my slender purse. Wilkinson answered, "Don't be a fool. Send me a subject with a bit more pep in it or the Club will go phut." As I said before, that is the kind of man that Wilkinson is.

I re-surveyed the stream of current events and wrote:—

"That the Bittleigh Debating Club, with a full sense of the gravity of the pronouncement, considers the barking of Major Chubb's Airedale terrier to be a serious menace to the amenities of the village."

We had a crowded house and a gloriously successful meeting. Major Chubb spoke brilliantly. Greatly encouraged, I proposed for the next discussion:—

"That the prices of Mr. Barker's meat have increased, are increasing and ought to be diminished."

Mr. Barker is not a member of the Club, but considerable piquancy was added to the lively debate which this motion provoked by the fact that he could be seen in the lighted window of the "Spotted Dog" opposite, consuming his regular pint. Mrs. Wright excelled herself, and Mrs. Langton and Mrs. Marlow were both good.

I was now thoroughly in the swing



Master. "WHAT STOPPED THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR?"
Boy. "THEY 'DECLARED'!"

and, after various consultations, evolved what I still consider a masterpiece:—

"That in view of the facts that Mrs. Hope of 'The Larches' has called on Mrs. Marlowe of 'The Pines,' and that the boy at 'The Pines' goes to school with the boy at 'The Laburnums,' and that Mrs. Wright of 'The Laburnums' has lunched with Mrs. James of 'The Towers,' and that Mrs. James and Mrs. Smithson acted together on the Judging Committee of the last Chrysanthemum Show, in the opinion of the Bittleigh Debating Club Mrs. Hope ought to have left cards on Mrs. Smithson."

Unfortunately this debate never took place, because Mrs. Hope happened to call on Mrs. Smithson the day after

the members were circularised by the secretary.

Colonel Bohun has presented the Club with a shriek. EVOE.

"We can even trace the origin of 'Othello' in this misadventure with Shakespeare as the original Moor, Marlowe as the original Desdemona, and Mary Fitton as the original Iago."—*Sunday Paper.*

Opinions may differ about *Iago*, but we always felt that he was no lady.

"You remember Wordsworth's old verses about the gentleman who shot an arrow into the air which fell to earth he knew not where." *Evening Paper.*

We don't; but we fancy the gentleman might have found his arrow again in the heart of a LONGFELLOW.



"I MUST GO NOW; I'VE GOT TO BE WASHED. I'M GOING TO A PARTY."

"OH, THEY WASH ME, PARTY OR NO PARTY."

THE CONTENTED BACHELOR.

WHEN I grow old, if I should live till then—
As I intend to do—

I hope to be a pattern which all men
Should wisely keep in view.

I shall not carp or cavil at the lot
Which lands me with the past;
It is a fact that, cavilling or not,
Dash it, it comes at last.

The blithe amusements of one's early prime,
The bounding and the biff,
Which, if persisted in beyond their time,
Make one both sore and stiff,

Each in its turn, no doubt, will have to go,
I hope without a pang;
I may regret them just a tiny blow,
But not a serious hang.

Late hours, long nights, the chorus and the cup,
The well-neglected bed,
These too, if I refused to give them up,
Would give me up instead.

So let them wane. Such joys are of the Spring,
And, with Spring, let them pass;
A man who hangs on to that sort of thing
Too long is but an ass.

And even when the stubborn day shall dawn
(Alas that this should be!)
When the young maidens are no longer drawn,
No longer drawn to me—

(May it be far, ye gods, may it be far!

'Tis solemn fact that I
Have ever been, may I say, popular
Among the fair and spry)—

Well, I must watch while others have their fling,
And, though the thought be sad,
If I'm regarded as a dear old thing,
It may not be so bad.

Thus, even though my lute must own the rift,
Though time may dim my song,
My pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,
Should still go fairly strong.

And so shall I achieve that "soft delight"
Which years alone can win:

A bright fire and a casement closed at night
To keep the warm air in. DUM-DUM.

In a Good Cause.

WHEN, in September, 1920, Mr. Punch asked his readers to spare a little of their superfluity for the support of the Santa Claus Home at Highgate for poor children with spinal and kindred diseases, which the Misses CHARLES have so long and so devotedly carried on, donations to the amount of £134 0s. 8d. could be directly traced to his appeal. He now repeats his belief in the usefulness and worthiness of this modest institution, which in the face of great difficulty cheerfully persists in its work of good citizenship, and he makes no apology for again begging on its behalf. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, W. H. GILLET, Esq., Holmwood, Bishopswood Road, Highgate, N.6.



OPEN HOUSE.

Emissary from Washington. "I HAVE COME TO INFORM YOU THAT THE POWERS IN CONFERENCE INSIST ON YOUR BEING MASTER IN YOUR OWN HOUSE; AND IN ORDER THAT THEY MAY SECURE THIS OBJECT THEY REQUIRE YOU TO PROVIDE EACH OF THEM WITH A LATCH-KEY."

China. "HONOURABLE CONFERENCE IS TOO KIND TO CONTEMPTIBLE WORM."





OUR SUBURB.

WE USED TO HAVE TO CYCLE TO THE STATION; BUT NOW WE HAVE THE BUS.

LEGAL ADVICE FOR THE NEW POOR.

A FEW days ago I was fortunate enough to find a fairly serviceable pair of boots on a refuse-heap.

It was merely in casual conversation that I boasted of my good luck to a friend who chanced to be a barrister, and he at once pointed out the delicacy of my position supposing that it were not beyond all possibility to discover the owner. When I admitted that the owner's name was marked upon the boots, I was advised that it would be necessary to make every effort to trace his address. Furthermore, if this search were successful, my friend's advice was that I should write a letter to the owner, which he thereupon drafted for me—a letter which appears so fully to cover the existing state of the law with regard to the finding of lost or abandoned property that it may well serve as a model for use by all who experience good fortune similar to my own. The matter, of course, possesses a very practical interest for the New Poor.

SIR,—Having found a pair of boots which I have reason to believe belong, or did belong, to yourself, I now beg to ask whether I may retain these boots, or whether you wish them to be returned into your ownership forthwith. I would explain that this application is one which it is essential I should make, as will presently appear, and that otherwise I would not have ventured to trouble you.

Under the provisions of the Larceny Act, 1916, s. 1 (2), i., it is necessary for me, in order lawfully to possess the pair of boots, firstly, to satisfy myself whether the owner could be discovered by taking reasonable steps, and, secondly, to discover whether the owner had intentionally abandoned

what was previously his property in such a way as to give up all rights therein (*Regina v. Thurborn*).

Having possessed myself of the boots I was of the opinion that it might be said that I had "forthwith resolved to appropriate" them within the meaning of the Larceny Act (*vide supra*), and upon finding your name in the boots it became obligatory to take reasonable steps to discover the owner, and in fact I have ascertained your address from the Directory at the Post Office. I shall now be glad to have your assurance that you have abandoned all your rights, so that in my resolve to acquire a right to possession there may be *consensus voluntatum*.

The only point which may then make it necessary for me to trouble you further is that, although every finder has a "special property" in that which is found, the original owner remains all the while in "constructive possession," so that, on the authority of *Regina v. Swinson*, it would appear that, if any third person shall hereafter dishonestly take the boots from me, that person may be treated as having stolen them from the original owner. In such a contingency I trust you would be prepared to come forward to assist in the prosecution.

It is to be hoped that no such necessity may arise, and again apologising for the trouble to which you have already been put,

I now beg to remain, etc.

"The Shakespearean Repertory Theatre, a miniature theatre in North Gardens, Brighton, has just been converted from a bacon factory."—*Daily Paper*.

We understand that our leading Baconians are going on as well as can be expected.

THE CRIMINAL IN THE CAR.

II.

You have heard how I fared in France. Now you must learn what befell me elsewhere.

The first country that I reached was Switzerland—*en garçon*, for I should mention that on grounds of economy my wife had left me and returned to England. My French escort pushed me hurriedly across the frontier and withdrew. It was Sunday morning.

The Swiss authorities seemed pleased to see me and an amiable official presented me with a big book, for which he charged three francs. I understood him to say that it contained a few of the more important regulations that control motor traffic in Switzerland.

It was much too large to read through then and there, so I crammed it into my pocket, thanked him politely and moved off.

I hadn't gone ten yards before I had occasion to sound my horn. At once a personage in uniform detached himself from a lamp-post and stopped me peremptorily.

"You are breaking the law," he said sternly.

"Only tell me how," I pleaded, "and I'll try to be good."

"Have you the Book of Regulations?" he replied. "Yes? Then look at page 9, articles 5 and 6. You will there see that the note of your horn is all wrong. Motor cycles must have a horn of a high pitch; light cars of a medium pitch, while the horn of a big one like yours must be basso. You are producing a note at least an octave and a-half too high to comply with the regulations."

I apologised profusely and promised to get another at once if he would say no more about it. He good-naturedly agreed, and, after a search of several hours, I was lucky enough to procure a suitable article.

I proceeded, but after twenty yards I was stopped by the enormous voice of an official.

"You are breaking the law," he said sternly.

"How?" I bleated.

He pointed at a notice-board that had escaped me. It said "6 km."

I was so stirred that I almost used an expensive word. The idea of my bus running at six kilometres—three and three-quarter miles an hour. Still I remembered in time, apologised profusely and was allowed to proceed.

I turned a corner and a long straight road came into view.

"Stop!" said a powerful voice under an official hat. "You are breaking the law."

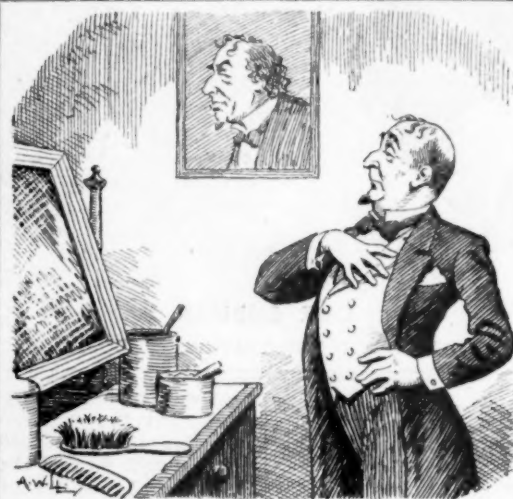
"The what?" I gibbered.

"The law! Do you see that board with 'Oftringen' written on it? I've been watching you. You haven't sounded your horn once since you turned the corner."

I found "Oftringen" in my pocket dictionary. It means "Sound often." I apologised and proceeded. It was a beautiful road, wide and straight and apparently quite empty. But I went down it at a cool 3½ m.p.h., making a noise like an artillery duel in the High Alps.

In a few moments I was stopped again.

"Breaking the law?" I asked hysterically.



"I am and always have been a Disraelian Tory."
The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at Cambridge.

"Look at the Regulations, page 4, article 31," was the stern reply. "It is absolutely forbidden there to sound your horn unnecessarily."

I apologised and was about to proceed when a clock struck mid-day.

"Stop!" cried my tormentor; "you are about to break the law again. In this canton it is strictly forbidden to use the roads after mid-day on Sunday. You may not proceed until 6.30."

I spent those six and a-half hours in reading some of the Regulations and found to my dismay that I had hardly begun to break them. However I felt that my time was not altogether wasted when, in the rapidly declining light of a September evening, I pulled out into the road again.

I was promptly hailed and told to light my lamps. I did so and crawled over a bridge.

"Stop!" said a voice; "you are br—"

"Look here," I interrupted with pardonable peevishness, "I am going at under six kilometres at a time when motoring is allowed even on Sundays; my lights conform with all known regulations; my horn sounds a bottom B flat and I am doing my best to sound it often and yet not sound it at all at one and the same time. What more can a man do?"

"I don't care," he replied, "how fast you go or what note your horn sounds. In yonder canton"—and he pointed up the road I had travelled with such difficulty—"they have these absurd restrictions. But at that bridge you came into ours, and the one thing we insist upon is that no car shall use our cantonal roads after sunset."

"At least," I pleaded, "let me drive it into that village, where I can get a room for the night?"

He refused.

"Then I must leave it here, I suppose," I said, and began to clamber down.

He held up his hands in horror.

"It is absolutely forbidden in this canton to leave an untended car by the roadside," he screamed.

There was nothing for it; I spent a bitter night in the open.

At the first crack of dawn I stole to the entrance of the village. The frowsy head of a watchman appeared from a shanty by the side of the road.

"Road up for five kilometres," it said. "You must go back at once."

The thought of returning the Regulation-stricken way I had come revolted me.

"Isn't there a single really free road in the whole country?" I cried in despair.

He looked at me whimsically out of one bleary old eye.

"Well, yes," he said at length, "there is a really free road—on the other shore of that lake, but—"

I interrupted savagely, "Twenty francs if you'll get me across."

"You really mean it?" he asked.

"Well, old Johann Tangwalder was unloading his barge here last night. He'll probably take you across."

He returned a few moments later with the news that old Johann would oblige. I lost no time. With many a fearful glance behind I embarked my car, and the veteran proceeded to barge me across the lake.

Once over, I made off at top speed. Oh, the joy of that early morning run! The road wasn't metalled and it wound up a dizzy sort of hill. But it was free. It really *was* free. I made at



Voice on 'phone. "IS THAT THE MANAGER OF THE CONSOLIDATED HOME INDUSTRY CORPORATION?"
Manager. "SPEAKING."
Voice. "WHAT ABOUT A ROUND OF GOLF, OLD THING?"

least a mile without being pulled up once.

Then I came to a village.

"Stop!" croaked a voice. "You cannot proceed."

"Nonsense!" I cried. "This is a free road."

"Up to the village, yes," was the reply. "But here you enter our canton, and all roads in this canton are always closed to all motor traffic."

A panic seized me. I was cornered, hopelessly, irretrievably: before me nothing but "verboten" roads; behind, a lake.

I might be interned there yet but for the fact that, as I swerved back on two wheels down that giddy corkscrew road, I had a misunderstanding with a mule. My perusal of the Regulations had taught me (see page 25, General Instructions) that, when meeting an animal on a mountain road, one keeps on the precipice side. A mule, I argued, is an animal, and the road was undoubtedly a mountain road. Whether the mule wasn't sufficiently intelligent to know that he was an animal, or had simply failed to read the Regulations, I cannot say. The fact remains that car and

mule met bonnet to bonnet on the extreme edge of the road and vanished together in the lake below.

Personally I jumped out just in time.

The mere thought of what would happen to the rash man who threw such rubbish as thousand-pound cars (not to mention mules) into cantonal lakes on Monday mornings set my hair on end. I only paused to hurl the Motor-Car Regulations after the motor-car and fled to the nearest railway station.

THE MOTH AND THE STAR.

THE romance had not yet been knocked out of him, and he was still youthful enough to indulge in day-dreams in which his imagination, escaping from reason, soared away on flights of delightful and impossible adventure.

He was young enough, indeed, to come down to breakfast last Wednesday whistling, and as he came his mother called to him: "Such a surprise in the paper this morning! Who'd you think is engaged?"

His curiosity aroused, he unfolded

the newspaper and glanced at the headlines.

He knew it was foolish of him to find the porridge loathsome and the bacon scarcely fit for food; he ate them with difficulty and only to avoid comment from his mother.

"God bless them, I say," she remarked as she poured out his tea.

"Oh, rather!" he replied, hoping that he spoke heartily.

On the way to the train he told himself to make the best of it; and in any case he saw no necessity for removing from its place of honour the charming portrait, taken from an illustrated weekly, which he had fastened above his bookshelf.

"After all, it stands to reason," he told himself, "that it could never have been me. But even a fellow like Lord LASCELLES ought to think himself jolly lucky—jolly lucky."

"The early frosts are making it possible for cudling to take place under ideal conditions. Keen ice, a clear atmosphere and sociable players are the main requisites."

Yorkshire Paper.

Particularly the sociable players.

AT THE PLAY.

"WILL SHAKESPEARE" (SHAFTESBURY).

ONE may be permitted to sympathise a little with Miss CLEMENCE DANE'S *Shakespeare* (as distinguished from the real one) in his resolve to escape to London from his exigent *Anne* (Miss DANE's again). But he needn't have done it—and in fact the real SHAKESPEARE didn't do it—before she had had time to bear him a child. And he needn't have behaved to her like an insufferable boor, flinging her age in her face and reminding her that the advances had been on her side ("Did you not look at me as I were God?" says this offensive prig).

One never got over that ugly picture. And one's opinion of the fellow was not improved by his obvious insincerity when, ten years later, he was informed of the mortal illness of the son that he had never set eyes on. Ah! (he tells us) had he but known that the child was a boy how he would have cherished him! And yet he had never had the curiosity to inquire about the sex of this infant whose advent, and the probable date of it, had been very frankly discussed before he deserted his wife.

Actually, as everybody knows, SHAKESPEARE did not leave Stratford to make a career in London till after the birth of his first child (a girl) and subsequent twins (including the boy HAMNET). So that his hasty and total desertion of his wife is a pure figment of Miss DANE's lively imagination. I hope I am not pedant enough to resent the perversion of history for stage purposes; but, if you must pervert it, it is just as well that you should not make it appear that your object is to bring your hero into contempt.

There may be some excuse for presenting on the stage the private life of lyrical or first-personal poets whose work betrays no delicacy in regard to self-revelation. But the dramatist, by the nature of his art, cannot very well expose himself directly, and, if he knows his job, he will avoid the temptation to do it indirectly by projecting his own personality into his characters. And of all dramatists SHAKESPEARE is the least communicative about his own affairs and emotions. Practically nowhere do we get at the man himself, except in the *Sonnets*, and then only conjecturally. For if "with this key SHAKESPEARE unlocked his heart," as WORDSWORTH asserts ("Did Shakespeare? If so, the loss Shakespeare he!" retorts

ROBERT BROWNING), he still contrives to leave one guessing. One is tempted to question Miss DANE's sense of proportion when she relies for the romantic interest of her play upon the vague evidences supplied by the *Sonnets*, which, after all, were only the by-play of a working dramatist.

I could understand her wanting to prove to us that a playwright may have a drama going on in his private life of which he gives no sign in his public utterances, and to this end adapting such material as she here has to hand, showing us a man of genius who is called away by ambition from provincial domesticity, wins high patronage, rises to sudden fame, and is drawn by the swift

herself out to be strictly Elizabethan, though now and then she followed the manner of SHAKESPEARE, and often reproduced the licence with which he allowed his rhetoric to flow at the most unsuitable moments and from the most unlikely lips. *Anne*, for instance, seemed as good a poet as *Will Shakespeare* himself, so that one wondered how it was that with such a gift she should have been so poor a helpmate.

Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE, always a gracious personality, made an engaging figure as somebody else than SHAKESPEARE. Though he rose to occasions, he did not give one the impression of believing very strongly in his rôle. Miss MOYNA MACGILL, as the importunate *Anne*, brought much natural charm to her treatment of an unattractive character. In the part of *Mary Fitton*, which called for a nice sense of light and shade and for swift changes of mood between levity and passion, Miss MARY CLARE was equal to all demands. A very versatile performance. As *Kit Marlowe* Mr. CLAUDE RAIN'S talent was not given the best of chances. He should have been PEMBROKE. In this triangle it was PEMBROKE that was wanted, not only to suit the facts, but to supply the need of dramatic contrast between *Mary Fitton*'s lovers. We were given MARLOWE instead, I suppose, because he is known to have died in a drunken brawl, and a thrilling scene was indicated, with *Shakespeare* thrown in to help him to his death. Well, we had the thrilling scene all right, but I am not sure that it quite justified the ignoring of PEMBROKE in a play that derived so much from the *Sonnets*.

Mr. ARTHUR WHITBY as *Henslowe*, "a Theatrical Manager," was responsible for what little humour there was. He was equally at home among his strolling players and in the royal palace, being indeed on the easiest terms with his monarch. But the most memorable figure was the *Elizabeth* of Miss HAIDEE WRIGHT. A sporting queen, this Gloriana, and very much in the movement, with a quick wit to trip up *Mary Fitton* and a sure eye to know a great man when she saw him, and to appraise his value to her England; with a high sense too of her own dignity both as queen and as the interpreter of noble words.

I hope Miss CLEMENCE DANE will believe how sincerely I compliment her, not so much on her play as a play, though it was a brave venture, but rather on the fine quality of her verse.

O. S.



AS I DON'T LIKE IT.

Will Shakespeare (Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE) IS GIVEN PEN, PAPER AND INK BY QUEEN ELIZABETH AND TOLD TO GET ON WITH IT.

change in his fortunes and mode of life into an intrigue which threatens to ruin his work. But why should she want to drag in SHAKESPEARE? Why try to intrigue the groundlings with great historical names? Miss DANE is far too good a writer to need these adventitious aids.

Still it was a notable piece of work. Perhaps the First Act was drawn out too long and got its first freshness a little worn and draggled; and the play suffered afterwards from an excess of "transparencies" and wireless voices. But long after all its defects are forgotten Miss DANE's play will be remembered for the sustained beauty and nobility of her verse, which shone steadfastly through some rather indifferent delivery.

At times she was a little modern in her subtlety, but then she didn't lay



LITERATURE FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"SOME GRIEFS ARE MED'ICINABLE."—*Cymbeline*.

A QUESTION OF COLOUR.

DR. JOSIAH OLDFIELD, the well-known dietetic reformer, has been lecturing on red hair as one of woman's chief glories and attractions in the matrimonial market. This distinctive colour-note, he maintains, can be better secured by adherence to a fruitarian diet than by any other means. The intense interest which has been aroused by Dr. OLDFIELD's remarks is reflected in the opinions of a number of our correspondents, some of whose letters are appended herewith:—

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE writes:

"I quite agree with Dr. OLDFIELD in admiring red hair. It is the most potent of capillary attractions. But I differ from him *toto calo* as to the methods by which this tint can be produced or accentuated. The pigmentation of the hair depends entirely on the proportion of red corpuscles in the blood, and it is impossible to maintain their predominance on a vegetarian or fruitarian diet. For growing boys and girls a liberal supply of butcher's meat is absolutely indispensable. The notion that we can live on tomato-sauce without chops is a pestilent and intolerable heresy. Chops and yet more chops should be the governing principle of our diet from youth to maturity. In

later life it may be desirable to limit the amount of flesh-food in its natural or solid form with the view of imposing less strain on our digestive organs; but we can and ought to increase our consumption of liquid extracts, of which 'Boxo' is by far the most nutritious and palatable. I have no hesitation in stating that the best passport to red-haired longevity is to be found in a diet of chops and steaks up to sixty, and of 'Boxo' from sixty to a hundred."

We have received this characteristic effusion from Mr. BERNARD SHAW:—

"As a life-long vegetarian I am naturally inclined to regard Dr. JOSIAH OLDFIELD with benevolence. To endorse his views in every particular is another matter. It is true that he represents a minority, and I never mean to go over to the majority until I have to. When I was young nothing gave me greater pleasure than the description of myself as a 'red-haired Mephistopheles.' But, while complexion may be a valuable asset for the scalp-hunting female, it has no influence on the career of the true Super-man. I cannot better illustrate the point than by noting that SHAKESPEARE, like myself, had a carrotty poll; yet who would be so mad as to argue that I have profited by this resemblance? Did not DOUGLAS JERROLD say of CHORLEY, who was red-

haired and wore a red waistcoat, 'Why, everything is red about you—except your works.' Genius is independent of complexion. I was once red; I am now white; but if I were to turn blue I should not on that account take to waving the Union Jack."

The following bitter cry reaches us from an anonymous correspondent who signs himself "Kallitrichochromisthenes":—

"Is Dr. JOSIAH OLDFIELD aware of the ruin which he proposes to bring on a class of industrious scholars already struggling in the last ditch? For years I have eked out a precarious existence by devising euphonious titles for unguents and cosmetics beginning with 'eu' and 'kalli.' My fees have already sunk from a guinea to five shillings, and they are now threatened with extinction if Dr. OLDFIELD's plan of substituting diet for external applications is to become general."

A bolder and more defiant note is struck by another correspondent, whose letter bears the postmark "W.I." She, for it is obviously a lady who writes under the audacious pseudonym of "Messalina," observes:—

"Fruits and salads and honey are all very well to eat, but they are 'no earthly' for the hair or complexion compared with the resources of art."



Customer. "Now, I DON'T WANT MY HAIR LOPPED OFF—JUST THE MEREST TRIFLE."
Barber. "I UNDERSTAND, SIR—JUST MAKE A NOISE WITH THE SCISSORS."

Who wants to look like a milkmaid now-a-days? You may go on eating greenstuff till the cows come home, but you'll never get within a mile of the proper terra-cotta, scarlet or chrome-yellow tint. *I have been painted by Marcellus Thom, and I ought to know.*

"P.S.—What rot it is trying to pit Nature against Art! Even entomologists, or whatever they call themselves, know better, and, when they want to compliment Nature on producing the most beautiful of butterflies, call it 'The Painted Lady.'"

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN sends us the following brief but illuminating communication from California:—

"Carrots and beetroot may be good food for the follicles, but I doubt it. It was certainly not diet which made the

late Madame PATTI's once raven tresses go auburn in a single night. California is one of the greatest fruit-producing countries in the world, but I only know of one vermilion-headed woman there at present. So I am afraid that Dr. OLDFIELD won't get much comfort out of these 'pastures new.'

Lastly, the Editor of *The National Review* sends this weighty warning:—

"Dr. OLDFIELD's plan is a counsel of perfection. Does he know, what is the fact, that Herr HUGO STINNES came over to England to negotiate the import of red dyes from Germany on a scale unparalleled in aniline annals?"

Commercial Candour.

Notice in shop-window:—

"It takes nerve to sell at our prices."

A STREET ROW.

GENERALLY I pass on; but here was a commotion in which there was little danger of my becoming seriously involved, so I paused to watch developments.

A pompous little man in a faded green uniform was laying down the law to another, a whimsical figure even more strangely attired. He spoke in a rich resounding voice and employed free gestures, now and again bringing down one hand upon the other with a bang. In his eloquence he was encouraged, perhaps, by the attitude of the other, who seldom spoke and then only in cheerful agreement.

The speaker, a picture of self-content, appeared to be happily unconscious of anything ominous in the bearing of the one whom he was addressing; but it seemed to me that the listener, despite his air of gaiety and the courteous encouragement he gave, was merely biding his time. There was an alert look in his eye, and there was something about the way in which he handled his stick.

At last, in the midst of the peroration, the climax fell swiftly as a thunderbolt. Without any change in the look of imperturbable gladness on his countenance, the silent one, chuckling hoarsely, brought down his stick upon the head of his accuser. The crack of it sounded above the roar of the traffic. With head bent sideways the attacker gazed merrily at the unconscious form and chuckled again.

I laughed aloud. I always did laugh to see Punch lay out the beadle.

The Rhodesia Skull.

"Experts place its age at 100,000 years, and are convinced that it belonged to a new type of cave man."—*Daily Paper.*

We don't care for these new antiques.

"EXPLORER'S" EARLIER MESSAGE.

'Rio de Janeiro, Argentina. Monday. All well.—Shackleton.'—*Daily Paper.*

Later.—Excitement prevails at Buenos Ayres, Brazil.

"Acknowledging the freedom of Bath conferred on him yesterday, Mr. Frederic Harrison, the man of letters, who is 90, said, 'I take it as a signal humour to be enrolled free-man of the city.'"—*Daily Paper.*

We trust the Corporation will enjoy the joke.

"Lord Lascelles, who wore a dark overcoat, had his back to the coachmen."

Evening Paper.

"Viscount Lascelles, who was sitting with his back to the horses in morning dress, and without an overcoat."—*Same Paper.*

No doubt it was the warmth of London's welcome that caused him to dispense with his overcoat.



New Plutocrat (to the other members of the house-party). "ALL RIGHT—I'LL PAY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WOULD lay long odds that what Mrs. ALLEN HARKER really enjoyed most in writing *The Bridge Across* (MURRAY) was the unimpeachable domestics. There is about her handling of Mrs. Underwood's cook and gardener and Mr. Verdon's house-keeper and stud-groom an air of "so sad, so strange, the days that are no more," which would bring tears to the eyes of a Hyde Park egalitarian. Yet the bridge of the title-page is not that span of reiterated charities which in properly constituted civilizations links master to man and mistress to maid, but that equally desirable measure of give and take which binds middle-age to youth—in this case Mrs. Underwood, a lonely Anglo-Indian grandmother, to Raby Verdon, the much-neglected child of a soured and intemperate country squire. I confess I did not find "Gran," whether supping off her own dead roses or knitting jerseys for her selfish daughter's remote family, either very unfamiliar or very exhilarating. But Raby was both; and I shall always contend that she surmounted the many difficulties of her grown-up career—the hard war-work in London, the faithless lover and the decrepit father—rather in the spirit of old Bates, the stud-groom, than under any particular inspiration of "Gran's." For Bates's pet maxim was, "Throw your 'eart over and then your 'orse 'll follow;" and I cannot imagine an apter motto for the adventures of Mrs. HARKER's most engaging and gallant little hoyden.

Sir JULIAN S. CORBETT, in the second volume of *Naval Operations* (LONGMANS), remains faithful to his apparently fixed determination to blame no one. This further instalment of official history, mainly consisting as it does of the

stories of the Dardanelles operations, the Scarborough raid and the Dogger Bank battle, covers ground that has been a good deal fought over since the fighting; but with Sir JULIAN, who alone has had access to all the evidence, it would seem that to know all is indeed to forgive all. For the discomfiture of the grumblers, but to the satisfaction of those ordinary mortals who prefer to believe that their fellow-countrymen, even in high places, are possessed of not less than average common sense, his account of the hidden difficulties which compelled the adoption of measures not ideally desirable makes very convincing reading. This volume is perhaps more remarkable for its sympathetic insight than for the vivid narrative that made its predecessor so notable. Not that Sir JULIAN's faculty for realising scenes of stirring adventure shows any signs of decline. His picture of the naval attack on the Narrows, for instance, is fit to compare with his earlier record of the Battle of the Falklands, while the hunt for the *Dresden* among the island mazes about Cape Horn becomes in his hands a magical tale of the sea. On the whole, all the same, the period here dealt with was less rich than the earlier months in romantic sensation. The third instalment, which is to include the tale of Jutland, should redress the balance. Meanwhile, even for a public that is a little weary of war-books, the present volume should have an absorbing interest.

The Fool (METHUEN) opens in brisk fashion. "There were dead in the courtyard and a noise. Across the morning twilight men shouted from tower to tower and blade clashed on mail where the last of the garrison sold blood for blood, and from the bowels of the castle came already the yells and crash of plundering." You might think from this that Mr. H. C. BAILEY had attuned his style to something too high a pitch, and that you might possibly be tired before

you got to the end of the volume. Not at all. Mr. BAILEY is a master of his art and, if you want a guide to the spacious days of the second HENRY (with a slice of STEPHEN thrown in), you cannot do better than read his latest novel. The twelfth century used not, I confess, to appeal much to me as a boy. I think the stiff illustrations that they were so fond of inserting into the history books of that date may have had something to do with my indifference. Who could believe in figures so ridiculously attired being real men and women? Mr. BAILEY fortunately forswears pictorial assistance—except on the jacket—and handles his characters so well that I came to feel quite an affection for HENRY and BECKET, and even for ELEANOR of Aquitaine. As to *Bran* himself, the titular hero of the book, he is evidently the author's favourite. If he were not quite so fond of conversing in rhymed tags he would also be mine. For the rest, there is *Siward*, the first of ironmasters, and a gallant array of knights and barons, and scenes enough from Merry England in those early Spring days, and a deal of good honest literary work. I take off my hat to Mr. BAILEY, and have pleasure in admitting him to my select Corps of Historical Romancers.

Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, well known to discreet novel readers over here as the author of *The Three Black Pennys*, *Linda Condon* and *The Happy End*, has recently been to Cuba, and in particular to its capital, *San Cristóbal de la Habana* (HEINEMANN); has fallen desperately under its spell and been happily inspired to tell us all about it. Mr. HERGESHEIMER would make a shocking bad guide-book writer. Where precisely anything is does not faintly interest him: he is concerned solely with what it is—on and under the beautiful surface. This is a book for artists and those who are happy in the company of artists and like to borrow the eyes of that queer and splendid fraternity to remedy defects in their own vision—*quorum ego pars*. The author brings to his labour of love acute perceptions, fastidious phrasing (a little tortuous at times) and a non-moral detachment which is as refreshing as it is occasionally disconcerting. You might well think the book written by a painter, except that you are deliberately let into the processes of a storyteller's mind working upon hints from things seen. This book is not notably concerned with cigars, but with dark and passionate men and women, living their lives under the sun, the stars and the lights of restaurants, dancing-halls and *patios*.

Nobody goes the primrose way in *Our Little Life* (GRANT RICHARDS). Miss SIME is an admirable writer and her picture of the utterly drab lives of utterly drab people in an utterly drab Canadian town is a masterpiece of faithful photography; but, though such people as *Robert Fultion* and *Miss McGee* are no doubt interesting to themselves

and more than interesting—as specimens—to Miss SIME, to the reader they are the distilled essence of all that he struggles to escape from in life. We get a very intimate glimpse of the lives of the elderly Irish sewing-woman who, under the raw Canadian sky, retains her Irish vigour in action and the fatalism that is the Irish peasant's spiritual weakness; of the young, delicate and well-educated Englishman who is a grocery clerk by day and a feeble dabbler in literature by night, whose very soul is revolted with its surroundings, but badly lacks the courage to break away from them; and of the other semi-submerged persons with whom they are thrown into contact. They are intolerable, and the fault, one feels, is not theirs but the author's. *Miss McGee's* affection for the feeble intellectual "butter-slapper's mate" whom she cherishes so superfluously must have given her some golden hours, and even he must have got some joy out of life. But their

happiness does not communicate itself to the reader, and when the influenza comes to sweep into oblivion nearly everybody in the book except *Miss McGee* herself one has a painful feeling that it is just what should happen to such people. *Our Little Life* is in many ways a remarkable novel. But to nine out of ten readers the purpose of a novel is to satisfy them momentarily that life is not so dull as it feels. Miss SIME sends us away feeling that an epidemic which leaves any survivors in its wake is scamping its job.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, in *The Sport of Our Ancestors* (CONSTABLE), says that "of all things in this world fox-hunting is the most difficult thing to explain to those who know nothing about it." I doubt it. I for one would rather try to explain to ignorant

people the fascination of fox-hunting than attempt to instruct them in the EINSTEIN theory, and this not only because I know a little about the one and nothing whatever about the other. But all the same LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE is not far from the truth, for those who are not country-bred must find some difficulty in understanding the firm hold which fox-hunting has on the imagination (if that is the right word) of those who pursue it. In this volume, charmingly illustrated by Mr. G. D. ARMOUR, LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE has collected and edited matter in prose and verse written by men whose names are honoured in the world of sport, and the only complaint I have to make is that I should have liked more *Jorrocks* and still more *Jorrocks*. True that the author makes a most handsome apology for his omission to do justice to SURTEES; but it does not satisfy my craving. In other respects he has done his work excellently well, and in his own contributions to hunting literature he writes with authority and in a style not always to be found among those who deal with sporting subjects—a task that seems to be generally regarded as requiring no particular education.



CURIOSITIES OF JOURNALISM.

WHEN A BURGLAR, WEARING A COLLAR, IS ARRESTED, THE NEWSPAPERS INVARIABLY GIVE THE HEADLINE "CAPTURE OF A RAFFLES."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Duke of ATHOLL, the new Censor of Plays, has a private army of three hundred men. It should be pointed out to nervous playwrights that these troops are merely kept for defence.

If Mr. Justice DARLING does not hurry up and ask, "What is pogo?" some go-ahead country magistrate may forestall him.

There is no truth in the rumour that Lord NORTHCLIFFE has been informed that, unless he can express his opinions more decorously with regard to Japan, *The Daily Mail* will deal with him as they dealt with Mr. H. G. WELLS, and discontinue publication of his articles.

Mr. KELLAWAY, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, has had a street named after him in Bristol, his native city. Our candid opinion is that it serves him right.

Mr. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON, says a news item, is anxious to collect seven million pounds. Our tailor also is that kind of optimist.

It is felt in some quarters that M. BRIAND has the idea that the eggs of the Washington Peace Dove are all china door-knobs.

A haggis specially ordered for the St. Andrew's Dinner in London mysteriously disappeared, says *The Daily Express*. Unfortunately it was not wearing a collar inscribed with its owner's name and address.

Owing to a strike of printers Italy was without newspapers one day last week. The next general holiday will be on Christmas Day.

The planet discovered last year and known as "1920 HZ" takes thirteen years to go round the sun. No wonder it was discovered.

A will in rhyme has just been admitted to probate. It is perhaps rather unfair to write a poem like that, because by the time it is read the author is safely out of reach.

In discussing the question, "Who is the greatest living Englishman?" a writer in *The Daily News* advances the claims of Mr. MICHAEL COLLINS and Mr. G. B. SHAW to this title. He seems to have overlooked ZAGHLEUL and Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

A Glasgow medical man asserts that the only way to stop the rat plague is to place a penny on the head of every rat. Almost any Scotsman would be ready to come and take the pennies off again.

DIJOURA CHEMDINE, a Turk who claims to be one hundred and forty-six years of age, is anxious to go on the stage. Like many others who have had this fancy he will grow out of it one day.

A flying partridge has been killed by a golf-ball at Broxbourne. And yet people say there is nothing in the game.

"There is no reason why every family should not have its Ford car," says an advertisement. They make excellent pets.



Considerate Lady. "Drop it, duckie. Very likely the GENTLEMAN DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY WITH YOU."

"Red herrings," says a contemporary, "are still too dear for the street trader." At the same time we understand that certain Unionists are prepared to accept tenders for the dramatic rights of a second-hand one that broke away at Liverpool.

"Will the Christmas-box be revived this year?" is a question asked in the Press. The fact that our postman has recently had a new set of smiling teeth fitted makes us fear that the answer is in the affirmative.

With reference to the threatened withdrawal of *Heartbreak House*, an old lady writes to us suggesting that a flag-day might help to save it for the nation.

A house within a stone's-throw of the Park is advertised as highly suitable for a Bridge Club. We should have

thought it highly unsuitable for a Bridge Club to be within a stone's-throw of anywhere.

Statisticians, we read, are always busy during a thick fog. The conditions, of course, are ideal for their futuristic work.

A German engineer has invented a revolver which fires a hundred-and-sixty bullets with one pressure of the trigger. This approaches the Mexican insurgent's ideal—a weapon which will go on firing while he takes his siesta.

A Plumstead lady has informed *The Evening News* that her aunt is a red-haired old maid. We feel sure that she has taken the wisest course in ventilating this matter in the popular Press.

A contemporary states that it is not known why St. ANDREW became the Patron Saint of Scotland. One theory is that he was the cheapest saint they could get.

According to a Press statement seagulls have lately appeared at Golder's Green. The inhabitants remain calm.

Answer to Correspondent.

"MOSES MONTMORENCY-MONTAGUE."—We are surprised at the unworthy suspicions which you seem to entertain in regard to registrations under the Business Names Act. The name of the Assistant Registrar-General should alone furnish a sufficient

guarantee. It is Mr. S. DE JASTRZEBSKI.

"No justice or prosperity is possible in the world any more except in a world of justice, a world of prosperity."—Mr. H. G. Wells, as quoted in *Sunday Paper*.

It is just this masterly gift for eschewing the obvious and for probing the profound that makes Mr. WELLS "the foremost living writer."

"During the presentation of the ruling prices native musicians played quaint national airs on soft reed instruments, and children sang refrains."—*Daily Paper*.

We commend the idea to our butcher when presenting his ruling prices.

"THE PRINCE.

Arrival at Malta.
Reuter's Splendid Description.
London, November 1.
Malta.—H.M.S. 'Renown' has arrived.
Reuter.—*Ceylon Paper*.

We congratulate Reuter upon the splendour of his epigram.

CHRISTMAS POSTAL FACILITIES.

[Lines dutifully composed by a humble subject of Mr. FREDERICK KELLAWAY, Postmaster-General.]

"To all Our people be it known:
We, FREDERICK, having heard their case

Pleaded before Our royal throne,
Proclaim a special Act of Grace.
Beat drums and let the belfries ring!"
Says KELLAWAY, the King.

"Though Christmas falls this year upon
A Sunday, which by Our command
Has been pronounced a *dies non*,
Letters and cards throughout Our land
Shall be delivered on the date,"
Says KELLAWAY, the Great.

"Because at Yule all labours cease,
This large concession We have made
To swell the general joy and peace
And not in furtherance of trade,
For which We do not care a dem,"
Says KELLAWAY, H.M.

"And, lest Our clemency be thought
A sign of weakness, We decree—
For We would have Our people taught
To know their place—that there shall be
No post at all on Boxing-Day,"
Says Kaiser KELLAWAY.

"Things posted after half-past five
On Christmas Eve—and when We speak
Our word is law—shall not arrive
Till Tuesday in the following week,
Or We will know the reason why.
Signed, FREDERICK, R. and I."
O. S.

WOONTER WILLIES.

Mollie put her head in at my bedroom door.

"I've put out your winter woollies for you this morning," she said briskly. I started up in bed, bolt-upright. I was not quite sure whether I was awake or still going down, down in a dream-submarine along with my War-bonus.

"My woonter willies?" I murmured. Mollie laughed. She is always awfully bright in the mornings; there is not a drop of Scots blood in her veins.

"Call 'em that if you like," she said, "but don't forget to put 'em on. It's quite time you wore them—if you're ever going to."

Well, eventually I got up. One does. And, as usual, it was too late for me to do my exercises—I mean the intentional ones, which induce layers of muscular ripples; not the stud-hunting, sock-searching, button-badgering ones which merely induce development of

the tongue. The first things to catch my eye when I entered the glorified packing-case which Mollie calls my dressing-room were my woonter willies. There they were—expressionless, inert, but, to me, incredibly sinister—lolling limply over the chair-back.

"Grrrrr," I snarled at them. They made no rejoinder, these strong silent willies; but it seemed to me that a faint quiver agitated the misleadingly smooth surface of the vest and communicated itself to the deceptively unruffled exterior of the pants. They knew—oh, they knew what was in store for me!

Of course the whole subject is what is called an intimate one and ought not to be mentioned except in the frankest detail beneath a shamelessly illustrated advertisement. But as Mr. GEORGE SAMPSON said (referring to other but equally intimate garments), "After all, ma'am, we know they're there." Besides, this article—like the others—is for men only. And, that being so, I can ask you fellows point-blank, isn't it rotten putting on woonter willies for the first time? Isn't it maddening? I'm sure you hate it almost as much as I do, although I suppose your skin isn't anything like so sensitive as mine; nobody's is. But don't the beastly things tickle? And aren't they tight? Don't they cling? It isn't as though you'd got any fatter or anything like that. They just tickle and cling for the sake of tickling and clinging. "We'll warm you," they say. And do.

"Oh, come on," I cried savagely to the willies. They came on with an itch in every tug of them.

"Phew!" I breathed, stretching. The willies did not stretch. They encased me. Virtually the willies and I were one. They would not give; their province was to receive. When I went down to breakfast I felt as though I was wearing four or five waistcoats, ant-lined, and trousers innumerable with their complements of caterpillars.

I tapped the barometer in the hall. Up it flew as though it were a lark. And then I knew what had happened: the weather had changed. I suppose there is no Secret Service in the world so efficient as the Clerk of the Weather's. While I was dressing something of this sort had taken place:—

Messenger (entering hurriedly). Sir, there's a fellow putting on his woonter willies for the first time.

Clerk of the Weather (coldly). Indeed, indeed! So (grimly) my best home-cured winter was not severe enough for him, eh? Thought he'd wear his summer sulkies right through the year, did he? (*Picks up 'phone.*) Miss Herapath-Mainwaring, just put

your thumb on the EXCESSIVELY MUGGY button, will you, and keep it there. (*Puts down 'phone.*) That'll learn him.

Messenger (obsequiously). Quite, quite. Something like that must have happened, I know. I endured tortures all day. "Excessively muggy" was the official description of the climate; I should have called it—well, well. But then my handicap was unfair. I started from scratch, and I was at it all day. Other fellows, who had got used to their willies, revelled in the warmth. One ass told me it reminded him of a Rhodesian autumn, and another ass assured me it brought home to him very vividly a Roumanian spring. A third ass averred that he remembered a Christmas Day in the Gulf of Aden in 1893 that was the very spit of it. Other asses, more observant and sympathetic, told me of infallible cures for eczema; but the biggest ass of all implored me to put aside all false pride and to buy a tin of Keating.

When I arrived back home my mood was a bitter one. I had passed an intensely irritating day. I was determined that the mental and physical distress I had endured—at my wife's bidding—should be brought poignantly home to her. As on tip-toe I passed the sitting-room I peeped in to assure myself she was alone. Then I went straight to my bedroom and stripped to my willies. A minute later I presented myself to her astonished gaze.

"As you insisted upon my wearing them," I said calmly, "you cannot object. For it must be patent to even your intelligence that, on a day like this, I cannot wear anything else as well. I——"

The front-door closed sharply.

"Oh, quick!" whispered Mollie agonisedly. "Under the table. Quick!"

I hesitated. The sitting-room door opened.

"Lady Wrackenham," announced the maid with *empressment*.

Auto-Suggestion.

There was a young man of Kilpeacon
Whose nose was as red as a beacon,

But by saying "It's white"
Twenty times, day and night,
He cured it and died an archdeacon.

"FOR SALE.—Baker's business. Large Oven. Owner been in for ten years. Satisfactory reasons for leaving."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

We don't doubt it.

"Owing to the increased number of undergraduates and the numerous recent rags the proctors of Cambridge University are asking for increased salaries."—*Evening Paper.*
The bulldog breed again.



HER NEW FANCY.

TURKEY. "WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?"

FRANCE. "OH, JUST SOMEBODY I KNEW IN THE WAR."



THE HIGHER COMMERCE.

Lady Mary. "HERE ARE YOUR EGGS, MRS. SMITH."

Mrs. Smith. "I SHAN'T BE WANTING ANY MORE FROM YOUR LADYSHIP. THE DUCHESS OF DILWATER LETS ME 'AVE 'EM A 'ALEPENNY CHEAPER."

A BAND OF BROTHERS.

("They [the British Delegation at Washington] meet daily at the British Embassy and behave as a band of brothers."—*The Times*.)

SCENE—*The British Embassy at Washington. TIME—After dinner.*

Sir Auckland Geddes (who has succeeded in assimilating the American tongue with remarkable wealth of expression). Waal, boys, what's it to be to-night? A dope party? Kyards? A scoot round in the automowbeel? Jazz and Peaches? A rough house with the Frenchie boys? Put a name to it. What's your poison, A. J.?

Mr. Balfour (whose American has reached roughly the excellence of his French; that is to say, although he comprehends it well enough, it is only allowed to peep out on occasions). Me for the dope party. That is, of course, assuming that none of my colleagues has—er—has an alternative proposal.

Sir A. G. (dealing the object of his inquiry a hearty bone-dislocating blow on the shoulder). What's Sass got to say?

Sir Srinivasa Sastri (showing the true Oriental mastery of foreign languages). I should worry!

Mr. B. (politely; he has not quite grasped it). So should I. Indeed it frequently happens with me that these small—er—social questions are far more vexing than the most difficult of the problems that—er—that beset our daily labours.

Lord Lee (who has been there before). Say, ARTHUR, comb out your brain, old man. Guess your ethergram installation ain't on the proper wave-length. He said, "I should worry"—er—Ish-ka-bibbel, so to speak.

Sir Robert Borden (who scorns American slang). Or in other words, san-fay-riang.

Senator Pearce. "My troubles," as we say in Australia.

Mr. B. I see, I see. Evidently I misconceived the situation (with his courtliest inclination towards Sir SRINIVASA SASTRI). I understood you to say you were in some doubt of mind on the question—er—the question propounded

by my right honourable friend (he indicates the British Ambassador).

Sir S. S. (laconically). Nit!

Mr. B. (deferring charmingly). Well, we might do that, of course. I'm not very skilled myself, but I believe the more simple stitches, if they are called stitches—two plain and one purl, or is it two purl and one plain?—

Sir John Salmond. Gee; you're not getting there at all.

Mr. B. (giving it up). I suppose I'm not. Er—er—the motion before us, gentlemen, concerns our procedure to-night. You—er—you have had the opportunity of hearing all the speakers and doubtless have formed your opinions. Speaking for myself and without any desire to influence anyone else, I think on reflection I should like to go to the pictures (venturing timidly on what he believes to be an Americanism)—I should say the movies. Er—could I, do you think? But perhaps the others—

(He fades artistically into the background.)

Sir A. G. (heartily). You sure can. I'll have them make a reservation right now.

[He goes to the telephone.

Senator P. Make it two, AUCK. Guess I'll beat it with ARTHUR.

Sir S. S. Three! I jest kyant keep off the screen stuff.

Lord L. Oh, hell, boys; let's make a party of it.

Sir R. B. Certainly. By all means.

Sir J. S. I'm for that every time.

Sir A. G. (at the telephone). Is that the Motion Picture Theatre de Luxe? Say, what's showing? "The Nigger's Blood." Anything else? Say, boys, there's a Conference picture showing, with ARTHUR making his speech. (Into the telephone) Make six reservations, please. The British Ambassador. Yes, calling in person.

[He rings off.

Mr. B. (nervously). Couldn't we go to some other picture palace?

All. Oh, no, ARTHUR.

Mr. B. (good-humouredly). Very well.

[They troop out.

Sir A. G. (anxiously as they go). You're not bored with Washington, I hope, ARTHUR?

Mr. B. (bringing off an Americanism at last). Li'l ole Washington? Jest crazy about it!

[They leave the Embassy like a band of brothers.

PENNY FARES.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—May I draw your attention to the scandalous effrontery with which the British public is again being hoodwinked and bamboozled by powerful and unscrupulous vested interests?

After widely published announcements, made with every appearance of generosity, 1½d. bus and tram fares have been reduced to 1d. I feel it my duty to point out that whereas the transport companies found no difficulty in increasing penny fares by 50 per cent. all that has now been effected is a grudging reduction of merely 33½ per cent., which still leaves fares 33½ per cent. higher than they would have been if they had been (as they should have been) correspondingly reduced by 50 per cent.

I hope that I have made the matter quite clear and that you will find space to insert this letter in the public interest. I can vouch for the accuracy of my calculations as, until my recent release from the Department concerned, I was for some time engaged in ascertaining the index figure of the cost of living.

Yours faithfully,

"INDIGNANT VICTIM."

Commercial Candour.

"1920 — 4-seater Coupe; £750; honestly worth £700."—*Motoring Paper*.



Scots Farmer (to unwelcome visitor). "A'AM DELIGHTED TAE SEE YE. BUT, MAN, IT'S AN AWFU' NICHT FOR A CALL."

Visitor (hanging up dripping coat). "YE'RE RICHT. BUT A GRAN' NICHT FOR FINDIN' FOLK AT HAME."

THE FISHERMAN.

THE man stood fishing a whole day through;

The river was green (the man was too),
And looked it.

He saw, as the light was growing dim,
A fish (or else the fish saw him)
And hooked it.

Further afield he dared not roam;
He took it (or the story) home
And cooked it.

"Learn a sonnet of Shakespeare's when you are shaving in the morning," is Sir Charters J. Symonds's recipe for mental fitness.

Provincial Paper.

We should recommend the third sonnet, beginning "Look in thy glass."

"Make friends with the doctors, and work with them; they have got kind hearts beating beneath shabby faces."—*Scotch Paper*.

So that's where they get their knowledge of heart-displacement.

WILL SHAKESPEARE?

DISCUSSION having been prevalent during the past two or three weeks as to the propriety of making stage material out of the private life of SHAKESPEARE, a meeting of the *illuminati* was called to settle the matter.

The Chair was taken by Sir SIDNEY LEE, who opened the proceedings by reading messages from illustrious absentees.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wrote that nothing but the Washington Conference, the Irish Conference and the comfort of Chequers kept him from attending.

Mr. BALFOUR cabled his sympathy with every view expressed at the meeting.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON telegraphed his wishes that the best side might win, but hoped that bacon would not be forgotten.

The Chairman said that they were met there to decide whether or not it was a desirable proceeding to place men of transcendent genius on the stage and lay bare their weaknesses—more, invent weaknesses for them to lay bare. MATTHEW ARNOLD might be cited as the best spokesman of the school who would keep SHAKESPEARE as a sacred and unapproachable figure; others were for turning the limelight on his domestic strife and amorous foibles, that all the world might stare. He would like to know what those present had to say.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that it was nonsense to object to a play about SHAKESPEARE. Every one of his own plays had been plays about a dramatist—yes, and a greater than SHAKESPEARE too, namely, SHAW—and he should continue to write them until the typewriter dropped from his fingers. (Loud tears.) They would be successes too, even though they took six hours to perform. He would prophesy that, if he put up a play at the Court entitled *Georgie Shaw*, the "House Heartbroken" boards would be outside in a jiffy. (A voice: "God bless BERNARD SHAW!")

Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER said that he was all in favour of taking public men as the heroes of plays. He had already done something with ABRAHAM LINCOLN and OLIVER CROMWELL and was now turning his attention to ROBERT E. LEE, and keeping a watchful eye also on ELIHU ROOT, Mr. TUMULTY and our own HORATIO B. To the eye of the trained playwright the pages of *Who's Who* were merely so much potential drama. (Sensation.)

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN said that the life of SHAKESPEARE was as good a stage subject as any other, provided that the production was right. After visiting the Shaftesbury Theatre he was of

opinion that what the play there needed was what our dry cousins called pep. He had observed a curious lack both of American twin-sisters and Spanish beauties. (Cries of "Shame!")

Mr. THOMAS MARLOWE said that the presence of a namesake of his own—possibly even an ancestor (Loud cheers)—in the play at the Shaftesbury must account for his presence at the meeting, at which he might by some be considered an interloper. ("No, no.") He could not claim to be the author of MARLOWE's mighty line, although he had, he hoped, a few mighty headlines to his name—(Applause)—and he was not, he assured them, referring to the Sandringham Hat. (Riot.)

Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT said that it was absurd to suppose that plays about SHAKESPEARE were a novelty. He remembered GARRICK producing a very remarkable one entitled *Where there's a Will there's a Hathaway*. GARRICK had asked his advice as to the title and he had said that it was perhaps a thought too crisp; otherwise good.

Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY said that he was strangely interested by Miss DANE's presentation of QUEEN ELIZABETH. Speaking as one to whom Queens were like open books, he should say that the *Elizabeth* of the play was the creature rather of the dramatist's fancy and requirements than of fact. Queens weren't like that. Had QUEEN VICTORIA locked Sir ARTHUR PINERO, say, in a cupboard and forced him to write the kind of plays that she thought England wanted, the course of history might have been changed.

The Mayor of STRATFORD-ON-AVON said that he thought it would have been better both for SHAKESPEARE and his art if he had taken a deeper interest in local affairs. The mistake of his life was to go to London. ("Oh, oh!")

Sir THOMAS HALL CAINE said that it was absurd to argue that the life of an imaginative Man of Letters was not a fitting theme for the stage. He felt so strongly about it that, should any worthy dramatist ask his (Sir THOMAS'S) permission to make him the central figure of a play, he would not only consent, but would be ready to assist in collaborating. (Loud cheers.)

The POET LAUREATE, Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES, taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, said that he would like to see the dramatist who would make a play out of him. (Stampede, during which the meeting dissolved.) E. V. L.

"Lady — in one of the fashionable Spanish toreador hats was looking quite at home."

Daily Paper.

We always think the Spanish toreadors quite the best.

A REST CURE.

[Bulgaria has passed a law making an annual fortnight of manual labour obligatory on all men under fifty-five.]

WAPT me, ye breezes, to blessed Bulgaria,

Bear me, ye zephyrs, from Hammer-smith (W.)

Into that bonny if barbarous area,
There let my wandering spirit find rest;

Fain would I be where the ration of manual

Labour is fixed so attractively low;
There would I blithely submit to an annual

Fortnight or so.

Mine is a wife who invents for each Saturday

Tasks upon which I'm enjoined to embark,

Toils which I cannot put off to a latter day

Save at the risk of a crushing remark;
Rolling the lawn or remaking the

rockery—

Things such as these for my leisure are found,

Turning my holiday into a mockery
All the year round.

Vainly I plead—it seems only to harden her—

Other arrangements I claim to have made;

Ever I play the assiduous gardener,
Joiner or carpenter (acting unpaid);

Vainly I bungle each duty; she carries on

'Gainst my ineptness a resolute war,
Praising, by way of offensive comparison,

Thompson next door.

Weary and worn with the writing of many fyttes,

Vainly I beg her for leave to abstain;

Sternly she tells me how handiwork benefits

Those who are wonted to work with their brain;

But over there I could cry, "Don't be sniffy, Kate;

Manual toil may be healthy indeed,
But I have had—here's the legal certificate—

All that I need."

Our Candid Statesmen.

Mr. ASQUITH at Newcastle:—

"The Liberal Party is not to-day, it never has been, so long as I have any connection with it it never will be, a party of any class rich or poor, great or small. We are a party of no class."—*Daily Paper.*

"The new poor rate for — is at 5s. in the £, 8d less than the last."—*Local Paper.*

Good tidings for the New Poor.

UNEXPECTED ORDERS; OR, WHAT OUR WAITRESS HAS TO PUT UP WITH.



BUTTER BEANS AND A GLASS OF RASPBERRYADE.



A DOUBLE PORTION OF STEAK-AND-KIDNEY PUDDING.



A CRUSTY ROLL AND A GLASS OF WATER.



A CUP OF WEAK TEA AND A DIGESTIVE BISCUIT.



ICE-CREAM SODA AND A DOUGH-NUT.



LAWN-TENNIS CAKE AND A GLASS OF MILK.

Frank
Peters

ACROSS THE POND.

II.

Tuesday.—This is the Atlantic. It seems to be a dull place. It is a small circle of rather dirty water entirely surrounded by fog. In the middle of the circle the *Cecie* rolls amiably about, hooting. This tends to spoil nearly all one's best remarks. To-day, when the fog was densest and the ship was scarcely moving, and you could scarcely think for the siren, a gentleman came up and explained it all. He said, "See here, now, this is how it is. We have a vurry safe Captain. If this ship was going full speed and another ship crossed our bows, by Gad, Sir, there'd be a collision!"

Wednesday.—This is a much duller part of the Atlantic. There is less fog in it and there is more water, but it is water of the sea-side variety, grey and objectionable; indeed, the view from the deck is strangely similar to the view from Hastings, except that there is no pier. However, as most of the passengers are obviously natives of Hastings, perhaps it is as well. But the charm of this ocean has been greatly exaggerated. The more I see of it the more I admire COLUMBUS. He had never seen the view from Hastings before, it is true, but how he could have gone on and on through this dreary waste for weeks and weeks, I don't know. I believe myself he had a following wind and couldn't help himself.

But he did this trip *four times*! It would be interesting to know if any of his first crew signed on for the second trip.

It is strange that in these days of "brightening" things no one has thought of any way of brightening the Atlantic. All that is wanted is a chain of small islands. On a sea-voyage the tiniest island provides interest and conversation for a whole day. This seems to me to be one of the many solutions of the Unemployment problem.

Of course COLUMBUS did not sail in a ship like this. There is something sinister about her. Last night our cabin-steward approached me in a dark passage and whispered awesomely, "The ship's dead." He meant that there was no social life in her. But then he has never been to Hastings. Nobody sings or plays the piano; no-

body plays cards because of the babies; nobody knows anybody. This is the fourth day and it is still like the first day in a boarding-house. The ship is dead. The question is whether a vessel with so dismal an *aura* will be allowed to come safely to land at all. If we are not careful we shall find ourselves in one of Mr. CONRAD's stories.

Thursday.—This is a much better part of the Atlantic. It is all blue and sunny and crowded with jolly white fairies charging away to the south-east. Loosely attached to the vessel's stem is a young rainbow, which comes and goes as the spray flies up in the sun, and sometimes dashes out adventurously a-ross the next six waves when the spray flies very high. Nobody in the ship has seen this, for nobody goes up in the bows, which is the best place.



So the Captain has had it roped off now and nobody can go. He has no soul.

Friday.—The Atlantic was so bright yesterday that we decided to brighten up the ship. We decided to have a concert. Then we found that nobody could play the piano and nobody could sing. We decided not to have a concert.

But there is a well-known poet on board. We arranged that he should give a lecture. This pleased everybody. In the morning the swell had abated and several entirely new babies were born in the ship. I need not say that they made straight for the Smoking-Room. Also about fifty brand-new grown-ups appeared; I can't think how they got on board.

Unfortunately the wind rose in the afternoon, and by the evening the *Cecie* was rolling considerably. The poet began his lecture before a crowded audience in the Social Hall. He is an eloquent speaker, and before long it was evident that many of his hearers were profoundly moved. You may talk

about the "cold English," but I have never seen an audience so clearly betray their emotion in their faces. The poet varied his remarks with long quotations from different English poets, and so long as he kept to the older writers he may be said to have held his audience, though his quotations were not invariably happy.

"For God's sake let us sit upon the ground" was received with a burst of applause, but, when he began that fine stanza—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,"

many of those present seemed almost overwhelmed with feeling. KEATS however had a sedative effect, especially—

"O for a draught of Lethe!"

and some of the bolder passages from TENNYSON restored a little colour to the rows of pallid cheeks. Meanwhile the ocean, goaded to a fury, no doubt, by the poet's provocative appeal, was rolling its very best. So was the steamship *Cecie*. The woodwork of the Social Hall began creaking in an ominous way, as if the whole structure might break up at any moment and slide into the sea. No doubt it was in order to be prepared for that calamity that many of the passengers slid off their seats on to the floor.

The poet continued his address unmoved.

He was a "good sailor" and short-sighted, and seemed insensible of the effect which he was producing. Swaying gently by the piano, he passed to the consideration of modern poetry, and the power of modern poetry was instantly revealed. He began with an unusually bilious poem about a dead fish. Something of the terrible yellowness of the theme found an answer in the hearts of his hearers. Seven women rose up feebly and tottered to the stairs. The poet did not see them. Carried away by his own fervour, he plunged into a long poem about a dead dog. It was in *vers libre*.

The faces of the audience grew green with emotion. Without a word, as if their hearts were too full, one by one they tottered silently from the room.

The poet did not see them. He continued his address. He addressed the Purser, and the Chief Engineer, and two stewards, and a lonely passenger in the front row. He began a long poem about a dead cat.



SCENE—Annual Dinner given to Caddies.

First Caddie (attracted by veteran's method of dealing with his gravy). "LOOK AT OLE JOE."

Second Caddie. "WHAT ABAAHT 'IM?"

First Caddie. "WHY, GOIN' ALL THE BLINKIN' WAY ROUND WIV 'IS IRON."

Then the Purser stood up. He was determined to save that passenger. He said, "Can we have a little more KEATS, please?" But it was too late.

Saturday.—Over this day we will draw a veil.

Sunday.—The less said about this day the better.

Monday.—After all, they are rather a jolly crowd, these passengers. What brought us all together was helping each other to fill up the Baggage Form. Everything possible has been done to keep us employed, and we have all had a new form to fill up nearly every day. The Baggage Form is the best. In this form you say what you have brought with you in the way of yams, sweet potatoes, smoking opium, aigrettes and fur seal-skins taken in the North Pacific. And the nice thing is that you have to *buy* the form from the United States. It costs 1s. 4d. This is rather like hanging a man and charging him for the rope. A. P. H.

"LORD MAYORS AT CHURCH.
A HULL SCHEME FOR BRIGHTENING THE
UNEMPLOYEDS' CHRISTMAS."
Yorkshire Paper.

The Hull unemployed would appear to be easily pleased.

THE ARK OF OULD IRELAND.

[It is said that an Irish gentleman, boasting about his pedigree, traced it back to before the Flood. Asked how that was possible since none of his name is mentioned as having sailed with NOAH, he replied, "In those days me ancestors kept an ark of their own."]

O'Donel sat on the prow of his boat directing operations. He smiled at NOAH.

"Sure we won't go with you at all. Ireland is a nation, an independent nation. You may sail your ould ark; we've built one of our own; 'tis of Irish oak, an' that 's the best oak in the world.

"Come on, O'Connor an' O'Niel. Is MacDermot aboard? Where is Mac-Swine? By the same token I nearly forgot the pigs. Here, boys, git a move on; the flood is risin' fast.

"Is it lions an' tigers? Who wants the likes of them? Horses now and the little ass. We're a bit cramped for room; throw them assorted reptiles overboard, Thady; what 's the use of them at all?

"Better take a few sods of turf, an' don't forget the spinning-wheels. Have we the harp? If so, play us a chune an' push off.

"Whist, aisy now! Begorra if we haven't forgot the poteen; 'tis lost entirely we'd be without that.

"What 's the matter now? You say there 's a little spalpeen swimmin' afther us. Says he 's an Englishman called Fitzgerald, but of Norman stock? Throw him a bit of a rope; I'd be sorry to see the creature drown.

"What—another? An English Protestant, be name PARNELL. Says we'll maybe find him useful? Say, boys, is he from the Black North? No? Then put her back and take him on board.

"What next? A Spaniard? They all say they are as good Irishmen as we are? Do they now? An' we doin' our best to keep ourselves to ourselves. Strike up 'Ireland a Nation.' An' now we're off at last.

"Something forgotten after all? Well, 'tis too late now. What might it be, O'Brien? The Dove of Peace, did you say—the Dove of— Nabock-lish! Who cares? I ask yerself what the devil does any Irishman want with peace? He never had anny use for it, no, nor never will. Push off!"

"An illustration of the 'slump' in the prices of farm stock was shown at a farm sale at Deeside, Aberdeenshire, when a young wullock was sold for 3s."—*Daily Paper.*

At this price the Zoo might secure a specimen of the new species.



"IS THE FISH PLEASED, MOTHER?"

"NO, DEAR—CERTAINLY NOT."

"THEN WHY DOES IT WAG ITS TAIL?"

POTT OR PAN.

LAST June I walked to Wantage Town
By wold and oak-woods green of gown,
All empty the blue bent down
Save for the soaring haggard;
Then, just beyond the Roman Camp,
I met, half gipsy and half tramp
(I own a weakness for his stamp),
A most amusing blackguard.

A tan-faced rascal, prone to ale
And, one might guess, nor greatly fail,
Acquainted with the County Gaol,
Fifty and not too cleanly,

Yet with an eye, as you'd aver,
For maids—or hares, as might occur;
He touched his cap and called me "Sir,"
And said he'd tramped from Henley.

But did I wish to see a sight?
I countered with "Perhaps I might."
He led through hawthorns scattered
white;

"And now," quoth he, "keep quiet;"
And in a hollow, at their ease,
Enfolded in the downs' grey seas,
I saw, as playful as you please,
Five little fox-cubs riot.

They struggled in a knot of fur,
Then broke, like beads of quicksilver,
Paused, listened and without demur
Incontinently tumbled

Into their earth and jostled down—
Five little fox-cubs fat and brown;
"Worth sixpence each? Say half-a-
crown?"

He said. I grinned and fumbled.

He spat on it for luck; said he,
"I likes all such young things to see;
I owns all Earth (but takes 2d.

For buying beer and so on);
Sheepfolds I loves an' full barn floors,
A sun that warms, a wind that roars,
An' kissing wenches at back-doors."

"No way," said I, "to go on.

"You're fifty (that's as sure as fate),
You badger-pied old reprobate;
But what's your name, at any rate,

And where d'you get your living?"
He said, "I tramps from shire to shire,
And sometimes takes a harvest-hire;
But mostly wise—well, you'd admire
How fond folk be o' giving.

"An' named? Well, once before the
beak

(Injustice, Sir, ain't far to seek;
I'd found the pheasants, so to speak,
I'd got a rightful answer).

The Sergeant bawls out, 'Sylvan Pott,'
An' 'e should know now, should 'e not?
But times ago—I've half forgot—

I've heard the name was Pan, Sir."

"O-ho!" cried I, "then hail and thanks,
Old hero of a hundred pranks,
Old antic with the hairy shanks,

Who loved and larked and liquored;
Pipe us of Syrinx. How looked she,
That rosy rogue, your Omphale?
And Hercules—but pardon me—"

Self-consciously he'd snickered.

He leered and touched his greasy cap
And turned to seek some ale-house tap,
A merry blackguard of a chap

Howe'er you'd have him christened,
That whistled as he went a tune
Old as the downs and sweet as June.
A sheep-bell clonked across the noon;
A hare sat up and listened.

"While other little 'planets' revolve round
Mars and Jupiter, maintaining a more or less
equal distance throughout their orbit '1920
HZ' is much less consistent. When it is
nearest to the sun it is furthest from the
sun it is almost three times that distance
away, and its orbit cross-times that distance
away."—*Welsh Paper*.

It looks to us as if "1920 HZ" would
be "mush" wiser to confine itself in
future to the Milky Way.

"Later the happy couple left for a tour of
the Southern Counties in the bridegroom's
car, which will last a month."—*Welsh Paper*.
Maker's name suppressed.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 7, 1921.



LLEANDER GEORGE AND THE HERRINGSPONT.



Master of Ceremonies (at village dance). "MAY I INTRODUCE MR. JONES, MISS SMITH?"
Miss Smith. "OF COURSE YOU MAY. WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M HERE FOR?"

CHRISTMAS BY THE INCH.

THE Christmas card—or at least its aspiring relative, the "private greeting card"—is doomed. One of our bright young journalists has thought out an improvement on it. Strictly judged, the "private greeting card" itself was never exactly a flamboyant expression of good fellowship; there is a certain economy of personal trouble about leaving a printer to fill in even the name and address of the card's sender. However, it has hitherto been necessary to address the envelope for yourself. Now Printing House Square has invented a scheme for saving you even this small amount of personal contribution to the proceeding. Hence the following announcement in *The Times*' Personal Column:—

"To convey the SEASON'S GREETINGS to all one's friends through the usual channels is generally a formidable task, even though it may be a pleasant one. There is also the fear at the last moment that somebody may have been overlooked. 'Christmas Greetings,' a special heading which will appear on this page on December 24th, will provide an effective method of obviating this."

Ah, well, it had to be! This is one of those notions that conquer by their

extreme simplicity. Three or four lines in *The Times*, and there you are—half your Christmas anxieties settled. If your friends don't read *The Times* daily, they ought to; in fact, if they don't, it is rather doubtful whether they are the kind of friends who ought to be cultivated. So prepare for a rollicking old-fashioned Christmas, replete with greetings of this exuberant sort:—

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpoodle, The Mound, Wortley-cum-Popplington, hereby give notice that they wish everybody as happy a Christmas and as prosperous a New Year as Mr. and Mrs. F. are confidently counting on for themselves. Friends will please accept this the only intimation.

But why limit the idea to Christmas? A page of similar "smalls" on January 1st would enable people to clear off lots and lots of minor obligations. For instance:—

Mr. John Canny, of Tite Street, Chelsea, wishes to assure all his nephews, nieces and godchildren whose birthday anniversaries will fall due during the forthcoming year, that upon each of those several occasions they may respectively count upon his warm

interest and good wishes. He trusts that they will all prove themselves diligent at their studies and obliging in the home; and, since it is unlikely that they will hear further from him on this subject until next New Year's Day (and then only through the same channel), he will be obliged if parents, guardians and those in authority will cause this expression of interest and affection to be prominently displayed in all nurseries likely to be affected by it.

Or again:—

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.—Consider yourselves congratulated by Mr. and Mrs. Pennibroke, of Lacklands, Tinsworth. This assurance holds good until December 31st next, and up to that date may be personally applied without further charge by any friend or acquaintance of the above.

I see no end to the possibilities of this labour-saving scheme.

"Wanted, experienced Clerk. Full details of experience and salary required to Doolittle and Dalley, Land Agents."—*Weekly Paper*. One of the gentlemen with whose services Whitehall is about to dispense should admirably suit this firm.

A PHILOSOPHER INDEED.

THE wisest and most remarkable man I know is Professor MADDISON, who has found a means of deriving not only solace but intellectual profit from our appalling telephone system. Where others tear their hair he improves his mind.

Hearing that the sage was in London and prepared to reveal his secret to anyone who was interested in it (and who would not be?), I visited him at his Bloomsbury hotel.

I found him seated at his desk before the telephone. He had on one side of him the Telephone Directory and on the other an even larger book. A black velvet cap concealed some of the loftier regions of his massive and overwhelming cranium.

He rose to greet me and again resumed his seat, saying as he did so, "This is my permanent pose when I receive inquirers. And you, I take it, are an inquirer too? Your object is to learn more of my astonishing—almost incredible—discovery?"

I said that it was.

"The best way to explain," he continued, "is to put the plan in motion. Tell me a number that you would like me to call up."

I gave him Pad. 1809.

He took down the receiver and asked for Pad. 1809. "Now," said he, "take this book," and he handed me the weightier volume from the desk. It was a Dictionary of Dates.

"See what happened in 1809," he said.

I turned to the page. "It says," I told him, "that Mr. GLADSTONE was born in that year."

"Ah, very interesting," said the Professor. "And what do you know about Mr. GLADSTONE? Read Mr. GLADSTONE's biographical notice."

I read it.

"Memorise it," he said.

I memorised it as well as I could, considering that my authority on mnemonics has gone into liquidation.

"Did anything else happen in that year?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "TENNYSON was born too."

"Ah, TENNYSON. Do you know any of his poetry?"

I said that I used to know "Break, Break, Break."

"Recite it to me."

I did my best to recite it, and was negotiating the final stanza when the telephone operator at last put the Professor through.

"Is that Pad. 1809?" he asked.

"No," was the reply; "this is Pad. 1805."

"Good," said the Professor. "While I am getting the right number, let us fill up the interval by seeing what happened in that year, for the eliciting of information from error is an essential part of my system."

"The battle of Austerlitz was fought," I said.

"By whom?"

"NAPOLEON, against the Allies."

"And who won?"

"NAPOLEON."

"How old was NAPOLEON then?"

"Thirty-six."

"And how long did he live?"



INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

"If an Election came within six months the [Wee Free] Liberal Party would sweep the decks." (Cheers.)
Sir W. RUNCIMAN at Newcastle.

"Until 1821."

At this moment the Professor got "Pad. 1809" and handed me the receiver.

"Is Mr. Blank in?" I asked.

"No," was the reply. "But he left a message saying that he was to be called up at Central 3033."

I told the Professor.

"Splendid!" he said. "That will be B.C., and a date worth looking into. Takes us back to beginnings. You're in luck to-day."

And again he handed me the Dictionary.

ENGLAND DEPRESSED DR. CHOWN REPORTS.

Head of Canadian Methodists would apply Prohibition as remedy."—Canadian Paper.

With all respect we doubt if that would result in "England Elevated."

SPORTING POETRY.

MY DEAR SILVANUS,—Mr. J. C. SQUIRE's recent poem in *The London Mercury* on a Rugby football match rather accentuates the fact that hitherto our sporting poets have been inclined to limit themselves to metrical interpretations of the psychology of horse-racing, fox-hunting and cricket.

From the literary point of view the poetic horse-race is a beautiful and thrilling thing, but as a sporting event it is rather too much of a dead cert to arouse much outside enthusiasm, though I must admit that for timid backers like myself it has strong attractions. When-

ever I start out to read a racing poem I have no hesitation whatsoever in putting ten thousand pounds on the hero's horse at twenty to one, and I may say without boasting that I have raked in the shekels every time. You can have no idea of the amount of money I have made in this way. And for me the pleasure of winning is intensified by the pleasing knowledge that somewhere a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden is sinking back into her seat with a sob of relief, and somewhere else a double-dyed villain is turning away with a muffled curse.

As for the poetic cricket match, it invariably provides me with a far, far more exciting finish than anything I have yet paid for in real cash at Lord's or the Oval. There again a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden sinks back into her seat with a sob of relief, while her hitherto hard-hearted old sporting father says, "Damn it, Sir, well played!" to the modest clean-cut young hero and gives them both his blessing. I have never seen that happen at an ordinary real-life Test-

Match, and yet several of our leading cricketers are quite nicely clean-cut men.

It is high time, however, that you poets paid more attention to what may be called the lower walks of sporting life. Let us hear you sing of those pale hands, ink-tipped, that hover over the draughts-board, or shuffle the dominoes in A.B.C. tea-shops; of the handsome clean-cut young curate who makes a mistaken but none the less heroic effort to save his side by swallowing the sixpence at "Up, Jenkins!"; of the fierce and throbbing drama of progressive whist; or of the grim intensity and heart-breaking despair of "snakes and ladders."

Take, for example, the ancient pastimes of our rural communities. We have had no great epic poem on shove-ha'penny, nor has any minstrel of note



"I'VE DONE WIV YER, CELIA JANE. I DON'T 'OLD WIV THE DOUBLE LIFE--TAKIN' 'OT CHESTNUTS FROM 'ORACE BAILEY."

been moved to strike the lyre in glorification of skittles, despite its time-honoured association with the national beverage. Shove-ha'penny is a simple democratic game and might be treated along the lines of such one-time popular pieces of recitation as "The Fireman's Wedding" or "The Bridge-keeper's Story."

You begin by depicting a hoary shove-ha'penny veteran, a snowy-haired beary-eyed old boy whose days of strenuous "shoving" are long past and whose trembling hand can scarce lift the pint pot which a genial traveller keeps ordering to be filled for him. (By the way, Silvanus, what a debt we owe to those innumerable genial travellers who, by generously supplying garrulous raconteurs with free drinks, have elicited the bulk of our best narrative literature!). You "film" your poem, so to speak, in the usual cosy bar-parlour setting. The genial traveller has professed curiosity concerning a polished-metal talisman that dangles from the oldest inhabitant's watch-chain. The wrinkled veteran takes a shaky sip of beer and says something

to the following effect, though not necessarily in this dialect, which I throw in out of sheer goodness of heart:—

"Her be only a copper coin, Zur,
But—eh? Thank 'ee, Zur! Here 's 'Long
life!"

Ef yu laike, why, I'll tell yu the story
O' the ha'penny that winned me my wife.

"It wur sixty-four year come Christmas,
Jan Brewer an' I had shuv'd
A many a vriendly ha'penny
Ere us vought vur the woman us luv'd."

Then, after a few verses about the girl, you get going. You may, of course, prefer to do it in a more modern manner, but in that case I rather fancy you will rob the poem of much of that simple pathos which belongs to a drama of shove-ha'penny.

Ludo, on the other hand, doubtless because of its glamorous dependence upon the throw of dice and its consequent association with primal human passions, does really clamour for up-to-date "high-brow" interpretation. You could write of

Vice-swayed suburban gamesters
Crouching o'er the motley-countered board,
While the hectic flickering-fingered firelight
Stabs the umbrous darkness like a sword.

Pallid are the faces of the players,
Violet-passioned sleek suburban players,
Sweaty-white from brow to jowl;
Gleaming knuckles mask the rasping dice-box
Ere the death-cold ivory Fates are thrown,
While the eyes that watch the rasping dice-box
Glower below the twitching puckers of a scowl.

If there is magnificent poetic matter of this sort in a comparatively placid game of ludo, one trembles to think of what you poets could do with a really fierce round of spillikins.

Your sincere PANTAGRUEL.

"Paris . . .
Everything is now in trim for the opening of the second season of plays in English. In addition to 'The Ten-Pound Look' the programme includes . . ."—*Evening Paper*.

Fall due to the exchange, no doubt.

"It is suggested that the mansion should be preserved for its historic interest, as it is associated with the birth of Lord Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots, and with Mr. Knights Templar."—*Evening Paper*.

After the deplorable bankruptcy of the last-named gentleman the estate passed, we believe, into the possession of Sir St. John Jerusalem.



Dear Old Lady (having a lift—her first motor ride—as chauffeur signals a turn). "LOOK HERE, YOUNG MAN—YOU KEEP BOTH HANDS ON THE WHEEL. I'LL TELL YOU WHEN IT BEGINS TO RAIN."

THE PEACEMAKERS.

William Woof was a peaceful man,
A writer of books and plays,
But he wasn't a bit more peaceful than
Henry Theophilus Hayes.

Both of them felt that wars must cease,
Neither could hold aloof
From rearranging the terms of peace
According to Hayes and Woof.

And whenever a column of print was hurled
From the house at Rainbow View,
Where William talked to a fractious world,
Theophilus wrote one too.

Theophilus wrote from the Olive Boughs
To say that a light was shed
On the cause of international rows,
But much remained to be said.

So many columns of good advice
On how to abolish war,
And so many books, and at such a price,
Had never been seen before.

And so, when the quarrelsome nations sat
To settle the whole affair
On the upper slopes of Mount Ararat,
Henry and Bill were there.

And Henry noticed a nasty look
On the face of a man in furs,
And instantly wrote a tremendous book
Reviling the Laplanders.

"Their spirit," he said, "is obsolete,
Their policy mainly oaths,
And, if their ambassador feels the heat,
Why does he wear such clothes?"

Consternation was deep and vast,
When suddenly Woof chipped in
With a quite unexpected counterblast,
Saying the man was a Finn.

The Finns were spoiling the peace of earth,
The Lapps were a tranquil race;
Then Henry laughed with a baleful laugh
And he fleered in William's face.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "so you have no fear
Of the Jingoistic Lapp?"
And he shouted things into William's ear
And he pulled at William's map.

And Henry's face grew as red as flame,
And William he clenched a fist
In order to prove that the Lapp was tame,
But the Finn was a Chauvinist.

Coffee and pistols at once were brought
And the nations' envoys sat
Watching a terrible duel fought
On the slopes of Mount Ararat.

And William he blew out Henry's brains,
And Henry he blew out Bill's,
And they buried the one of them down in the plains,
And the other amongst the hills.

But a tear was dropped by the dark-browed chap
Who had set them bickering so,
For he wasn't a Finn and he wasn't a Lapp,
He was merely an Eskimo.

EVOE.



LITERATURE FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"I WOULD 'TWERE BED-TIME, HAL, AND ALL WELL."—I HENRY IV.

A NATIONAL THEATRE.

WHILE the persistent and resounding success of the GILBERT and SULLIVAN revivals continues to delight both the middle-aged and the young—Mr. Punch is both—it is his duty as well as his privilege to salute another venture which in his opinion furnishes perhaps the most remarkable and reassuring evidence of the vitality of the modern theatre—the "Old Vic." under its present management.

Mr. Punch has a long memory and he can remember the "Old Vic." in its unregenerate days, in the 'fifties and 'sixties—a music-hall of the type for which he had no love. In 1868 he wrote that "the music-hall as at present conducted is so pestilent a nuisance that charity can have nothing to say to it." He quoted *The Beehive*, the organ of the Trade Unions at that time, when it fulminated against "these glaring temples of dissipation, to which our youth are nightly attracted; where their minds are debased by low songs and vulgar exhibitions, and where their blood is fired and their brains benumbed by drink."

It was about the same time that Mr. Punch published, under the heading,

"The Theatre for the People," an article illustrating his readiness to admit that fruitful suggestions for the improvement of the British stage might come from the most unexpected quarters:—

"Russia may well be described as a benighted country! But of all the queer notions ever bred of barbarism, commend us to one in *The Pall Mall Gazette's* latest 'Notes from Russia.' Conceive a Commission appointed to examine the question of the establishment of a 'Theatre for the People'! And more; imagine the Commission reporting strongly that such a theatre should be constructed! A theatre with a moral object! A theatre meant 'to divert the people from foolish, vulgar and gross amusements, by providing them with healthy and elevating spectacular entertainments at a cheap rate!' A theatre to contain seats for 2,350 people, with 1,300 of the seats at prices varying from 2d. to 4d., and the others from 4d. to 3s. 2d.! This infatuated Committee further report that such a theatre might be made to bring in a profit of £5,000 a year—or ten per cent. on the capital employed. They recommend that the management should be entrusted to a competent private person, of experience, taste and refinement, and have prepared a repertory of 140 pieces in the Russian language, original and translated, calculated, they think, to forward their object of entertaining and elevating."

Well, when Mr. Punch attended the performance of *Don Giovanni* at the "Old Vic." on Saturday, Nov. 26th, 1921, he could not help feeling that this

miracle had been in great measure realized. There must have been not far short of two thousand people present, for every seat was filled and standing room was exhausted. The prices, when allowance is made for present values, corresponded pretty closely with those given in the account above. And for the modest sum of threepence a programme was provided containing a full scenario of the opera, supplemented with the words of all the songs and concerted numbers in the excellent English version specially made for the "Old Vic." by that great Mozartian authority, Dr. E. J. DENT.

It was a truly popular audience, for the *habitués* of the "Old Vic.," though they come from all parts of London, come in their work-a-day clothes. They do not look on the entertainment as a digestive, but as a recreation. And they get wonderful value for their money. Mr. Punch has not had the good fortune of witnessing the recent Shakspearean revivals, but he has been assured by a remarkably fastidious Shakspearean critic that they have been extraordinarily impressive in their all-round excellence. And that was the note of the *Don Giovanni* performance, produced by Mr. CLIVE CAREY, a musical *Admirable*

Crichton (whom Mr. Punch remembers from the days when he was the *Corypheus* in *The Birds* at Cambridge), with the valuable help of Mr. ROBERT ATKINS.

There were no stars of the first magnitude, but the *ensemble* was excellent, the acting spirited, the orchestra highly efficient, and the singing more than competent. It was clear to Mr. Punch that everyone was doing his best and enjoyed doing it. The adorable beauty of MOZART's melody seemed fresher than when he first listened to it eighty years ago. And then there was the added attraction of hearing the original finale, only once before performed in England, owing to the stupid fetish-worship of the strong climax. After the *Don* is given over to the demons, *Leporello* crawls out from under the table, the other characters return and, relieved from their anxieties, fall to discussing their own plans, matrimonial and other, as though nothing particular had happened. Comedy and irony thus have the last word, which is in keeping with the spirit of the drama.

The conversion of the "Old Vic." from a temple of rather sordid varieties into a home of standard drama and grand opera was not achieved in a moment. If Mr. Punch's memory serves him aright there was a long period in which it was run, under the auspices of a group of worthy but not very imaginative social reformers, as a Coffee Palace, at which a miscellaneous entertainment was provided, unimpeachable on the score of decorum, but quite ineffectual as a counter-attraction to the vulgar vivacity of the old music-halls.

For the new and enlightened policy of high aims and no compromise the credit mainly belongs to two ladies. *Dux femina facti*. The late Miss EMMA CONS restarted the "Old Vic.;" and her friend and successor, the present lessee and manager, Miss LILIAN BAYLIS, has carried it on from strength to strength. Stay, though: there is one element of weakness and one only in the undertaking. It is a difficult thing to give first-rate performances of first-rate works at cheap rates and pay your way. And when you are suddenly confronted with the need of a large expenditure on reconstruction and repairs, the difficulty becomes an impossibility. This is what has happened with the "Old Vic." At the height of its well-earned prestige the London County Council—whose forbearance is handsomely acknowledged—can no longer postpone their demands, mainly in the interests of the public safety, for necessary alterations and extensions. To quote from the official statement: "The building operations alone will cost us some

thousands of pounds, but in addition the Vic. has to find the money to provide Morley College, which our building scheme unavoidably displaces, with a new home. Altogether, the amount needed to meet these expenses cannot be put lower than £30,000."

Now, since the "Old Vic.," though a private enterprise, has come nearer providing the people of London with a National Theatre than any other undertaking in our time, it would be calamitous if its beneficent activities were to close for lack of funds. Mr. Punch therefore joins his voice to those already raised in the Press, and with all the power at his command pleads for a liberal response to the present appeal.

Cheques, made payable to Sir W. P. HERRINGHAM (Chairman of the Governors), should be addressed to the Secretary of the "Old Vic." Appeal Fund, Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, S.E. 1.

MY DUTCH GARDEN.

I HAVE decided to become an enthusiastic amateur gardener simply because I want to correspond with a delightful old Dutchman. I like to imagine him so. He wears a blue cap with a shiny black peak, wooden shoes shaped like little boats, and baggy trousers. Sometimes, pipe in mouth, he takes his ease in a high-backed chair and watches the heavy barges creep along the canal, while in the fields behind sons and daughters tend his bulbs and seedlings.

The landscape about him is flat and dotted with great wind-mills, fat cows and buxom women carrying milk-pails, and wearing starched white head-dresses. His real name is Henrik van der Velde; the one on his business circular is too commonplace, and no more conveys his personality than does the title of "West End Nurseries" do justice to the gorgeous rows of flowers he raises.

Also I think that one of his daughters is the prettiest girl in Holland. Her name is Elsa; she has a perfect complexion, golden hair hanging in two thick plaits, and beautiful grey eyes. Some day I am going to marry her. She will make me butter as golden as her hair in a huge wooden churn, and call my friends "Mynheer."

But I am not sure exactly how I shall manage this. Probably it will necessitate a long correspondence with her father and the buying of many bulbs. When we have become better acquainted I shall make the tone of my letters more personal and refer lightly to my loneliness, my admiration of the blonde type of beauty and my fondness for Dutch cheese, hinting that I am in a position to keep a herd—I

think two constitute a herd—of milch cows.

His letter to me, though addressed to "Or Present Occupier" of the cottage I rent, is so friendly that I feel sure he needs but a little polite encouragement to become positively cordial.

"We beg to inform you," he writes, drawing serenely at his pipe, "that our stock of lilies of the Valleys is ready for dispatching. We have a beautiful stock of really very strong Pips which will force very easily. The lily of the Valley is almost the favorite of all flower-lovers."

Here I am sure he breaks off and pinches the rosy cheek of Elsa, who is leaning over his shoulder.

"At the same time we have pleasure in offering you our very beautiful Hyacinth-plant containing 80 really very healthy bulbs for beds or for forcing in 4 varieties to a cheerful price of 10/-."

And then he chuckles. Isn't "cheer-out price" a happy expression? Who else but a jolly old soul could have written that? He meant it. He's glad to sell them, and you're glad to buy them. I hate, even for a moment, to entertain the chilly thought that the "h" and the second "e" are misprints. No, please chuckle again, Henrik, and let me hear too a gurgle of laughter from the lovely Elsa.

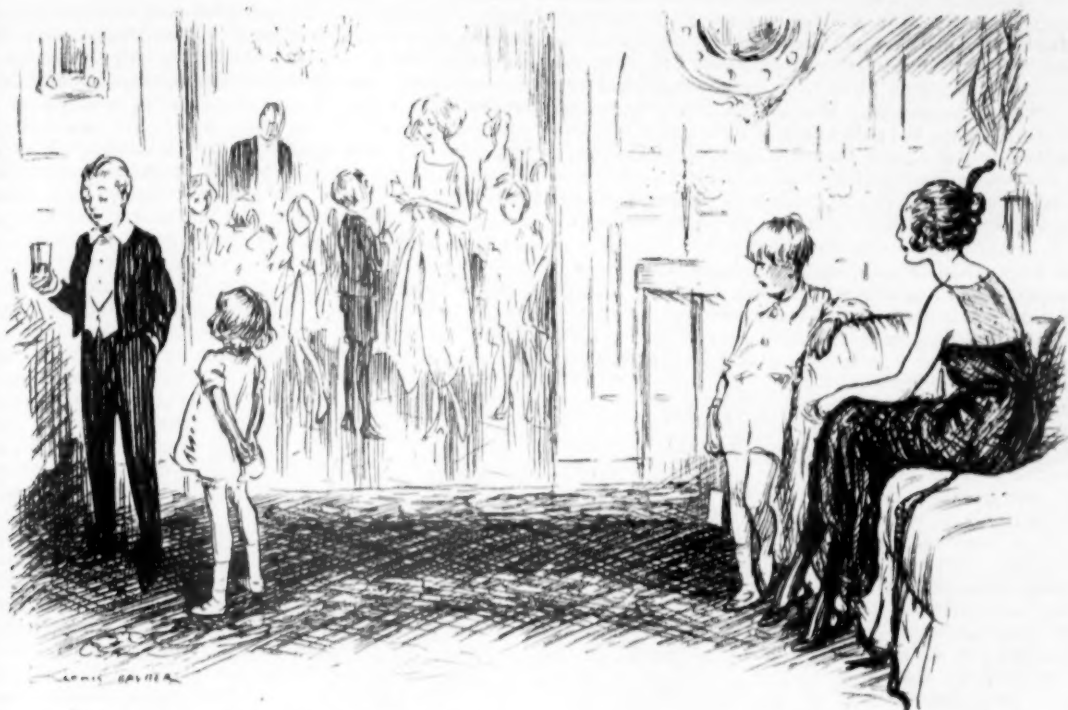
He concludes: "I beg to remain, Dear Sir or Madam, your most obedient servants." This seems to me touching evidence of the complete accord existing between father and daughter.

The last page is neatly perforated, so that you can tear it off and post it back to him. On it is printed a list of all his "really very healthy bulbs" and "strong Pips," from which you are requested to cross off "what not is wanted." You can order a "Postparcel containing beautiful single tulips in 4 varieties," or, if you prefer them, "200 Gladiolus in 8 nam. Var.," but he has standardised the form of your reply. This is what, willy-nilly, you say at the top of the page:—

"Sir! I received your small special offer of Dutch bulbs and plants and have pleasure in ordering you the under mentioned Postparcels."

I am fond of old Henrik already. The heartiness of the exclamation mark with which he insists that you shall address him shows that he wants you to be friends. I think I shall order "200 Daffodils for naturalisation," merely to pave the way; for, after all, Elsa will become an Englishwoman when she marries me.

"POULTRY.—For Sale, Fashionable low model putty pram on small wheels."—*Local Paper*. To take the chicks for an airing?



"WHY DON'T YOU ASK MOLLY TO DANCE WITH YOU, DEAR?"

"IT'S NO USE, MOTHER; SHE WON'T LOOK AT ANYBODY TO-NIGHT EXCEPT THAT CHAP. OLD ENOUGH TO BE HER FATHER, TOO!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. BOHUN LYNCH'S *Max Beerbohm in Perspective* (HEINEMANN) is, however zealous, a good deal more than the usual piece of sugared puffery. Mr. LYNCH is himself "no mean" caricaturist in his deliberately restricted geometrical mode and certainly a writer of more than mere promise. He knows what he is writing about and can help his unceremonious reader to a more judicious understanding of his subject's work in two genres; and the praise which he enthusiastically awards is balanced by acute reservations and partial condemnations in detail of this or that essay or drawing. The analysis of the essential elements in the art of caricature, which, as the author, not needlessly, points out, has nothing to do with putting a large head to a small body, is lucidly done; and as for the literary work Mr. LYNCH has it evidently at his fingers' ends and has stuffed his book full of reminiscent plums—though that's much too stodgy a word. Nothing could well be more adroit, and at the same time modest, than the letter from "MAX" to the author, instructing him just how and just how not to proceed so as not to hasten the "reaction of the critics against me." There are no signs of any such reaction.

In *Made to Measure* (COLLINS), MRS. HENRY DUDENEY has taken a little old town with a large new suburb, and recounted the doings of its leading families, the *Blows* and the *Pumphreys*, with a certain whimsical simplicity which reminds me, at its best, of HANS ANDERSEN. She starts with *James Pumphrey* going up to the office in a *matinée* train, and contemplating, to the sonorous echo of last Sun-

day's psalm, "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday," the ephemeral occupants of the railway-carriage. The late train and the lyric mood are both the outcome of *James's* passion for *Mary Blow*, who is at this precise moment burning weeds in her father's garden. It is an old garden, because Mr. *Blow* has built his new villa on an acre of nursery-ground; so *Mary* has a holly hedge six feet high, and *Mary* herself has all the sturdiness and some of the asperity of her hedge. She refuses *Timothy Pumphrey* for *James*. But *James* succumbs to *Dinah Marmery*, who invades the suburb just before the War, and proves a thoroughly unsatisfactory and faithless wife while *James* is in France. However *Mary* does not marry the injured husband; and I cordially congratulate Mrs. DUDENEY on the quiet decision with which she brings about the long-deferred happiness of the "wounded and missing" *Timothy*.

It is not often that an artist writes about the famous ones who sit to him; probably while painting he is in too tense a state of concentration to be able to register impressions save through the eye. Yet he need but keep an open ear and a retentive memory: the great man sits there passively submissive to his brush, with nothing to do but speak his thoughts. HOLBEIN and HENRY VIII., VELASQUEZ and PHILIP, VAN DYCK and CHARLES I., DAVID and NAPOLEON, WHISTLER and CARLYLE—what matter for record those sittings must have held; yet the painters never seized their chance. Now Mr. MCLAURE HAMILTON, the distinguished painter of the "Gladstone" in the Luxembourg, has seized his; for he has the gift of reporting and can evidently duplicate his receptive sense while at work. In his delightful causerie, *Men I Have Painted* (UNWIN),

he gives us some illuminating glimpses of his many famous sitters—glimpses that are sometimes (like certain of the portraits reproduced) provokingly meagre, as in the cases of MEREDITH and WATTS, but more often rich in vivid observation, as in the chapters on GLADSTONE and BISMARCK, TYNDALL and SPENCER. One trifling inaccuracy Mr. Punch may venture to correct. Mr. JOSEPH ROWLEY was not "Taffy" of *Trilby*, but only a part of him. "Taffy" was a composite portrait; there was certainly in him something of VAL PRINSEP and much of THOMAS ARMSTRONG. And now will not some observant and fearless model step forth and give us a *chronique intime* of "Artists I Have Sat To"?

Sir PHILIP GIBBS has turned to account some more of his experiences in various parts of this distracted Europe, adventuring this time upon a volume of short stories, to which he gives the name *Venetian Lovers* (HUTCHINSON). They are quite creditable stories of the sort that you would naturally expect Sir PHILIP to write, concerned for the most part with the tragic side of life after the War, told generally in the first person, and staged in Venice, Constantinople, Geneva, Picardy, Rome, or some other place with which a roving newspaper correspondent may be expected to have some slight acquaintance. Yet none of the eight is altogether successful. Perhaps the first, which gives its title to the book, is also the best, though Sir PHILIP is not impeccable in his Italian. "The Madonna of the Hungry Child" might almost have been sent home over the wires from Vienna by a pressman investigating conditions in the starving capital. "Miss O'Brien Comes to Rome" gives us the author's opinion of the Irish Question; "A Chateau in Picardy" shows us a new and changed life struggling painfully into existence on the old battlefield of the Somme. There is (I say it with regret) just a touch of the tract about them all. Let me hasten to add that Sir PHILIP writes very readable tracts. But I wish he would cease to overwork that much abused word "camouflage."

If I had not been told in the days of my youth that America was "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," I should be tempted by the native novelists I have encountered lately to consider her the most class-ridden country on the face of the earth. Now I am all for classes myself—but not the sort whose riches are expressed in terms of factitious rarities rather than in real values. Yet here is Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON's *Alice Adams* (HODDER AND SROUGHTON) wholly set on having things which are only desirable as long as most people have to go without them—such as orchids, automobiles and (imagination's final bourne) "a shadowy ducal mate."

Adams père being head of the sundries department of a wholesale drug business and the owner of a small frame house in a suburb of "the great soft coal country," you can see that *Alice's* ambitions ran a very small chance of being honestly realised. But you will hardly be prepared for the ravenous selfishness with which she sacrifices father, mother, brother and friend to the unsuccessful stalking of the youngest partner in the drug firm. Yet the youngest partner is so poor a substitute for the shadowy duke, and *Alice's* final fate—she is last seen mounting the wooden staircase of a business college—so utterly unredemptive that you will be left with a certain resentful sympathy for the heroine of this extremely able and incisive book.

"The fantastic romance of the girl with angel eyes and the man who had wings" is the description which Mr. BARRY PAIN gives of *Going Home* (WERNER LAURIE); but when on page 2 I found a barrister called *Sir Harshial Maul* I

wondered whether Mr. PAIN was not going to give us robust humour rather than fantasy. But I need not have troubled. The angel-eyed lady soon got busy and the moment she met the winged man he gazed at her as "one spell-bound." Things are not apt to loiter in the flying-world, but this couple carried matters to a conclusion at an exceptional pace. Hardly any time had passed before he said to her, "You know that this is not your own world—nor is it mine," and soon afterwards she eloped into space, borne "home" astride the back of the winged man. It was, I feel, peculiarly bad luck for *Percy Handcock*, a respectable tradesman, to have seen this wonder-



Curio Dealer. "THIS LITTLE JADE CHARM WOULD MAKE A VERY ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT. IT IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE MAGICAL POWERS. IF YOU HOLD IT IN YOUR HAND AND WISH FOR SOMETHING YOU WOULD RATHER NOT HAVE, YOU MAY BE ALMOST SURE OF NOT GETTING IT."

ful feat of aviation, because his prosaic wife not unnaturally ascribed his fuddled condition to a vulgar cause. Personally I was not much intrigued or amused by Mr. PAIN's flight of fancy, but I can easily imagine that my opinion will be unpopular. At any rate I hope so.

The issue of an unabridged edition of *Canon Barnett* (MURRAY) at a popular price, well below its actual cost, is a real cause for gratitude to the author. When this book appeared some two and a-half years ago it was received with a chorus of praise; but its price must have been prohibitive to many. Now it is placed within the reach of all of us, and I beg to draw your attention to it, not only because you will find in it the story of a man whose work was extraordinarily productive and stimulating, but also because Mrs. BARNETT has told it with great skill and the utmost sympathy.

Our Cautious Press.

"It is just likely, but not probable, that the Prime Minister will be in a position to go to Washington before Christmas."—*Daily Paper*.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE demand for champagne," we read, "is quiet." Among the best people the practice of thumping the table and shouting for it has never really caught on.

We note that the first dinner of the Bookmakers' and Backers' Racecourse Protection Association has just been held in London. No date is yet fixed for the inaugural conversazione of the Mugs' and Tipsters' Mutual Aid Society.

At the annual meeting of a well-known refreshment and catering company a record turnover was announced. It is not yet known at which of their many establishments it will be exhibited.

At the Paris Olympic Games in 1924, we read, there will be prizes not only for athletes but also for painters, sculptors, musicians and men of letters. It is hoped that Mr. H. G. WELLS and Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES may be persuaded to enter together for the three-legged race.

It is proposed to discontinue Saturday afternoon deliveries of letters in Grimsby because the postmen want to attend the local football match. We are informed however that they have a few open dates in January for letter delivery, when the home team is away.

Professor LEWIS, an American scientist, has invented a compound of acetylene and arsenic trichloride which he claims is the most deadly weapon of warfare ever invented. It is said that he is to be asked whether he will have next year's NOBEL Peace Prize or whether he would prefer nuts instead.

A West Hartlepool woman who was told by a fortune-teller that she would go to a hospital, that her mother and one of her children would die, and that her husband would meet with an accident, paid two shillings for it. It was fortunate for her that she did not ask for half-a-crown's worth.

A champion pugilist has been fined for driving a motor-car at excessive speed. Those who have only seen our boxers in the ring have no idea what dashing fellows they really are.

Sir HENRY DUKE last week, in the

Divorce Court, made absolute three hundred and sixteen decrees *nisi* in thirty seconds. There is some talk of Sir HENRY's handicap being reduced.

The Chief Constable of Blackpool has prohibited carol singing by children. Adults will continue to do it at their own risk.

"Fasting," says Sir HENRY LUNN, "is a good thing to practise." We constantly do it, between meals.

A Russian newspaper refers to the British Government as "corrupt, ac-

which he mistook for rabbits. Well, if a farmer can't tell one from the other in their natural state how can we poor frequenters of restaurants hope to distinguish them when stewed?

While eating an oyster a Croydon man is reported to have found a pearl. There is an old Croydon superstition that it is very lucky to do so.

A well-known Horticultural Society has decided to hold a large sports meeting next summer. The race between the scarlet runners and the virginia-creepers should be most interesting if they are properly handicapped.

A house in the North of London has been burgled on two successive nights. In order to protect themselves against this sort of treatment householders should make a point of obtaining a receipt from the regular district burglar.

It is stated that the holders-up of trains in Mexico nowadays are actuated more by a desire for plunder than by political motives. This good news should give a fillip to travel.

A writer in a contemporary complains of the unsatisfactory working of country telephones. We know of one impatient farmer, a new subscriber, who harnessed the old mare and drove down to the village to find out if his voice had come through yet.

"Every girl who reaches the age of twenty-one ought to make a will," writes a legal expert in a Sunday paper. As a change from jumper-knitting it is a delightful occupation for a dull winter evening at home.

According to *The Daily News* an organisation has been formed with the object of making Art a power in the land, like Labour. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, however, is believed to take the view that Chelsea is not yet fit to govern.

"I WILL hang for you, Paperhanger, Painter." *Advt. in American Paper.*
Our plumber is welcome to the same privilege.

"BIG ATTRACTION AT — PARK.
Home Team unchanged." *Provincial Paper.*
We are glad to find that there is no truth in the painful rumour that several of the local players had been suspended.



Wilson Jeanning

"PLEASE, DOCTOR, COME AT ONCE TO FATHER. MOTHER'S TAKEN 'IS TEMPERATURE AN' IT'S GONE DOWN."
"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR—THAT'S SPLENDID."
"TAINT' ALL RIGHT; IT'S GONE RIGHT DOWN. 'E'VE SWALLOWED IT."

cursed, blood-thirsty, evil and decadent." It would be wise to treat with extreme caution this sudden veering round of the Bolshevik Press to a more moderate view of our Government.

Owing to delay caused by a storm a trawler recently put in with a catch of fish unfit for human consumption. It is said that the vessel did her best, putting in a steady two knots an hour under her own smell.

LUDENDORFF says that Germany did not profit by the mistakes she made in the War. Neither did any other country, judging by the financial position.

A farmer, writing to a local paper, states that he recently shot two cats,

THE IRISH PEACE.

["The terms are surely humiliating in the last degree to Great Britain."—*Mr. RONALD McNEILL* in "*The Pall Mall Gazette*."

"I never thought I should live to see a day of such abject humiliation for Great Britain."—*LORD CARSON*, as reported in "*The Morning Post*."

My poor old England, so you're in the dust,
Down in the muck-heap of humiliation!
You have betrayed, I hear, your solemn trust
And cannot be regarded as a nation!
Shame covers you from head to heel
(If I may credit *Mr. R. McNEILL*).

It drives him pink that you should make a pact
To put an end to murder and to arson,
And this apparently degrading act
Seems to have had the same effect on *CARSON*;
Right down his neck the red flame rushes,
Leaving his skin incarnadined with blushes.

Stay there (you're told) and browse on humble pie,
That shameful dish apply your craven maw to,
Because you will not let your soldiers die
As hard as we distinctly felt they ought to,
Till Ireland (up to Ulster's border)
Lies dead, if need be, but reduced to order.

Well, you can take it smiling, all this mud,
Who found a time-old feud of racial malice
Not worth another drop of English blood
Shed for the brimming of a poisoned chalice,
And dared to say, "This thing must cease,"
And stooped to conquer in the cause of peace.

The strength of your bright sword no man denied;
Your courage none could doubt; but many doubted
If by a generous sacrifice of pride—
That better way—the evil might be routed;
And lo, for solace in your "shame"
You hear the universal world's acclaim.

The praise of those keen watchers in the West,
The clamorous "Well done!" flashed from far
Dominions—

Take these for comfort to your "humbled" breast,
A potent salve for "loyalist" opinions;
The little dirt their rancour flings
Still leaves unsoiled your honour and your *KING'S*.

O. S.

WILLIAM AND ANNE.

I HAVE had for a long time a theory of my own about the life of SHAKESPEARE and his relations with ANNE HATHAWAY, and this seems to be a good moment for airing it. There is not a great deal of evidence for my theory, but then there is not a great deal of evidence for anything about SHAKESPEARE. He was shy off the stage like CHAPLIN. My notion is that SHAKESPEARE used to return to ANNE HATHAWAY now and then and read his things out loud to her. She liked some of them. She liked the ordinary tragedies and comedies and sonnets, and she liked—well, she *rather* liked the other things he wrote, but she couldn't abide the historical plays. This produced a growing bitterness between them, because SHAKESPEARE doted on the historical plays, especially the three parts of *Henry VI*. His tastes ran to heraldry; ANNE's didn't. So little scenes of this kind used to occur constantly at the Stratford home:—

Shakespeare (opening a leather bag and taking out a very bulky MS.). Now, ANNE, I want you to listen to this.

Anne (who has been reading a picture-book to HAMNET, looking resigned and folding her arms). All right; go on. *Shakespeare*.

"Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons.
The first Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence: next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last."

What do you think of that?

Anne. Very nice. Only . . .

Shakespeare. Yes. Only what?

Anne. Didn't you get a good deal of that out of *Gardiner*?

Shakespeare (impatiently). *Gardiner* indeed! Oh, you don't understand the stage. Listen to this, then:—

"But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valencia,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Earl of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble Order of St. George,
Worthy St. Michael and the Golden Fleece?" . . .

Anne (interrupting). I like the line about Alcides and the field awfully. But wouldn't people know the rest? People who read *Debrett*, I mean. Except that you call St. Michael "worthy." Why should you call St. Michael worthy, Bill? Wouldn't "holy" have scanned?

Shakespeare (declining once more).

"Thanks, Uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury and Warwick."

Anne. Well, that's shorter, anyhow. I think I do like that better. But isn't there just a faint suggestion of—

Shakespeare (sharply). Suggestion of what?

Anne. Of Bradshaw, you know. I mean isn't it rather like

Stopping at Hayward's Heath,
Balcombe, Three Bridges, Horley and Redhill,
Purley, East Croydon?

And couldn't you read a bit that isn't all about dukes, for a change?

Shakespeare. Oh, h—ll!

Anne. HAMNET, leave the room instantly. (*HAMNET goes*.)

Shakespeare (resuming after an eloquent pause). Well, what about this then—

"Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Kettle, Davy Gam, Esquire?"

Anne (clapping her hands). Oh, that's lovely! Why, it really does scan! Are there any more? O.B.E.'s or anything?

Shakespeare.

"Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbury, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quaint."

Anne. Ye-e-s. Like the butler introducing people up at the Hall. Do go on.

Shakespeare (thoroughly disgusted). Here, you'd better take the stuff yourself and read it.

Anne (after a pause). Oh, how jolly! I've found a bit that rhymes!

Shakespeare. What's that?

Anne (reading).

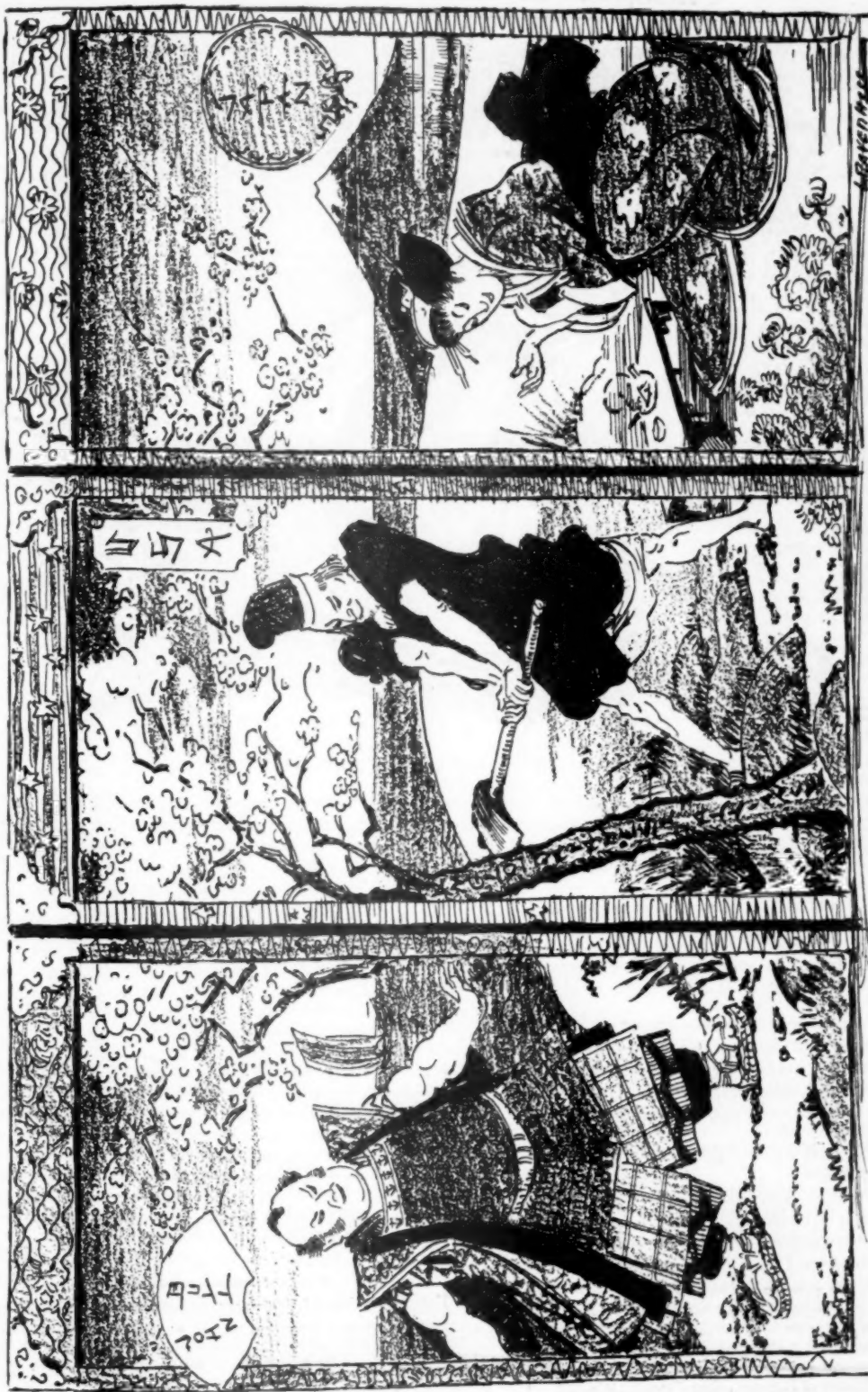
"I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Oxford, Spencer, Blount and Kent."
Just like pheasants—or deer—

Shakespeare (grimly). Perhaps you'd like me to read you out a little conversation between *Pistol* and *Falstaff*?

Anne. I think I ought to go round and see my father now. (*She rises and walks to the door*.)

Shakespeare (snatching the manuscript from the table and hurling it to the ground, muttering). So! I'll to London!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 14, 1921.



THE WASHINGTON HATCHET. AMERICAN DESIGN FOR A JAPANESE SCREEN.

[It is announced that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is to be terminated in favour of an understanding between the Four Great Powers that have interests in the Pacific.]



Head Groom (before retiring for the night). "D'YER WANT OWT IN T' MORN, SIR?"

Hunting Squire. "No, JAMES; NOTHING PARTICULAR DOING."

Head Groom. "WELL, SIR, I WAS THINKIN' O' GETTIN' WED, BUT IF YE WANT OWT WE CAN PUT IT OFF."

Anne (turning as she goes out). And I'm sure you'll find somebody there who'll appreciate it *much* better than I can.

ANNE, in fact, was a Philistine. She failed to understand what a beautiful and flexible instrument blank verse can be in the hands of a master of prosody. She could not tell the difference between the calm measured dignity of

"My lord Northumberland, see them despatched,"

or

"I think it is my lord of Westmorland,"

the sharp peremptory vigour of

"Go call the Earls of Surrey and Warwick,"

and the delicate cool urbanity of

"Lord Mortimer and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?"

She found it impossible to fit into the same metrical scheme the leisurely grace of

"Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glasdale,"
the fierce, almost breathless

"Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,"
and the rippling gaiety of

"Sir Robert Brackenbury and Sir William Blandon."

We to-day can hear all the thunders of the mediæval prelatry in lines like:—

"Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,"

or

"The Bishop of Bayonne, then French Ambassador."

I little wonder that the married life of these two persons

was unhappy. SHAKESPEARE himself loved, and rightly loved, nothing better than building up line after iambic line of beautiful English names: there are hundreds more of them. I have only quoted the most beautiful, and I have not altered a word. I only regret that SHAKESPEARE did not bring more characters in. There were other Kings to write about too. HENRY III. and EDWARD III. both reigned longer than HENRY VI. With any luck they might have had four Parts. Another great loss is that there was no *Hansard* for the meetings of barons and parliaments in those days. SHAKESPEARE would have put it all in, with the complete list of names in each lobby, all done into blank verse. Fortunately, dramatists are beginning to realise that this is the noblest kind of play to write, and we are going to have a lot of them soon. Personally, I am just beginning a *Queen Victoria*—in eight Parts.

By the way, with regard to the little scene I have written above, a friend who has read it points out that there are one or two anachronisms in it. This is a shallow criticism. SHAKESPEARE is full of anachronisms. I shall have a two-penny post in my play about QUEEN VICTORIA. EVOE.

From a review of *Stephen Graham and the Near East*:—

"Belgrade was a striking contrast to Constantinople. The ex-Turkish capital is hectic, the Bulgarian deadly dull... From Belgrade to Sofia. Sofia is now the capital of the great country of Yugoslavia."—*Weekly Paper*.

The Balkan Tangle appears to be even worse than it was before the War.

A SITTING TRY.

Geoff, the laziest of men,
Never rose till half-past ten,
And he always slept between
Five o'clock and seven-fifteen,
While at other times he dozed
Only when he felt disposed.

How, you ask, could such a slug be
Any earthly use at Rugby?
Listen, and you'll hear the story
Of his sudden rise to glory.

"No-side" was approaching; we
Had no points; our foes had three
(From a penalty the ref.
Gave when he discovered Geoff
Snoring in the other scrum
Like a cracked euphonium).

Forwards, show your British grit;
Put your last ounce into it!
See, our desperate fortunes mend;
We have reached the other end.
O'er the goal-line, on the ball
Friend and foe together fall
Like a swarm of angry bees,
Till the watchful referee's
Whistle penetrates the hive:
He's ordained a "twenty-five."

* * * * *
Who is this that from the heap
Crawls out last and falls asleep,
Quaffing deep of Morpheus' cup right
Up against the left-hand upright?
Hush! I do believe the ref.
This time *hasn't* spotted Geoff.

* * * * *
From the twenty-five the foe
Takes a drop-kick long and low,
Sending it *too* far in front,
And our back has time to punt.
Straight and true the leather flies
Down the field; their full-back tries
Bravely to impede its flight,
Fails, but touches it; and right
On towards the goal it creeps
Where the unconscious Geoffrey
sleeps.

There it softly comes to rest
(Coy as little bird in nest)
Right against our hero's chest.

Victory has crowned our hosts;
Geoff has scored between the posts!

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Usually just before Christmas the better-class horses are like Hector, sulking in their tents."—*Daily Paper*.

And even so Achilles could not show him a clean pair of heels.

From a lecture programme:—

"Dr. —: 'The Animal World seen from Under the Chairman,' Ald. —, M.A., F.Z.S." The worthy Alderman, in the words of *Cassius*,

"doth bestride this narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about."



Sympathetic Stranger. "AWKWARD INSTRUMENT, THE DOUBLE BASS, FOR A NIGHT LIKE THIS."

Professional Musician. "I WISH TO HEAVEN I'D TAKEN UP THE PICCOLO!"

"A CUP STRUGGLE."

EXETER Y.M.C.A. OVERCOME BY BEER."
Local Paper (Football Edition).

It must have been a distressing spectacle.

"CHRISTMAS WINES."

Champagne at 14s. a dozen.

Wines for the Christmas season will be lower in price than they have been for several years, but buyers would serve their own interests by dealing only with well-established firms."—*Daily Paper*.

This caution appears to be justified.

"CRICKET."

Durban, November 1.—A full Cabinet have beaten Natal by 194 runs."—*Indian Paper*.

What would they have won by if the match had been finished before lunch?

"Sammy First Place," one of the best of George Bernard Shaw's productions, was staged at the — Pavillion last night." *Local Paper*.

We are glad to see that the author of "Fanny's First Play" has broken out in a new place.

FLAPPERS' ENGLISH.

THE old-world gentleman was installed amongst his books, puzzling over a small violet-tinted document, when the Interpreter arrived.

"I have sent for you," he explained, "because I understand from your advertisements in the daily Press that you have a working knowledge of what you describe as 'Flappers' English,' and claim to be able to translate it into the older forms of that language?"

The Interpreter bowed.

"In that case," continued the old-world gentleman, tapping the document in his hand, "you may be able to assist me with this. It is a letter from my grand-niece whose guardian and trustee I am under her late father's will. Perhaps the best plan would be for me to read a little of it at a time and for you to transcribe it as I go."

He adjusted his spectacles, and the Interpreter produced a note-book and pencil.

"My niece's letter," said the old-world gentleman, "has what strikes me as an extraordinary opening. She writes:—

"MY DARLINGEST OLD NUTMEG,—Hello-o-e-e! Well, what about it? In the pink, I hope, and all that sort of tosh. I'm sorry to nag about this child, but s'trewh is I'm a wee bit wonky myself. It's my birthday shortly and I'd set my heart on a small Binge, only now funds won't allow. Personally I was hit to the boundary over Tishy and that has put me in the Mulligatawny for the remainder of the course. Do you think you could advance the necessary out of my pickings of the spoils? I should be no end braced if you can see your way to wangle it, you dear old top."

He paused and regarded the Interpreter doubtfully.

"This condition she mentions—the word 'wonky,' you remember," said the old-world gentleman. "Nothing—er—serious, I trust? Possibly a touch of the liver. For the rest I deduce that my niece contemplates purchasing for herself one of the lighter types of motor-car. I hope she has chosen wisely. In the descriptions of the recent exhibition of these machines I fail to recall any mention of this particular make which she refers to—the Binge."

The Interpreter coughed and consulted his note-book.

"So far, Sir," he announced, "a rough translation of the young lady's letter into something approaching the English of your own period reads as follows:—

"MY DARLING GUARDIAN,—Greetings. My thoughts and hopes for your health and welfare are too well understood

between us to need any expression here, even if I could find words to convey the love and affection that you know I have for you. I hesitate to trouble you about my own small affairs, but the fact is that I am a little depressed just now. It is my birthday shortly and I had set my heart on a small celebration of that occasion, but unhappily the state of my purse does not permit of it. I was unfortunate enough to sustain a rather heavy financial reverse over an unsuccessful wager I made on a race-horse of the name of Tishy, and this has left me with but a small portion of my allowance upon which to complete the remainder of this present quarter. I should be considerably cheered and eternally grateful if you, my kind wise counsellor, could contrive to arrange a small loan from the money that is to accrue to me some day as my share of dear Papa's estate."

"Bless my soul," gasped the old-world gentleman, "it's a mercy I sent for you! Unaided I should never have been able to grasp all that. But let us continue. My niece goes on:—

"But what's making me feel so frightfully puce just now is that, between you and me, I've got a terrible pash on for Rusty Nolan and have only just finished the perfectly ghastly stunt of washing it out with Harold Thorpe. I know this sounds a bad act and perfectly dippy, remembering how lousy I was about Harold; but really, though it's a dear well-meaning thing, it's awfully Early-Vic. and stuffy, and I found I positively couldn't stick it even as a fiasco, let alone for keeps. Rusty's a great turn and I'm sure you'll vote him an absolutely winner. He's top hole at pills and fearfully keen on the pics, so we've got a lot of interests in common, haven't we? I went about with him a great deal when I was staying with the Cathcarts this summer, and as the Thorpes were there too Harold went in off the deep end and struck his head on the bottom, and it was all rather hectic for a time with Harold inclined to be very up-river about Rusty. But in the end I took a strong line and cancelled the contract, which stopped him talking in church. Rusty is going to crash down to your place as soon as he gets a breather to ask your pious blessing and the rest of it, so promise me to seem chuffed when he blows in. And now, my very dearest of dear old things, I must slip my anchor and fade away as I have to dash into my glad rags for a mingle at the Stanhopes' this e'en. Bye-bye. Yours for ever and ever, BABS."

The old-world gentleman sank back in his chair with an air of complete bewilderment.

"Much of this is entirely unintelligible to me," he confessed; "but from what I am able to conjecture here and there I gather that there has been some sort of tragedy during either a river or seaside holiday. For instance it is clear that the young man Thorpe was unfortunate enough to meet with a bathing accident. Whilst taking a high dive he appears to have injured his head—a sad occurrence which obviously had the effect of impairing his reason to the extent of causing him to behave in an unseemly manner in a sacred edifice. As for this Rusty she refers to, do I do right to conclude from the description of him as being 'top hole at pills' that he is a gifted young medical man who specialises in that particular form of applied medicine and has come out top in all his examinations? Pray correct me if I am wrong."

The Interpreter scratched the back of his ear with the point of his pencil.

"I am afraid, Sir," he said, "that this requires time. I shall have to take the letter along to my office with me and send you a close and careful translation of it as soon as I can manage to work it out."

"A most excellent suggestion," agreed the old-world gentleman gratefully. And having shown the Interpreter out he turned with a sigh of relief to his well-worn copy of *Burke On the Sublime and Beautiful*.

TAXIATION PROBLEMS.

I.—THE MISSING WORDS.

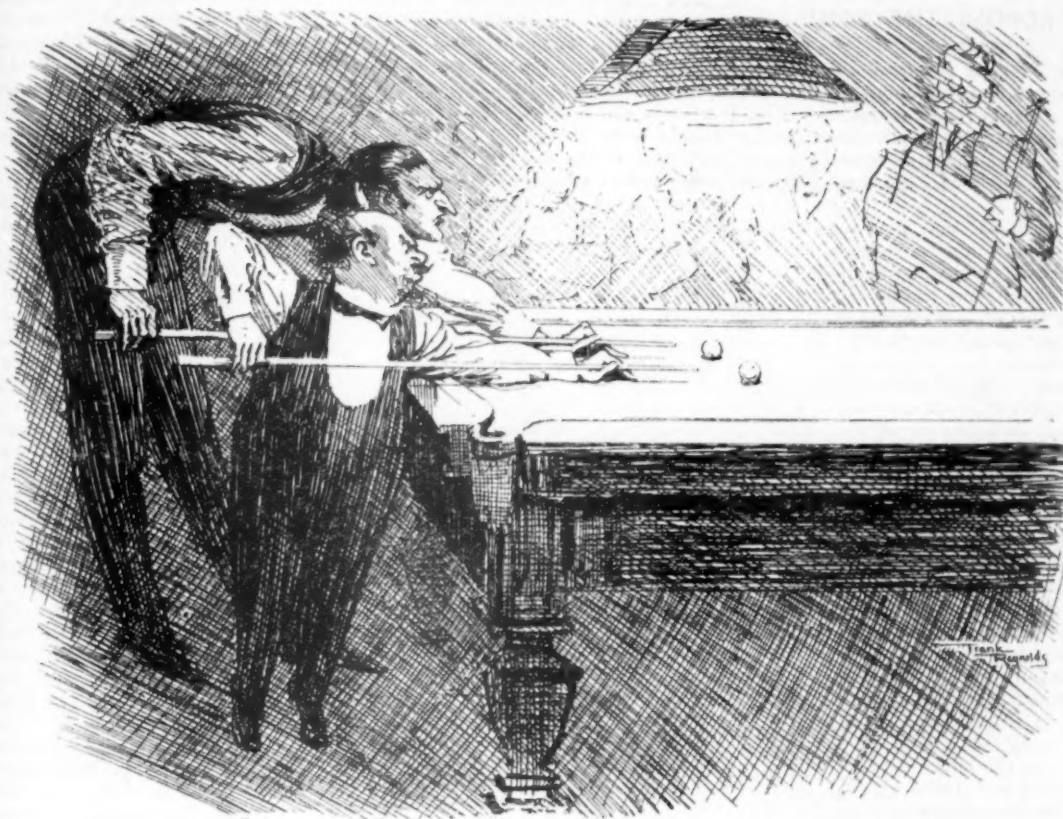
HERE is a riddle for Londoners:—

A. was leaving Gray's Inn late in the rain and hoping for a taxi. Empty taxis are not numerous in Holborn at night and for some time he had no luck. Then he saw a cab putting down a fare in the distance and ran to secure the driver before he moved on. This was accomplished; but before A. had entered the cab he perceived that the driver was more under the influence of John Barleycorn than a cautious fellow wants his chauffeur to be.

A. therefore let go the handle of the door and said that, on second thoughts, he would find a more sober driver.

The driver, who fortunately had not yet lowered his flag, made a series of suitable rejoinders, and A. walked on to pursue the hunt.

He passed Kingsway and Southampton Row—no luck. But a little way down Shaftesbury Avenue an empty taxi overtook him. It was going at a smarter pace than empty taxis usually do, but A. was just in time to detect that it was free and secure it, and it came to a stop several yards ahead, pulling up with the scrunching noise



STRINGING FOR BREAK: A DECORATIVE MOMENT IN OUR ART CLUB BILLIARD HANDICAP.

that has added a new note to the London symphony.

A. hurried up with a sigh of satisfaction and was giving his address when he discovered that the driver was the same man he had just accused of drunkenness.

At the same moment the driver discovered beneath A.'s hat the offensive features of the man who had accused him.

The riddle to solve is this: What did the cabman say?

Did he say that if I—I mean that if A.—was the only fare left in London and he, the cabman, was starving, he would sooner drop dead than drive me half a something yard, even though I offered him twenty something quid? Did he say that?

I tender no assistance, nor is there any prize for the correct reply.

II.—AUTOS D'ESPAGNE.

"This," said my sanguine young financial friend, "is the prospectus."

He handed it to me and I read as follows:—

The Red Light Taxi-cab Company

has been formed to meet a long-felt want. Everyone has been complaining of windows that won't pull up or keep up; of meters that cannot be seen by the passenger; of doors that fly open; of the want of any means of telling at night whether an approaching cab is free or occupied; of the difficulty of communicating with the driver; of incivility from drivers.

The Red Light Taxis are guaranteed to remove all these disabilities. After a few days no one will ever take an ordinary cab if a Red Light cab is available.

Every Red Light Taxi will be fitted with a red glass slide which after dark will always be kept over one of the headlights until the cab is hired, thus giving the signal that it is free.

Every Red Light Taxi will have windows that wind up and down from within and can be fixed at any height.

Every Red Light Taxi will have a meter that is not obscured.

Every Red Light Taxi will have a trap to open and close through which the passenger can communicate with the driver.

Every Red Light Taxi will have safety-fastening doors.

Every driver of the Red Light Taxis will pledge himself:—

- (a) To avoid the streets where blocks are most frequent.
- (b) To keep the windows shut while the cab is unoccupied in cold and wet weather.
- (c) To open the door for passengers when they enter.
- (d) To open the door for passengers when they alight.
- (e) To keep his change where he can get at it under a minute.
- (f) To abstain in winter from flapping his arms and coughing (to suggest cold and privation) while the passenger is finding the fare.

Then came the list of directors and all the financial part.

"Well," I said, "it sounds wonderful. Nothing was ever more acutely needed. You ought to coin money."

"But it's not coming off," he said.

"Good Heavens! Why not?"

"All the cabs are ready, but we can't get a single driver." E. V. L.

ACROSS THE POND.

III.

ONE day in England I looked up America in the Encyclopædia. It said, "In America the mountains are extremely lofty, the rivers are extremely long, the prairies are unusually extensive and the houses are the highest in the world."

I concluded that that was not the whole truth about America; that if one actually came here one would find some men and women of ordinary size with ordinary human hearts like our own.

I was wrong. The American heart is built on the same scale as the sky-scrapers. Their hospitality is like Niagara, overwhelming and extremely wet. If everyone could foresee the chilly fussiness with which American officialdom would welcome them no one would ever go there; but if they could foresee the friendly warmth of individual Americans no one would go anywhere else. The contrast is stupefying. It is like being bludgeoned to death by the butler on the door-step and being given the freedom of the house immediately afterwards. I am almost afraid to admire the Woolworth building for fear somebody should offer to give it to me. In Spain they have the same habit of giving you things, but the difference is that in Spain nothing much happens—unless you are a very, very active man.

Everyone seems anxious to know one's impressions of New York; but one does not receive impressions of New York so much as of a series of violent contusions. The worst shock I suffered was when, strolling down Fifth Avenue at dusk, admiring the shops and the people and the lights, I was confronted with the following notice:—



And Fifth Avenue at about that time is perhaps the most perfect loitering street I know.

But I believe that is the secret of America. They are a nation of loiterers gone wrong. Someone started the rumour that they were hustlers, and ever since they have been trying to live up to it. In a very public place like Fifth Avenue the police have to put their foot down and goad them into some show of activity; but where they can get away into some quiet corner, like Wall Street, you see the difference at once. I strolled up Broadway (the

with complete impunity. Others, less daring, put on busy faces when they saw me, like the men who pass you in the passage of a Government office; but I was not deceived; the truth is out. Wall Street is a home of rest for New Yorkers who cannot keep up the pace of Fifth Avenue.

As the pleasant tunes of the old English hymns tumbled deliberately out of the sky, and as I watched these gentle little men moving delicately up and down the quaint old street, I was reminded of home. I know a street in South Kensington which has much the same atmosphere in the quiet part of the day.

But there are few other places in New York where you can find that atmosphere. One of them is the Aquarium, a superb collection of beautiful fish, not one of which makes any kind of noise or has any kind of electric light advertisement attached to it. Not that I disparage the second great sight of New York, the "sky-signs" of Broadway. Far from it. I have a vulgar taste for the Great White Way. Broadway by night is a mixture of the Earl's Court Exhibition and Heaven as described in the hymns, for both of which there is a great deal to be said. You have the "endless noonday" and the "dazzling light" and the "thousands, thousands ever-thronging," and you have the advertisements. Only there is so much light that you seldom discover what it is that is being advertised. All you see in every direction is a million little balls of light and strings of light and dollops of light in all



PATHOS.

"I WANT TO CHOOSE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT—ONE SUITABLE FOR A SHORT, DARK, MIDDLE-AGED BACHELOR WITH RETIRING DISPOSITION AND NO NEAR RELATIVES—TO GIVE TO HIMSELF."

business end) one sunny morning, canning from one skyscraper to another in my efforts to discover the sky, and suddenly I beheld Wall Street, the street of Mammon. And at that moment the bells of Trinity Church, which is opposite to Wall Street, began to play hymn-tunes. I do not know what words go to what tunes in America, but the first tune which the bells played has always been associated in my mind with the words, "Sweet is the calm of Paradise the Blest." And that seemed to me to be the note of Wall Street that morning, a narrowish quiet little thoroughfare where many people were loitering

colours, wriggling and squirming and jumping and disappearing. You see a wonderful motor-car rushing over the roof of a sky-scraper, and you are so fascinated by it that you never discover what make of car it is; you see a lion spinning a ball with his front-paw, and a man knocking down nine-pins, and another man shooting an arrow out of a bow and hitting the bull's-eye every time, and some jolly little dogs drawing a sledge, and a Teddy Bear waving a whip, and a marvellous creation like a "set-piece" at the Crystal Palace fireworks, with beautiful peacocks' tails, and a dozen little dwarfs



Hostess. "I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR MY DAUGHTERS PLAY THIS, AS I'M TOLD IT'S YOUR FAVOURITE OF ALL YOUR COMPOSITIONS."
Famous Composer (sadly). "IT WAS."

doing physical exercises; and I know that the dwarfs were recommending some gentleman's sugar-coated chewing-gum (though I forget which); but what the others were recommending I have no more idea than the man in the moon. And in the middle of it all you observe suddenly a bright banner which cries aloud:—

THE BEAVERS
ENDORSE
JOHN F. HYLAN
FOR MAYOR

and you look up at the far stars, wondering about the Beavers; and what you thought was the Great Bear, or perhaps the Great Beaver, bursts into flame over this City of Dreadful Light, and, winking wickedly, remarks

THERE IS A
HIDDEN RADIANCE IN
YOUR HAIR

Shocked by this terrible writing on the sky, you shift your eyes and read

KEEP HIM ON THE BEACH
VOTE FOR COHEN
A GOOD JUDGE

It is easy to find one's way in New York, so everybody says; and, if one is good at mental arithmetic, that is perfectly true. For instance, if you are on Fifth Avenue at 7th Street and you want to go to 239th Street, you know at once that you have only to walk two hundred and thirty-two blocks and you will be there. On the other hand it is impossible to remember anybody's address.

But New York is better than Philadelphia, where I know a man who lives at 5448 Walnut Street (and he is nowhere near the end of the little street); or Washington, where half the streets are just letters of the alphabet, and I have been staying at 1501 H Street.

There is something very home-like about that, don't you think?

Fortunately, American politeness is real enough to recognise one's difficulties and condone one's worst unpunctualities. Yesterday, after devious adventures in arithmetic, we arrived at a luncheon-party exactly forty minutes late. And all our host remarked, in a casual manner, was, "Well, I'll just go and see if lunch is ready." A. P. H.

"The Fisherman."

In his last issue, under the above heading, Mr. Punch ignorantly published as original a curtailed version of certain lines which first appeared a very long time ago, and have been reproduced at divers times and in divers places. He offers his best apologies to the creators of the original poem (it took five of them, he understands, to make it, including his friend, Bishop Browne). He also thanks the various correspondents who have called his attention to the matter, and begs them to accept this acknowledgment of their kindness.



Husband. "GOOD LORD! YOU CAN'T GO TO A DINNER LIKE THAT. IT'S NOT A FANCY-DRESS DANCE."
Wife. "MY DEAR BOY, IT'S EVERYONE'S DUTY TO MAKE A BRIGHTER LONDON."

CIVIL WAR IN BLOOMSBURY.

(Being a faithful doggerel paraphrase of "The Montessori Society Split," as reported in "The Times.")

SING, Muse, the tragic story of the Montessorian split
And the lurid possibilities arising out of it,
Revealing how "pædologists," though normally urbane,
May develop, on occasion, quite a first-class fighting strain.

Opposing factions, long estranged, closed in the battle-shock
At a memorable meeting in the Square of Tavistock,
When the Dottoressa's champions, in a series of scenes,
Assailed their own executive and gave it bounteous beans.

A preliminary fusillade of protest and complaint
Was aimed against the treatment of the patron lady saint,
And a hostile vote was carried by the rulers of the roast
Removing Mr. Secretary HARRIS from his post.

Next the dissidents demanded that the letter should be
shown

Wherein the Dottoressa had resigned her London throne;
And when Miss WEBB, the Chairman, resolutely answered
"No!"

Disorder reigned in Bloomsbury for half-an-hour or so.

At last the tumult ended, and some seventy per cent.
Repaired to the adjacent "Mary Watson Settlement,"
Where they set to work exploring all pacific avenues,
Having chosen Miss SWANELLY as the spokesman of their
views.

But when negotiations failed cohesion to restore
They promptly raised a special fund to carry on the war;

Seven pounds eleven shillings was the sum to which they
sprang,
And they chose to be their Treasurer a gentleman named
BANG.

On this detonating basis the seceders set about
The task of promptly clearing the reactionaries out,
And elected a Committee of a strong and forceful stamp,
Including the momentous BANG and Misses FAYRE and
CHAMP.

The Committee are empowered, so *The Times'* report declares,
To wind up the Society and settle its affairs;
To assure the Dottoressa of the fealty of her flock,
And secure the old headquarters in the Square of Tavistock.

At the moment of my writing nothing further yet is known
Of the progress of the conflict in the First West Central zone;
But I cannot overlook a dark and sinister report
That General BANG is marching on the Montessorian fort.

And, seeing that no deadlier antipathy exists
Than the fury of exasperated educationists,
We cannot be too grateful that no adequate supply
Of chunks of old red sandstone is available hard by.

In Memory of Sir Arthur Pearson.

BORN 1866. DIED DECEMBER 9TH, 1921.

NOT once in darkness did your courage fail,
Serving their need who shared your dawnless night;
Now from your eyes has God withdrawn the veil,
And on your vision breaks the larger light.



FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS.

ST. DAVID (supplementing the work of St. Patrick). "THERE GOES THE LAST AND THE WORST OF THEM."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
540 EAST 57TH STREET
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Mother (to determined child who has followed her up to ask for money to buy a promised skipping-rope). "NAH, THEN—YOU MUSTN'T COME IN 'ERE. 'OW MANY TIMES 'AVE I TOLD YER NOT TO WORRY ME WHEN I'M AHT SHOPPIN'?"

A TRAIN TRAGEDY.

"THERE's a corridor carriage further up," said Robinson.

"I prefer this," I replied. "One is more likely to keep an ordinary compartment to oneself; and with a two hours' run, a good book and, thanks to you, an excellent cigar, what more can a man want?"

"Yes, I think you'll find the cigar sound," said Robinson. "Well, you're just due to start, so I'll say Good-night."

He moved off, and I sank into my corner and took out my match-box.

Empty! (you guessed that was going to happen, of course).

The train was on the point of starting. Looking wildly out of the window, I espied not twenty yards away an automatic machine, the kind that sells you matches. I leapt from my carriage, incidentally dropping my novel under the train as I did so, and, disregarding the protests of the guard, to whom I shouted a promise of a tip which would represent half-a-crown free of income-tax, dashed for the machine. I reached it as the inexorable whistle sounded and

drew from my pocket its only coin, a two-shilling piece. With the recklessness of desperation I thrust it into the slot. My luck was in—the florin worked the machine. I snatched the box and turned headlong for the moving train.

The callous guard had shut my door and stood with outstretched arms, declaring that I was too late; but, with a swerve which would have done credit to an international three-quarter, I eluded him, jumped on to the foot-board and opened my door. Outraged ticket-collectors, porters and carriage-cleaners, having failed to deter me by their chorus of "Stand back, there!" rushed at me, and, heaving me savagely into my compartment, slammed the door.

I landed full-length on the floor, grasping my prize and breathing benedictions on the inventor of automatic machines.

My seven-shilling novel was gone; I had grossly overpaid a mere machine, and there was something owing to the guard. But no matter. I ensconced myself in my corner, gripped my cigar affectionately between my teeth, opened

the hand containing my cheap-at-two-shillings prize and read the legend on the box, "Perkins and Lamb's Butter-scotch."

"CHARLES'S CAREER 'FILMED,'
EX-EMPRESS THE CENTRAL FIGURE."
Daily Paper.

We understand that Mr. KARL CHAPLIN is contemplating an action for infringement of copyright.

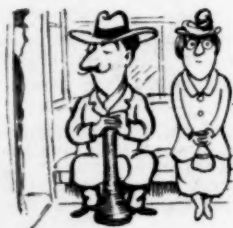
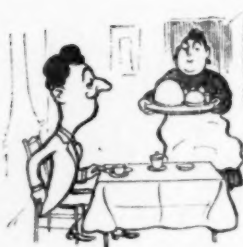
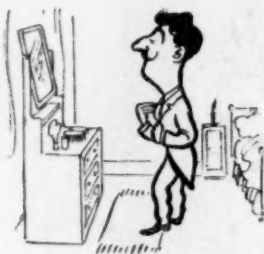
"A BARRIE DANCER.

Mrs. ——— was formerly Miss ———, who in 1910 was dancing at the Haymarket Theatre as 'Water' in Barrie's 'Blue Bird.'"
Evening Paper.

This would appear to be a coloured imitation of "The Little White Bird" in MAETERLINCK'S *Peter Pan*.

"Mr. De Valera, on July 21, returned home announcing that 'A basis for a formal conference has not yet been found.' The Prime Minister sent a second letter, which was unanimously rejected by Mr. De Valera."
Provincial Paper.

MR. DE VALERA seems to make a habit of this sort of thing. When he disagrees his unanimity is wonderful.



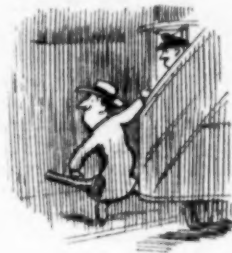
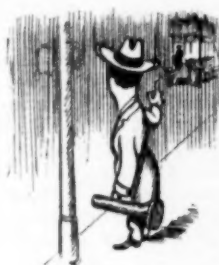
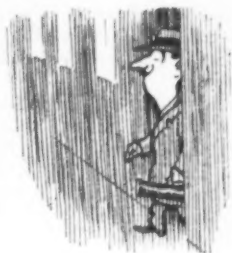
THE ONE-NOTE MAN.



THE ONE-NOTE MAN.
(Continued on next page.)



THE ONE-NOTE MAN.



Wm. BAYHAM. 1921.

THE ONE-NOTE MAN.

AT THE PLAY.

"CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN."
(AMBASSADORS.)

"GEORGE PASTON" presents her amusing if unlikely heroine to us in a Bloomsbury lodging; intelligent, but sedulously writing "slosh" for the less intelligent magazines; encased rather than attired in a dun shirt-waist, a most uncompromising snuff-coloured tweed skirt and solemn heelless shoes; with goggles too and hair brushed back hard and taut, and manners to match.

Of course no man wants her (real men want only beauty, not brains; I hope that is understood), though she has "pals" in plenty. A middle-aged Colonel, who is flirting with her friend, a pretty widow, positively shies at Robina—this being a part of his old-fashioned military courtesies.

"What can be done about it?" asks Robina of the pretty widow. "Lots" is the obvious answer. There's extra hair to be had and permanent waving; there's a permanent undetectable rouge and sundry unguents, essences, salts and powders; there's manicure and massage; and there are emphatically clothes—not only creations above, but delicate diaphanous inventions beneath. (It's odd that Robina should have escaped knowledge of these, considering the frankness of our current advertisements.)

So Robina invested her savings in these commodities, and, as you would guess, the Second Act sees her, five weeks later, in the pretty widow's house on the river letting herself go—a vision of beauty, a radiator of irresistible charm. The only man who isn't favourably impressed is the one she herself cares for most, a young doctor, worthy but a trifle solemn and likely to make a bad husband, I fancy. All the others fall like ninepins: a young ass who used to babble to Robina, the chrysalis, about his engagement, deserts his betrothed for Robina, the butterfly; the Colonel's nephew, who loses his silly head; the Colonel himself, who, thinking he is dealing with a sister of the horrifying virgin of Bloomsbury, gets to the actual point of proposing. She will give him her answer to-morrow.

And, of course, to-morrow, Robina, conscious that she's not been playing the game, or, at any rate, that the game

has not quite come off in the right quarter, is back in Bloomsbury—a sallow spectacled dowdy, sloshing away with ink-stained fingers. The Colonel, making a wry face, repeats his proposal and is, to his unspeakable relief, refused: not a highly intelligent Colonel. The errant young ass is restored to his betrothed: not a highly intelligent betrothed to take him back. Robina's solemn puritan, brought to the scratch, I have no doubt, by the revelations of Act II., appears with every intention of proposing. The shock is a little more than even he can bear.

A compromise is hastily effected. Robina fluffs her hair, discards her drab coverings for a dainty but modest frock and assumes a pair of suede shoes; but forswears the rouge-pot and the transformation.



The door flew open. In he ran,
The GEDDES super-scissor-man.

Adapted from STREWWELPETER.

Of course the little difficulty is that the Robina of the Second Act is not the Robina of the First, in new clothes with a new air, but a quite different being—a tribute to Miss IRIS HOEY's characterisation, but not strictly helpful to the thesis (if any) of "GEORGE PASTON." However the latter had her real triumphs, chiefly perhaps in the shrewd and witty shafts of malice which she directed at the cruder and vainer sex. Our laughter sounded a little hollow at times, I rather think. But there was much else to laugh at in unembarrassed fashion, for which our best thanks are due.

Mr. C. V. FRANCE gave us a quite delightful piece of acting (the Colonel's proposal), which simply could not have been better done. Miss HOEY was at her best (and very good it was) in her truculent or her pert passages; less happy, perhaps, when the note of sentiment or sentimentality was touched (occasionally, I think, "GEORGE PASTON"

attempted to carry too heavy goods on her slight raft). Miss ETHEL COLERIDGE offered a pleasant and individual study of a landlady; a well-written part, this. The little play struck me as rather under-rehearsed and should improve.

T.

CHEMICAL COURTSHIPS.

(The latest advice to persons about to marry is to be careful that their chemical dispositions are satisfactory.)

SHE had no sort of use for Ted;
Excess of carbon, so she said,
Produced in him a swollen head.

She had to frown on Tom and Dick,
They'd both such lots of arsenic,
A thing she felt she couldn't stick.

She prudently declined the Dean
Because his nitro-glycerine

Might cause a sad domestic scene.

Although she rather fancied Bill,
That young romance she had to kill—
His oxygen was almost nil.

Salt-petre—sulphur, too!—in Pat,
Plus charcoal—fatal risk in that!—
He might explode and spoil her hat.

But, when at last she met her fate,
Analysis had little weight,
For Cupid shot his arrow straight.

When Mr. Right began to woo,
She answered, "Darling, take me, do,
In spite of all your CO₂."

"BETTER CALVES.

INSPECTION PROPOSED."

Headlines in Morning Paper.

The result of the long skirt movement?

"Mark Twain was very near the truth when he described 'the ways of the heathen Chinese' as 'peculiar.'"—Weekly Paper.

But BRET HARTE had the start of him.

From a speech by Mr. DE VALERA:—
"Not going to quail."—Daily Paper.

We trust that, in this sporting connection, Ulster is not going to grouse.

"To a great extent we could overcome class distinctions if there were no women."—Vicar of —.—Evening Paper.

And quite possibly in another two or three generations the Housing Problem would largely have adjusted itself as well.



LITERATURE FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"HERE WILL BE AN OLD ABUSING OF GOD'S PATIENCE AND THE KING'S ENGLISH."—*Merry Wives of Windsor*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF the parents of *Christabel* (HUTCHINSON) had reared her according to the excellent maxim of JOUBERT, "with an eye to her old age," *Dominic de Veyne* would have been spared most of the difficulties which beset his third marriage, and Miss EDITH HENRIETTA FOWLER would have written a subtler and more artistic book than this somewhat disappointing volume. As it is, we have *Christabel* at seventeen, a pretty girl invested with all the attributes of an unpleasant boy, snapped up by a middle-aged nobleman whose main idea is to secure an heir, and spending her next few years of married life pitting her slang—and a very arsenal of *argot* it is—against his not wholly unjustifiable profanity. I must say my sympathies were entirely with *Lord de Veyne* until *Dominica* was born; and then he behaved so exactly like JOHN LEECH'S HENRY VIII. in *The Comic History of England*, when the nurse introduces the Princess ELIZABETH, that I could not take him seriously again, even when twin boys turned up and both parents agreed to let bygones be bygones. The minor characters—*Christabel's* fatuous aunt and uncle, her spindle-shanked cousin and the gloomy Dean she consults, not very fruitfully, over her neglected soul—all suffer from the same excess and defect. They have the extravagance of farce without its geniality. *De Veyne's* two elderly sisters are honourable and delightful exceptions.

MR. SHAW DESMOND'S idea of novel writing is apparently to tumble all his ideas and rough jottings for characters

into a heap without sorting or attempting to work them out; and though all this, as the jacket of *Gods* (DUCKWORTH) plausibly asserts, is "arresting" it isn't very convincing. I found it difficult to follow *Finn Fontaine*, a young Irish lower-middle-class sceptic and journalist, in his quest (very unpromising, I thought) for true religion, for congenial work and for love. I saw no reason at all why the aristocratic and elusive *Deirdre*, sister of *Paris Ashtar*, the æsthete (apparently meant for WILDE), should have married him. MR. DESMOND'S violent descriptions of people seem at first sight to be precise, but do not in reality convey very much: "her limp and grey iris-pointed eyes," "a big-framed commanding man with a shearing nose, calculating eyes with swords in them," "the prominent heavy eye set behind the sheer of the nose" (it would be set there, wouldn't it?). Nor are his characters' views very enlightening. "If we went out to the street corner," says the Jesuit, "and threw revelation at the heads of the people it would cease to be revelation—it would be mathematics." No, I am afraid these *chimæra bominantes in vacuo* won't do at all.

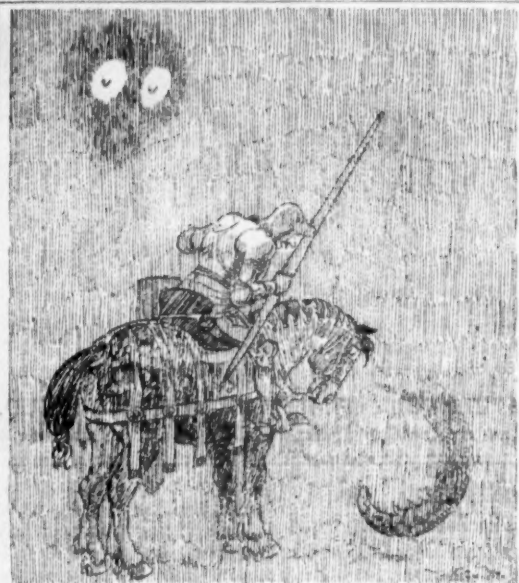
AS Egyptian affairs are to the front just now, it may well be that a book of Cairo sketches by the late Lord EDWARD CECIL will be scanned by the industrious for light and leading on the problems of the Near East. Except, however, for a short and not particularly striking chapter on Lord KITCHENER, there is almost nothing of serious import in *The Leisure of an Egyptian Official* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Its virtue lies in its author's quick-witted observation and his good-humoured chaff of every one in his circle, not excluding himself. If at times the joke is just a

little solemn and laborious in the approach, as perhaps befits a high official and the son of a Prime Minister, still it is always there and often very funny, though without a trace of malice. Not only such matters as the Cairo traffic, or the danger of being bored by a neighbour's conversation, are serviceable to him for a jest, as well of course as the manners of native servants and the ways of his lady friends at golf, but even the routine of his office work appears, mercifully, to have appealed to the writer first on the humorous side. Best of all, I think, is his parody sketch of a Council meeting, Egyptians and Britishers mixed. What particular brand of Council it was he attended, or who were the gentlemen here caricatured, does not now greatly matter, but the effect of the telling is such that one confidently suspects that *Alice* and the *Mad Hatter* had a hand in the business. To those who think that affairs of State have no right to a lighter side, or who hold that an official should have no leisure, these old sketches, which were not originally intended for publication, will make no appeal, but every one else will agree that it would have been a thousand pities if they had never seen the light.

I can't help feeling that if Lady CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL had written *The Greater Love* (HEATH CRANTON) from any other point of view than that of its heroine she would have made a better job of it. This heroine, *Rosemary Fane*, is the child, by a "private marriage," of the heir to an earldom (who apparently takes no interest in her) and a famous actress, *Marian Fane*, whose stage name is *Violet Lorraine* (our living actresses cannot be so widely known as I had supposed). *Rosemary's* romantic love affair with *Frank Moreton*, the son of a great local landowner, begins when they are both children, but on the eve of their marriage *Moreton*, fighting in the Great War, is reported killed. At first *Rosemary* grieves wildly, but by-and-by the hope of following in her mother's footsteps on the stage effectually dries her tears. It is at this juncture that she discovers—as I had a long while before—that *Moreton* isn't dead at all. Maimed, mentally deranged and talking in a broad dialect, he has been brought by the long, long arm of coincidence to be a patient in the V.A.D. hospital, now housed in his old home, where *Rosemary* has been helping his mother. After a sharp struggle she dismisses her dreams of fame, devotes herself to the broken man and wins her reward in his recovery. What I cannot help feeling is that no girl as nice as *Rosemary* is supposed to be could have written down a plain statement of such happenings or reported the nice things people said about herself. Perhaps this is why the book seems to me somewhat naïve and *Rosemary* rather unattractive. There are pleasant touches of character and description which make me think that Lady CATHERINE could write a better novel than this one.

The paper jacket of *Laura Creighton* (HUTCHINSON), Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT's latest novel, depicts a slim fair

girl gazing with horror at an enormous bomb from the nozzle of which a thin wisp of premonitory smoke is escaping. Now I like slim fair girls in my fiction, provided they keep well in the background and leave the hero and the villain to do the rough-and-tumble work; and I simply adore bombs. In spite of my receptive state of mind, however, I early became aware that *Laura Creighton* was leaving me cold. It may be possible for a bright young suburban girl to marry first a Polish anarchist, a greasy young egoist whose occupation in life is to kill for the mere sake of killing, and secondly a British Prime Minister. But Miss MORDAUNT cannot make us believe it all happened quite naturally, or that, in marrying a penniless and unshaven Polish criminal, *Miss Creighton* was being primitive rather than idiotic. Clever writer as she is and excellent at treating a personality, Miss MORDAUNT fails to clothe her puppets with any aura of reality, and meanwhile a good shocker story is going to waste. For in order that



Perplexed Knight. "YES, THAT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF HIS TAIL! PERHAPS IF I FOLLOWED IT UP I MIGHT— BUT IT'S POOR WORK FIGHTING A DRAGON IN A FOG. I'LL COME BACK TO-MORROW IF IT CLEARS UP."

Vortonich may go on killing until the end of the book the police have to be singularly dense and incapable. *Grobo*, the only "higher up" who figures in the book, is a clockwork villain, and the detective, *Mullings*, comes running in after the bomb has gone off like the sleuth in a melodrama. Altogether I was not displeased when *Vortonich* decided to use a pistol instead of a bomb on their Majesties, and, being a bad shot, missed with every bullet except the one he turned upon himself. It was a happy release for at least three people.

I could not pass even a preliminary examination in the novels of Miss KATHLYN RHODES, but I am informed that a cool million of them (and over) have been sold, and now that I have read *Courage* (HUTCHINSON) these statistics do not surprise me. As a novelist Miss RHODES is happy enough to possess most

of the gifts which make for popularity, and she is clever in her use of them. Here she introduces us to a young man who had been wounded in France, and by the time he returns home had lost his mother, his brother, his only child and his wife. He is at war with fate, as well he might be, and he complains bitterly and persistently of God's injustice. Miss RHODES is prodigal of her references to God, but, if she treats the Deity with familiarity, the moral of her story is absolutely correct. *Owen Carey* eventually emerges from his slough of despond, and the tale of his life's reconstruction will be sure to make an emotional appeal to countless readers. As for myself, when I think of that million (and over), I feel very lonely.

More Candour.

From the announcement of an impending bazaar:—

"A big attendance means a financial success. If you cannot come yourself, purchase tickets to give away to those less fortunate."

"In the articles of settlement will be found every essential of that freedom for which the Irish people have fought for over 700 long and sorrowful centuries."—*Provincial Paper*.
From the Glad Stone Age, in fact.

CHARIVARIA.

A PARTRIDGE was last week found in the ivy in St. Paul's Churchyard. The popular theory is that the bird merely wanted to have a peep at Dean INGE.

"Sir Robert Horne," says a gossip writer, "rather likes the new game of Put and Take." No doubt he just revels in the "Take All" emblem.

The door-mat of a suburban ex-service-men's club is said to bear the words "No Politics." We think this idea might well be adopted at the House of Commons.

In advertising circles it is agreed that a great opportunity was missed in allowing the Irish Peace Treaty to be signed with an ordinary push-pen.

It has been decided that Association football is not a lady's game. In Rugby Union circles it is felt that one more long-standing illusion has thus been shattered.

Among the curiosities collected by the Mount Everest Expedition is a whistling hare. We disapprove of these performing animals.

A contemporary reports a Communist split at the recent Conference in Newcastle. The trouble, it seems, arose from a discussion as to whether the Revolution is to be a week-end affair or whether they should decide to make a *matinée* of it.

"Things are not going very well with the Communists in Moscow," says an American writer. It appears that the Assistant Bomb-Throwers' section objected to the present payment by results.

In the Grand Guignol play I saw the other night, says a critic in a weekly paper, there were only three deaths. We fear that people will be demanding their money back if the Little Theatre allows this sort of sickly sentimentalism to creep in.

An American doctor suggests that medical men should tabulate all the data about babies at birth. The danger is that being born is likely to be made such a business that enterprise will be discouraged.

An old superstition, says a contem-

porary, reminds us that it is lucky to be born on Christmas Day. It may, of course, be worth trying.

Complaint is made that the Postmaster-General is not hurrying forward his promised scheme for automatic telephone exchanges. Business men feel that they might at least have the chance of picking their own wrong numbers.

"Are American Cinema Stars Snobs?" asks a headline. We should say they are if it is true that one of their number

that the "h" is silent in Streatham and Clapham. We fancy that in Clerkenwell also it is comparatively little heard.

Earl BEATTY is said to have denied the report of his having told American journalists that he wears his hat on one side because it hurts him to wear it straight. This leaves us where we were with regard to a mystery that has long baffled the naval experts.

Lecturing at the College of Science, Kensington, Professor W. WATTS stated that Niagara Falls are thirty-nine thousand years old. We mistrust these round figures.

Excavation of Asia Minor remains has brought to light records of a postal service. The discovery of fossilized officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand lends colour to the belief that there was once something of the kind in England.

There were no murder cases in the list for trial at the December Sessions at the Old Bailey. The feeling is that the market is being spoilt by film-producers.

"Southend's streets laid out in a line," says a contemporary, "would run for a hundred and seven miles." Still, we think they are best left where they are.

In Full Discharge.

An Indian receipt:—

"I have this day sold my purple-coloured cow and its calf for Rupees One hundred and Ten only. I hereby state that I have washed my hands with the cow and its calf."

From a cigar-merchant's

Christmas circular:—

"We forward if desired, Parcels Direct to your Friends, enclosing your Card only." Practical jokers will doubtless note.

"Miss Muriel —, another local though juvenile aspirate."—*Local Paper*.

We know of many places where they drop them; it is refreshing to learn of one where they are raised.

"The Bristol Dog Show held to-day easily beat all records as far as canine exhibitions in the city are concerned. Indeed, in few places in the whole of the country has a greater measure of success been achieved with a one-dog event."—*Local Paper*.

Every dog has his day, but no dog can ever before have had such a day as this.



J. I. BOWD.

MEALS TO MUSIC.

"WAITER, IF IT WOULD NOT DISORGANISE THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SCHEME OF THE ORCHESTRA, I WOULD PREFER A ROLICKING SEA-CHANTY TO STIMULATE THIS SOLE."

who recently visited this country returned without granting an audience to either the PREMIER or Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

A Turk aged 146 years is returning to Constantinople from Paris, where he tried in vain to get a music-hall engagement. This should warn those who play the juvenile lead in our pantomimes that France has no use for them.

Suburbia, we read, is up in arms against the Greater London scheme. It is hoped that bloodshed may yet be averted.

A writer in a contemporary observes

OF CHRISTMAS PEACE.

Though Noël reeks of right good cheer,
And all its ritual I revere,
I would not have it more than once a year.

Buried is many a lustre since
At bouts of turkey topped with mince
My torpid liver first began to wince.

And if I wear, when overfed,
A cracker-cap upon my head
The joy thereof is practically dead.

Also I find a little slow
Those raptures 'neath the mistletoe,
And Herald Angels sniffing in the snow.

Further, my dotard wits do not
Perceive the fun of getting hot
Over the fox- (or any other) trot.

But Christmas Peace still leaves me gay,
And I am very glad to say
There seems a lot of her about to-day.

A gallant spectacle is she,
There on the wide Pacific sea
Careering in her chariot—4 h.p.

And nearer home—desired how long!—
'Tis good to see her come with strong
Spread wings to cover up an ancient wrong.

And, since it needs no skill to tell
Who was it wrought the magic spell
That conjured Ireland out of all that hell,

Lifting my mug of wassail-mead,
I'll give the "loyalists" a lead
And to the King's Peace drink and wish God-speed.
O. S.

THE ECONOMIST.

PAUSING at my study door I said very gravely, "On no account must I be disturbed," and turned the handle.

"Why not?" asked Mollie brightly.

I compressed my lips, jutted forward my chin and infused into my eyes a particularly penetrating expression. In other words I tried to look like a chartered accountant.

"I am going to inquire thoroughly into my financial position," I said with clear sharp utterance. "I am about to prepare a balance-sheet."

Mollie smiled; the sort of smile she releases when I say that I'll see what's wrong with the kitchen range.

"And I fear," I went on with even clearer, sharper utterance, "I shall find the position utterly untenable."

Mollie laughed; the sort of laugh she emits when I describe someone's frock to her. I wagged a warning finger. "I greatly fear," I continued, "I shall find we are absolutely bankrupt and that, if we were a Bank, we should have to hang out a 'Payment Suspended' notice and close our doors."

"Oh, do let's," pleaded Mollie, "and see what happens."

I entered the study and closed the door very briskly. A few minutes later I was seated at the table with a double sheet of foolscap in front of me. On the left side of the paper I wrote the word ASSETS and on the right LIABILITIES in large imposing characters. Then I paused. I couldn't make up my mind which side Mollie ought to go on, because, you see, sometimes she's one and sometimes she's the other. Eventually I compromised by putting her on both sides,

adding "as *per contra*" after her name among the ASSETS, the way the Banks do with Bills for Collection.

I was about to pass on to the next item when Mollie burst into the room. There was a look of high resolve in her eyes and an air of general uplift about her. I, who am a keen psychologist (and, what's more, a very clever one), deduced instantly the morbid ecstasy of self-sacrifice.

"I've decided I won't," she announced thrillingly.

"Won't what?" I grunted, for had I not given orders that I was not to be disturbed?

"Won't let you do it," explained Mollie earnestly; "won't let you give me that ten-guinea coat for a Christmas present."

Instantly I struck out Mollie's name from the LIABILITIES.

"Thank you," I said gratefully.

And I was grateful. The fact was my bank balance was not at all well. It had never been strong, but latterly it seemed to be sinking fast. I feared consumption; it was just fading away. When I went to the Bank in the mornings I sometimes quite dreaded asking the doctor—I mean the cashier—how it was; some day, I knew, he would shake his head and, dropping his voice, would tell me that the little sufferer had passed away peacefully during the night.

"I know," Mollie went on commiseratingly, "that you've had an awful lot of expense lately."

"I have, I have," I agreed eagerly. (She was referring, of course, to the new curtains and chair-covers.)

"Yes," sighed Mollie; "what with your losses at Auction and your new golf clubs and those boxes and boxes of cigarettes and all the good paper you waste and the two penny stamps on the envelopes you have always to enclose. And so I've decided to do without the ten guinea coat for Christmas. It's an extravagance—and we *must* be economical, mustn't we?"

"We must," I said sternly. I meant *she* must.

"Yes," acquiesced Mollie. "I won't accept anything from you this Christmas"—I beamed at her—"except what I really need. Necessities are, of course, different. And I really need a simple evening frock."

Instantly I deleted Mollie's name from the ASSETS side of my balance-sheet. A simple evening frock would cost far more than the ten-guinea coat; indeed, if it were simple enough, it would cost at least twice as much.

"I want to help you all I can," she continued with a graceful gesture of abnegation. "Think no more about the coat. I don't really mind—not awfully;" and she gave a little gulp.

"Nonsense," I said, striving to sound cheery and Christmassy, "you—you shall have the coat. I—I've set my heart on giving it to you."

Mollie's eyes were star-like. "But—can you afford it? Are you *sure* you can afford it?"

"Yes, yes."

"And you really want to give it to me? Awfully, I mean?"

"Awfully," I groaned.

She came to me and put her arm round my neck.

"You dear old extravagant thing!" she gurgled. "All right. I'll give in to you this once. And you can give me the necessity on New Year's Day—then it'll come into next year's balance-sheet. See how I save your money!"

Across the LIABILITIES side of my financial statement I scrawled the one word, MOLLIE.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"PER VACUUM AD SANITAS."

To parody the motto of the Royal Air Force, one might say 'Through the vacuum cleaner to cleanliness.'—*Daily Paper*.
Far better than saying it in such funny Latin.



PEACE PUDDING.



Gossip (as new neighbour passes by). "JUST FANCY! HIS FATHER WAS ONLY A STATION-MASTER—AND NOT EVEN ON THE MAIN LINE."

THE HAMAGE WAY.

As soon as I read the Christmas catalogue I knew what was the matter with my Club. It lacked gaiety and good cheer. Mr. Hamage, I saw, could help me. With his aid I might bring the graceful gift of laughter to this or any other solemn assemblage of men. I made a few simple preparations and hailed a taxi at once.

The smoking-room was fairly full, and I went up to a distinguished Egyptologist who was sitting by the fire.

"Good morning," he said.

"How do you like my beautiful buttonhole?" I asked.

"Very pretty, very pretty indeed."

"Smell same," I said. (It says, 'Smell same,' in the catalogue, and I always try to stick to the book.)

I leant over him and he sniffed gingerly. Immediately a spray of water shot from the centre of the flower on to his face. Peals of laughter echoed and re-echoed throughout the room. I moved across to the other side, where an eminent novelist was reading the work of a rival with disapproving grunts.

"Can you make out," I asked him politely, "what is written on this card?"

He took it, screwed up his forehead and turned the card round and round in his hand.

"No, I can't," he said. "It doesn't seem to be English at all."

"Ha!" I exclaimed. "Look at your fingers; they are covered with soot."

He left the room to wash them. I followed him, borne away on billows of mirth, and went downstairs to the billiard-room. A handicap tie was being watched with considerable interest. This enabled me to pour a whisky-and-soda swiftly from one glass into another which I drew from my pocket. The drinker, a Government official, took a slow and solemn sip. The whisky-and-soda trickled out on to his chin, his waistcoat and his tie.

"How clumsily you drink," I cried, slipping an imitation beetle into another glass. Whilst the merriment that accompanied these feats was at its zenith, the game had been temporarily suspended. This gave me the chance to put a burning cigar end on the billiard cloth. When it was seen there were loud cries of consternation, changing into bellows of Titanic glee when it was found that the cigar end was made of paper.

I slipped modestly away into the

card-room. Without much difficulty I changed all the unused packs of cards for others, out of the case of which, when touched, a large carrot instantly springs, and heightened my popularity by offering cigarettes in an open box to several players. These cigarettes are covered with glass.

Meanwhile I had unbuttoned my coat and slipped a musical cushion on to a dummy's chair. Dummy returned and sat down. The cushion played "The Wearing of the Green."

Dummy is an Ulsterman. He is also a well-known scientist. Tears of laughter streamed down his cheeks. The room rocked.

I went out to the hall. After causing a vulcanite blot of large size to adhere to the menu-card on the reading-stand, I moved to the vestibule. There I covered the hats and overcoats with beautifully-coloured feathers, which, when thrown, remain attached to the clothes and give a very funny effect, like that of Ojibbeway Indians on the war-path.

"Porter," I said, "I want a taxi." As he started to the door I stopped him.

"Oblige me," I said, "by summoning it with this;" and I drew a whistle from my pocket.

"Very sorry, Sir," he said, "but we are not allowed to whistle for taxis."

"Ah," I said, "I had forgotten. What a pity! If you had been so simple as to accept my challenge and blown your best, you would only have drawn laughter, for you would have found yourself decorated with a handsome moustache of charcoal."

"Indeed, Sir," he said, "that would have been highly amusing, I am sure."
"It would," I agreed; "I should have screamed with delight."

In the taxi I sank back with a sigh of satisfaction and drew a cigarette from my case. After two or three puffs it went off with a bang. How I yelled!

All this amusement, you may say, cost me a good deal of money. But there is plenty of diversion to be had on similar lines with no more outlay than that of a little honest toil. I have invented a few mirth-making devices of my own which I venture to think are an improvement even upon the Hamage way. There is

THE SILENT PIANO.

Cut all the wires out of your musical cousin's piano early on the morning of Christmas Day. In the evening ask her to play a tune. The result will be magical. She will think that the piano has been bewitched. What fun there will be!

Then there is

THE MYSTERIOUS CHEESE.

Cut off a piece of yellow bar soap exactly the size of an ordinary portion of cheese, and slip it on to the dish just before your testy Uncle Andrew is about to be served. Watch his face while he eats. The real hit of the season. And there is

THE COMIC PIT.

Dig a large hole in the drive while the guests are having dessert, and cover it lightly with branches of yew, sprinkling gravel on the top if it is a star-light night. Now hide in the shrubbery and watch people going away from the party. Irresistibly humorous effect.

But the best trick of all, perhaps, is one to play on those *blasés* members of a Christmas gathering who have been a little sated and saddened by the experience of previous years. Drop a real lighted cigarette end on the drawing-room carpet. Everyone will shout, "Oh, it's only one of David's silly jokes again."

How surprised they will be when the carpet really begins to burn. EVOE.

How to Cool the Orient.

"An addition to Trubner's Oriental Series is Dr. de Lacy O'Leary's 'Arctic Thought and its Place in History.'"—*Weekly Paper*.



Lady. "I'M GOING TO A FANCY-DRESS DANCE, AND I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME UP AS ONE OF THOSE 'VAMPS' ONE SEES ON THE PICTURES."

CHANSON TRISTE.

(To a Little Maid Sitting Aloof.)

WHEN first I saw you sitting there
Alone and sad, long years ago,
I would have given much to share
The sorrow that I might not know.

It was a transient thing, I said,
A fleeting sorrow that would pass,
And soon you'd toss your little head
And be an eager laughing lass;

And soon you'd join the merry throng
That gambolled round you, and would
dance

Away the memory of the wrong
Which gave to you that wistful glance.

Yet on the Cover week by week,
The one shy flower in all the bunch,
You sit with downcast head and meek
Sad eyes upon the "C" in *Punch*.

A Dud?

From a pastoral letter in the ———
Parish Magazine :—

"Now that the new Organ in the Parish Church has been dedicated, I shall be very glad to receive gifts towards the cost of its removal."

"All these possibilities that were a week ago spoken of with bated breath will then become possibilities."—*Irish Paper.*

The possibility of a possibility becoming a possibility leaves us no breath to bate.

LORD THANET IN THE FAR EAST.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

SINCE my last despatch the amount of space covered by Lord Thanet in his momentous pilgrimage has been so large and his experiences have been so varied and illuminating that it is impossible to deal with them all in full detail. I make no excuse, therefore, for selecting and emphasising those impressions best calculated to convince the stay-at-home reader of the astounding versatility, sagacity, foresight and benevolence of this modern super-Ulysses.

Lord Thanet has been enormously impressed by the singularity of Sumatra.

Lord Thanet has been immensely impressed by the geniality of Java.

Lord Thanet has been powerfully impressed by the salubrity of Singapore.

Lord Thanet has been profoundly impressed by the benignity of Bangkok.

Lord Thanet has no doubt that he will be prodigiously impressed by the radio-activity of Rangoon.

Lord Thanet proposes to be deeply impressed by the teak forests and the gongs of Burmah.

Lord Thanet hopes to be refreshed and reinvigorated by the hygienic properties of Assam tea. In his opinion the allegations that it contains a deleterious proportion of tannin as compared with the Chinese variety are grossly exaggerated.

Finally, Lord Thanet desires to express a cordial anticipation of the high qualities of the Bombay Duck, which in his opinion must be ranked in the same category as the Welsh Rabbit.

Of the numerous excursions undertaken by Lord Thanet during his stay in Indo-China, by far the most interesting was that made to the famous ruins of Angkor, about one hundred and fifty miles from Saigon. These gigantic relics of Cambodian civilisation have been deserted since the fifteenth century, and, in order to bring home to them, with the minimum of danger, the wonderful privilege of being confronted with the greatest living Englishman, it was most considerably arranged that they should first set eyes on him by moonlight. The Governor-General of Indo-China, who accompanied the party, explained that, if Lord Thanet approached the ruins in the broad blaze of sunlight, the shock might be too great for the venerable fabric, but that if the visit were to take place under the rays of the nocturnal luminary it would be mitigated.

I am glad to be able to report that this view was happily borne out by the sequel. Lord Thanet, it should be mentioned, with characteristic modesty

wore a thick veil while inside the sacred enclosure, and, beyond a slight tremor observable on the quadruple faces of Brahma when the visitor remarked in a thrilling whisper, "Angkor! Angkor!!" no structural casualties were reported.

I ought to add that during his visit to Singapore Lord Thanet was able to give the Governor much valuable advice, in particular on the laying out of covered golf-courses, to secure for players immunity alike from the hottest sun and the heaviest rainfall. Lord Thanet was much struck by the patient industry of the Chinese market-gardeners, the luxuriance of the foliage, and the excellent organisation of the establishments for tinning pine-apples.

Since writing the above I have had the privilege of inspecting an advance copy of Lord Thanet's masterly memorandum on the Malay Archipelago and Peninsula, assuredly the most illuminating document which has yet emanated from his prolific pen. To deal adequately with all the suggestions made for the amelioration of the inhabitants of this vast area would be impossible within the limits of a brief postscript. I can only put up a finger-post to the most important. Foremost amongst these is the admirable suggestion that the spiritual needs of the population of Malaya, being a great amalgamation of races, can only be adequately met by the institution of an Amalgamated Malayan Press. The Malay language, being essentially dissyllabic, lends itself readily to what Lord Thanet so happily calls "Carmelite crispness." He is all in favour of employing the Arabic character, which, owing to the omission of the short vowels, ensures an immense saving of space.

Secondly, I would note the humane proposal that, as a means of promoting the physical vigour of the natives and stamping out beri-beri, malaria, malaise and other regional disorders, State bakeries should be established for the purpose of converting bread-fruit into Standard bread. I may add in this context that Lord Thanet has been intensely impressed by the gustatory attractions of guava jelly. As he puts it, "this exquisite confection titillates the palate more voluptuously than any other preserve with which I am acquainted. It is the supreme culinary embodiment of MATTHEW ARNOLD'S 'sweetness and light.'"

Thirdly, I may mention Lord Thanet's powerful plea for the general introduction of the sarong—a mixture of cloak and skirt—the most characteristic item of Malayan costume, and the eloquence with which he insists on its superiority to the Japanese kimono.

In conclusion Lord Thanet deplors the fact that, along with their many excellent qualities and in particular their intense devotion to the aristocracy and respect for rank, the Malays have no idea of the value of money and only an imperfect appreciation of the eschatological doctrines of the Rev. Mr. VALE OWEN.

LINES TO A JERBOA.

(Written for Joan, who loved him.)

JERBOA, plaintive, silkily alluring,
How much in praise of you might
well be sung!

But now, alas, your case is long past
curing;

For you, in muffled tones, the bell
has rung;

In fact it must be said
That you are dead.

Far from your natal arbores, not dis-
daining

Our piercing winds, our rather chilly
style,

You came, nor cared a hang if it was
raining,

Your aim in life to make your mistress
smile;

If ever she seemed blue
We looked to you.

You watched her moods as in obscure
succession

They flitted o'er her face, and, if you
saw

A tear that fell, escaping her possession,
You made to catch it in a dexterous
paw,

Where like a pearl it shone
And then was gone.

She loved you with embarrassing devo-
tion

And claimed for you ability to talk;
Her pockets sheltered you, and her
emotion

Was keen when once, in church, you
took a walk,
Sauntering down the floor
Towards the door.

The day of your demise had dawned a
bright one,

And until tea-time was accounted fair,
When kindly Uncle Robert, not a light
one,

Relaxed himself in your especial chair;
We found you, when he rose,
With upturned toes.

Now you have passed beyond all re-
clamation

Into a Paradise for pets alone,

Where you are free to seek your recrea-
tion

Secure from gentlemen of sixteen-
stone.

To you, ere memories pass,
I tilt my glass.



GRANNY GETS BUSY AT THE CHRISTMAS BAZAAR.

ACROSS THE POND.

IV.

Two questions only occupy the mind of most American newspaper-men when they detect a fresh guy from England. One is, "What do you think of American women?" and the other, "What do you think of the sky-scrappers?"

Hodge had prepared two simple and beautiful answers, but, being slightly flustered in the presence of the first reporter, he unfortunately mixed them up. To the question about American women he answered simply, "I think they look best on a foggy day," and to the question about the skyscrapers he answered loyally, "They remind me of my mother."

The only question that no newspaperman ever asks is, "What do you think of our newspapers?" One answer would be, "They don't allow a man to think." Most of them are like Broadway by night, a mass of things so startling that no one of them startles you more than any other; one is just startled vaguely in all directions. The headlines are like a number of large organs all playing different tunes at the same time. But if they printed nothing but the head-lines they would still be newspapers; indeed I don't know why they print the rest of the paper at all; I don't think anybody reads it.

When you have read

**WOMAN BANDIT
SANDBAGS**

**MODISTE LURED FROM
SLEEP**

"I hate to do this," remarks Assailant in Hall-way; Men Gather up Loot it would be a pity to spoil the story by reading the rest of it, especially as it is likely to be much less exciting.

Here is another revelation of the capacity of the English language to tell a story in a few words:—

**NO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN
AMERICA, PROFESSOR SAYS**

Hands Palm to African Belles, and Chicago Co-Eds Elect Him King of Crêpe-Hangers.†

To play this game properly you must have numbers of good short words. At the moment the favourite words are "probe," "jolt" and "slay." No one

ever dies in America; they are always "slain." Thus in the headline of an account of a death by drowning the deceased is described as

FOUND SLAIN

"Probe" is used to denote any sort of inquiry or investigation.

**HANGINGS LEGAL, WATSON'S
PHILA. WITNESS AVERS**

**WATSON READY TO DROP
PROBE OF WAR HANGINGS**

"Jolt" is chiefly employed on the football page, where the headline-artist shows perhaps his greatest resource in

or, in other words,

**PITT HANDS JOLT TO
PENNSYLVANIA**

American football has been called a "rough" game; but honestly it is not so rough as this.

Glancing through one of the more racy papers one realises why America is the home of the cinema. Nowhere else can so many exciting things happen so ceaselessly. Read through the following rapidly and then close the eyes:

SPEEDING AUTO HITS MAN; FLEES

**11 SLAIN, 8 HURT IN KENTUCKY
VOTE-FIGHTS**

**GIRL THO BEATEN OUT-
WITS THUGS AND SAVES
PAY-ROLL**

**MADE BOOZE TO KEEP
FAMILY, WOMAN SAYS**

**INSISTS HE IS NOT NEW
JERSEY GIRL'S SLAYER**

**SLUMS ATTRACTED
STUDENT IN DEATH
MYSTERY**

**METHODISTS ADVISE
DRY AGENTS TO USE
THEIR GUNS**

**SHOULD SHOOT BOOT-
LEGGERS' WHEN
ATTACKED,
SAYS STATEMENT;
GIVES MURDER LIST**

DIED

Martha, the dearly beloved wife of John P.—. Funeral on Thursday 17th. Remains may be reviewed Tuesday night

Now then, close the eyes. What do you see?

But no, America is not really like that; and, fortunately, the papers are not all like that.

Just one more. It comes from one of Mr. HEARST'S Sunday papers. This must be the largest paper in the world. Folded up it stands about a foot high. It is no good buying one unless you can get a taxi at the same time. Nobody that I have met does buy it.

**NEW YORK WOMEN INHERIT
MOUNT CARMEL, WHERE GOD
SENT THE HOLY FIRE TO ELIJAH**

The very spot where the Bible says the Prophets of the wicked God Baal were confounded, and the "Field of Armageddon," where the Last Battle between Good and Evil will be fought, pass into the Hands of Americans.

* Illicit dealers in liquor.



Dan. "ULLO, BERT! I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WAS SENDING US A CHICKEN FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER?"
Bert. "SO I WAS, DAN—BUT IT GOT BETTER."

the invention of new phrases to describe defeat. These are all from a single page:

**POOL'S FIELD GOAL JOLTS
HOLMESBURG**

**PENN'S SOCCER TEAM TRIPS
SYRACUSE 5-1**

**NEBRASKA GIVES PITT A
SET-BACK**

**COLUMBIA YIELDS TO CORNELL
POWER**

A match in which the University of Lafayette defeated the University of Pennsylvania was recorded thus:—

**LAFAYETTE MAULS QUAKERS
38-6**

Poor old Quakers! The week before it was:—

**PITT HUMBLER PENNSY BY
28-0 COUNT.**

* Students of a co-educational institution.
† American for kill-joy.



Amateur Conjurer (at our Village Concert). "Now I want everyone 'ere to look 'ard at this 'at I 'old in my 'and, and tell me at once if 'e 'ears anything drop."

Below is a picture of "Elijah on Mount Carmel giving thanks to the Lord while the Holy Fires consume the sacrifice of Israel. (*Inset*, Miss Margaret Dale Owen who, with her aunt, claims inheritance of above sacred spots)."

A. P. H.

For the Children.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in calling the notice of his readers to a Christmas Carnival and Children's Fair to be held at the Albert Hall from December 26th to January 4th, 1.30 to 10 P.M., "in aid of suffering childhood." Among the many Societies whose funds are to be helped by this gay Carnival are two to which Mr. Punch is particularly attached—the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, and the Invalid Children's Aid Association. The Fun of the Fair, to which the price of admission is only 1s. 3d., includes a Play for Children daily at 3.15, a Dance of Live Toys daily at 4.30 P.M., a Punch and Judy Show, a Grand Christmas Tree with prizes for all, a *Thé Dansant* (2s. 6d.), and, on New Year's Eve, a Cinderella Dance (5s.).

For further details application should be made to Mrs. CLAREMONT, National Institute for the Blind, 224-8, Great Portland Street, W.1.

A MORTAL IN FAIRYLAND.

THE things we stumbling mortals prize
Seem very strange to fairy eyes,
Although we deem ourselves so wise
And wondrously discerning;
Such sorry gauds are bought and sold;
Such dull and weary tales are told;
We seek for fame, we seek for gold,
And so we all grow sad and old,
Unlearned and unlearning.

Such foolishness they know not here;
Their hearts are gay, their eyes are clear,
And lovely are the things and dear

That make their gentle pleasures;
A flower by the breezes stirred,
The singing of a happy bird
At morning and at evening heard,
A loving thought, a gracious word—
These are the fairy treasures. R. F.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"Non-smokers no doubt will claim Lord Halsbury's long life as a witness on their side."

Provincial Paper.

"It is not so many years since I met him one summer evening in the Strand . . . as he strode briskly along smoking a huge cigar."

Same Paper same Day.

The Simple Life.

From a school circular:—

"At the annual meeting held on Sept. — it was decided that in future children would not be clothed at school. We feel this will be a distinct economy both for you and for us."

Talbot House ("Toc H.").

Mr. Punch thinks it will give pleasure to those many friends of his who twelve months ago helped the cause of Toc. H. — as a tribute to the memory of F. H. TOWNSEND, who had done much service in contributing to the Toc. H. magazine, "The Christmas Spirit"—if he here quotes part of a message written by the PRINCE OF WALES, who is patron of the Club. This message was read out last week at a great gathering, attended by PRINCE HENRY, in celebration of the sixth anniversary of the opening of Toc. H. at Poperinghe:—

"I am glad to take this opportunity of again sending a message to all members of 'Toc. H.' . . . and to all who responded so generously to my message in 'The Christmas Spirit.'"

"I saw for myself what the Old House did for officers and men serving and suffering in the Ypres Salient; and the progress already made since the rebirth of 'Toc. H.' is really wonderful and has my cordial sympathy at every stage . . ."

EDWARD P.

The principal room in "Mark III.," the third of the Talbot Houses (148, York Road, Lambeth), is to be associated with the name of F. H. TOWNSEND, having been built with the fund raised in response to Mr. Punch's appeal.



Small Boy (after being caressed). "I DON'T THINK I'M OLD-FASHIONED, AUNTIE, BUT I DO RATHER WISH YOU DIDN'T SMOKE. IT'S LIKE BEING KISSED BY A MAN."

SPARROW PIE.

WHEN meals begin to matter
As Time takes fleeter wing,
And cult of fork and platter
Becomes a serious thing,
A sacred, serious thing;
When cooks and their occasions
In sleek importance grow,
Still mid the constellations
Rise feasts of long ago.
*Potatoes we roasted
In Rowan-Tree Wood,
What Cæsar e'er boasted
A banquet so good?*

Let's have the corner table,
There's only I and you;
Here is no modern Babel,
No plush-and-mirror zoo,
No loud cacophonous zoo;
No rag-time rides supremely
O'er converse, yours and mine;
Here things are sage and seemly,
And now, my son, let's dine.
*But oh, is there aught on
Amphitryon's shelves
Like mushrooms we sought on
Green loanings, ourselves?*

Since we should choose a vintage
(As though a wife) with skill,
Gold of the sun-god's mintage
Stands in the ice-pail's chill,
To borrow just a chill;

Cool oysters smooth to swallow,
And bisque? So let it be;
Sole, game, a sweet to follow?
Delightful, yet, dear me,
*Ye gods, how they tasted,
Heads, fins and backbones,
Burn-trout that we basted
On red-hot stones!*

Though men of lore and letters
May, faint in praise, condemn,
A woodcock nothing betters,
Unless 'tis two of them,
Two couple, say, of them;
And these, divinely tendered,
Whose juices gently stream,
They're lyrics nobly rendered,
Delectable, supreme.
*Then why do the arrows
Of Memory fly
To tales of cock-sparrows
Once baked in a pie?*

Last, best of Ceres' basket,
Come muscats rare (in short
What grape is there, I ask it,
That better goes with port,
That better looks with port?)
Imposing, pale, completing,
A bloom upon their gold,
Ambrosia in the eating
And lovely to behold.

*But blaeberries, champions
In '78,
Wine-dark as their Grampians,
Oh, weren't they first-rate!*

Here's coffee strong as brandy,
And brandy soft as milk;
Havanas big and bandy,
Manillas bound with silk,
With funny foreign silk;
And, as the blue clouds lull us,
Let's call the dream-days nigh
And sup with young LUCULLUS
Once more on sparrow-pie;
*And sit in their portals,
Remembering when
We two were Immortals
Who now are but men.*

"Retired Guy's Nurse desires guest. Pretty village near London. 2 guineas."
Ladies' Paper.

An American reader would be glad to have a reference from the Retired Guy.

"A woman in Stockholm has had three daughters born on the same date, October 28th, in 1817, 1919 and 1921."—*Provincial Paper.*
Fortunately, the eldest must be quite old enough by now to help mother with the babies.

"GULLS IN THE MEADOWS.

They arrive in the early hours, and, at present, disappear mysteriously at midday, their departure probably being timed to correspond with the tidal change in the Forth."

Scottish Paper.

Scotland for ever! In an ill-managed country like England the tides never keep the same time two days running.



A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.



Lady. "IS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO USE SUCH DREADFUL EXPRESSIONS WHILST YOU ARE AT WORK?"

Plumber. "NO, MUM, IT AIN'T EXACTLY NECESSARY, BUT THE QUALITY OF THE WORK WILL SUFFER IF WE DON'T."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Wednesday, December 14th.—The Irish signatories of the Treaty must admit that when England sets out to repair a mistake she does the thing handsomely. A special Session of the Imperial Parliament—I would call it a Supersession but that I might be asked who or what is superseded—to be devoted solely to the consideration of the Agreement with the Sinn Fein delegates was opened to-day by the KING in person, accompanied by the QUEEN and PRINCESS MARY. HIS MAJESTY'S Speech, expressing the "heartfelt joy" with which he learned of the Agreement and the earnest hope that by it "the strife of centuries may be ended, and that Ireland, as a free partner in the Commonwealth of Nations forming the British Empire, will secure the fulfilment of her national ideals," was the shortest on record, as befits a Session which is expected to last, from opening to prorogation, only three days.

As a further compliment to Ireland the veteran Lord MORLEY, whose zeal for Irish Home Rule has never faltered through the many discouragements and

vicissitudes of the last forty years, was induced to emerge from his retirement and move the Address in the House of Lords. In the historical, and unfortunately in the physical sense also, his was a voice from the past. But here and there one caught a salient phrase: how he had told the KING years ago that HIS MAJESTY would one day receive Home Rule proposals from a Conservative Government; how Lord CARNARVON, a Conservative Viceroy, was the first statesman to suggest a constitutional change in Irish Government; and how, anticipating the present Coalition, Mr. GLADSTONE had offered thirty-six years ago to co-operate with Lord SALISBURY in carrying such a scheme. A great nation, he said, ought to have a good conscience. "Has the government of Ireland all these years been such as the political conscience can approve? I think not."

The Address was seconded by another octogenarian in Lord DUNRAVEN. He is a Home Ruler of the Federalist type, but nevertheless he gave unstinted praise to the Agreement, on the ground that, if we trusted the Irish people at all, we should trust them all in all.

Those who supposed that when Lord CARSON became a Lord of Appeal he had turned his back on politics for ever did not know their man. This evening he threw his wig on the green, picked up his old blackthorn and went for the Agreement and all concerned in its signature in the old familiar way. The LEADER OF THE HOUSE, who had praised the document and its authors with his customary unction, was reminded of Lord HARTINGTON's dictum (*à propos* of GLADSTONE), that because a man changed his coat it was not necessary that he should divest himself of every particle of raiment. A spoon-fed Press might talk of the Agreement as a great act of conciliation; Lord CARSON saw in it only a surrender to the murder-gang. Ulster, at any rate, would have nothing to do with it, but would trust to her own Red Hand.

The Commons heard no rich ripe eloquence like this. Lord HUGH CECIL did his best to prove that the Agreement was doomed to failure, and that its negotiators deserved censure rather than praise. The proposed oath reminded him of the Thirty-nine Articles—a class of document composed with

ambiguity to turn the edge of controversy. As for the supposed analogy between Ireland and South Africa, upon which the PRIME MINISTER had laid perhaps undue stress, it would not hold, for there was all the difference between rebels and murderers.

But for the most part the speeches were without any of the exciting features that marked Irish debates in the good (or bad) old days. Even Mr. C. CRAIG, who complained that Ulster was being coerced, did his spiriting very gently. There seems to have been much more animation in Dail Eireann, where the handiwork of the Conference was being simultaneously debated.

Thursday, December 15th.—Both Houses resumed the Irish debate, but this time the centre of interest was in the Commons. There, at the corner of the third Bench behind Ministers, sat Mr. BONAR LAW. Nine months ago (on St. Patrick's Day) the PRIME MINISTER announced with deep emotion that, owing to the peremptory orders of the doctors, he had lost his right-hand man. Public opinion had assumed that he would never return. And now there he was, looking physically as well as ever and perhaps a shade less melancholy than was his wont when harassed by the daily cares of leadership. Mr. ASQUITH, in welcoming back his old opponent, happily expressed the general feeling when he said that no Member had ever set a finer example of Parliamentary courage.

But had he come back to fight, or only to look on? And, if to fight, on which side? Rumour had been busy during recent weeks representing Mr. LAW as the rising hope of the "Die-hards"; he had broken, it was said, with his late colleague, the PRIME MINISTER, and was prepared to lead the campaign against him. Was rumour for once telling the truth?

Before the question could be finally answered the House had to listen to many speeches. Mr. ASQUITH supported the Agreement as "a great act of international reconciliation," but regretted that it had not been introduced when he himself, two years ago, had first begun to talk of Dominion Home Rule. He warned the House not to be induced by the PRIME MINISTER'S "kaleidoscopic series of perorations" into thinking that all the trouble was over.

Colonel GRETTON moved a hostile amendment, and was supported by Mr. RUPERT GWYNNE, whose epigrams, though possessing a strong flavour of midnight oil, seemed quite to the taste of his immediate neighbours. Then came a statesmanlike speech from Mr. CHURCHILL, who sought to placate Ulster by tracing the origin of the nego-

tiations to Sir JAMES CRAIG'S interview with Mr. DE VALERA. Mr. R. McNEILL remained unappeased, and delivered a weighty attack upon Ministers, relieved by one excellent joke. Pointing out that the proposed oath of fidelity omitted



"PORT AFTER STORMY SEAS."
LORD MORLEY OF BLACKBURN.

the usual phrase, "So help me God," he prophesied that the average Irishman would decline to recognise the sacredness of an affirmation with "divil a word about the Almighty in it."

At last Mr. BONAR LAW rose. His first sentences, including an apology for



WIGS ON THE GREEN.
LORD CARSON (LORD OF APPEAL) LETS
HIMSELF GO.

coming to life again after having read his obituary notices, showed his powers of speech unimpaired. His hope that he would not lose the valued friendship of Lord CARSON gave a hint of his attitude, and a moment later he said, "I am in favour of this Agreement." The PRIME MINISTER was visibly relieved, and continued to smile, though Mr. LAW afterwards subjected him to some frank criticism for his treatment of Ulster. Plainly, so far as the Unionist Party was concerned, the Agreement was safe.

Upstairs Lord LONDONDERRY, as a collateral descendant of the famous Lord CASTLEREAGH, was dutifully praising the statesmen of the Union period, whose policy was right though its execution had been bungled, and poking fun at the present Lord CHANCELLOR, who, in his "galloping" days, had told the burghers of Belfast that they had "once and for all killed Home Rule." Lord DUFFERIN said the Agreement must be a fishy business, since the Ministerial messenger who brought the bad news to Belfast had changed his name from SHAKESPEARE to SALMON. Lords MIDLETON and DONOUGHMORE, as representatives of the South, nevertheless announced their intention of voting for it.

Friday, December 16th.—Curiosity to hear the Lord CHANCELLOR'S reply to Lord CARSON crowded the House of Lords this afternoon. The culprit was there to receive his punishment, but had first to endure a good many other references to his speech. Lord DESART was kindly, and excused its "exceeding bitterness" on account of its "intense conviction." Lord MORRIS, as a Canadian, resented the suggestion that the congratulations of the Dominion Premiers were not spontaneous; "they are not men who respond to prepaid telegrams." Other Peers expressed their varying views on the Agreement, the opponents in a slight majority.

At last Lord BIRKENHEAD arose and gave a really shocking example of military insubordination. One knows what is supposed to happen when private and sergeant-major meet in "civvies" and the former proceeds to "get a bit of his own back." Well, here was the ex-gallop of the Ulster Defence Force telling his ex-Commander-in-Chief that he had no more idea of constructive statesmanship than a hysterical school-girl! He also dealt faithfully with the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, whose hostile amendment was defeated by 166 votes to 47.

In the Commons Ministers had an even greater triumph, for Colonel GRETTON'S amendment was thrown out by 401 to 58. The Imperial Parliament has shown the way to peace, but still waits the verdict of Dail Eireann.



Retreating Huntsman. "WELL, MATE, IT LOOKS AS IF THERE AIN'T GOIN' TO BE NO BOAR'S 'EAD FOR US THIS CHRISTMAS."

BILL'S CHRISTMASES.

"CHRISTMAS," said Bill, "on Christmas cards, it's winders all aglow,

An' lots o' stuff to eat an' drink an' a good three feet o' snow,
An' a bunch o' bouncin' girls to kiss under the mistletoe.

"Holly an' robin redbreasts, too, as rosy as can be,
An' waits an' chimes an' all such gear as you never get at sea,

But it's different things as Christmas means to a ramblin' bloke like me.

"The first I ever 'ad at sea I was 'ardly more'n a nipper,
An' I'd took an' signed, bein' young an' green, in a dandy down-East clipper,

With a bull-necked beast of a bucko mate an' a rare tough nut of a skipper.

"An' we dined 'andsome, so we did, off biscuits an' salt 'orse,

An' finished up with scraper duff an' sand-an'-canvas sorce,
An' them as growled got sea-boot soup by way of an' extry course.

"I've 'ad my Christmas 'ere an' there, I've 'ad it up an' down,

I've had it sober on the seas an' drunk in Sailor-town,
I've 'ad it where the folks are black an' where the folks are brown;

"An' under many a tropic sky an' many a furrin star,
In Perim, Portland, Pernambuck, Malacca, Malabar,
Where the rum bird-'eaded totem poles an' the gilded Buddhas are.

"I've 'ad it froze in Baltic cold an' burned in Red Sea 'eat,
I've had it in a Channel fog as busy as a street,
An' once I 'ad it off the 'Orn, an' that was sure a treat.

"I was in the clipper *Sebright* then, a big ship, 'eavy sparred,

With every sort o' flyin' kite an' a ninety-foot mainyard,
An' 'andlin' 'er in a gale o' wind, I tell you, it was 'ard!

"We come on deck for the middle watch, an', save us, 'ow it blew!

A night like the devil's ridin'-boots that never a star shone through,

An' the seas they kep' on poopin' her till we 'ad to 'eave 'er to.

"We smuggled 'er down, we 'ove 'er to, an' there all night lay she,

With one mainyard-arm pointin' to 'eaven an' one to the deeps o' the sea,

Dippin' 'er spars at every roll in the thunderin' foam a-lee;

"Till the wind an' sea went down a bit an' the dawn come cold and grey,

An' we laid aloft an' loosed the sails an' squared the ship away—

An' a chap beside me on the yard says, 'Bill, it's Christmas Day.'"
C. F. S.

Commercial Candour.

"Value tells, and Value sells; and it 's our wish to sell you."

Advt. in West Indian Paper.

"WOMAN MAYOR RE-ELECTED."

The Mayor, on rising to speak, received an innovation."

Local Paper.

An appropriate welcome for the New Woman.

"When Mr. Michael Collins entered the station a girl flung herself into his arms and kissed him four or five times. Fifteen policemen were required to protect him, but the weight of the mass was too much, and he lost his hat."—*Daily Paper.*
She must have been a hefty lass.

A TALL ORDER.

I FIND myself in a position of some difficulty. To be candid, my reputation as a miracle-worker, laboriously built up on a superficial knowledge of elementary legerdemain, is at stake. It is a terrible thing to destroy innocent childlike faith in one's ability to move mountains.

Last Sunday, having run out of tobacco, I dropped in to see Charles; and Chubby, hearing of my arrival, postponed putting her babies to bed, rushed downstairs, climbed on my knee, and flung her arms round my neck—altogether a very flattering demonstration indeed.

To avoid unnecessary scandal, it may be explained that Chubby is Charles's sole claim to parenthood. Her real name is Sylvia Mary, but for sufficiently obvious reasons she is called Chubby by her intimates. At the moment she is "rising five," and there is a conditional understanding between us that in 1940 or thereabouts we are to be married, "like Mummy and Daddy," the condition being that Chubby reserves the option of being the darling of an old gentleman who (if still extant) is in the final stages of senile decay.

"Does you love Chubby?" demanded the siren fondly, nestling down and making herself at home.

I assured her that no other girl had ever been allowed the privileges she enjoyed. "Aren't we going to be married when you're a big girl?" I reminded her in proof of my devotion.

This crushing evidence of undying affection was waved aside.

"How much does you love Chubby?" she demanded with true feminine persistency.

I showed her. The demonstration appeared to be satisfactory. At all events she became very red in the face from compression and switched the conversation to another phase of the same subject.

"Kissmuss is coming," she announced. "Nurse says so."

"Then of course it is," I agreed.

Chubby bedded herself down a little more firmly.

"And Nurse says you'll give Chubby a Kissmuss plesent," she proceeded, pressing the attack home.

(Suppressed gurgles from Charles. How Chubby can tolerate him as a parent I don't know!)

"What would you like?" I asked, hoping for the best and prepared for the worst. "A book full of jolly pictures?"

"I have a book," Chubby pointed out on a note of finality. "I want an Esmo!"

"An Esmo," I mused—"an——"

"She means an Eskimo, don't you, Chubs?" said Charles.

"Esmo," repeated Chubby, nodding her head.

"It's your own fault," explained Charles; "you shouldn't write drivelling verses about the more exotic races."

It is true that months before I had written some verses for a children's book on this theme, but I could only remember the opening stanza:—

"I'd like to be an Eskimo;
It must be rather nice
To live in houses built of snow
On great big lumps of ice.

"So you want a doll dressed like an Eskimo," I said, hoping that Chubby's volatile fancy would have changed to something a little more hackneyed. But Chubby is one of the serious-minded women who are responsible for our nurseries being what they are.

She shook her curls in violent dissent.

"A weal Esmo," she amended, and no amount of explanation of the undesirable characteristics of real Eskimos could coax any concession from her.

Obviously I am impaled on the horns of a dilemma. Chubby has seen me produce a live rabbit from an empty silk hat. Logically enough her attitude is—if a rabbit, why not an Eskimo? Mr. MASKELYNE might be equal to such an occasion, but an amateur wizard knows when he is beaten.

It is too late to organise an expedition to procure a specimen from the home pastures; and to walk into the Chilled Meat Department of any big store and demand "a little Eskimo" would probably mean troublesome explanations. On the other hand, Christmas is coming, and any person giving information that will lead to the acquisition of a "weal Esmo" in sound sanitary condition and good repair will hear of something to his advantage. Otherwise, I am afraid, Chubby's steadfast belief in her fiancé's omnipotence is doomed to suffer a severe set-back.

— "NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS."
— "s town hall keeper must be over 45."
Evening Paper.

We appreciate this chatty gossip concerning the age of our public officials.

— "UNEMPLOYED.—Start Mail Order Business.
30s. capital shows weekly profit of £4 upwards.
This is no catch."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*
We can well believe it.

"I prefer the mashie for the short tooip as I find I can hit the ball firmly enough to put on just a trifle of back spin, enticularly when one is playing with any pa the new standard balls."—*Indian Paper.*

It seems that in India, as at home, the greatest difficulty at golf is to master the language.

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON.

[The latest film development is reported to be the reconstruction of chosen incidents from one's family history for the benefit of one's children.]

"Won't Bertram enjoy it?" said Phyllis immediately, when I told her about the pedigree film.

Bertram, I may mention, is still young enough to cause his mother to look at everything from the point of view of its probable effect on him and him only. If the end of the world came she would only be concerned with the question whether it would amuse him or intensify his teething troubles.

"Won't Bertram enjoy what?" I asked.

"Seeing his ancestors, of course. You don't mean to say you're not going to have a film prepared for him?"

"History is silent about my family," I declared. "I've always understood we were quite respectable."

"But there must be lots of exciting incidents you could film," she insisted. "For all you know your forefathers may have fought at Crecy or——"

"Paddled at Hastings or lost their return ticket at Waterloo."

"I suppose you think he's the first of his line to have a warrior sire," she said crushingly, and I could not help thinking that, unless my old brother-in-arms (and in-law) abandoned his habit of reminiscing solely about cook-house fatigue, Bertram's opinion of his warrior sire would not be a high one. I said as much to Phyllis, adding that I refused point blank to be filmed in my most characteristic military exploit.

But she was not to be driven thus from her purpose. I was, she decreed, to put an expert to work on my pedigree without delay. Half-a-dozen or so picturesque incidents would be enough to film—say one for every other century since the days of HENGIST.

Phyllis's decrees have to be obeyed, and in due course the expert was set to work. In due course also (but not so quickly) he asked me to call to hear the result of his researches.

"Wasn't I right?" demanded Phyllis on my return. "Didn't some of your ancestors figure in the public eye?"

"Only one of them," I said; "but we haven't gone back very far."

"Oh, well," she said, "one will do to begin with. What was his exploit?"

"He caught the public eye, as you put it, at the Old Bailey," I told her. "He was transported for picking pockets. Family trees can be very shady."

There was silence for a moment. Then Phyllis spoke.

"Is it hereditary?" she said.

I told you that she thought only of Bertram.

A TELEGRAM AT RUGGER.



I ALWAYS THINK THE TELEGRAM CUSTOM—



ADDS SUCH A TONE—



TO CRICKET.



I WISH—



IT COULD—



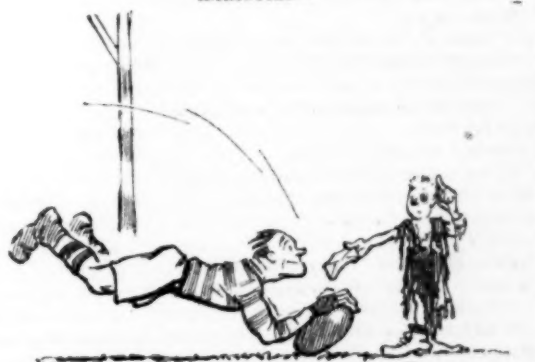
BE—



INTRODUCED—



INTO—



RUGGER.

Jargasse

THE INJUSTICE.

IF I were able to converse with the dead, one of the first persons to whom I should try to get an introduction would be MURILLO, because I have so strongly on my mind an injustice to that painter which is being done systematically every day in the cathedral at Seville. I think he ought to know about it and put it right.

Imagine the introduction completed: MURILLO called by a celestial page from some favoured spot near the Throne—

for one who painted the Son and the Mother as he did must be honoured exceedingly—to what corresponds in Heaven to an earthly telephone-box, and myself at the other end of the invisible wire.

Then, "Master," I should say, assuming that to the disembodied all languages are equally simple—"Master, you remember your picture of St. ANTHONY in Seville Cathedral—'St. Anthony of Padua visited by the Infant Saviour'—one of those you painted for the Chapter?"

And MURILLO, although he painted so much and so freely, and although St. ANTHONY was more than once his subject, would, I feel sure, have a very distinct remembrance of this beautiful thing.

"It is now in the Baptistery of the Cathedral," I should however explain, in case he might have forgotten; "the first chapel on the left as you enter from the north-west door, just past the inner door of the Sagrario."

"You go in out of the blinding Seville sun," I should continue.

Here I imagine MURILLO would smile wistfully.

"And from the shattering noise of the trams. . ."

"Trams?" he would ask in wonder; and I should have to explain what trams are, and rebuke myself for being such a bungler as to mention them and confuse the issue.

Then I should hurry on: "You go out of the street into restful gloom and perfect quiet—unless perhaps the organ is being played. But you know all this?"

And MURILLO would indicate that he knew, perhaps again not without a certain wistfulness.

"And now," I should say, "to come to the injustice. Your 'St. Anthony' hangs in the little chapel, which is al-

ways barred and bolted and always dark, except when well-to-do visitors want to see it. Then, and only then, is the chapel unlocked and the blind of the window pulled up. That is to say, the sight of your beautiful painting, made for the House of God, every corner of which should be open and free to all—the sight of this painting is obtainable only by those who can afford to pay the sacristan a fee. What do you think about it?"

And MURILLO, I am sure, would be seriously disturbed.



Lancelotti. INTIMIDATION.

Fierce Sportsman (to nervous opponent who has this for the half). "NOW THEN, YOU'VE GOT THAT TO LOSE IT WITH."

"I can't believe," he might say, "that the Church—my Church—is as mercenary as that. Don't you think there is a fear that constant light might injure the picture?"

"There is constant light in the Seville Museum," I should reply, "where seventeen of your masterpieces hang, including your favourite, the 'St. Thomas distributing Alms.'"

And at the mention of this picture MURILLO, I think, would utter a sigh, for of all his works the "St. Thomas" was the one he loved best.

"And in the Prado," I should go on, "a room is dedicated to you, and the blinds are always up."

"Do you really mean to tell me,"

MURILLO would say, "that my 'St. Anthony,' in the Cathedral, is not normally visible at all? That visitors to the Cathedral absolutely are unable to see it without applying to the sacristan?"

And I should have to tell him that that is the case.

"And do people want to see it, try to see it?" he might ask.

And I should tell him that there are always some peering through the bars or waiting for a party of wealthy tourists to arrive with the sacristan.

"And the sacristan receives money?"

"Every time."

"And I painted for the poor!" MURILLO would exclaim. "I painted for the poor and the simple. I took my Madonna from the people, and my Holy Child from the people! Does not the Archbishop of SEVILLE know about it?"

"Apparently he has not thought it worth while to interfere."

"But the ecclesiastics in charge of the Cathedral—don't they know?"

"They too have not interfered," I should have to reply.

And MURILLO would be silent for a while.

"It is not only the poor," I should resume. "There are other people denied your picture too—those who hold that the Church's treasures of art should be free to all, and who therefore refuse to pay. Did you not intend this picture to be as accessible as, say, the Confessionals?"

"Of course, of course! Then what is to be done?" he would ask after another silence.

"I was wondering," I should say, "if you couldn't speak to St. PETER about it? St. PETER is naturally *en rapport* with the Vatican, and he would let the POPE know. And then, of course, the POPE would go into the whole question of such fees. He cannot be aware how prevalent they are or he would have acted long ago." E. V. L.

Christmas Altruism.

"Come and view our stocks before making your purchases elsewhere."

Advt. in Local Paper.

"We are clearing our entire Stock of Boys and Girls regardless of cost. Come and get full benefit."—Advt. in Local Paper.

Rather a mean way, it seems to us, of avoiding one's Christmas liabilities.



Provincial Magnate (Christmas-shopping in London). "I—ER—WANT TO PURCHASE SOME PRESENTS—AH—FOR THE TENANTS ON MY ESTATE."

Shopwalker. "CERTAINLY, MADAM. REMNANTS AND BARGAIN BASEMENT DOWN THOSE STAIRS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If you want a batch of unpretentious spook-stories to beguile a holiday journey or bring shudders to a holiday fireside, you might do worse than get *In Ghostly Company* (LANE), by MR. AMYAS NORTHCOTE. There are thirteen tales all told, and most of them have three conspicuous merits: they start off with the least possible amount of preamble; they end up with the least possible amount of retrospection, and they are entirely without that pseudo-scientific bombast, spiritualistic or psycho-analytical, which for the last ten years or so has been the bane of all honest eeriness. The sole exception to this grateful rule is the last story, "Mr. Oliver Carmichael," which lapses, like ARISTOPHANES in his cups, into some unimpressive babble about affinities. Of the rest, "Brickett Bottom" deals with the disappearance of a real vicar's daughter into a phantom house; "Mr. Kershaw and Mr. Wilson" with a singularly frustrated murder; "Mr. Mortimer's Diary" with the nemesis of a fraudulent scholar; "The Governess's Story" with the crime of a feminine *Uncle Silas*; "The Downs" with a midnight walk over a haunted sheep-track; and so forth. The best episodes of MR. NORTHCOTE's phantasmagoria have all the impetus and some of the glamour of actual dreams. And I must add that a word of praise is due to M. S. E. for the blasted fir-wood of his (or her) effective wrapper.

Rilla of Ingleside (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is one of those distillations of the soul of goodness in things evil which has come out rather more concentrated and sugary than most of us on this side of the Atlantic find palatable. However, Miss L. M. MONTGOMERY is quite convincingly idyllic in describing the pre-war home of her Canadian country doctor; and, though "Mrs. Dr., dear," as she is known to Susan, the help, is a thought too lavishly maternal, there is an admirably acidulated *Cousin Sophia*, with thin pale hands resignedly folded on a black calico lap, who makes a too brief appearance in the kitchen at Ingleside to comment on *Rilla's* first ball-dress. It is *Rilla* herself, as chastened by the War, whom I think you will find a trifle cloying. She was the feather-pate of the family and had set her heart on an idle and decorative existence; but, being impelled into the paths of domesticity and self-sacrifice, she achieved a striking success in these inevitably allied departments, adopted a singularly unprepossessing war-baby, and was lucky enough to hand it over to an excellent foster-mother before her own Captain Kenneth returned from France. Yet, crudely as she is handled, *Rilla* has a stray air of HAWTHORNE'S *Phoebe Pyncheon*, which suggests that the matter of the New World idyll is not lost, though the manner of it has been forgotten.

You will have no difficulty, when reading *The History of the Thirty-Third Divisional Artillery in the War 1914-1918* (VACHER), in realising that Major J. MACARTNEY-FILGATE

was actually present at the actions he describes, because there is about his work a touch that could never have been acquired except at the price of personal attendance; yet, as far as any actual reference to himself or his own affairs is concerned, he might as well have been turning shells in Birmingham, say, as "forward-observing" at Passchendaele. The first person singular, beloved of certain other historians, is entirely absent. Though his book is, of course, as the title shows, to be classed among the sectional records that are by now getting pretty numerous, and consequently is of markedly more interest to the people of Camberwell, S.E., where this hard-fighting unit was recruited, than to the rest of the world, yet it cannot quite be let go at that; for, even if the manner of writing does just occasionally tend a little to the cumulative-superlative, all the same the writer happily succeeds in avoiding the stilted phrases that rather haunt these war-reference volumes and captures something at least of the swing and dash of the actual thing. He shows a wise discretion too in the technical handling of his batteries, steering clear of elaborate explanations of things already too familiar, while filling in some of the gaps that other writers have left. Altogether this is about as good a book as its restricted subject allows. The way a gunner friend of the reviewer's pounced on his copy and carried it off was highly suggestive of the appeal it must make to the men most intimately connected with the subject matter.

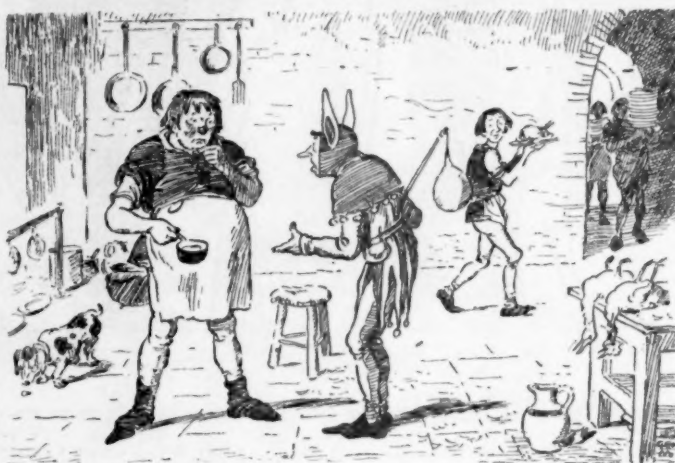
One thing that I carry away from Mr. ROBERT KEABLE'S *The Mother of All Living* (CONSTABLE) is a pleasant memory of beautiful scenes in Natal, affectionately and vividly described. I found myself not quite so keenly interested in his story of a young girl, Cecil Eldred, married to a dull and admirably faithful husband, meeting the inevitable affinity, and saved from the agreed step of elopement by the sudden death of her child. But I was intrigued by one character, the least conventional but the most plausible, Pamela Urfurd, who dabbles in hypnotism and gets from a native woman in a trance queer evidence of the connection of the aboriginal Bushman with the rites of Anubis. Our author has a reputation for frankness, and Pamela is certainly an outspoken and determined young woman, who, apparently in the first instance to save her friend, Cecil, and afterwards to please herself, throws a fly over the nose of the lover and lands him after a severe struggle. Well, I hope she will be satisfied. I should have thought he was not quite good enough for her. But you never can tell.

When you find that the hero of a novel is a young and handsome composer and pianist, and that he is living in a caravan and wearing very few clothes, you may safely wager ten quavers to a demi-semiquaver that he is going to cause trouble. Miss PHYLLIS AUSTIN, in *The Grass Eater* (HUT-

CHINSON), has bestowed so many gifts upon *Pan Lancing* that it was a relief to me to find him ignorant about a subject that I happen to understand. Had he known anything whatever about football I do not think he would have said, "he's got to be at the football-grounds to play outside-back in half an hour." Oddly enough this lapse endeared him to me, and I began to think him human. The heroine, whose attractions I admit, is even more difficult to believe in, though, if she had been seventeen instead of over twenty-one, I might have understood her better. The fact of the matter is that some of Miss AUSTIN's characters really belong to the fairy-land of which they talk so much. And, though I dissent from the claim of the publishers that this tale "suggests something of the charm of Sir J. M. BARRIE's books," it has a charm of its own and may be recommended as an antidote to the realities of to-day.

I must confess to finding *Mount Eryx and Other Diversions of Travel* (CAPE), by HENRY FESTING JONES, a disappointing work. It is the kind

of book in which the good thing must surely be on the next page, but is not. You say, "This triviality will, of course, lead up to something?" but it fails to. And so until the end, when one has no recollection of anything *en route* but mild conversations, very trifling humours and a vast number of references to SAMUEL BUTLER, whose life Mr. JONES wrote and expects all his readers to keep in minute remembrance. As a matter of fact *Mount Eryx* is so personal as to be practically a private publication; for each section, and often an individual chapter, is dedicated to a different friend (not



The Cook. "A-HA, MASTER FOOL! I HEAR THEM STILL ROARING IN THE HALL OVER THAT LAST JEST OF YOURS."

The Fool (bitterly). "OH, NO, YOU'RE MISTAKEN. THEY ARE LAUGHING BECAUSE ONE OF THE GUESTS BROKE HIS TOOTH ON A BUTTON IN ONE OF YOUR VENISON PASTIES."

Mr. Peter Magnus had more), and one almost comes to feel oneself an intruder, ashamed to be so little "diverted." Now and then, however, there is some objective interest, as when the Santa Casa at Loreto is described; while a passage on the Cenotaph in Whitehall has beauty.

I regard Mr. STEPHEN PAGET as a friendly writer, and while I was reading his little volume of essays, *I Have Reason to Believe* (MACMILLAN), I was conscious of a pleasantly human companionship. Occasionally Mr. PAGET goes almost out of his way to assure his readers that he is not learned, but in all conscience his knowledge is wide enough to satisfy most men, and he has the gift of using it considerably and tastefully. Very pleasant, too, is his quiet sense of humour. In "Town Mice turned Country Mice," he says, "Here are woods so full of bluebells that the ground is all coloured and scented. The extravagance of them persuades me that there must be a Ministry of Bluebells." He would have us believe that "these essays are not worth dedicating to anybody," and I, being ignorant of his private standard, can only protest that they are anyhow well worth giving as a Christmas present to any friend who is neither too Georgian nor too lofty in the brow.

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the depression at the collieries a mining expert declares that bedrock was reached some time ago. We had guessed as much from the kind of stuff we are constantly finding in our coal-scuttle.

"Where is the promised great poet?" asks a reviewer. It is only fair to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to point out that this was not one of his pledges at the General Election.

Latest reports indicate that the custom of shooting under the mistletoe is going out of fashion in Russia.

A correspondent, writing in a contemporary, advocates gramophone contests in the larger towns. It is evident the Communist Party is not to have it all their own way.

We are pleased to note that the Spanish-Moroccan war broke up for the Christmas holidays on December 24th.

"Pork," says a trade paper, "is finding its way everywhere." Except into the pork pies they serve up on our railway stations.

MISS MARY JOBE, of the American Geographical Society, reports that she was recently chased by wolves in the Rockies. A "Jaded Parent" writes to say he has his work cut out in keeping a couple of these animals from his front-door.

In connection with the Olympic Games to be held in Paris it appears that one heavy-weight champion has offered to represent England in the "Throwing the Rate Collector" contest.

MR. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, says a New York message, denies the report that he has been offered the Crown of Albania. Indeed it is said that the Albanians are most friendly towards him.

A German chemist claims to have discovered how to make synthetic gold. They had, of course, already invented synthetic reparations.

Four miners last week drove up to the unemployed pay-office at Treorchy

in a motor-car in order to draw their dole. Now that the matter is pointed out we hope they will adopt the less ostentatious plan of asking the officials to step round to their houses with the money.

Captain DAVIS SHIPWRIGHT, who has been adopted as a Coalition Candidate, is "still only twenty-three," says a contemporary. How long has this been going on?

Few cases of over-eating at Christmas are reported, but we have information of one boy who broke down at his fourteenth plate of pudding and had to be assisted to the mince-pies.

A message from La Paz states that Peruvian troops have crossed the Chilean border and an engagement took

Paris to attend the Irish Race Congress. The Irish clergy, of course, are famous for their interest in this sport.

A contemporary remarks that the success of lady M.F.H.'s has dispelled the tradition that it is impossible to control the field without strong language. It is believed that, warned by this, the fish-porters of Billingsgate are taking steps to preserve their ancient usage.

"The England fifteen," says a football report, "made it their one aim to give the ball plenty of air." When this is overdone there is always a danger of bursting it.

A writer in *The Evening Standard*, dilating on the superiority of the dancing at clubs to that seen in private houses, observes that one of the best

dancers present may have cut your hair earlier in the day. We always make a point of having a shampoo as well before venturing into circles where we are likely to meet our barber.

"The mild weather is causing many freaks of nature," states a morning paper. We ourselves know of one enterprising correspondent who nearly heard the cuckoo last week.

The champion cockerel of France has been purchased by an English farmer living near Birmingham. The fact that it still crows in French is causing it some difficulty in making itself understood by the local poultry.

A crown composed of valuable stones was stolen recently from the premises of a diamond merchant. The police, we understand, are only waiting for the thief to appear in public wearing the stolen headgear, when they will immediately pounce upon him.

A medical man has said that in all cases where brandy is used sal volatile would do quite as well. This, of course, is his considered opinion after trying sal volatile on a Christmas-pudding.

Another Impending Apology.

From a cinema advertisement:—"A FUGITIVE FROM MATRIMONY." EXCLUSIVE FILM OF HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.—*Irish Paper*.



AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

THE REAL THEATRE CAT TAKES EXCEPTION TO DICK WHITTINGTON'S.

place at Moquega. The Peruvians are now wanting to know on what Saturday afternoon the Chileans can arrange a return war.

"A retired waiter writes to a weekly paper saying, 'I never received more than three pounds a day in my palmiest days.' 'Palmiest' seems to be the *mot juste*."

MR. TAGE BULL has been appointed Chargé d'Affaires of the Danish Legation in Madrid. We can only hope that his Government has taken into consideration the fact that this city swarms with toreadors.

An old lady writes to us expressing her delight that the Grand Jury is to be revived, as she has only seen it performed once, and then by amateurs.

The Rev. Dr. O'REILLY, of Sydney, we read, is at the head of a delegation from Australia which is on its way to

THE HESITATION OF STRONGBOW.

A MORE OR LESS TOPICAL DIALOGUE.

TIME—A winter evening round about Christmas-time in the year 1168.

SCENE—The banqueting-room in a mediæval castle in the West of England. It is lit by torches, and dogs are gnawing bones among the rushes on the floor. Before the logs on the open fire are seated two men drinking mead out of ram's horns. The one man is Irish, the other Norman.

Richard de Clare (later called "Strongbow"). I tell you I don't like the job.

Dermod MacMurrough (who, in deference to the susceptibilities of the English, uses the language and brogue of a comic Irishman, wears bracelets, a beard and heavy moustache, and otherwise has the appearance of having just stepped out of a saga). Begorra, and phwy not?

R. de C. Well, they won't like it—the Irish, you know—a complete stranger like myself butting in and invading them. It isn't like fighting amongst themselves.

D. M. Faith, and isn't it phwat ye did to England yurselves a hundred years ago?

R. de C. Ye-e-es. But the English are so different somehow. They don't seem to mind being invaded and conquered.

D. M. That's the thrue word for ye. Did ye never hear how the ould Irish kings used to come over and desthroy these islands?

R. de C. (yawning a little and looking at the partitions on the candle clock). No. Do tell me about the old Irish kings.

D. M. Didn't Cúruí MacDáiri, King of West Munster, carry off the daughter of the King of Man? And wasn't it phwen Cormac was king in Tara that he sailed across the sea and conquered the whole of England entirely and divided it up into parts for his friends?

R. de C. I dare say. And how long ago was that?

D. M. Nine hundred years. He was the great bhoys, was Cormac, and made water-mills and wrote books and gave the people the good schools and all. Sure, the first lap-dog ever was seen in Ireland was brought back from England when Cormac was king, and it wearing ribbons and curled hair, for all the world like a queen's daughter. Mug-Eime they called it.

R. de C. (not really very much interested). Very suitable name, I am sure. And are there any lap-dogs in Ireland now?

D. M. (cheerfully). Sorra a one. But all Wales and all Cornwall belonged to the Irish for years and years after that. Didn't the King of Ireland send over for tribute to King Mark of Cornwall when Iseult was queen? It's no great

way over the water, this way or that way, if you have ships, and men wid spears and swords. But ye'll come over and help me now, Misther Strongbow, will ye not?

R. de C. I don't know, really I don't know. I find it so hard to understand Irish politics. To get a real grip of them, I mean. I suppose if this king of yours—

D. M. Which king are ye spaking of now?

R. de C. Oh, there are still several kings in Ireland, are there?

D. M. There are that.

R. de C. I suppose if this head king, O'Connor, yields to me and swears fealty I shall be all right, shan't I?

D. M. Ye need not be bothering yer head wid O'Connor at all, at all. Ye'll have some trouble wid the O'Briens maybe, and the O'Donnells, and the McCarthys, and ye'll not thry conquering the O'Neills, I suppose?

R. de C. Oh, why not the O'Neills?

D. M. Glory be, man, that's Ulster. It's no manner of use thrying to coerce Ulster. The O'Neills were kings of all Ireland once.

R. de C. (rather wearily). Everybody seems to have been that. And when did the O'Neills reign?

D. M. Siven hundred years ago. Diarmid was one of the Hui Neill. But they're stronger in the black North. You'll be landing at Waterford, and there's the Danes to help ye there.

R. de C. Oh, the Danes! Were the Danes kings of all Ireland once?

D. M. Sorra a bit, but they have Dublin now. There were Danes long ago that were Kings of Dublin and Earls of Northumberland too.

R. de C. (a little tired once more). I doubt whether that will ever happen again. Anyhow, not very much bitterness seems to linger in England about Cormac and the Danes, or even about us. They've poor memories, the English. So long as they get their food regularly they don't seem to mind. I suppose if I carry out this little—er—occupation I shall get used to the Irish customs?

D. M. You will that. Everyone that comes to Ireland grows more Irish than the Irish themselves. There'll be feasting and wrestling and racing and hunting wid the great hounds for you. They never trap a wolf in Ireland.

R. de C. That's good. I must have my wolf-spears sharpened up. There's one other thing, though. If we bring it off and give you back Leinster again, KING HENRY is certain to want to impose some taxes. I suppose there'll be no trouble about collecting those?

D. M. (quickly). And sweet honey-mead to drink, and fresh pork to eat,

and the bards playing on their golden harps and singing songs of the ould kings the way it would make you weep to hear them.

R. de C. Yes, I dare say. Then you'll send me your daughter Eva's picture as soon as possible, won't you?

D. M. I will that; and you'll find Eva a delightful girl and as good as gold. And make haste with those knights, Misther Strongbow.

R. de C. I'll send some over next spring to see how the land lies, and follow myself later. You're sure you won't have another stoup of mead?

D. M. Well, as ye are so kind—

Both together (when the horns are filled). Waes hael! EVOE.

THE MISOGYNIST'S CHANCE.

[The Judge remarked: "The Law ordains that while a man is responsible for the faults of his wife he is not responsible for the actions of his dog, unless he knows that it is vicious." Daily Paper.]

To all you men who've married wives

The learned Judge has spoken;

How simply they may mar your lives!

How many have they broken

By little faults from day to day

For which, rash husbands, you must pay!

For, if your wife contracts a debt

With jeweller or baker

(Be it for bun or coronet),

The Law can never make her

Disgorge a solitary sou;

But, Sir, it can—and will—make you.

"My wife's so dear," a poor man said,

"That I can scarcely keep her."

I answered, "Buy a dog instead;

It's infinitely cheaper.

The Law can't make you foot the bills

For what he bites or breaks or kills."

When Pongo—pertest pug alive—

Caught twenty chickens bending,

The thoughtful Law refused to drive

Me into thriftless spending;

I merely had to prove that he

Had learnt the trick unknown to me.

When Fido, having broached a keg

Of brandy in the cellar,

Removed a part of auntie's leg,

I really had to tell her

It was absurd to bellow thus;

I'd never found him dangerous.

From out my house, with scarce a pause

For thought, I kicked poor Toby, a

Bull-dog of pedigree, because

He might have hydrophobia.

He had. I feared that it was so,

But honestly I didn't know.

If you will do as I advise,

My friends, you'll fill your houses

With dogs of every shape and size,

But have no truck with spouses;

A dog's life's privileged—but need one

Deliberately try to lead one?



A HANDSOME BEQUEST.

THE OLD YEAR (reading over his Last Will and Testament). "TO MY SUCCESSOR I BEQUEATH PEACE, FALLING PRICES AND AN UMBRELLA NEARLY AS GOOD AS NEW."



Lady (interrupting butler's flirtation). "REALLY, CLARKSON, WHAT AN EXAMPLE!"

Butler. "I CRAVE YOUR PARDON, MY LADY, BUT THE YOUNG PERSON IS ALWAYS SAYING, 'DO UNBEND, MR. CLARKSON'; AND, BEING THE FESTIVE SEASON, MY LADY—I UNBEND."

DESERT ISLAND FICTION.

JUDGING from the average modern South Sea novel, the desert island, originally popularised by Mr. Robinson Crusoe as an ideal place for solitary meditation and autobiographical philosophy, now appears to be given over almost entirely to the working out of that constantly intriguing problem known as the Eternal Triangle. Heroes and heroines and the things that pass for villains nowadays are being wrecked there daily, and yet the "Safety First" Commission does not appear even to have put up a notice-board.

It must be years now since a desert island could be relied upon to afford anything like peace and repose. Even in the "good old days" there were always fierce ragged-whiskered pirates who stumped about with their mouths full of cutlasses, or gentlemen-adventurers looking for Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight which would be hidden in rotten chests with skeletons sitting on them. To-day, however, pirates and gentlemen-adventurers (such

as they are) give desert islands a wide berth because there is always a man and a girl sitting on the beach talking about their souls.

"Oh, help!" they exclaim, rowing away as fast as they can. "There ought to be a special kind of St. Helena for these psycho-analytic castaways."

A shipwreck in a modern desert-island novel has become rather a monotonous sort of occurrence. The ordinary man or woman passenger is not given a dog's chance, and even the captain and more or less innocent crew can go down blowing bubbles for all the author seems to care. But the beautiful heroine (see coloured wrapper), the strong rugged hero and the Other Man get ashore every time. Maybe a young and thoughtless shark will make a grab at the heroine, but the older sharks butt him away and tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself.

"Don't you recognise a heroine when you see one?" they say severely. "Heaven knows there are enough of them about. If you eat her you'll spoil the book. You go and look for the cabin-boy."

The strong rugged hero is so strong and rugged that he can swim ashore with the drooping unconscious heroine and be very little the worse for it, but the Other Man is washed up with a nasty gash in his head. He is merely intellectual and engagingly cynical in his bright moments, but the heroine had been in the habit of talking to him about her soul during the voyage, so the hero unselfishly fishes him from the water and spreads him and the heroine out to dry in the sun. Then the hero bares his smooth rippling muscles and starts in to build a couple of desirable residences; and he does not work Trade Union time either. Luckily the author has everything ready for him: empty packing-cases, a broken boat-hook, plenty of leaves and branches and a handy supply of fresh spring water. It is wonderful what you can do in the house-building line with a broken boat-hook when you are a strong rugged hero; and by the time the heroine has come to herself and told him half-a-dozen pages of what she has been dreaming about, he is busy screwing

on the door-knockers. Then he leaves her to fuss over the Other Man and goes off to collect bread-fruit and yam-yams and to skewer turtles with the boat-hook.

When he comes back the heroine is doing her hair. He sits and admires her hair in his shy silent way, and she sits and pretends she is not admiring his smooth rippling muscles. Then they toy with turtle-soup and bread-fruit and yam-yams. It would be idyllic if only the Other Man were not sufficiently convalescent to make sarcastic remarks about everything. The more the heroine fusses over him and feeds him with yam-yams the more irritable he gets. The hero is sad because he suspects that no woman would keep on pushing yam-yams into a man like that unless she loved him.

In a few days the Other Man is well enough to sit up and let off a few subtle epigrams at the hero, who is hewing out a suite of furniture with his clasp-knife. In a week or so he is able to undertake a little light labour, such as picking flowers for the heroine and talking about his soul. That is about as far as he gets in the way of manual work. The hero, who has no soul to speak of, only smooth rippling muscle, makes a lasso out of his braces and a few yards of creeper and goes after cassowaries and things. If he had any temperament at all he would know that the heroine likes flowers better than dead cassowaries; but he is very dense.

Sometimes, of course, he and the Other Man quarrel violently, but the Other Man, though he has no smooth rippling muscle, is intellectually superior and always has his fingers crossed when the hero wants to hit him with a rock. This sort of thing goes on for months, and the heroine rather enjoys it. One man makes intellectual love to her and the other makes sofas and dressing-tables for her. What more could a girl want?

When, at last, the hero sights a ship, he knows (being what he is) that there is only one course for him. He signals the ship, writes a farewell message on a banana skin and then plunges into the undergrowth. At sunset, when the ship has steamed away, he steals sadly back to the desolate camp. But it is not desolate. Someone is sitting there mending his shirt, his only shirt. It is the heroine. She tells him that the Other Man has gone, but that she has decided to wait for the next boat. She could not bear to think of him (the hero) having to mend his own shirt. Then she drops the shirt and holds out both her hands. It is very nice, but do you wonder that desert islands have become unpopular with people who are merely looking for hidden treasure?



SIGNED FROCKS.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT MODEL FROCKS ARE TO BE SIGNED BY THEIR CREATORS. A LARGE SIGNATURE IN A CONSPICUOUS PLACE MIGHT SAVE ENDLESS CONFUSION IN THE BALL-ROOM.

SONG OF THE NEW POOR.

I DRIVE no car, I drive no coach,
I ride the humble wheel;
Yet when I hear my foes approach
My stubborn heart I steel;
How'er they honk, these newly rich,
As they go bounding by,
They shall not drive me to the ditch,
To the last ditch, say I.

My mud-guards may be bashed and bent,
My brakes tied up with string.
But on these roads my forbears went
With pole and bars a-swing;
And I my chosen course shall steer
And keep the causeway's crown,
And not the furriest profiteer
Shall lightly run me down.

For if with rampant road-hog's zest
He lay me by the heels
The bulk of scorn within my breast
Shall cant his careless wheels;

And though his engines o'er me roll
And break me—by my Sires!
The iron that is in my soul
Shall rip his pompous tyres.

W. H. O.

From the speech of a Dublin "die-hard":—

"He was a Separatist, and if this treaty went through, Ireland was going to become a bow window in the western gable of the British Empire."—*Evening Paper*.

We suppose the speaker, harking back to Easter 1916, would prefer a tragic CASEMENT in a faery land forlorn.

"Gentleman of Means on Holiday in Calcutta, finding place lonely and incredibly tedious, would welcome diversion. Excitement essential, legitimate if possible but must be of a humorous description."—*Indian Paper*.

To prevent any regrettable misapprehensions as to the identity of the advertiser we ought to say that this appeared on November 26th, a month before H.R.H. arrived in Calcutta.

STATE AID FOR THE CHASE.

SCENE—A London Drawing-Room.

TIME—Yesterday Afternoon.

Lady Gargoyl. Grizel Gresham ran in to see me on Thursday; she and Sir Gurth were up for the day, buying a horse or selling one—I forget which. She tells me he's dreadfully despondent about the hunting; the expense is so appalling nowadays he can't think how they're going to carry on much longer.

Miss Dido Duvetyn. I know. At home lately it's been unbearable with Father grouching in that strain.

Lady Betty Portcullis. I've found that at Cullisport too. I've no patience with people who persist in flogging a dead horse.

Glossop. Most unsportsmanlike.

Lady B. P. I mean I've no time for people who make martyrs of themselves over an out-of-date hobby they can't afford. If I refused to give up something my allowance wouldn't run to I should have the Riot Act read to me.

Miss D. D. Yes, the idea seems to be that it doesn't matter if we go about in last year's rags so long as hunting's kept up. My brother Hamilear and I are quite prepared to find that Father's bequeathed all his money to the Hunt—if there's a penny left. Do you wonder that Hamilear became a Bolshevik at Oxford? He calls fox-hunting "an insane attempt to put back the clock to the nineteenth century." He's having that printed on the leaflet he's going to distribute in connection with the Anti-Foxhunting propaganda which he and Father have such shindies about, as I told you the other day.

Lady B. P. I've given up trying to argue with my father; it's hopeless to expect sense from a man whose pet saying is that hunting is the Image of War. As if that were any recommendation.

G. I certainly think *John Jorrocks* might have reconsidered that rather rash observation if he had spent four years in the trenches. But perhaps it was originally said to cheer up the British farmer during a prolonged spell of peace.

Lady B. P. I detest farmers; they're the worst humbugs in the world. And the way they stick the Hunt for their old hens and their rotten fences is nothing more or less than blackmail.

G. You must allow for the fact that occasional wars are their only prosperous interludes in a chronic state of agricultural depression.

Lady G. Yes, poor things! And if they hadn't the hunting-men to help them I don't know where they'd be. I wish you could realise, Dido, and you too, Betty, how much the country owes

to devoted men like your fathers and Sir Gurth Gresham, who deny themselves many things in order to support the hounds.

Lady B. P. I wish you could realise how much my brother Hengist—who denies himself nothing—owes at the end of a season's beano in the Shires! But, even when father has to pay up for that, I know he consoles himself with the thought that he's helping a noble cause, just as he does when he gets wet through or bored stiff twice a week pottering about with the Clamber-down at home.

G. I'm beginning to wonder if it's quite fair that the whole burden should be borne by private individuals. It seems that Fox-hunting has considerable claims to be regarded as an essential national industry. In which case the nation ought to be asked to help it over its present financial difficulties. That would be what the papers call the "acid test." I suggest that when Parliament meets again Lord Cullisport might bring forward a scheme of State Aid for Fox-hunting. The cause couldn't have a worthier champion.

Lady G. Lord Cullisport is an excellent speaker. I heard him once at a Primrose League meeting. Or was it a cattle show? I forget now.

G. He might propose an immediate advance of, say, ten millions. That would do to go on with while they settled the amount of a substantial annual subsidy. And then, as some Hunts are poorer than others, the next problem would be to arrange a system of fair distribution. Probably there would have to be pools and sliding-scales and things. But all these details would be discussed at a series of meetings between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the Masters of Foxhounds Committee. Downing Street would be in constant communication with Tattersall's. And the Masters of Stagbonds and the Masters of Harriers would be sure to complicate matters by demanding a voice in the negotiations.

Miss D. D. And the Middle Classes Union would be holding indignation meetings in every suburb.

G. Yes, I'm afraid the groaning taxpayer would be unsportsmanlike enough to ask where the money was to come from. Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad plan to begin by testing the public with a Foxhunting Flag Day.

Lady B. P. That's rather a sweet notion. Eminent actresses in *Di Vernon* costumes at every corner of Piccadilly!

G. I can see the Radical Press working it up into a case for a General Election, and the Conservative Press retorting that "State Aid for the Chase" would be a fine rousing cry to go to the country with.

Lady G. It really is an idea worth considering. And yet you're the first to think of it.

G. Now you mention it, Lady Gargoyl, I believe I am.

MR. TRIPP.

(*"Pepys' Diary," November 9th, 1666.*)

"One Mr. Tripp." 'Tis all one reads.

He does not, from those distant days,

Come with a flash of noble deeds

Or, for that matter, noble lays;

Only, one far November night,

To SAMUEL PEPPYS the chance befell

Of noting, as a pleasing sight,

"One Mr. Tripp, who dances well."

It was not, as one might suppose,

A time of peace and tranquil ease;

Streets were afire and goodness knows

What rumours spread upon the breeze;

But what were such to Mr. PEPPYS,

Who stood, mid flame and muttering storm,

Transfixed before the agile leaps

Of Mr. TRIPP's engaging form?

Good easy soul. He little recked

That, while he showed with casual cheer

His airy graces all unchecked,

A diarist was standing near;

'Twas merely that his heart was gay,

Or, as a possible surmise,

That after a laborious day

He felt the need of exercise.

And this was well. For, had he known

What store the future held for him,

What wondrous arts he might have shown,

What shakings of a nimble limb!

Yet those who strive too greatly err,

And he might well have lost renown

Because his dazzled chronicler

Had lacked mere words to put it down.

But no such fate was Mr. TRIPP'S;

And so, while men of transient fame

Have undergone in time eclipse,

Years cannot dim his starry name;

But, shrined in PEPPYS' enduring page,

Such posthumous renown is his

That he through many a golden age

Goes dancing down the centuries.

When on the Stygian shore I stand

It is among my fondest hopes

That SAMUEL PEPPYS will take my hand

And teach me, so to speak, the ropes;

And, as we pass from glade to glade,

Show me some faint and shadowy dell

Where Mr. TRIPP's accomplished shade

Is dancing still, and dancing well.

DUM-DUM.



ENGAGED!

ACROSS THE POND.

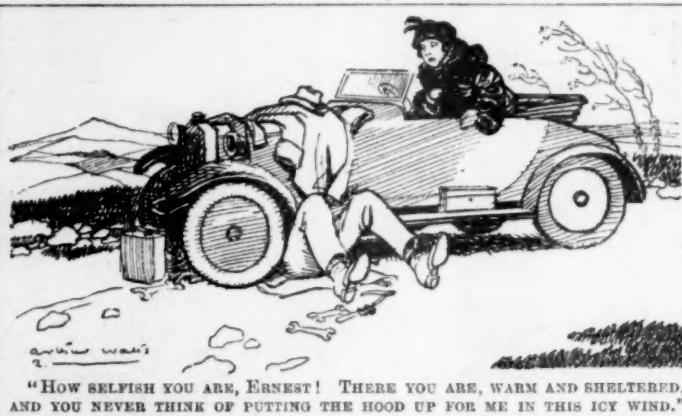
V.

LET us tear ourselves away from "Little Old New York" and proceed to Washington. Very few New Yorkers will say a good word for New York, so I hasten to say one before we go. I am a heretic who finds more genuine and native beauty in one tiny end of Manhattan Island (the sky-scraper end) than in the whole of Washington, beautiful though that is. New York is a natural growth, even down to (or up to) the sky-scrappers, which are as natural as trees on an island, for that is what they are. But Washington is a self-conscious maiden, very careful about the way her hair is done, a transplanted Paris without the shops. New York's architecture may be too much preoccupied with the living, but Washington's is too much so about the dead—a city of tombs and monuments and Royal Exchanges. I never want to see a building with a Palladian what-is-it again. Fluted pillars grow like forests in that Capital, and you can scarcely see the Treasury for the columns that surround it; looking into the street from one of the windows must be like peeping through a crack in a fence. However, people in Treasuries ought not to look out of windows, and perhaps that is the idea.

Walking about Washington, one has an uneasy feeling that one will not be really respectable till one is dead. The living creep about in a cowed manner, as if engaged in a hopeless search for their own particular monument. Not that they haven't every opportunity to die, for this is not only the City of Columns but the City of Cars. One person in every five has a car in Washington, and walking is practically illegal. I happened to be there on the opening day of the Conference, and there were more motor-cars than newspaper-men, so that will show you. Indeed there seemed to be more cars than people, to judge by the regiments of empty cars which stood all day along the pavement. But they, of course, were waiting for the bank-clerks and the button-boys to come off duty in the evening. Life is very cheap in that respectable city, and no one any longer attempts to get from one side of the road to another by the obsolete method of crossing on foot. One takes a taxi. It is safer.

New York is not so noble; it may be too lively and material, but it is lovely here and there. Imagine a town, imagine a river, where the *Mauretania* can steam up to her berth at any tide in full view of your office windows at, say, Shaftesbury Avenue, a mile or so away. Imagine yourself a stenographer—I beg your pardon, a typist—in the City: only, instead of working in a grubby basement in Maiden Lane, you work on the thirty-fourth or the forty-fifth or possibly the fifty-sixth storey of a tall tower like a cathedral spire, and all day you can look out of the window (if you are allowed) over the wide river and the huge town; and the air is absurdly clear, and even the December sky may be absurdly blue, and you have a view of forty or fifty miles, the sea and the Catskill Mountains and other places of which I will not even pretend to know

a building with fewer than thirty-five storeys; also there are very few of which one can see enough from the street to appreciate them properly, however rubbery one's neck. Like a regiment of very tall men doing rifle drill, at close quarters they seem merely rather mad; but at a distance they are sensible and excellent to see. And I do not know why New York has not bred armies of poets and painters among those thousands of stenographers and clerks who cross those rivers twice every day and see those buildings from a score of different angles, rising in a close group from the water like the fantastic cities of fairy-books, or strung out like black colossal cliffs against the sunset, or brilliant in the evening with the lights of a million windows. The Woolworth—no. But yes, I am afraid you must hear about the Woolworth building.



the names. You may even see that Mecca of my dreams, which so far I have only yearned after on the map—LINOLEUMSVILLE. And all day there are jolly hootings from the river, and down there you can see every sort of ship—small old sailing-ships and steamships and swarms of ridiculous ferries, like houseboats bulging at the middle and enormously magnified. Now and then the *Aquitania* comes in or the *Olympic* slides out into the river, and perhaps you hear the long, long good-bye blast of her siren and you rush to the window to see her go—at least, I hope you do.

I do not know exactly where you live, but I should like you to live beyond the East River at Brooklyn, or beyond the Hudson River in New Jersey. For then you may travel in and out across Brooklyn Bridge, or on one of the big ferries, and every morning and every evening you will see that marvellous group of monstrous buildings as they should be seen, across the water from a little distance. Walking about among them in the streets, one grows a little blasé, and scarcely deigns to look at

The height of it is 792 feet 1 inch—more than twice the height of St. Paul's, or, as some New Yorkers would express it, it is twelve and a-half million dollars high; while the Equitable Life, one of the few ugly ones, is thirty million dollars high. I went to the top of the Woolworth twice. The first time I came down the last thirty-six storeys in a non-stop lift. The second time I came down the last thirty-six storeys by the stairs. But it is very difficult to find a New Yorker who has been to the top at all. It is the highest building in the world, but I don't believe they notice the thing. And, of course, I know really why those stenographers do not become poets, for I travelled with them in one of those ferries; and, alas, they sat in thick rows the whole way across, reading *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Detective Magazine*. You would do better than that if you were a New York stenographer, wouldn't you?

Or not? Not, perhaps, till someone invented a better name than "sky-scrappers"; I am afraid that wretched word will unjustly keep New York out of poetry for centuries to come. A start has been made with the Woolworth, which is known on the movies as "The Cathedral of Commerce," but even that will be difficult to fit into any ordinary metre.

Yes, there is a great deal to be said for New York, and, on second thoughts, I don't think we will go to Washington after all.



"LET 'IM ALONE NAH, CHARLIE. 'E SAID 'E WAS SORRY."

"YUS—I 'EARD 'IM, BUT I'M GOIN' TO MAKE A CERT OF IT."

Perhaps I have been unkind to poor old Washington; but I have a good reason.

Hush! It was at Washington, after three weeks of Prohibition, that we had our first dry day.

A. P. H.

THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY.

LETTERS TO AN ARCHITECT.

DEAR MR. WATSON,—Many thanks for your letter enclosing plans of proposed new dining-room to The Gables. I wish you had put the measurements in. One-eighth scale doesn't mean much to me. Architects' plans are somewhat confusing to the lay mind, don't you think? However, I suppose it's all right and fits on to the house without leaving a draughty gap somewhere. I like the baronial aspect of the interior view of the dining-room, but what on earth are we to do with the Minstrels' Gallery? We haven't got any minstrels, and I don't feel like keeping a troupe or covey or whatever they are collectively called, at any rate until this ghastly trade depression is over. A cook, two maids and a boot-boy are as much as we can manage, and none of them is a musician so far as I know. My wife plays the piano a little, but,

as she has meals with us, that is not much help.

On the whole I think the M.G.M.G. (to use a one-time favourite journalistic expression). Perhaps you can suggest some other pleasing feature to take its place.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES PUDEFOOT.

P.S.—My wife has unfortunately seen the drawings and is determined M.G. must not go. She is fearfully intrigued, so we must find some use for it.

DEAR MR. WATSON,—Since writing to you yesterday I have been thinking how we could utilize the M.G. If a door were made in the south wall (I see only one is shown at present, in the north wall) the M.G. would make a short cut to the bath-room from the north wing of the house. Could you arrange this?

Yours sincerely, JAMES PUDEFOOT.

P.S.—My wife says no, certainly not. She says someone who hadn't heard the dressing-bell might go hopping across in a *négligé* while we were at dinner. So that idea's off. I will try and think of something else.

DEAR MR. WATSON,—Thanks for yours. Very glad you're glad that we're keeping the M.G. at all costs,

but I lay awake half last night thinking how to make use of it. I dislike useless appendages (or is it an appurtenance?). Couldn't you make a solid instead of an open rail to it? and we could then use it as an extra lumber room. We have endless trunks, hat-boxes, cardboard dress-boxes and other things that accumulate in all ill-regulated families, and, if we didn't pile them up too high, they wouldn't show from down below. Or with a solid rail and curtains above it could be turned into an extra spare bachelor's bedroom?

What do you think of these ideas?

Yours sincerely,

JAMES PUDEFOOT.

P.S.—My wife has vetoed both these ideas, so they are off. Can't you suggest something?

DEAR MR. WATSON,—It's all right. Please go ahead with the M.G., open rail and all the rest of it. My wife's sister arrived last night on a visit, and she and my wife have fixed matters up, and we shall have music on state occasions.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES PUDEFOOT.

P.S.—I forgot to say above that we are buying a gramophone with good band records, and the boot-boy will work it.



Uncle. "MY DEAR CHILD, DO YOU ALWAYS DANCE AS ENERGETICALLY AS THIS?"
Niece. "MY DEAR NUNNY, THIS IS A BEST-CURE."

THE HAUNTED HAZARD: A GHOST STORY.

*In Hangman Hollow, by Lonetree Hill,
When the moon hangs low in the sky,
blood-red,
And the wintry mists rise dank and chill,
A horrid old man, without a head,
Is seen (men say); and he digs for gold,
Stolen and buried in days of old.*

General Divoty, O.B.E.,
Drove his ball from the fourteenth tee;
Hope was high and moral was strong
As merrily bounced the ball along,
Over the flank of Lonetree Hill,
Down to the valley beyond, until,
Striking a stone, it chanced to roll
Into the depths of Hangman Hole.

"Come hither, my caddie," cried General D.,

"A suitable club assign to me,
A worthy weapon to fit my skill;
I'll punish the perishing ball, I will.
A difficult lie? Pooh, pooh!" said he;
"Not to a Divoty. Fiddlededee!"

The gallant General laboured long
With blows a many and language
strong,

But devil an inch could he cajole
That blankety ball from Hangman Hole.
"An oath, an oath," cried the warrior
brave;

"I swear by the bisque that once I gave,

By the two at the Second that once I
took,
I'll play from this hazard by hook or
crook;
For shall it be said in the Club-room bar,
Or anywhere else where golfers are,
That General Divoty, O.B.E.,
To Hangman Hazard has bowed the
knee?"

Caddies and comrades all were gone;
But, deaf to the world, he still played on.
Darkness gathered, and over all
The white mist lay like a ghostly pall,
Filling the Hollow. The day was sped,
And the moon hung low in the sky,
blood-red.

Gardener John from "The Cow and
Pail,"

Wandering homeward, warmed with ale,
Came to the bottom of Lonetree Hill,
Then, gripping his spade, he stood
stock still.

For there in the Hollow, all bent and old,
Delving deep in the noisome mould,
Was Headless Harry, "as plain as plain,
Up to his plaguey tricks again!"
Faint was the heart of worthy John,
But curiosity urged him on.

With eyes that goggled and mouth
agape,
He stealthily stalked the gruesome
shape.

Long on the horrible thing he gazed;
Slowly, slowly his spade he raised,
Then, breathing a prayer to the Saints
on high,
Suddenly Gardener John let fly.

Puce with passion and mad with fright,
General Divoty leapt upright.
Twisting round like an acrobat,
"Dammit," said Divoty, "who did
that?"

None to answer him, naught to see;
"Headless Harry, begad," thought he.
Then, as he listened agog with fear,
Out of the night he seemed to hear
This answering taunt come faint but
shrill:

"I'll larn 'ee to worrit us folks, I will,
Thou dratted old boggart o' Lonetree
Hill!"

Night by night in "The Cow and
Pail"

Listeners gather around in awe
While Gardener John repeats the tale
Of Headless Harry that once he saw.
But as for Divoty, poor old chap,
They've tacked ten on to his handicap.

"ABODE OF LOVE."

Headline in Daily Paper.

"Don't marry for money, but go where
money is."



A TRANSPARENT DODGE.

GERMANY. "HELP! HELP! I DROWN! THROW ME THE LIFE-BELT!"
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. }
M. BRIAND . . . } "TRY STANDING UP ON YOUR FEET."



THE YOUNG FIREBRANDS' ART CLUB HOLDS ITS FIFTIETH ANNUAL DINNER.

GENIUS AT WILL.*(By our Musical Expert.)*

CAN the methods of suggestion be profitably applied to the study of the art of music, vocal or instrumental? Madame Celesta Belcanto, who is now paying a visit to London, answers the question unhesitatingly in the affirmative, and it must be admitted that her remarkable equipment and experience lend considerable weight to her testimony.

She holds the female championship for weight-lifting in Calabria. She is a corresponding member of the Laryngological Society of Los Angeles. She studied ju-jitsu under Professor Pogo of Tokio, and deep breathing under Dr. Cook the Arctic explorer and climber. She is also a lifelong vegetarian, though a remarkably heavy smoker. Madame Belcanto lays no claim to the possession of any skill as an executant. She plays no instrument and her ear is defective. But as the result of a profound study of psycho-analysis she has developed a power of eliciting and controlling the subconscious self of others which has never been equalled in the annals of thaumaturgy. As she says, "I am not a TETRAZZINI or a MELBA or a SUGGIA, but I can enable anyone to become so in ten lessons."

Her method, it should be explained, is twofold. She suggests to the pupil that he or she can sing or play beautifully,

and, when the pupil appears in public, she prefaces the performance by an address to the audience and the musical critics, in which she suggests to their subconscious selves that they are about to listen to a perfect singer or player as the case may be. As a public demonstration of the efficiency of her system is shortly to be held in the Albert Hall, Mr. Punch feels that it would be premature to accept her contentions before the trial has taken place, but in view of the intense excitement caused in the musical world he has been at pains to collect opinions from various leading representatives of the profession.

Sir EDWARD ELGAR remarked, "When I was young, genius was defined as a capacity for taking an infinity of pains. Nowadays it is claimed by those who possess a capacity for giving an infinity of pain; and I can imagine that for producing genius of this type the method of suggestion may be peculiarly stimulating and helpful."

Dame NELLIE MELBA's reply is somewhat cryptic, but we give it as it stands: "This new stunt reminds me of an old one which had a great run some fifteen years ago, and was duly summed up in the following beautiful stanza:—

"There was a voice-trainer named Otis
Who attracted a great deal of notice;
His singing was vile,
And so was his style,
But he talked by the hour on the glottis."

Madame Belcanto, I admit, goes one

better than Professor Otis. All the same I doubt her producing a rival to yours truly or to SUGGIA, in spite of her powers of suggia-estion."

Madame TETRAZZINI, we regret to say, was frankly incredulous. "To think that the labours of a lifetime can be replaced by ten lessons from a female gymnast is simply the limit. And why Belcanto? Why not Belcorpo or Belmuscolo?"

Mr. CYRIL SCOTT writes: "As a humble student of occultism I should be the last to deny the possibility of fruitful results from such a method, provided, as I have already pointed out in one of my works, attention is concentrated on the pituitary body and the pineal gland of the student."

Our Modest Publicists.

"I myself tried that view over in my mind and dismissed it, and multitudes of commonplace men have gone through the same experience."—*Mr. H. G. Wells in Daily Paper.*

"Miss Mary — made the world's record for girls by winning the 100 yards race by 2 ft. in 11 min. 4.5 sec."—*Daily Paper.*

But we know a telegraph-boy who has frequently done it in less.

"Mr. Justice — said that he had no patience with motor-car accidents in daylight. 'Nothing is so manageable as a motor-car when properly managed.'—*Daily Paper.*

And nothing is so justly admired as the admirable judiciousness of our judges.

THE LAST WEEK.

I.—FANDELANNITY.

A SCORE and more of years ago we used to hear on all sides the phrase "*fin de siècle*." But it meant nothing, partly because there was a division of opinion as to when centuries end—whether at the ninety-nine or the hundred—and when they begin—whether at the hundred or the hundred and one—and partly because a century is not complete in itself and rounds off nothing. There is nothing more tiring about the end of a century than about its beginning.

But with years it is different. Years do work up to a definite climax, with the confusion and excitement and unsettlement of Christmas, and one is conscious of an intense weariness as the *fin de l'an* approaches. To express this feeling of exhaustion the word fandelannity or fandelannishness may be found useful. I am conscious of being very fandelannish myself, always at this time, but never so much so as this year, after the long heat of the best of summers and the enervating mildness of the winter. I am conscious also that this feeling is very prevalent. Everyone that I meet seems to be suffering from it. Fandelannity is raging.

The epidemic is to be deplored for two reasons. Not only does it make us all very listless and dejected, but it sets up a condition in which the composition of good resolutions, a form of activity that just now should be entering an acute stage, is very difficult if not impossible. In the grip of fandelannity we have no enthusiasm for next year, and the result will be, I fear, a 1922 of unusual turpitude.

II.—WHITE LIES.

My own good resolution activities, after playing languidly round the question of sincerity as a desirable quality in life, have subsided into inaction.

I remember, years and years ago, sitting down at a somewhat meagre table and being told by the host that he and his wife did not believe in the practice of making any special preparation for guests.

"We hold that guests should be treated just like ourselves," he said. "Don't you agree?"

And I, who hold that guests should have the best of everything—that every kind of pains should be taken to give them a good time—meekly and weakly acquiesced.

I could not very well have done anything else, could I? At any rate, to have said, "No, I disagree; I think it an outrage that this miserable meal is all you have provided for me," would have been tactless and probably would have ruined the evening.

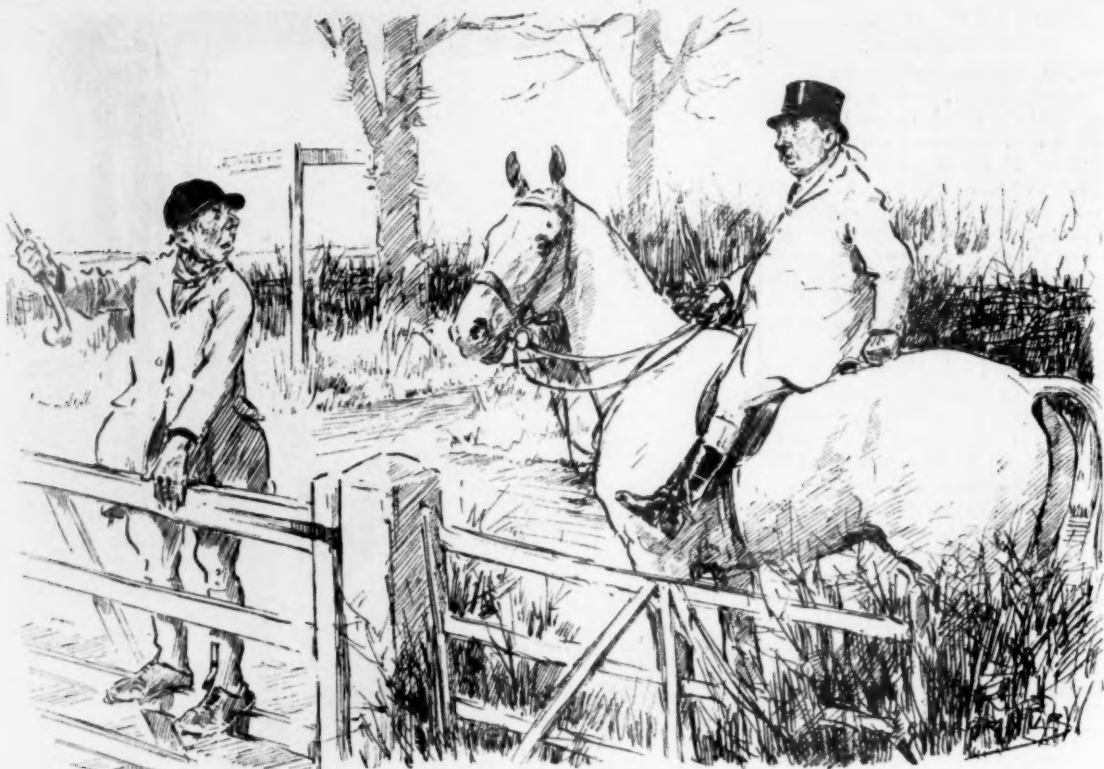
None the less I told a lie, even though of the more blond



Officer (to doctor passenger who has been sent for from another ship). "DON'T JUMP YET,"
Doctor. "I WASN'T GOING TO."

variety; and, remembering the incident, I have been wondering what kind of a 1922 I should have—all of us would have—if we decided to tell no more lies for twelve months; and, if we stuck to it, how many Christmas presents and invitations we should receive in twelve months' time. For, let the rigid moralist say what he likes, there is no doubt that a discreet mendacity is the oil that lubricates the wheels of civilized life.

I shall therefore make no resolution to abstain from lies



Runner (to post-war Sportsman met on the road). "I REED THE 'OUNDS IN FULL CRY 'EADIN' FOR DEEP BROOK YONDER."
Post-war Sportsman. "LET 'EM CRY. I'M OFF 'ONE."

that are white. As for the black ones, let us wait till the time for them arrives and then reconsider the situation.

III.—AN OUTWORN CLICHÉ.

Better than to avoid white lies in 1922 might be the endeavour to find new and individual similes and verbal images for ourselves. Even if morals did not improve, the level of conversation would be raised.

Last Tuesday morning a friend told me he was just off to Italy.

"You speak Italian, don't you?" I said.

He replied with the classic story of the Quaker of whom a stranger inquired the way to York. "This is the way to York, isn't it?" the man asked. "Friend," the Quaker replied, "first thou tellest a lie and then thou askest a question."

I said I was surprised.

"I can read Italian," he continued, "but I can no more speak it than I can fly."

Later a neighbour at lunch was talking about the uselessness of her visiting Switzerland for the winter sports because she could no more ski than she could fly.

And finally in the evening I was a guest at a public dinner where oratory was being too much practised and I expressed to the man seated next me the hope that he was not going to favour us with rhodomontade.

"Not I!" he said. "I could no more make a speech than I could fly."

All this in one day.

Now, considering how many years have passed since the brothers WILBUR and ORVILLE WRIGHT made aerial pro-

gression practicable, and that at this moment it is the exception not to have been up in an aeroplane, it is time that some new impossibility was substituted.

To each of these persons I might, if I were a pedant, have replied: "But you *can* fly. Anyone with a few shillings to spare can fly any day he wants to. Flying is universal. It's in the air (No, I shouldn't have said that). What you mean is you could no more speak Italian than you could (say) habitually tell the truth. You could no more ski than you could (say) avoid looking in a mirror. You could no more make a speech than you could (say) abstain from food and drink. I merely offer these suggestions; it would be better, of course, if you thought of special personal examples yourself. Give flying a rest, anyway."

But it isn't so easy. Yesterday I was invited to deliver a lecture at an institute.

"Lecture!" I said. "I could no more lecture than I could fl—I mean than I could—er—swim the Atlantic."

E. V. L.

"It is stated in the gossip page of the *Daily* — that Sir Alfred Mond will shortly beeb bobfivered a peerage."—*Welsh Paper*.

We hold no brief for the MINISTER OF HEALTH, but we do not think he has deserved this.

From Lord MORLEY's speech in the Irish debate, as reported by a Manchester paper:—

"The alternative, the opposite to humiliation is pridge. I wonder whether anybody, any Englishman, any citizen of Great Britain, can look back upon the government by Great Britain as an object of pridge."

We are quite with his lordship about "pridge," but reserve our opinion in regard to "pridge."



AT THE PANTOMIME.

Uncle. "WELL, SONNY, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"

Nephew. "OH, TOLERABLE. BUT I FIND THE HUMOUR SOMEWHAT VITIATED BY THE TOO-FREQUENT REFERENCES TO THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *One of Three* (HURST AND BLACKETT) MISS NETTA SYRETT has been sadly handicapped by the dilemma which the "problem" novel has largely brought upon itself. You cannot put any zest into a drama of moral choices if you are more or less dubious as to what both you and your audience mean by morals; and I am quite sure that Miss SYRETT is a little at sea as to the theory of the matter herself and absolutely out of her depth—as well she may be—in regard to the convictions (if any) of the general public. So when Naomi Heath keeps up her liaison with Roger Wendover throughout the whole period of her marriage with the quiet old philosopher, Ralph Fanshawe, it is impossible to make out the reason of Miss SYRETT's very proper scorn for the lady—whether it is that she does not keep faith with her husband, or does not openly go over to her lover, or does not avow a third affair—which renders Roger himself only "one of three"—until she is on her death-bed. In spite of this fundamental flaw the book is written with all Miss SYRETT's old accomplishment; and, if she will only give as much honest thought to the ethical side of her work as she does to the artistic, her next book should be as competent and exhilarating as this one is flimsy and depressing.

I confess to a kindness for novels of Russian life, handled by competent writers. They have, it is true, their trifling difficulties for the untravelled Englishman. I could wish sometimes that (just at first, until I get used to the country)

the characters had fewer names; but this is a small matter. Russia is a great field for the novelist, and especially since the revolution brought all sorts of strange creatures into the fierce light that beats upon office-holders. No country in Europe holds out such promise of perilous adventure. Mr. HAROLD WILLIAMS knows his Bolshevik Russia well, and has paid heavily for the knowledge. Also he has taken the wise precaution of marrying a Russian wife, so that, in reading *Hosts of Darkness* (CONSTABLE), by ARIADNA and HAROLD WILLIAMS, we may feel that we are travelling under expert guidance. There is a good deal of real history mingled with romance in its pages. Intertwined with the love-story of Ellis, the young British officer, and Princess Shuiskaia, we have the murder of Count MIRBACH at the German Embassy in Moscow, and portraits of the Bolshevik Dictator at work, and of BAGROVSKY, head of the Extraordinary Commission. The mixture makes an excellent novel, though a little jerky in manner, as though the authors had been warned above everything to avoid paragraphs of more than two inches in length. And the story, good as it is, might have been better still but for the element of propaganda.

"Lady Brooke feared for the moment he was stung by a wasp, but seeing he said nothing she thought perhaps it was indigestion and took no notice." This is not, as you might suppose, from a further account of the doings of high society by Miss DAISY ASHFORD, but a quotation from Miss WINIFRED GRAHAM's latest novel, *Breakers on the Sand* (HUTCHINSON). The wicked young officer, Captain



Bright Lad (late pantry-boy on liner). "I'VE KEPT A CALENDAR SINCE WE WERE WASHED ASHORE, SIR, AND I FIND THIS IS CHRISTMAS DAY."

Rich but penurious Passenger. "AH, YOU WANT A CHRISTMAS-BOX, I SUPPOSE. WELL, HERE'S A HUNDRED-POUND NOTE, THE SMALLEST I'VE GOT. IF WE ARE EVER PICKED UP, WHICH SEEMS UNLIKELY, YOU CAN GIVE ME BACK THE ODD NINETY-NINE POUNDS NINETEEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE."

Follett, at a garden-party given by his betrothed's mother, has just espied among the guests a clergyman whose wife he has recently stolen and deserted; and that is why he looks so strange that his hostess can only suspect a wasp. *Captain Follett*, besides other striking qualities, has a fine flow of language, describing himself in one of his many love-scenes as "a young gazelle leaping on the hills and feeding among the lilies." Finally he is hanged for murdering his miserly aunt, whose wealth smooths the path of true love for the heroine, of whom it is recorded that once "her face became strong and strangely human," which left me a little anxious as to what it looked like at other times. There is plenty of plot and action, plenty of characters and more than enough love-making in *Breakers on the Sand*; but Miss GRAHAM has done much better work. Even here there are pages which prove her ability or I should have been inclined to think that she intended it to be taken as a thrust at modern fiction of a certain hectic but harmless type.

Such ample opportunities have been offered to me by contemporary novelists that I ought by this time to swallow without effort and digest almost anything in the way of coincidence. But a limit to my powers still exists, and *There is a Tide* (STANLEY PAUL) has reached it. First of all *Harley Dane*, when standing on Kew Bridge and contemplating suicide, was interrupted by a man who said, "I shouldn't if I were you." That, I suppose, might happen to anyone who gazed intently at the Thames in the small hours of the morning; but the queer thing about it was that this sensible stranger turned out to be *Dane's* great-uncle. Then, again, some years later, *Dane* followed a girl into a house in Berkeley Square (an unusual proceeding for a

stranger at any time, and the time on this occasion was nearly midnight), and discovered that the owner of the house was no other than *Lord Amberley*, the distinguished head of the *Dane* family. It was at this point that my digestive powers rebelled. But if you do not suffer from my limitations you will find that GURNER GILLMAN's story moves briskly and that it contains several intriguing and amusing characters.

It was ingenious of Mrs. DAWSON SCOTT to begin her *Haunting* (HEINEMANN) of that worthy Cornish auctioneer, *Gale Corlyon*, with the appearance of the wraith of the bottle of wine with which he poisoned his sailor-brother, *Pascoe*; and clever of her to keep up our interest in it so long, and to develop the haunt so plausibly. But what she never made clear to me was why the excellent *Gale*, who went about doing good, should so suddenly have decided on this ruthless method of protest against the selfishness of *Pascoe*. However I am glad he made the decision, for it is a good story, told with power and distinction. I wish we could have had some more of *Morwenna*, that simple staunch woman who loved *Gale* so deeply and who was robbed of her husband, even on her wedding day, by the unbidden wedding guest. The scene is set in a Cornwall of a many years ago, full of evil eyes and other survivals of the ancient practice of witchcraft.

Miss C. FOX SMITH (familiar in these pages as "C. F. S.") has launched a collection of her later *Punch* poems under the name *Rovings* (ELKIN MATHEWS). The new craft is not very broad in the beam, but packed full of the right nautical stuff, and should make a welcome New Year's gift for any lover of the sea.



PEACE—WITHOUT PLENTY.

THERE shone on the face of the Sage that expression of benevolent wisdom which I have come to associate with those moments in particular when he has just completed his half-yearly volume.

"This has been the most satisfactory Christmas in my long memory," he said; "never have I known so much Peace in the air. You hear the flutter of her wings on every wind, and every wind is a zephyr, blowing either from the Far West or the Near. Now that Ireland has got what she wanted——"

"Or the next best thing," I corrected.

"No, the thing itself, for she never really wanted a Republic. That was just an academic sentiment, good enough as a war-whoop for her gunmen and their Spanish-American 'President,' but, as a popular cry, nothing more than the utterance of intimidated parrots."

"Well, say then that they have got what they wanted; can you imagine an Ireland happy in that consummation? Grievances are the very breath of her life. Already she has a new one. Already she is complaining bitterly of the threatened withdrawal of the hated Saxon tyrant's troops. 'What,' she asks, 'am I going to live on with this regular source of income taken from me?'"

"Anyhow," said the Sage, "that is the last of the grievances that we have provided her with. She will have to make her own in future. This should be easy enough; but the trouble will come when she discovers that her scape-goats will also have to be a local product. England's difficulties have hitherto been Ireland's opportunity. Now the difficulties of Dail Eireann will be the opportunity of Ulster. 'Divide et impera.' The South will do the dividing, without any assistance from the North, and then the latter will step in and do the ruling. That should be some consolation for England's alleged 'betrayal' of her."

"We have heard a great deal," continued the Sage, "about the 'betrayal'; but there has been a curious reticence on the subject of the part played by Ulster in the separation movement of 1782. Yet, like all good Englishmen, I wish her well. But I could do with a little less protestation of her loyalty. We don't hear Scotland boasting of her loyalty, or Wales, or any English county; they assume that everyone assumes it."

"I entertain some sympathy," said I, "for the elder brother of the Prodigal Son. He may not have talked so much about his loyalty, but he must have thought a lot when he saw the fatted calf being killed."

"On the other hand," said Mr. Punch, "it is probable that, after the meal, of which he partook sparingly, if at all, he felt less indisposed than his brother, who had been accustomed to a comparatively plain diet of husks. And even at best it seems unlikely that Sinn Fein's future will be one continual banquet of roast veal. She will

have to govern herself, which is not so easy a matter as murdering other people. And we shall look on with a refreshing sense of detachment. '*Suave mari magno*,' etc. You will please excuse my being so full of Latin tags to-day. It comes of the renewal of youth with these piping times of Peace."

"I hope we shan't pipe too much," I said. "We may have done with the Die-hards; what we want now is a few more Live-hards."

"By which, of course, you mean Work-hards. True. If we had worked one-half as hard since the War as Germany has worked we should not now be sitting on the very edge of bankruptcy. '*Fas est et ab hoste doceri*.' There I go again."

"And there," I said, "you touch the damned spot in the Government's record. If they had spent in the encouragement of work anything like the sum they have spent in doles to the workless they would have deserved much better of the country."

"It is not easy to encourage work by Act of Parliament, especially when the Trades Unions, which a previous Government placed above the law, are allowed to conspire against freedom of Labour and to put limits on its output. But it is at least easy enough for a Government to avoid doing anything in restriction of such trade as there is. Yet the Coalition suffers one of its Departments—the Post Office—to do its best to hamper trade by excessive charges and curtailment of services. Is it not rather preposterous that when prices are falling on every hand the postage of an ordinary letter should be one hundred per cent., and that of a postcard two hundred per cent., over pre-war charges? And their excuse—that the Post Office has to pay its way—is merely childish. Other essential Government services don't pay. I have never yet heard of a profit being declared on the Army or the Navy or the Foreign Office. The Post Office exists for the convenience of the nation, not the other way about."

"Here am I," Mr. Punch went on, "paying income-tax at a rate of over four hundred per cent. in excess of the pre-war rate, and yet, in the fourth year of Peace, here is a Department that for thirty hours or so on end every week refuses to touch my correspondence. I have never been a very hearty supporter of revolutions, but that is the kind of thing that makes me understand the thirst for official blood. Ours is a long-suffering nation and we bore with great patience and good nature the intrusions of Dora—her interference, for instance, with our right to select our own time for liquid refreshment; but there are limits to our tolerance when it comes to a restriction of essential services, and this worm, for one, is on the turn."

"I'm with you, Sir," I said, "in that revolt."

"And unless I'm very wrong," continued Mr. Punch, "the country is like to concern itself less with the Government's successful diplomacy than with the pompous stupidity of its bureaucrats. Elections have been lost on smaller issues than this. It would make an ironic epitaph: Here lies the Coalition, which emerged with considerable credit from a number of crises, and then was found extinct in the Dead Letter Office, killed by their Mr. KELLAWAY in a spasm of mental aberration. One would be reminded of triumphant warriors who have returned home unscathed from foreign wars only to be run over in their local village by a donkey-cart."

"Have you any views," I asked, "as to the likeliest substitute for a Coalition Government?"

"I may be a brave man," said Mr. Punch, "but I seldom go to meet trouble half-way. Besides," he added, on a note of finality, "this is not a Foreword. Anybody can see that this is the Epilogue to my

One Hundred and Sixty-First Volume.



